

Bumpkin 161

Chapter 161

"Is there something to celebrate today? Why is there suddenly a firework display?"

"Man, I bet it costs a lot with that much fireworks."

"Could it be that another billionaire is proposing to a young commoner?"

"Pffi. You've read too many of those cheesy stories."

"I mean, who's to say? How do you explain the long firework display then?"

"It's been going on for twenty minutes. When will it end? Is there more?"

"Beats me."

"Let's wait and see."

Walking through the crowd, Veronica was amused by what the people were buzzing about. *What great imagination!*

It wasn't until they squeezed through the crowd and back to the side of the road that their surroundings got a lot quieter.

"Thanks, Xavier. I really enjoyed the fireworks."

"Don't mention it."

"Though I see you as my brother, hey, short reckonings make long friends."

Veronica giggled and suddenly glanced subconsciously across the road. With that, she turned back to Xavier, saying, "Wait here. I'm gonna buy something across from here."

"Okay." He thought no further of it and stood waiting there just like that.

Then, he heard his ringtone. With that, he fished his phone out to find Melissa calling. His little sister had called a good few times throughout the night, and he finally answered this time.

"Melissa, W

a feast seeing as it's your birthday today, but I can't believe you decided to go AWOL?!" Melissa roared, wishing she could teleport to the other end of the line and give her

on silent. I didn't

got no idea what goes on in that little mind of yours! Veronica's leaving soon. You must be with her right now. Am I right, or am

some of Veronica's personality had rubbed off on her,

"I'm not.

"You swear?"

"I swear."

if I'd believe anything

girl; don't speak like an uncivilized ape. Better correct that habit, or you won't be able to

worse than this, yet you still cling to her. Double-standard piece of sh*t. Whatever. Bye!" Melissa furiously hung up on

scoffing as

had yet to return, he sent a text to his little

who remembered his birthday--no,

him

he asked,

Veronica deliberately teased

around the area, she knew there was a gazebo

furniture where people could sit and rest. After a ten minute walk, they finally arrived at the seating gazebo with a row of stone tables and benches. Although

tired. Let's take a break there." She pointed to the seating area at the roadside. With

any mosquitoes or other bugs around, so they didn't have to worry about getting all places?"

so I went and bought some supper. Let's

took out a small box from one of the paper bags and put

cake. I bought it especially. I loved this when I was a kid. Too bad we weren't well off, so I was always reluctant to get one." While talking,

bewildered, having no

"I'm all about rituals, you see. As a

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Then, she waved the tiny plates in her hands, saying, "I had to pay five bucks for these plates and the candle. What do you think? Are you surprised?"

Xavier, never this happy his entire life, beamed as he listened to her rant. "Thank you," he said earnestly.

"C'mon, thank--you are for strangers. You're rich enough to put on a firework display while I can only afford to get you a small cake and have a heart-to-heart talk. I just hope you won't mind."

"Of course not." Xavier shook his head."

After slicing the golden Pikachu cake in half, she put one half onto the paper plate, then handed it and a fork to him, saying, "Here, your birthday cake. Eat up."

Xavier said nothing and left Veronica hanging a couple of seconds before he finally took the cake from her and ate in silence with his head bowed.

Veronica then grabbed a fork and ate her share.

"How does it taste? Good?"

"Yeah."

"Ha! What did I say? I only pick the tastiest." She was clearly on cloud nine.

But little did she know, though Xavier ate the cake, it was tasteless to him as he had been so touched by Veronica's gesture that he failed to savor it.

After they had demolished the cake, she handed him a napkin to wipe their mouths with. Accordingly, she pulled something out of the other paper bag. "Here. This is for you. Sort of a birthday present."

"What is it?"

With that, she handed the small black box

gold chain hung loosely at both ends of the shati. The design was minimalistic, but

put a lot of thought

"No, I like it."

