

## The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 95-100

### Chapter 95

"Oh, you have them? Okay, wait for me here then. I'll go and brush my teeth now, so *do not* eat before I'm done, you hear me?"

Entering the tent, Veronica found a tube of toothpaste, a toothbrush and a bottle of water.

She had all of these things too, but the water in her box was only for one day, which she had already finished drinking yesterday.

Who could have predicted that they would be trapped on top of the mountain due to the torrential rain?

After rapidly brushing her teeth, she returned to her seat beside Matthew. She had only discovered the fact that there were two spoons but only one pot when she was about to dig in. "How about you eat it first? You have mysophobia, so you might not want to eat after I'm done."

Veronica, who had some semblance of self-awareness, knew that Matthew had worked hard to cook the porridge at the mountain base before bringing it up.

If she ate the dish first, it would be unfair to him.

"Seems like you still have some conscience left in you."

Matthew's handsome face had a slight smile as the wind blew on his bangs, which only served to accentuate his charm and handsomeness.

Holding his spoon, he only ate a few mouthfuls before saying, "It doesn't taste that good, so you should have all of it."

Then, he handed the pot to Veronica.

Looking at the pot that was half filled with porridge, she frowned. "Is it really that bad?"

Scooping a mouthful, she gave it a taste and commented, "It tastes quite okay, actually. It tastes just like the one that I have been eating at home these few days. I think..." A dazed Veronica suddenly looked at Matthew. "Does this mean that all the porridge was cooked by you?"

Although she also knew how to cook, even she had to admit that the porridge she had

been eating these few days tasted delicious.

Even today's morning bowl of porridge was extremely flavorful.

Veronica knew that Matthew had brought some ingredients, but she did not expect that he actually could cook since all the breakfast at home was not prepared by him.

She remembered that he would sometimes have an American Breakfast, but there would still be a bowl of porridge for her.

"Why are you treating me so nicely?" Tilting her head, she observed Matthew from head to toe with judgmental eyes. "Is it because you have impure thoughts about me?"

The word 'ungrateful' wicked and ruthless truly suited Veronica.

However, in her eyes, no one in this world would help others out of sheer kindness since they always wanted something in return.

Glancing at her coldly, the man entered the tent without saying anything more.

Seeing him keep his silence made Veronica feel a bit guilty. *Is he mad at me?*

She obediently used the remaining water while brushing her teeth to wash the pot after she had finished the breakfast made from blood and sweat. Only did she the tent to pack the pot into a plastic bag before placing it into Matthew's bag.

Seeing the man silently asleep on his side, she closed in on him as she lay behind his back while tapping on his shoulders. "Hey, don't be so petty. I was just joking with you."

"You can continue ahead. I'm going to sleep for a while."

Matthew lazily replied with closed eyes.

"How could I do that? We're war buddies now. That means that we advance and retreat together."

Shaking her head, Veronica rejected his suggestion. "Hey, Matthew, I'm talking to you. Can you hear me?"

"You're not even asleep, so why are you ignoring me?"

"Let's go. Stop sleeping. We're here for public welfare and not to sleep, so quickly get up."

“Hey, Matthew Kings, if you don’t wake up at this instant, I’ll bite you!”

After persuading him for a long while, Matthew did not respond to her.

A frustrated Veronica, who thought that he was really asleep, summoned the courage to press his nostrils together.

She thought, *I’ll see whether you still can pretend to sleep after suffocating to death.*

Since she was on his nose, Matthew simply used his mouth to breathe.

In retaliation, she reached out with her right hand to block his mouth, wondering how long he could maintain this for.

As the seconds ticked away, there was still no response from him when suddenly, he turned around and bumped his shoulders into Veronica, who was not supporting her own body weight, making her fall onto his body and hugging him subconsciously.

They had ended up in a very suggestive position.

She looked at him, while he looked back at her.

The mood inside the cramped space was a bit awkward yet ambiguous as they gazed at each other.

Matthew, who had both his nose and mouth covered by the woman’s slightly cold hands, was in a mysteriously good mood as she pranked him.

This made all the women who surrounded him seem hypocritical as they behaved like princesses and all felt fake to him.

However, Veronica, who was not only playful and adorable, had a genuine character, which made him enjoy the time that he spent with her very much.

*It is... relaxing*

Holding her by the waist, he raised his black eyebrow. “What are you doing by serving yourself with such eagerness, hmm?”

That ‘hmm’ at the end made him sound just that more charming.

How could he be so charismatic?

“How about I serve you a course of a\*s-kicking? I was talking to you the whole time Were you deaf or what?”

After speaking to him for almost half a day, Veronica's patience was already at its limits since it was replaced with a stomach full of rage. So, why would she be in the mood to 'do the deed' with him?

She even contemplated choking him right there and then.

Slapping Matthew's shoulders, she said angrily, "Get up. Get up. I *do not* want to camp out on the mountain again tonight."

After saying that, she started to pack the stuff.

