

Bumpkin 61

Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 61

However, Veronica had received a punch when she was in the car. It had been a heavy punch that had felt so painful that she couldn't return to her senses even after a long time.

As Saint Hospital was located in a remote area, there weren't many cars around. Hence, Veronica had had no choice but to get into Yvonne's car when she happened to bump into her, to avoid being caught up by those people.

Truth was, Veronica had been afraid that the Larson Family would send people with guns to chase after her.

She probably would be lucky enough to avoid one or two gunshots but no matter how fast she was, she couldn't possibly guarantee that she could avoid every single shot when she was surrounded by bullets.

Besides, during the night when the fire had happened, although she had hidden in the bathroom, she had deliberately let the fire burn her arm, the back of her foot and something she held rather dear-her long hair.

The bathroom was connected to the underground sewers. She could have escaped, but she had purposely waited for rescue so that she could escalate the issue.

Only when the matter was escalated would she get the chance to push the Larson Family into the limelight.

Nonetheless, Veronica had never expected Yvonne to be another 'troublesome person' as well; it was a pure miscalculation on her part,

When they exited the room, Veronica glanced around and thought that they might be at the storage area located at the bottom of the ship.

The two of them dashed to the end of the hallway and took a look at the floor plan posted on the staircase wall before Veronica brought Yvonne upstairs.

They managed to find their way into the employees' changing room, and Veronica dragged Yvonne in and they changed into servants' attire.

After that, Veronica went to the washroom and found some shampoo and soap. She washed her face repeatedly to remove the layer of dark-colored makeup that she had applied on her face, restoring her original fair complexion.

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She exited the bathroom after a while and called out to Yvonne. "Let's go."

"Uh... W-Who are you?" Startled, Yvonne poked her head into the bathroom to take a glance inside before she asked, "Where's Veronica?"

“Cut the crap. I’m Veronica. Let’s go,” Veronica impatiently explained.

Veronica?! Veronica is so

“It was all makeup.”

last for ten

used special cosmetics

you purposely make yourself

at Veronica, appraising her from

clear eyes. “Are you a child? Why do you have so

just

Yvonne couldn’t stifle the urge to touch Veronica’s face. It felt soft and tender, and her complexion was smooth and delicate. “Goodness, how did

out if you don’t believe it!” Veronica snapped, which frightened Yvonne and shut her

so, Veronica grabbed Yvonne by her collar and together they exited the room while pushing

to leave the room easily and threw

her looks had given them the courage to even show up before the mercenaries. Just like that, Veronica

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hour later, the ship arrived at the port and

applied a simple makeup on the latter. Then, they followed the crowd and alighted

dock where the cruise ship named Selvy was, to observe every single person that alighted from the ship. The cruise ship had

the Selvy and there are countless rooms in it. It will be difficult to find Miss Murphy,”

one side with a cigarette between his lips. “If we can’t find her, we will board the ship and search for her room

suits, who were standing in a

men nodded and spread out to carefully observe every single passenger that alighted

ship, and the former held an anxious Yvonne by

the ship, they were greeted by a few men in suits at the

was, Yvonne was still flustered. She was so

attention of the mercenaries, who were carefully checking the

wanted to ignore the other woman, but she couldn’t bring herself to do so, so

Yvonne, she overlooked Matthew, who happened to brush

Master Matthew, isn't that Miss Larson? Why is

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Since they were at the port, Veronica knew that these men wouldn't dare to easily fire shots no matter how bold they were.

Hence, she chose to fight them despite having to deal with two men alone.

With a couple of moves, she defeated the two men. Then, she strode forward to go after the other two. After she landed a kick on the man standing on Yvonne's right side, the other man wrapped his arm around Yvonne's waist and pressed the cloth on his wrist against her waist. "I'll kill her if you make another move," he threatened.

Underneath the cloth was a gun that could take her life.

"Go on, then! I dare you to." Veronica shrugged, looking as though she was unfazed by it.

She was aware of the fact that Yvonne was very important to these people. Otherwise, they wouldn't have gone through all the trouble of bringing Yvonne all the way to Castron.

If they wanted to kill her, they would have done so long ago instead of waiting until this moment.

"Ha! If that's the case, I will kill you first!" As he yelled, he aimed the gun at Veronica's face. Due to the cloth that was draped over the gun, nobody took notice of the commotion over there.

"Is that so? Let's see if your marksmanship can beat—"

As she spoke, she reached behind her back for the pistol tucked there. Just then, she heard some footsteps behind her. In a split second, she threw a back kick at the person who seemed to be trying to sneak an attack from behind.

Nonetheless, the man easily avoided her kick,

Before Veronica managed to aim the pistol that she had pulled out at that man, she was shocked to see who it actually was. "Matthew? W-Why are you here?"