If you're seen wearing this,

of the four big families of Bloomstead. People would surely tease him for wearing

you for all

your birthday, I have to get going. I have to go back to my parents' tomorrow. I should turn in

the morning. She didn't have to rush at all. Nonetheless, she had to savagely get back at someone for something before she left. Despite her intention to drop her vengeance, some people just wouldn't

you a

up, bid him goodbye, and left, not giving him a

seeing her off, standing where he was, he looked down at the gift in

apartment as she had already terminated the lease. So, she wouldn't be able to stay for the night even if she wanted to. Her destination was Dragon Creek's Villa. She didn't

destination. Dragon Creek's Villa was a first-class neighborhood, so its security system was of

– vulv

carefully avoided them and easily found
monumental villa. With that, she checked her watch to find it was already half-past eleven. Surely
Rachel and Floch were already
effortlessly showed
at night, Tiffany killed the lights and got ready
to enter, she heard Tiffany's voice. "Have
Was she on the phone, or could Matthew actually be
fall
to bed soon. Can I see you at Spinfluence Group
best, Matthew. Goodnight,

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Especially now that she was bearing Matthew's child, she had to protect it at all cost before she got into
the Kings Family. Hence, she couldn't afford to be reckless.

"You deserved it, Veronica. Tell me you don't. You knew I was engaged to Matthew yet you're still living
with him in Twilight Condominium. What are you if not a b*tch? You don't have what it takes to get into
the Kings Family, so you'd resort to becoming a shame—Ah!" As Tiffany was venting the frustration in her
heart, she was stopped by Veronica's slap on her face."

"I'll give you a chance. Choose your words carefully."

Oh, was the smack vehement and agonizingly stinging!

Tiffany gritted her teeth and glared at Veronica who was in the dark. "You're a slut, a slut who's always
trying to seduce Mat—*Slap!*"

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"One more chance."

will

"You're still a b*tch no matter how many chances you give me, you shame—*Slap!*"

"Again!"

"You shame—*Slap!*"

"Try again."

perfect face marred, so she consequently stopped lashing out with her venomous tongue. Vexed and
hand uncontrollably shuddered. In a brief moment, the devil within her was goading her to finish Tiffany
off as revenge

Out of nowhere, faint footsteps

and slightly raised her brows, staring at the bedroom door. The next moment, the door was pushed open, followed by a click, and the lights were turned on, illuminating the entire

before storming downstairs. Unsurprisingly, Veronica came. When they saw Veronica—her foot on the bed, her left arm supported on her knee, and her right hand holding a dagger

Veronica?!” Floch, who was utterly shocked as well, shakingly pointed his finger at Veronica. “Put down the knife. You’re trespassing private property. All it takes is a call to the cops and you’ll earn yourself a here. Waa... H—Help

a couple more swings on her face, left and

up?! What are you, f*cking deaf?” Veronica furiously rebuked. She raised her stony eyes and shot the Larson couple, who were standing by the door, a piercing,

she must have been the unluckiest woman

couple were dumbfounded as they peered at each other. They faced each other and tacitly turned to Tiffany, realizing what had

you’ve been coming at me a great deal of times, so I’m gonna be deeply sorry for you if I don’t

of leaving Bloomstead in peace. If she left without giving the Larsons a lesson, she would really be seen as a

pointed at her. “I’m warning

“Waa... I’m scared, Mom...”

Veronica had once gone all psycho on Tiffany and roughened her up, she had never been this acrimonious,

that Veronica just might take her life as the result

fear?” Veronica belittlingly scoffed. Her red, grinning lips were uncannily unnerving. With that, she searched her pocket and pulled out a lighter, raising

“What are you doing?”

Veronica! Tiffany is your

111

Are you crazy? What are you trying

blanched. At no point in their lives were

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Rachel’s heart ached terribly at the sight of the sorry state Tiffany was in. Immediately, she helped Tiffany up, saying, “Don’t be afraid, Tiffy. I’m here. I’m here, so you’ll be fine.”

Tiffany flung her arms around Rachel as if clutching at straws while crying her eyes out in Rachel's arms. "Sob, sob... I was scared to death! Mom, I'm so afraid."

The fire was spreading fiercely in the room without restraint as raging flames sent plumes of thick smoke billowing toward the ceiling. Still, Floch and the others could see the murderous expression on Veronica's stony face across the flames.

Veronica threatened, "If you do that again, I'll drag all of you Larsons to hell with me even if I'll die for that!" She was so consumed with rage that she nearly lost her head. Even so, she knew deep down that Tiffany was pregnant with Matthew's baby. If anything wrong happened to Tiffany, Elizabeth would be upset, and the Kings Family would be concerned. *Old Mrs. Kings has saved my life, so I'm gonna let Tiffany off this time for the sake of her baby. However, if Tiffany does it again, I might kill all the Larsons. Who cares if I'll go to jail because of that?*

The gushing hot air in the room hit Veronica in the face, and the burning sensation brought her back to reality. Concealing the chilliness in her eyes, she turned around and walked to the bedroom balcony before disappearing into the night.