Now that he felt better, Matthew also proceeded to pack everything before continuing up the mountain.

Finally, they arrived at Almeida Country before noon.

Although it was considered a county, it was nowhere near as bustling as a normal county,

With only a few residents, their homes were built using either wood, stones or concrete while their rooftops were shingled with old-looking tiles. Their residences all looked extremely shabby and lacking.

The place where they stood was Essen Village.

There were no shops or markets to speak of in the village, as they all lived with a self-sustaining manner.

The villagers all had shabby and simple clothes with a lot of signs that indicated holes had been patched up.

The appearance of those people made the kids surround and circle them.

As she did not understand the local dialect, Veronica only knew that the kids who had mud all over their faces wore a naive smile as they ran over while cheering the arrival of the two.

"Matthew, didn't you bring a lot of goodies in your bags? Give it to them to eat.

Even though the children had messy hair and muddy faces, their adorable looks and bright gazes made her like them very much.

Placing Matthew's bag down, she took out the snacks and gave it out to them. "Hey, little cuties, these are all for you guys. Everyone has one, so don't rush."

The moment Veronica took out the snacks, the children immediately surrounded her with sparkling eyes with their chirping noises resembling a happy sparrow.

Standing at the side, Matthew looked at Veronica happily giving out the snacks and had an indescribable emotion tugging at his heart.

## Chapter 96

“Hello, I’m Titus Peel, the Dawnpol Village’s chief’s son. My father is a bit busy at the moment, so I’m here to greet you on his behalf.”

When Matthew was still absent-mindedly looking at Veronica, a dark-skinned, lanky and radiant man walked toward them to introduce himself.

Titus, who looked to be just a bit over his twenties, spoke standard English as he goes off with an honest and kind aura.

Reaching for a friendly handshake, Matthew also responded in kind. “I’m Matthew. Matthew Kings.”

After

Veronica had finished distributing the snacks, the children all skipped away happily as they were replaced by the villagers starting to gather around them.

“Hello, I’m Veronica Murphy.”

She walked to Titus and shook his hand.

“Welcome to Dawnpol Village.”

The honest Titus smiled while greeting her.

“I’m here as a representative of the Konig Company. There’s more stuff for the kids that will soon arrive,” she explained.

“Thank you, thank you. I sincerely thank you on behalf of my village. Come, I’ve prepared lunch at home. You two should come over and we’ll have lunch together,” he stated to the both of them.

As the onlooking villagers did not possess much fluency in the language, they all silently stood by the side. Although they did not converse with Veronica and Matthew, each villager still had a warm smile on their faces.

After that, Veronica and Matthew followed Titus to where his home was.

On the way there, Titus passionately introduced the ongoings of the village so that the two of them could better understand the situation of the village.

When she arrived at Titus' home, Veronica saw Quincy and Matthew's two... bodyguards?

Veronica wasn't fully sure about the two men's identity, yet judging from their fit and muscular bodies, she knew that they weren't ordinary people.

Titus' home and the village were both located at the base of the mountain. Even though his family was the richest in Dawnpol Village, they only had five mud brick houses with all of their roofs lined with green tiles. Behind their house was a huge bamboo forest while a pond was situated at the front of the entrance.

As one stood at the entrance and heard the sounds from the rooster, dogs and the water flowing beside, they would feel like they had traveled to an unknown piece of paradise as the stunning scenery and gentle weather greeted them.

If it were not for the fact that a few great mountains had blocked the way from here to the outside world, it was possible for the place to be developed into a tourist attraction.

As they entered Titus' home, they all sat and started to chat. It wasn't before long that the village chief returned.

He was also a dark-skinned man and had a forehead full of wrinkles. Although he wasn't a very tall person, he was also slightly hunched. His attire consisted of a thin sleeveless white vest, baggy black pants and a pair of flip-flops made from grass while a dark blue towel was wrapped around his head as he held a smoking pipe in his hand.

"Welcome to my house. I'm sorry for the delay as I had something to deal with earlier."

Although the chief's English wasn't extremely fluent since it was mixed with the local dialect, one could still guess what he was trying to get across.

After greeting the chief, they all sat down and began to eat.

The lunch was very extravagant as the chief had prepared a goose and chicken for them.

After lunch, he said, "Veronica, you can stay in my home as you are a girl. I have a spacious room with a door, so I hope it'll be much more convenient for you. As for the men, they can make do with the houses of my neighbors, Mrs. Ritz and Mr. Dune."

"Okay, thank you chief. We'll follow with your arrangements."

Veronica felt extremely grateful.

Taking her luggage with her, she entered her allocated room.

The room came with only a small window, which meant that it was dimly lit. However, she had to admit that the room was indeed tidy and clean.

After placing her belongings on the floor, she saw Matthew standing by the door as soon as she turned around. It looked like he was mysteriously looking at her.

"What, are you jealous? Don't tell me you're even going to fight over a room with me?"

Glancing at him, she smirked. "Let's go and see your room then."