She glanced at Thomas, who was standing next to Matthew, and gaped at them.

suits charged in their

me alone and go now. They won't do anything to

who had been held hostage, was touched by Veronica's sense of justice, so the former refused to drag her into

his left hand and beckoned with his fingers, and the dozens of bodyguards immediately attacked the removed

her eyes, he tilted her face to the left and right to

and unfathomable when he murmured, "Is there anything else that I

exactly like Tiffany ran past Matthew, he stared at her silhouette and it suddenly dawned upon him-the woman wasn't Tiffany.

Veronica.

Veronica was Tiffany's biological sister, it would explain everything that had

before Veronica. Looking at her tender complexion and stunning face, as well as her natural beauty that was

dark complexion and freckled cheeks was an

first place was because of the Larson Family's threat. Since it was never her intention to hide her real face from Matthew, she was unfazed by his shock. With a brow raised, she commented, "Whether you know it or not

spoke, she pulled out the other gun that was hidden behind her back and skillfully unloaded it before placing

who was finally free, rushed up to Veronica and hugged

when she glanced to the side

in a fitted suit, the muscular man was seen standing straight. His attire was immaculate and did not have a single crease. Coupled with his well-defined features, he looked utterly dashing, as though he had just walked out

tell from his unconcealable noble temperament that

much! He's even able to find you

look at Matthew, who was standing behind her. She noted his freezing

on her toes, she raised her

that Matthew had taken a liking to her. She reckoned that the reason he had shown up here must have been due to Elizabeth's insistence that made him investigate her whereabouts. Therefore, he was able to

god-daughter. He had

heard her introducing him as her brother, he became thunderous. He darted a cold glance at

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Chapter 63 What surprised Matthew most was not Veronica's beautiful and delicate face, but her skill and familiarity with guns.

Once again, he was suspicious of her identity and even more curious about how mysterious she was.

"Pfft! Who's scared?" As Veronica lowered her head to glance at their tightly entwined hands, she scoffed. "If you're not afraid of being embarrassed, what would I have to be afraid of?"

With that, they fell silent for the rest of the trip.

As Matthew passed through security with her and Yvonne, he wondered how Thomas had negotiated with the other party. At any rate, Thomas only had to pass the mercenaries to them before Veronica was allowed to leave with him.

On the other hand, Yvonne went with Thomas.

After departing, Matthew took Veronica onto the helicopter before flying off.

As the noise was loud in the helicopter, the two of them remained silent.

A few hours later, it reached Bloomstead and landed on the rooftop of Twilight Club.

After descending the stairs, Matthew and Veronica both entered the penthouse one after the other.

The moment they were in the penthouse, he pressed her against the wall next to the door and narrowed his eyes as he looked imperiously down at her. "Why didn't you come to me for help?"

After all, it was through Thomas' investigation that Matthew found out she went to Xavier, and not him, for help before she was kidnapped.

The sudden action shocked Veronica, and she scowled unhappily. "I couldn't remember your number, so how could I call you for help?"

Truly, he is being so unreasonable.

"You couldn't remember my number, but you could remember Xavier's?" Matthew demanded.

"1_" As she met his dark eyes, something deep in his gaze started her. Unable to stop a chuckle from leaving her mouth, she tilted her head and lifted her eyebrows. "Are. Are you jealous? Tell me honestly, Matthew Kings—do you have feelings for me?"

course, it was just a shot

and he zeroed in on her face that looked

was, he felt extremely repulsed by Tiffany every time

time he saw Veronica's face—which looked exactly like Tiffany's—he gladly accepted it and

mean I truly have feelings for

as if he had been provoked, and he turned to walk away. However, he threw over his shoulder, "There's only one bed here. You can sleep

be glad I'm not

the clothes on her body that smelled

have any clothes for me

of women's clothing. He then walked up to her and threw it in her

at

the scene from her previous visit to the penthouse when she had seen two women leave

wonder you like

was full

this moment, Matthew, who was unbuttoning his suit jacket, paused in his actions and looked up to shoot

his steps, he walked up to her

cold that it

she scoffed in response. "I'm only speaking the truth." As she spoke, she walked around

a single proper shower. It wasn't surprising how uncomfortable she felt

rooted

lips lifted into a barely

that mean

the cooler and poured himself a drink, which he then carried over to the floor-to-ceiling windows. With one hand in his pants pocket, he glanced out at the Bloomstead city center,

looked prosperous and splendid with

usual day, he suddenly felt

his chest, giving him

the window, pouring himself another glass

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Feelings for her? Impossible!

selesai menerima

These 'unwitting bodily reactions' were nothing more than a grown man's physiological reactions. They didn't mean anything.