Seeing that she had left, Rachel gave Floch a meaningful look. Both of them had a grave expression, but they kept silent.

Tiffany cried for a while before noticing that she was no longer hearing Veronica's voice. When she looked back, she realized that Veronica was gone. She couldn't help but snarl, "What are you two waiting for? Call the police! Why aren't you calling the police? Veronica has almost killed me!"

Floch shook his head with a sigh. "If we call the police right now, the police will look into this matter, and the Kings Family will definitely be alarmed. You have to think this through, Tiffy."

the sprinkler system sprinkled water on the room, lowering the temperature in the room and slowly putting

know how much Old Mrs. Kings likes Veronica. Have you thought
into this matter

control of her emotions, she screamed as if she had gone insane, ranting, "You two don't love me at that she nearly stabbed me to death just now? If anything bad happens to her right now, once Old Mrs. Kings looks into it, you can just forget about marrying into the Kings Family. Just look at yourself-you look no different from a madwoman! Is this your current mentality after I spent so much money every year to have you learn etiquette? If you don't do anything about that

her. After finishing his speech, he shot Rachel a glare, saying, "Talk about spare the rod and spoil the child. Just look at how well you've brought your daughter

the slap just now. What Floch had just said reverberated in her mind. She cried bitterly, but she had to admit that Floch's words made sense. Marrying into a distinguished family means there will be lots of trials and difficulties awaiting me. I've got to be steadier. Otherwise, when I marry into the Kings Family and face even greater danger, how am I gonna take care of things by myself without Dad and Mom's support?

out at despite her innocence, Rachel sighed

being impulsive. Sob... Sob... I just... I just couldn't stand the sight of Veronica, that b*tch, trying to steal Matthew from me. Sob... Sob..." Tiffany had always been spoiled rotten by her parents ever since she was little, so she had never been reprimanded like she was on this day.

Alright, alright, stop crying. Look at your face. Sigh... Let's go. I'm gonna apply some ice to your cheek to reduce the swelling." Rachel shook her head before going downstairs while taking Tiffany's hand. As they went downstairs, she sighed repeatedly in frustration. "You're going to get married to Matthew very soon, so

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anything bad happen at this point. Even if you want to get back at Veronica, you should've done so after you've secured your position in the Kings Family. Sigh, what your dad said was right. We've spent

should've waited until I married into the Kings Family and secured my position before laying a hand on Veronica. By the way, if Veronica is really on good terms with Matthew, will she tell him about what has happened tonight? No, she won't. If she wants to tell him about it, why would she come over and take

couldn't help feeling angry. In what way am I inferior to Veronica, that b*tch? Why would Matthew want to sleep with her but not me? Is it because that b*tch is good in bed? She indulged in all kinds of conjectures before feeling that this

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"No matter. Speak your mind." Xavier had never thought of Melissa as a stranger.

"Understood. I've already investigated the incident you asked me to. Tiffany was indeed the one behind last night's car accident," said the man in the suit.

Melissa stiffened. "What car accident?"

"What else could it be? Of course it was an accident meant to involve Roni." Xavier's expression chilled. "Is Tiffany taunting her because Roni doesn't have anyone to back her up? Go teach Tiffany a lesson."

"Yes, Mr. Crawford." The man in the suit dipped his head before leaving.

The gears in Melissa's head whirled quickly. She eyed the man thoughtfully before turning to face Xavier and smile. "You can continue working. Something just came up, so I need to leave."

"Go ahead. I still have work to do anyway." Xavier waved at her and pointed at the present on his desk. "Thanks for this."

"Oh come on, Xavier, why the politeness?" Melissa giggled before leaving the office with rushed steps.

When Melissa reached the elevator, she saw the man who had just left. She raised an eyebrow. "By the way, my brother told me to tell you this: he said that the baby Tiffany's pregnant with is an eyesore. You got that?"