After saying that, she dragged Matthew out with her.

Together with Titus, they all went over to Mrs. Ritz's home, which had three rooms one being a bedroom, another the main hall, and the final one, a kitchen.

The passionate Mrs. Ritz welcomed them. "Hahaha, quickly come in. I've already tidied all the rooms for you. So, you just need to stay here."

Often in a village, the main hall was often the living room while the house itself was the bedroom.

A perplexed Quincy asked, "If we're staying in the house, where will you be staying?"

"It's fine. We've already set up a bed in the cow shed. We'll be sleeping there tonight," Mrs. Ritz replied.

Her answer caused them to become speechless.

They had originally wanted to reject this proposal, but due to the villagers' sheer insistence, they had no choice to go along with it.

After they had a short siesta, another group of people came in the afternoon.

It was only after asking around that Veronica discovered that it was the Crawfords who had arrived—namely Xavier's father and sister, Hendric and Melissa.

“Hey, I heard from Titus that nobody has ever visited Dawnpol Village before. So, why are there so many people here all of a sudden?” Veronica asked while tugging on Melissa’s arm.

Matthew stared at her coldly before replying, “I don’t know.”

After saying that, he turned and was preparing to walk away.

His sudden mood swing confounded Veronica to no end, so she chased after him and blocked his way. “Are you mental? Why are you angry for no reason again? When did I exactly offend you?”

Stopping in his stride, the man had a cold look on his handsome face. “I told you to stay away from Xavier Crawford. Are you treating my words as water off a duck’s back?”

This answer made Veronica realize why he was angry at her.

It was all because her current workplace, Konig Company, was owned by Xavier, which was the reason why Matthew was exasperated.

She instantly grew livid. “You’re only my godbrother, not my mom! First off, you didn’t birth me. Secondly, you didn’t raise me. Thirdly, we’re not even romantically involved, so why should I follow everything you say?”

Veronica snorted before shooting a cold gaze at him and stomping angrily. “What a control freak!”

Then, she swerved past him and left.

In the afternoon, the number of people swarming into Dawnpol Village grew as a few reporters even showed up.

Although there was no signal here, the news could still be broadcasted after they left the village.

The donation items that were in the cars stationed out to the mountain had been transported bit by bit to the village. Not to mention, the enthusiastic villagers had also joined the team to help to transport the items over to the village.

Veronica finally found out that the charity event this time was apparently organized by the government, who requested every corporation in Bloomstead to come to Almeida and contribute something.

It just so happened that the Crawfords were arranged to visit Dawnpol Village, which was why Xavier’s company had dispatched some of their workers over.



The afternoon was filled with people busying themselves transporting the goods and Veronica was in the midst of it too.

This continued until late at night.

The exhausted Veronica had returned to the village chief's home only to discover someone sleeping on her bed after she had switched on the lights in her room.

"I just switched off the lights. Who in the name... Veronica?"

The woman in pajamas sat up and stared angrily at Veronica.

Then, Veronica discovered that the person in question was actually Xavier's sister, Melissa.

"Why are you sleeping here?" Veronica asked.

"With no place left in the village to sleep, the chief said that I can crash in the room with you, saying that I am a VIP." After that, Melissa just lay back down to continue to sleep.

## **Chapter 97**

Since the chief had already said so, Veronica could only accept the fact calmly.

After all, this was not the city where they had plenty of choices to choose from.

She took out her towel and body wash from her luggage and proceeded to head out to the pond by the entrance with a flashlight. Sitting on the stone used for washing clothes, Veronica dipped her foot in the cool water before swinging her legs, making the water splash about.

*Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit.*

The sound of the frogs croaking paired with the grasshoppers chirping made for a relaxing scene.

Suddenly, small balls of green light appeared in the dark, to which Veronica looked at dumbly.

When she was young, fireflies were a common sight. However, now that she was an adult, she rarely saw them again, so she didn't expect such a large number of them here.

*Splash.*

Veronica jumped into the pond and took a satisfying bath since there was nobody around in the dead of night. –

The pond at the entrance was deep with cobblestones underneath while its water all came from the mountain.

After swimming for a while, she took a bath as she sat on the washing stone with soaked clothes before washing her hair. Basking in the night wind, she felt a tad bit cold yet she wasn't drowsy at all and didn't want to sleep either.

*Crack.*

The sound caused Veronica to turn her head behind as she saw a man lighting a cigarette. From the dim light illuminated by the lighter, she recognized at once that the man was Matthew.

“When did you arrive?”

Was he actually peeping on her when she was taking a bath?

Although she was wearing activewear that consisted of a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, she didn't accidentally reveal anything. Rather, it was because he already knew that she was there and still chose to linger around.

*What a shameless man.*

Matthew leaned against a tree as he silently took a puff from his cigarette; the sight of his cigarette becoming dark before lighting up again made it seem like there was a glowing red firefly there.