The reason he rescued her, apart from not wanting his grandmother to worry about her, was because he had a singular, selfish desire.

The simple reason was that apart from her, no other woman could make him feel so much wanting. In fact, in the face of other women's advances, he didn't have the least bit of reaction.

Even though Matthew was aware of what he meant to her, he felt so heated at this moment that it was as if he was on fire. The heat was nearly driving him crazy.

On a normal day, he would set aside his cares to ravage her and extinguish the fire.

However, it had been only 25 days since her miscarriage, so he could not touch her.

Finally, he got up and went into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

However, once he lay down next to her, it didn't take more than a few minutes for his body to burn up once again. Once again, he got up to take another cold shower.

As Matthew exited the bathroom in a towel and looked at Veronica lying in bed, he noticed that her dress had ridden up to her waist due to her sleeping position, effectively exposing her tight, shapely backside.

Frowning, he glanced down at the tent in his towel. Frustratedly, he lifted a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Godd*mnit!" he swore before pulling the blanket over her and covering her entirely with it.

Once more, he returned to the bathroom and took another cold shower before directly heading to the bedroom next to the study to sleep.

Early the next morning, it stormed. Lightning split the skies and thunder rattled the windows.

Even though it was already 7 or 8 AM, the skies outside were dark and oppressive.

Large droplets of rain came pattering down, gathering into rivulets and streaming down the glass.

hand, Veronica went around trying to call Cody and the private detective. Yet,

happened to them or have they changed their

had no

give up and call her foster mother to

Beep beep beep,

several times, someone

"Hello?"

was the familiar voice of Daniella, Veronica's

Mom." She was gratified

made arrangements to ensure that her foster

night when she returned

you finished training?" Daniella asked after her

anything happened to her, he was to tell her foster parents she was attending a closed training class

going up against the Larson Family and deeply afraid that

he hadn't let her

I'm back. How

had been one to report the good news and not the bad,

We worked hard all day yesterday. Ha!” Daniella chuckled

mood buoyed Veronica’s spirits. “That’s

you seen

“Hmm? What news?”

F

made Veronica tense

better read the news

“Mom? Hello? Mom!”

been hung up, Veronica immediately put down the cell phone and rushed

bother bidding him a good morning as she blurted, “I need

reply, she threw herself into

booted up, she pulled up a search engine

she saw headlines such as, “Floch Group’s Missing

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Without asking anything, Matthew simply picked up his glass of wine and downed it. However, before he could even put down his glass, Veronica had already poured herself a second glass and was tilting her head back to gulp it down.

Dark red liquid overflowed from the corners of her mouth and trickled down her chin to her exquisite collarbone, making her look even more sensual and sultry. As she slammed down her glass, she lifted the bottle once more to pour herself yet another glass.

Her eyes bloodshot, she looked up at Matthew with a wry grin. With a wine bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, she announced, “Another toast to you! Congratulations on... *Uh...*” Halfway through, Veronica paused, seemingly losing her train of thought. And then, grunted and continued, “Congratulations on your engagement to Tiffany Larson. May you have many years of happiness and as many children as you want.”

*The b*stard of a man, marrying the b*stard of a woman. A perfect match indeed!*

Aware that she was insulting him, Matthew lifted an eyebrow but merely offered her a polite smile without saying anything. Nevertheless, as she lifted the glass to continue drinking, he reached out and snatched it away. “A 20-year-old wine collection, wasted on you just like that.”

Slam!

The moment he took the glass away, Veronica slapped the table in a rage and glowered at him. “What are you, a miser?” she shouted. “I’m only drinking two bottles! Are you so poor that you would miss them? *Hmph!*”

If he wouldn't let her drink, she would finish up all of his wine. And so, after yelling at him, she grabbed the bottle and began to drink directly from it.

This time, Matthew didn't stop her. In exasperation, he watched her polish off half of the bottle, pop another, thereafter getting ready to down it in one gulp once again.

hands. "You cannot drink

face stiffen, and she glared at him. "And? What are you trying to say? What's the point in acting so pretentious? Weren't you the one who forced the child to death? You think the Kingses are

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rest of us don't matter,

much medication in the hopes of miscarrying her child. Thus, when faced with her reprimand, he had reached out to snatch the wine bottle back. "Give it to

graze the bottle, he leaned back and dodged

hit the ground and smash into a million pieces with a crash. Dark red liquid spread in all directions, staining the white

clenched her right fist, feeling so angry that she moved to shove him, wanting to know why he would treat her that way. Yet, Matthew caught hold of

swung her left arm at him, only for him to catch hold of her other hand and pull her to him. As the momentum brought her staggering forward, he lifted her right