The man stiffened for a moment. He understood what Tiffany meant. "All right, understood. Please inform Mr. Crawford on my behalf that it will be done."

her lips into a smile, and she nodded.

you.”

an obstacle. If Tiffany wasn’t pregnant, Matthew might not marry her anymore. Melissa would then actually

revenge on Tiffany, Veronica would be happy when she saw Tiffany’s

the entire night at the inn. Alier brusting her teeth and getting herself ready, she packed her things and prepared to head to the train station. When she was checking

train station, are you? Since you’re calling me at this hour,” she teased. Veronica initially wanted to quietly leave Bloomstead without anyone

outside your home. Come on out. I can send

moved when she heard his gentle voice. Deep

I went to my friend’s place at the last minute for an errand; I’ll only be

were sad, so she didn’t want Xavier to send her

didn’t

now. I’ll call you back later.” With that, she hung up, ruining Xavier’s chance to talk to her. After

was swollen from last night’s beating. Bruises

When she woke up and looked in the mirror to find her face swollen with cuts running across it, she was so startled that she promptly left the manor and rushed to the hospital. On her way there, however, a few vans

braked suddenly to avoid the vans. Instantly, pain rushed through her nose. She angrily rubbed it. “Are you guys blind? Don’t you know that I’m pregnant with Matthew’s child? Can you even shoulder

for appearance’s sake, but she did indeed care about the baby in her belly. She was worried that

these... these people here... do not seem to have any good intentions.” The chauffeur had seen his fair share of

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target seemed to

the chauffeur had voiced his thoughts, Tiffany was terrified out of her

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Veronica left Bloomstead by train at eleven in the morning so that she could return to Cabot Town before four. She wanted to surprise her parents, so she didn’t tell them she was coming.

Now that she was back in Cabot Town, Veronica felt overjoyed to see all these familiar sights. Even the air here smelled nice.

With her backpack on her shoulders, she began to trek to the remote village where her family home was. In the distance, Veronica could see her adoptive mother standing by the pig pen, feeding the pigs with vegetables from a basket on her arm, Veronica had not seen this familiar scene in ages. She couldn't stop herself from jogging over to stand behind Daniella. "Mom!" she yelled.

Daniella ended up jumping in surprise from Veronica's shout. The basket she had just placed by the pig pen's fence toppled over into the pen. It wasn't until she turned around that she realized that Veronica was calling her. Instantly, she was delighted. "Oh, my darling girl, is it really you? Why are you back? Why didn't you tell me earlier? I could have gone to town to pick you up."

"Hahaha, it's only a short distance away, Mom. You don't have to do that." Veronica hugged Daniella. "I missed you so much. Did you and Dad miss me?"

Daniella smiled kindly and nodded. "Of course we did. Your father kept bemoaning your absence." Danielle let go of Veronica to take her hand and study her. "You've only been away for a few months; how are you so skinny now?" She poked Veronica's forehead. "Silly girl, you should have told me you were coming home. I would have made a nice roast for you. We don't even have any food in the house now." Then, Daniella turned to yell in the direction of the yard. "Tony? Tony? Get over here; our girl is back."

"What? Veronica is back?" Upon hearing Daniella's voice, Tony immediately walked over from the yard, only to see that Veronica was truly back. A smile instantly bloomed on his weathered face. "Oh my, she really is back. I missed you dearly."

"Dad? Are you feeling better?" Veronica walked over to Tony and hugged him, asking about his health.

Meanwhile, Daniella remembered the basket of vegetables that had fallen into the pig pen. When she turned around, she found the pigs gnawing away at the basket.

"Hey, get away from that!" Daniella yelled at the pigs after she opened the gate to the

basket around, she chastised Veronica, "Look at what you did. I'll have you know that this is a new basket." Daniella

hurts." Veronica pressed her hands to her butt, pretending that she was

Daniella's heart. "Did it hurt a lot? I didn't even smack you

grin split Veronica's face. She was in good spirits as she held her adoptive parents' hands and walked into the yard. As Veronica and Tony chatted in

chewed basket in the corner. "Dad, Crayson gave you guys this

just two days

haven't seen Crayson in a while. I'll take the basket to him so he can fix it. That way, I can invite

hurry;

"Okay, I'll go now."

out the gift she had brought with her from her backpack. With the basket and gift in hand, she headed straight for

originally from Cabot Town. It had been around thirty years since he came to live here. He made his home by the foot of the mountain not far from their home, where he lived practically in isolation. Crayson was most likely his family name, but no one

walked on the mountain path. The sides of the path were teeming with foliage. A myriad of flowers bloomed among the grass, swaying in the breeze. With the azure sky

she reached the foot of the mountain, but he happened to

come to see me, you

gray hempen shirt and a pair of inen shoes that were fully handmade. He oozed an otherworldly energy, looking like he was from a far higher

him and grinned sinisterly before reaching out to grab his beard and gently shake it.

only then that his beard was free from her evil clutches. "What are you here for? You came to see me empty-handed. Go, buzz away. Don't get in the way of my fishing." He deliberately made

lifted an eyebrow. At last, she slowly withdrew the hand from behind her back. A bottle of wine could be seen in her grasp. She looked at the

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ilaving been thrown into a disadvantageous position, Veronica toppled to the ground Sull holding onto the bottle of wine, she planted her free hand onto the ground and used it to gain momentum to launch a kick at Crayson's arm.