Matthew's silence merely notified Veronica that he was annoyed about her scolding him earlier in the day.

However, she didn't care enough to coax him; she merely stood up to return to her **room,**

After shutting the door, she changed into another set of clothes and lay on the bed.

An insomniac Melissa saw her lying down and closed in to ask, “So, you're my brother's girlfriend. I heard from Dad that you intentionally made yourself look ugly. What was that all about? Was it because you looked like Tiffany's doppelganger?”

The Larsons, who had exposed Veronica's identity, repeatedly claimed multiple times in front of the media that they were going to bring her back to the Larson Residence as one of them.

So, it wasn't strange that the Crawfords knew about her identity.

Acting like a gossipy middle-aged woman, Melissa continued to ask enigmatically, "Why did the Larson Family abandon you back then? Was there something wrong with you?"

"I don't know whether my body is ill or not, but what I do know is that something's wrong with your brain!" Veronica retorted angrily as she raised her head.

"Wow, Roni. You're so fierce."

Now that she was resting face down on the bed, Melissa swung her legs and propped her face up with her hands to look at Veronica. "No wonder my brother likes you so much. I fancy your personality too, but I prefer Matthew. Hey, I also heard that you have saved Old Mrs. Kings before. She wants to recognize you as her god granddaughter, is that right?"

The seldom happenings in the upper echelon would often spread like wildfire.

"Why are you asking something that you know the answer to?"

Veronica wasn't really in the mood to humor Melissa.

"So, it's real?"

The moment she heard Veronica's words, Melissa tugged on her elbows and probed, "That's great news! Can you tell me more about Matthew?"

A blunt Veronica replied, "You're not paying, so why should I?"

"Oh, money. That I have. Hehe, I don't have much in life except money." Then, Melissa pulled her mobile out and continued, "I'll add you on Whatsapp then and transfer the money to you. Oh right, there's no signal here. Wait for a short while, please."

As if she was mumbling to herself, she took a bag by the corner of the bedside and handed a wad of cash to Veronica after digging through it. "Here, this is for you. So, can you now tell me the things that I want to know about Matthew?"

The cash in question all came in new notes and wrapped with a white paper strip.

Staring at the character printed on the note, a baffled Veronica asked, "Why did you bring so much cash to Almeida County?"

"I heard that there would be no signal here and we can only use cash here. So, I brought a hundred thousand in cash with me." Melissa breathed in deeply in the midst of her explanation. "If I had known that this god-forsaken place would not even have a supermarket, I would not have brought it along. It nearly killed me, carrying all that money."

All the words that she mumbled were heard by Veronica, whose eyes sparkled upon realizing that a deal could be made.

Melissa suddenly looked extra pleasant in Veronica's eyes. "Everything's up for negotiation, actually. This includes me telling you all about him. Heck, I could even arrange a date with him for you, if you so wish. The only problem is..."

Veronica trailed off as she reached out to rub her thumb and index finger together.

The gesture was basically self-explanatory.

"Really? Can you really set up a date for me and Matthew?"

Melissa's eyes glimmered brightly upon hearing this.

"Of course I can."

Thumping her chest, Veronica looked extremely confident.

Apart from other matters, it was a piece of cake for her to ask Matthew out.

Thinking of this, Veronica was suddenly reminded of something, "Didn't you know that Matthew is already engaged to Tiffany?"

"Hmph, so what? Even married couples can divorce, so them being engaged is not an obstacle for me." As Melissa waved her hand, she looked like a spoiled brat who had no idea of how the world worked.

Veronica, who raised her right eyebrow; had the glimmer of stars in her eyes. "Deal. So, what do you want to know?"

She then picks up the note of ten thousand before folding it in a ninety degree angle before her fingernails brushed against it. The sound of the notes was music to her ears. *This ten thousand has made me realize that this trip was not a waste.*

Reality was hinting at her that there was more to be profited from this encounter.

“Tell me about Matthew and Tiffany then,” Melissa requested as she lay beside Veronica.

“There’s nothing to talk about her. How about you increase the price and I’ll help to arrange a meeting between you and Matthew. Isn’t that more worthwhile?”

Veronica was thinking about how best she could profit from this.

“Hmm, that’s a good plan too. If you can help me arrange a date with Matthew, I’ll give you…”

Melissa then proceeded to produce twenty thousand from the wads of cash she had in her hand. “Here’s another twenty thousand, so help me arrange a meeting with him.”

“Are you giving me thirty thousand in one shot?”

“Is that not enough? I can add on another twenty thousand.”

“I’m… Hahaha, it’s enough.”

A wealthy friend was always a good friend, so Veronica had decided to befriend the naive and innocent Melissa. “It’s our first time doing business, so as an act of sincerity on my part, I’ll help to arrange for a second date for free.”

“Oh my God, Veronica, you’re too nice!” An excited Melissa hugged her with twinkling eyes. “I love you so much. Tell you what, I’m going to tell my dad all about you tomorrow. I’ll say that you’re kind, stunningly beautiful, wise, capable, intelligent, calm, honest and —”

“Stop. Stop. Stop!”

Veronica was someone who never felt guilty about the barrage of compliments, but she now had a migraine from dealing with Melissa sounded like a gatling gun. “I’ll help you set up a meeting now, so just—wait here.”

## Chapter 98

As she had only fancied Melissa’s ability to give money, she instantly surrendered to Melissa.

“Haha, Veronica, you really are too kind.”

Melissa tilted her head and made a heart shape with her fingers at Veronica’s direction.

Such a gesture had caused Veronica to feel queasy as it only gave her goosebumps.

After wearing her shoes, she then took a flashlight with her before heading to the house next door. She immediately went to Matthew's bedroom after opening the front door. Knocking on the door, she asked, "Matthew?"

Because the villagers had mingled with each other well, they didn't close the front door on account of the swarm of outsiders who arrived for the sake of convenience. As such, Veronica merely allowed herself in.

No reply came from the other end.

After waiting for a while, Veronica was going to call for Matthew again when the bedroom door opened.

Matthew stood in front of her in the dark and asked coldly, "What?"

His cold tone had a hint of distance to it.

It was like he still held a grudge about what happened earlier that day.

Veronica thought that he must have been a super petty person in his past life, which explained why he easily became angry.

"About that... Um... I've something urgent to talk to you about. Could you come with me?"

Lowering her voice, she had said it in such a tone that only both of them could hear it.

After a short period of silence, the man agreed and followed her outside.

After walking to the courtyard outside, Matthew stopped and turned around to look at Veronica. "So, what is it?"

Although it was at the dead of night, the moon cast its bright light to the ground and illuminated everything in a thin veil, barely allowing them to make out each other's silhouette.

Suddenly, Veronica held onto her stomach. "Ahhh, my tummy. Ouch, it hurts..."

She subconsciously grabbed onto Matthew's arms while whining softly.

Matthew, who had a cold and distant look earlier, immediately asked in worry after seeing her in discomfort, "What's wrong? Did you get food poisoning?"

"N-NO..."

Pretending to be in pain, she even squeezed out the words in agony.

“Then... What is it?” a caring Matthew asked.

Veronica whined, “I just...“.

“You just what?”

“I just need to poop, so wait right here for a bit.”

After saying that, Veronica hastily ran off.

At that moment, her words were still swimming in Matthew’s mind as he thought that the woman was too brash to say those kinds of things..

*If I’m being honest... She should change this habit of hers. Otherwise, how can she be accepted into the Kings Family? Be accepted into the Kings Family?*

As he frowned, he suddenly had an image of her wearing a bridal gown on their wedding night while she smiled sweetly at him.

“What are you thinking of?”

As he pinched his eyebrows, Matthew then rubbed his temples, feeling as if he had been possessed earlier.

It was obvious that she would only be accepted into the Kings Residence as his grandmother’s god–granddaughter–nothing more, nothing less.

He waited for a while at the pond under the moonlight as he took out a cigarette to take a puff

It was not until the tip of a cigarette had been fully lit that the sound of footsteps was heard.

As he turned back, Matthew looked at the shadow standing from a few meters away since he could not make out who it was. “So, how are you feeling now?”

Thinking of how Veronica was in so much hurry when she said those words, he thought that she must have been in a great deal of pain, which was why he had asked with concern.

The woman didn’t reply and merely stopped when she arrived in front of him.

Although it was only for an instant, the breeze carried with it a strange scent along with the scent of the flora and fauna with it

Peering coldly, Matthew asked, "Who are you?"

"I—It's me, Melissa."

After a thorough preparation, Melissa had intentionally sprayed perfume before coming over, hoping that Matthew would be charmed into looking directly at her.

Only God knew how exciting she felt to see her dream guy standing in front of her at that moment. She had butterflies in her stomach and it took her a long while before she calmed down.

"What are you doing here? Where's Veronica?"

If it hadn't been for Veronica, Matthew would have already left as soon as this woman appeared.

"Veronica, she... wanted me to tell you to wait a bit longer as her tummy is still aching."

When Veronica returned to the room, she had reminded Melissa multiple times to say those exact words to Matthew, so that he would stay there for a little longer.

It was only through this method that Melissa could be alone with him for some time.

Veronica had to painstakingly come up with such a plan just to earn Melissa's money.

The premise was that Matthew could not suspect anything strange about all this. Otherwise, their deal this time would only end in failure.

"Okay then, you can leave now."

Taking out another cigarette, Matthew lit it before taking yet another puff.

Melissa, who had walked to his left side, coincidentally smelled the light tobacco scent that blew past her face.

Smelling the hint of tobacco, she found it harder to suppress the ecstasy inside her.

In her memory, this was her first time being so close to Matthew after all these years.

Just standing beside him was enough to make her woozy as she could feel his pheromones in the air.

"M—Matthew, you love Tiffany very much, right?":

Not wanting to leave, Melissa tried to start a conversation.