Crayson leaned back just slightly. His hand reached out to grab Veronica's other leg. Then, as he pushed her forward, he launched a sweeping kick at her.

Having lost her balance, Veronica fell to the ground in a patch of grass.

*Useless! Not even half a year and all the skills I've taught you have been thrown to the wind?" Crayson rebuked with a grave face.

"Ouch, that hurts bad." Veronica sat on the ground and regarded Crayson with a pitiful look. "I just wanted to keep that bottle of wine intact. I wouldn't have gone down so easily otherwise, okay?"

"You're still an idiot. Don't make any more excuses."

"Geez." Veronica sighed and scrambled up. She dusted off the grass burrs clinging to her and pouted. "Fine, I was sloppy in my lessons. I'll admit that."

Prior to leaving Cabot Town, Veronica had thought herself stronger than others. She had never seriously studied while under Crayson. After meeting Matthew though, she finally realized that there were others greater than her. She couldn't even beat Matthew with her current skills; how could she even go up against Crayson?

Seeing that she was dejected, Crayson swiped the wine bottle from Veronica's hand. "Talk. Who's been bullying this student of mine? Tell me and I'll help you to beat them up to teach them a lesson," he said as he uncorked it.

you seriously, will I still be able

"Of course."

"Really?"

willing to be my retirement plan, this isn't

you until you're finally in the dirt," Veronica said as she walked over and hugged Crayson, smiling all this

the bottle after uncorking it. Immediately, his face split into a grin. "Haha, that's some good stuff.

Veronica, bring me a few more bottles of this in the future

Crayson still remembers me, at least,

and bent down to pick up his fish trap. Grinning, he mumbled to himself, "Wine and some nice fish.

What a spread, hahaha..." Crayson headed straight to his home, wine bottle in one hand and fish trap in another.

old coot, have you forgotten about your student here?" she yelled at him

you? Can't you walk? Don't tell me you want an old man like me to

over. Picking up the broken basket she had brought with her, Veronica entered

at basket-weaving and woodworking. He was far more skilled than the average person, and he was also a

Crayson lived in. She knew the table was there for his tea sessions.

you can stay here with me. I could use

the house. She surveyed the place where she had grown up. Although it had been half a year since she last saw the inside of Crayson's house, she had to admit everything

silky down the throat, and its aroma is deliciously pleasant. The aftertaste is lovely.

Veronica's mouth twitched madly. You sure love your wine, you old coot.

because she knew she would be returning to her hometown. It was so

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A few swarthy, muscular goons with stern looks on their faces began to approach Veronica. At a glance, she could easily tell that these skilled men harbored nothing but ill intentions.

She wanted to make a run for it, but the thought of currently being in her hometown, and possibly involving Tony, Daniella, or even her master, and putting them in harm's way stopped her.

So, she decided to quickly think of the next possible thing to do. Using her quick thinking, she pretended to be unaffected by their presence. "What's up?" she calmly asked.

For them to stop the car right in front of her could only mean one thing—they already knew who she was and where she lived. Running away was futile, at this point.

"Miss Murphy," the man who seemed to be the leader of the pack called out. "We are here under Young Master Matthew's instruction. We will be escorting you back to

Bloomstead." Unlike his polite tone, his eyes were chillingly threatening as they leered at her.

It was as if he was saying Veronica would be brought back no matter what.

"Didn't he mention the reason for wanting me back?" she asked again despite fully expecting Matthew to eventually force her back. She knew that the man still wanted to have his fingers wrapped around this 'pawn' of his.

However, she had only returned home the day prior. She did keep her phone turned off from then on as she had planned to disconnect herself from the world for a few days, but she didn't think Matthew would come for her so soon.

Why is Matthew in such a hurry? Could something have happened back at Bloomstead? she wondered

"We are only following orders. We don't know the rest." Like a machine void of emotions and thoughts, the man replied to her dully.

"Alright. Give me a moment. Let me pack my stuff and I'll be right back."