After she spoke, it felt like her question had been blown away by the wind as Matthew did not show any intention to answer it.

Not giving up, she lamented, "Veronica looks exactly like Tiffany, but you chose to be engaged to the latter. Is it because Tiffany is the popular girl in Bloomstead?"

This was something that she really wanted to know.

Holding the cigarette in his hand, Matthew stopped to look at the stars.

Although Melissa was Xavier's sister, for someone who never once contacted him, she was suddenly asking such weird questions.

Turning his gaze to the direction of the chief's house, Matthew reflected on how Veronica said that she had something to say to him before mysteriously having a stomach ache. *Don't tell me that...*

Thinking of this, the man had a slight smirk on his face. "It's just an engagement," he said bluntly.

Hearing this made Melissa's eyes light up. "It's just an engagement? Does that mean that things can change at any moment?"

Things can often change."

It was only four words that were emotionlessly said, but Melissa still treated it as if it were the gospel from God.

This kind of confidently arrogant and godlike man made Melissa love him from her core.

Melissa's ecstasy came from the fact that she had successfully met her idol.

"Does that mean that you might not be marrying Tiffany in the future?"

Her question made Matthew fall into silence again.

From his standpoint, he had clearly given the answer just now.

However, Matthew had failed to notice that barring the answer, his words contained a lot of information within as well as his true feelings.

In that split second, he knew that he was expecting something, yet he did not know exactly what it was that he expected.

"Oh, I understand."

## Chapter 99

Melissa was excited beyond belief by what she had heard and had no words to describe her feelings.

“Oh, wow. Matthew, look at the shooting star. Quickly wish for something. I’ve heard that wishes made under a shooting star often come true.”

When she saw the shooting star across the picturesque night sky, she jumped with glee as she placed her hands together. As she tilted her head upward, she started to wish with closed eyes. *Shooting star, please make it so that I’ll be Matthew’s wife in the future!*

Standing by her side, Matthew suddenly thought that Melissa resembled Veronica’s brash yet innocent and naive personality. The woman wasn’t as annoying as he thought he would be.

“Why hasn’t she come out yet?”

After standing there for a while, Matthew began to question Veronica’s whereabouts as he looked around.

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“What? Oh, about that... Please wait here, I’ll go and call her.”

Being able to spend a bit of time with Matthew had already left Melissa feeling like she was lucky. Besides being elated, she was extremely nervous to the point where she did not know what else to say.

So, she turned around and fled the scene.

As she

jogged to her room, she opened the door to the sight of Veronica counting the money with a serious expression.

“Oh my God, Veronica, you’re the best.”

When Melissa hugged Veronica, she had pushed the person onto the bed and happily gave her a peck. “Veronica, you’re so smart. I’m elated right now. Here...”

She happily took out another wad of cash and pushed it into Veronica’s hands. “This is for you. Just treat it as the bonus for our first successful cooperation.”

“Yikes, this is kind of disgusting. There’s saliva... Hahaha, really?”

After pushing Melissa aside, the disgusted Veronica wiped the saliva on her cheek with her sleeves as she saw the wad of cash being thrust into her hands.

Stopping for a moment, she then grinned from ear to ear. "Melissa, you're a good friend. Just like your brother, you both are so likable."

No wonder they were siblings since they were both so likable.

This was especially so when it came to Melissa's willingness to simply give out money, which made Veronica extremely ecstatic.

"Of course, if my bro likes you, I'll naturally like you too. Now that you also like me, we'll be good friends from now on!"

Melissa was still immersed in the blissful situation as she happily sat on the bed.

After a while, she finally remembered Matthew's words and said to Veronica, "You should quickly head out. Matthew's waiting for you. He'll know something's up if we wait any longer."

"Oh, right."

When she realized that fact, Veronica immediately kept the forty thousand in her bag.

Before leaving, she did not forget to remind Melissa, "Only me, you and God knows where the money is. So, if it's gone by the time I'm back, I'll have you reimburse me."

If these words were said by another person, Melissa would have been absolutely livid.

However, because she was in a good mood, she simply replied, "Don't worry, I'll look after it for you. If it really goes missing, I'll pay you again."

"Tsk, this is why I like you."

Winking at her, Veronica then ran outside to the courtyard.

Although everything was pitch black in the courtyard, Veronica still managed to recognize Matthew standing under a tree at once.

If she did not know beforehand that it was a person, it would have been a bit scary considering the fact that they were on a mountain at the dead of the night.

Hopping over, she asked, "Why are you still here?"

"I was waiting for you."

Hearing Veronica's voice made Matthew turn his head around to answer her.

Reflecting on her reminder to Melissa not to let anything slip, she also needed to do the same; otherwise, she would be burning her own bridge.

"Didn't you say that you have something to talk about just now?"

Putting his hands in the pocket of his pants, Matthew stared at her through the darkness.

Veronica rubbed her head as she thought of the best method to answer his question. "I just wanted to..."

Raising her head, she saw the bright and round moon, so she continued, "I just wanted to look at the moon. Yeah, let's look at the moon together."

*Looking at the moon, pfft.*

Back when she was growing up in the village, the thing that she did the most was gaze with her foster parents at the moon and stars.

While raising his head, Matthew looked at the bright moon. "Yeah, the moon tonight does look extra round."

"See, I'm right, aren't I?"

After mirroring his action, Veronica also raised her gaze and looked at the moon.

In the end, she knew that this would be another sleepless night for her, so she said to him, "Why don't you bring some chairs over? Aren't you tired of looking at the moon while standing?"

As the ground of the village was all full of mud, they had no place to sit.

"Sure."

After hesitating for a while, the man went back to bring some chairs over.

Looking at his back, Veronica felt a bit perplexed as she thought, *What is happening? He's acting a bit weird today. Why is he so obedient all of a sudden?*

She stood at the entrance in boredom while listening to the croaking frogs. After a short while, Matthew reappeared with two additional chairs in his hands.

Sitting together side by side, they looked at the moon while enjoying the silence of the night.

To them, tonight would be a long night.

Since they were in a village, there were bound to be mosquitoes. That was why the village chief had planted plants that repelled mosquitoes at the village entrance to lessen the insects' overall presence there.

The two of them just sat there in the silence.

Veronica was still over the moon about Melissa giving her forty thousand in cash.

Seeing Veronica not saying anything, Matthew then asked, "Why are you quiet?"

"Yeah?" A confused Veronica replied, "What did you say?" :

"What exactly happened between you and Tiffany?" ;

He finally asked the question that he had been dying to know.

"Nothing much."

She did not want to and did not know how to answer him.

After all, the things that happened with Tiffany were not something that could be easily explained.

The feud between her and the Larsons was a fact that Veronica would not even mention to Matthew.

It was because in her eyes, he and Tiffany were in cahoots.

Being an outsider herself, she knew how to maintain her guard around him at all times.

"I just don't like her," Veronica replied nonsensically.

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"That was not what you said when we were stranded on the mountain at that time," Matthew retorted.

Thinking back, Veronica remembered saying that Tiffany had sworn to kill her.

Now that she thought about it, she must have been out of her mind to have said that in front of him without a care back then. *I was so stupid!*

Veronica had magnified the tiny bit of kindness that Matthew showed her to infinity and even went as far as to let her guard down! *It was not supposed to be like that.*

“Yeah, I was worried about that. Didn’t I tell you before that the Larsons were after my bone marrow to treat Floch? I was worried that if I did not agree when the time came, they might kill me over it. If that happens, what can I do then?”

She was speaking out of her ass with a straight face.

Matthew, who was as intelligent as he looked, knew instantly that Veronica was lying. Yet, he did not choose to expose her and instead withheld his opinions on the matter.

The two of them fell silent again.

After sighing, Veronica said, “I wonder what Mom and Dad are doing now. I kinda miss them now.”

## Chapter 100

Matthew didn’t answer Veronica. He only felt that what she had said just now was full of holes, not least because the Larsons were directly related to her previous kidnapping. He wasn’t interested in this matter back then, nor did he want to get to the bottom of it, but now... he really wanted to know what had happened.

After a while, Veronica got bored with sitting around, so she returned to the village chief’s home and lay down in bed to sleep.

Melissa was already asleep. She was probably in a good mood; even in her sleep, she seemed very happy with a smile on her face.

Veronica didn’t know how long it took before she finally fell asleep. The next day, however, she was woken up by Melissa. “What did you do with Matthew last night? I waited for you at home for such a long time, but you never came back.” Sitting cross legged in bed with her chin in her hands, she stared inquisitively at Veronica, eager to get the answer from her.

“We went to watch the moon,” Veronica muttered with her eyes closed.

“What? You watched the moon with Matthew?” Melissa cried out involuntarily as bitter jealousy surged up within her.

Veronica’s sleep was scared away at once by her shrill cries. Sitting up in bed, she glared angrily at Melissa, chiding, “Aren’t you wasting your breath by saying

that? You wanted me to help you ask him out, which I did. If I didn't make up an excuse to convince him that I really had something to talk to him about, how am I supposed to ask him out again in the future?"

"Oh, you're right. Uh, in that case... Why does he indulge your every whim? My brother and the others said he's indifferent, cruel, and merciless, but I can't help feeling that he's treating you very differently." Melissa spoke her mind right away without reservation.

"Why do you think he's nice to me? Because his grandmother likes me and because I'll be his sister in the future, that's why." Veronica prodded Melissa's forehead hard with her finger. Then, correcting the latter, she said, "Also, you're really blind. Which eye of yours sees him indulging my every whim?"

"Ouch! It hurts..." Melissa massaged her forehead, which ached from being prodded. She muttered, "The way I see it, he's very nice to you."