Knowing better than to provoke the group of men and not wanting to worry her parents and master, Veronica eventually agreed to follow them back to Bloomstead.

My apologies, Miss Mu—" The man started to object, only to be cut off by an angry roar from Veronica. She knew exactly what he was going to say.

repeat myself. I'll be right back after getting a few things from home! Where do you think I can run away to? You goons even found the way to my home! I'm warning you. My parents' health isn't at

her face. After a while, the head of

the kitchen. "Mom, there is something that I need to take care of in Bloomstead. I have to leave

early hours of the morning, Tony was already out of

the stove and put down the spatula in her hand. She then wiped the grease off her palms on the apron around her waist and held Veronica by her hands. "My child, you only just came back yesterday! What could the

the best excuse she could come up with at the moment, "He has appendicitis and is currently in surgery. I'm worried

using her friend to get herself out of the pickle. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! The situation calls for it. Don't herself for being tight with Xavier, and for making Xavier

You really have to go see him then! But before that, why don't you bring him one of our village chickens chickens. Okay! I really have to go now. Bye bye!"

wasn't thick enough for her to proudly bring a chicken back to Bloomstead. I was just a lie that Xavier had

she doubted the thugs would spare her

why are you rushing?" Daniella scolded. "Let me ask your

the house then, but she didn't forget to remind Daniella. "It is okay, Mom. I already called for a cab in could only shake her head slowly with a melancholy smile tugging on the corners of her lips. "That brat thought of her only daughter having to get married

she was currently worried about was only a lie Veronica could best come up with in

waiting for her, and after getting in, they went on a hurried 4-hour journey back to

brought up to Matthew's place and locked in as soon as they reached Twilight Condominium, where a sense of familiarity

the sofa and checked her phone, only to see that she had missed a few calls from

missed someone else's call, but to get missed calls from the

would Matthew call

to ponder the possible reasons before finally

which went straight to voicemail both times, she lay down on

nursed out to be one that went on

hour hand of the clock hit 2, and when her tummy started making loud gurgling sounds from her hunger, she shot up from the couch

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Is this damn woman a slave to money or something? Matthew thought incredulously as his face dimmed further.

Veronica couldn't have possibly taken a fee from Xavier when she celebrated his birthday for him, could she?

She had just spent over a million on Xavier at the club the other day. Matthew highly doubted she had taken Xavier's money just to celebrate his birthday after an incident like that had happened.

Despite starting to feel out of sorts at the mere thought of it, Matthew only apathetically replied, "I don't have the money."

"You don't have the money?" Veronica huffed in disbelief. "No money, no talk."

How could he dare expect her to celebrate his birthday without his financial contribution? *Maybe in your dreams*, she thought before she was hit by a sudden realization. "You brought me all the way back to Bloomstead just to celebrate your birthday with you?"

Her guess was dead on.

A trace of guilt flashed across Matthew's face at that, and his thin lips slightly parted. "You promised to arrange me and Tiffany's wedding. Who gave you permission to disappear halfway?"

Baffled, Veronica asked in return, "Didn't we come to an agreement on that? How can you go back on your own words?!"

"My own words? What have I promised you in my own words?" Matthew questioned. After taking a moment to think about Matthew's question, Veronica only shook her head and replied, "I don't think you promised me anything."

The corners of his lips began to lift as he looked at the naive and honest woman in front of him.

He then walked around her to the living room and propped himself onto the sofa. With one hand on the armrest, his other hand was placed on his knee and was lightly tapping in irregular intervals. His eyes held a glint of interest as he gazed at Veronica. "Tell me," he started again. "What plans do you have for the decorations in the wedding hall?"

Upon hearing his words, she could feel her blood pressure rising dangerously high as she was on the verge of spewing curse words at him at that moment.

With that, she angrily walked toward him and began to chastise him when she was standing right in front of him. "I'm not a wedding planner! Why the hell would you want me to decorate the wedding hall?"

Instead of answering her, Matthew continued, "I'll leave everything in your hands. You can get a wedding planning company if you want."