"Go visit an ophthalmologist if something's wrong with your eyes!" Having gone to bed late last night, Veronica was vexed when she saw it was only about five in the morning. After throwing back her quilt, she got out of bed and walked out.

The village chief and his family were preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

Veronica went over and greeted them one by one before washing up. After straightening herself up, she noticed that it was still early, so she walked out of the yard.

Instantly, what came into sight was the cloud-shrouded sky. The pond's surface was covered with mist, whereas the flowers and plants on the roadside were wet with beads of glittering dew. In the gentle breeze, dewdrops rolled down the leaves and fell into the soil. With singing birds, sweet-smelling flowers, and the wispy mist, the beautiful country scene looked just like a fairyland.

Enjoying the scenery very much, Veronica strolled around the village in slippers to experience a different early morning.

After heading all the way southward from the village chief's home, she arrived at the rice field at the southern end of the village, where an ancient millstone still existed. Just when she felt curious about it, a limping man dressed in shabby clothes with a mask on his face walked past her with the aid of a stick.

Drawn to the man's eccentric way of dressing, Veronica looked sidelong at the stooping masked man, who was also looking at her. His copper mask covered his forehead down to his mouth, revealing only a pair of eyes so that no one could tell what he really looked like.

“Good morning, mister... Aaah!”

Just when Veronica was staring at the masked man, Melissa suddenly turned up and greeted the masked man cordially, only to be taken aback the instant he withdrew his gaze and turned to look at her. The man’s frosty eyes seemed imperturbable, but they gave an eerie feeling, as though he was hiding many things.

Frightened, Melissa ran to Veronica’s side and tugged at her, not daring to speak for a long time. It wasn’t until the stooping man hobbled out of their sight with the aid of his stick that she beat her chest with a sigh of relief. “Oh, God! I was scared to death. Why is there here such a man in Dawnpol Village?”

Shooting a cold glance at her, Veronica asked, “Why are you following me?”

Being honest and frank by nature, Melissa replied right away, “Hehe, I just thought I might be able to run into my Prince Charming if I follow you around. And besides, didn’t you say you’d ask him out once more for free if I hired you to do so for me? You haven’t done it yet.”

Veronica couldn’t find it in herself to loathe such an honest and frank lady when she saw how innocent and simple-minded she was. “Just be patient. I’ll try my best to arrange it.”

The two ladies then strolled around the village before returning to the village chief’s home for breakfast.

In the morning, they went up the mountain again and started carrying the goods, getting busy for the whole day. Since Dawnpol Village was the outermost village from the mountain, everything had to be moved to the village first before being transferred to other villages.

There were a lot of goods, so it took three full days to finish moving all of them. As a result, Veronica was exhausted. Seeing how hardworking and capable she was, Melissa heaped praise on her. Furthermore, she attentively wiped Veronica’s sweat away and handed her drinking water in a groveling manner.

When Hendric saw this again and again, he was really pissed off. Angrily, he glared at Melissa, saying, “Why have I never seen you being so nice to me? I’m your father!” Consumed with jealousy, he detested Veronica even more. He couldn’t help thinking that this woman wasn’t as simple as she seemed. Not only was Xavier very nice to her, but Melissa liked her as well.

Melissa curled her lips at him. She replied, “Dad, Veronica’s my bestie now. Since she’s nice to me, I have to be nice to her too, of course.”



Hendric felt so hot that he kept fanning himself with a fan while wiping the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve. "Am I not nice to you, then?" he questioned.

"I'm not saying that you aren't nice to me, but my relationship with you is definitely different from my relationship with my bestie, right?" Melissa took a bottle of mineral water and handed it to Hendric with a snort.

Hendric's anger subsided a lot at the sight of this move. The next instant, however, he saw Melissa take another bottle of mineral water and walk toward Veronica. Not only that, but she even thoughtfully uncapped the bottle for Veronica, saying, "Here, Veronica, drink some water."

Veronica had resisted Melissa's excessive attentiveness at first, but she got used to it after a few days.

At the sight of the scene, Hendric turned green with envy, but he could do nothing about it.

Veronica was sitting in the chair for a rest when Melissa sat down beside her and asked, "Veronica—uh, no, Roni—when will you help me ask my Prince Charming out again? I miss him so much."

Upon hearing her words, Veronica, who was drinking, immediately spat out all the water in her mouth and began coughing nonstop. "Pfft! *Cough... Cough...*"

"Hey, are you okay?" Melissa patted Veronica on the back before wiping the latter's mouth with a towel. She asked caringly, "How did you choke on water?"

After several coughs, Veronica felt somewhat better. Only then did she say, "Why would you miss him? You see him every day, no?"

"Well, that's because—"

"Get your butt over here at once, Melissa!" Hendric was infuriated when he saw Melissa, whom he had always doted on and spoiled like a princess, following Veronica around and waiting on Veronica attentively.

"Oh, Dad, you're so annoying! Why interfere when I'm chatting with my bestie? Hmph!"