"Then why don't you hire a real wedding," Veronica started to rebuke, only to stop herself just in time when a thought flashed through her mind. She then made herself appear extremely reluctant as she nodded. "Alright. I'll do it since you requested me to. But you should give me an estimation of how much you are willing to spend. Let's be transparent about this. If not, what would I do if I went over budget and you decide to not pay up for my services?"

that you need to be claimed," Matthew nonchalantly informed,

to keep saying no as long as he

have something else to do. Get

then turned around and started to walk out

and warned coldly, "You better watch Tiffany closely, Matthew. She may be your fiancée,

her rage and that she shouldn't be telling him

hope that you will at least consider the fact that

to read the myriad of emotions in her eyes, but anyone could have sensed this, Matthew knitted his dark brows into a frown and stop. "What did she do to you this curled into a tight fist as his anger began to ask me when you can ask your little fiancé?" After saying that, the time after the door to his place was shut. He on the other hand, was walking by phone! I was so close to driving down to Cabot Town myself if I gleeful

I went and got it fixed because it wouldn't turn on," she answered "Where are you now?" lie to him to prevent him from asking her questions as it would only complicate that she was still around, Xavier now."

calling you to tell you that I'm safe. I still have to meet had something else to do, so was picked up, she went straight to the are you acting all bashful? What do you need my they spoke on the phone after Yvonne

when Yvonne had called Veronica to tell her about the good news, which she then transferred the money right after Matthew

do you remember telling me about your friend who does wedding planning? Is

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"Even if something *did* happen, this is the Larson Residence, and Tiffy is pregnant with his child, so there's nothing he can do."

Rachel cast a glance at Matthew who had gone upstairs. Then, she nudged Floch with her elbow as she drew closer to him and whispered, "Why don't we take this opportunity to deepen the relationship between those two soon-to-be-weds."

"Hmm..."

Frowning, Floch pressed his lips and nodded after thinking about it for a moment. "Yeah, that's a good idea."

.

Naturally, Tiffany and Matthew were unaware of Floch and Rachel's plan.

After walking to the bedroom's entrance on the second floor, Matthew lifted his hand and was about to knock on the door. Nevertheless, he directly turned the doorknob and walked in toward the end. –

"Get out! I'm asking you to get lost! Can't you hear me?!" ;

The moment he walked in, Tiffany's roar emerged in the bedroom. At the same time, she hurled a pillow toward Matthew, hitting him directly.

With that, Matthew waved his hand and threw the pillow onto the floor.

The pink bedroom had a princess-themed renovation. Pieces of bed drapes, which were hanging above the heart-shaped canopy bed, descended onto the pastel pink colored rug. Besides that, there were a few toy dolls scattered on the floor.

Every corner of the room presented an innocent and sweet girly vibe.

This bedroom, which had a delicate and luxurious design, was not affected by the small fire from last night at all. With every piece of furniture in the bedroom replaced, the space looked brand-new.

Matthew looked at Tiffany, who was lying on her side in the bed and covered in a thin blanket with her back facing the door.

He strode over to the bed and looked down at Tiffany, his eyes giving off a terrifying coldness.

you to get out!

someone walking near her, Tiffany failed to suppress her anger, so she turned around

it was only halfway through her sentence did she realize in a shock that the

the bed at once, ashen-faced. At the same time, she still held her grasp on

eyes, which looked extremely similar to Veronica's, were filled with panic and fear. However, when she actually perceived that the person

the edge of the bed, encircled Matthew's waist with her

sobs, Tiffany cried hysterically from the bottom of her heart. Anyone who saw the scene would immediately feel sorry for

cried, Matthew's frosty heart was not moved even to

a statue and only asked when the woman in his arms stopped

opened her swollen eyes to look

Is he here to question me?

brings you here today

Dragon's Creek Villa. Despite her frequent prompt and invitation, Matthew would only

with a horrifying frigidity,

"Is there anything you want to

I want to...? I... Matthew, I don't get what you're trying

Matthew must have come

that Veronica the b*tch has exposed the incidents? Then what happened yesterday would... No. I'm sure Matthew doesn't know about what happened last night, Otherwise, given his identity as the heir of Kings Corporation, he would

told Matthew about the staged accident, but for sure, the abduction of her by Veronica was not

thought, Tiffany's

black as obsidian, and

Tiffany's heart gently like a wooden clapper, Tiffany's heartbeat accelerated, and she was so nervous that she was

"I... I..."

watery eyes looked innocent and pitiful, but deep down, they were filled with unconcealable hatred and

Why do you have to treat me like this?! Aren't you happy yet after ruining my

"Sorry, Matthew... I'm sorry..."

she could escape, so she closed her eyes helplessly as tears flowed down her cheeks. With her head dropped in desperation, she muttered, "I've lost my mind