Veronica was on the verge of breaking down from her long-suppressed emotions, and with a heavy slam of her elbow, she hit his

stood up and was lifting a

unprepared a second time. Dodging her leg, Matthew grabbed the armrest of the couch and leaped over

got on the couch and aimed a flying kick at his face. He ducked slightly, evading her moves once again before wrapping an arm around her ankle and pulling her forward. This time, she leaned into the momentum and did a perfect 180

backward, his eyes flashed with surprise and

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favor of aiming a left hook at him. Once again, he caught her fist with his bare hand and yanked her forward so that she fell into his arms.

could react, he flipped them over and pinned her underneath him. From above, he looked down at her lying on the floorboards and hooked a finger underneath

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After she finished speaking, Veronica shot Matthew a sharp, cutting look.

Still seated on the couch, he frowned tightly and looked at her intently.

An... orgy?

He had no idea why she would say such a thing, but it was clear she had misunderstood him completely.

Sitting up, he scooted to the center of the couch and tapped the butt of his cigarette against the ashtray. No longer could he be bothered to stop her from drowning her sorrows in alcohol.

And so, Veronica carried a few bottles of wine over to the table and began drinking by herself.

Glass after glass she downed.

As she drank, she cursed him out. "You're a son of a b*tch. How could I have fallen to this point if it wasn't for you? I hate you."

Polishing off the glass, she poured herself another. Pointing at Matthew, she hiccuped before threatening, "I'm going to drink all of your wine and I'm going to make you go broke. You're a d*chebag, just like Tiffany. You're shameless and despicable capitalists who will stop at nothing to achieve your goals. I hate you. I hate you..."

Even though she reeked of alcohol and had drunk so much that her entire face was red, Veronica still persisted.

With a thunderous expression, Matthew snubbed his cigarette butt out in the ashtray before standing up and taking her wine bottle away. "I'll take you to rest."

Even though she hadn't told him what on earth had happened, he knew she wasn't in a good mood.

That was why he allowed her to vent her anger.

However, it wasn't good for her to be drinking so much so early in the morning.

"I... *Hic!* I don't want to."

Ignoring her protests, he picked her up into his arms and headed toward the bedroom.

Although Veronica was leaning against his chest, she struggled restlessly, kicking her feet and smacking him in the chest relentlessly with her hands. "Put me down, you b*stard! If you touch me again, I'll... I'll castrate you!"

word 'castrate' hit his ears, Matthew felt his gaze darken and he narrowed his eyes at her, emanating anger seemingly even from his

he still strode silently into the bedroom, not bothering

the Larson Family. I hate you all... I hate you..." As he deposited her on the bed, Veronica raised a hand and mimed holding a

finished cursing him out and her raised hand finally fell. With a flip of her body,

bed, Matthew was furious. With one hand on his waist, he tugged at the collar of

*D*mn her!*

a miracle he could tolerate her yelling at
moment when he wanted to pounce on her
he heard the
the bed and listened intently,
Her sobs were soft.
if her sobs carried power, he could feel the softest corner of his heart clenched,
was
bed, he discovered that Veronica was crying with her eyes shut. Thus, he pulled out a few pieces of
tissue paper and sat down opposite
matter?" he asked, his voice extremely
so, he reached out to rub her
him and crying all over his shirt. "The Larsons are such bullies, Mom! The b*stard Matthew is
Mom?
longer tell who he was
so, he placated patiently, "Don't cry.
was
see this scene, he would be
man who never treated any woman tenderly. Yet, Matthew
If I am,
embrace, Veronica cried like
cried, she finally began to fall asleep while still holding
she finally quieted did Matthew
her sniveling all over him. Perhaps
long time, he held
with her hair, running his slender fingers through her fine strands. As he studied her devastatingly
beautiful face, he couldn't help lifting
landed on her mouth, and he took in the
her sleep, Veronica was completely unaware of this unintentional act, in which Matthew was stoking his
own fire and causing his own body

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After failing several times to leave Veronica there, Matthew finally resigned himself to holding her up.

It wasn't until she had vomited so much she could no longer throw up that he wiped her mouth and carried her back to bed.

Since he found it hard to extinguish his anger after depositing her on the bed, he finally landed a heavy slap on her backside.

The snap rang loudly around the room.

In her sleep, Veronica sucked in a pained breath but continued to doze without any other reaction.

The truth was, Matthew had restrained himself during the slap.

However, upon hearing her pained breath, he paused for a second before pulling up the hem of her dress.

It might not have mattered if he hadn't looked but now, he was discovering that he had left a clear, five-fingered imprint upon her fair skin.

The marks made his heart sink and after staring at them for a few seconds, he couldn't help lifting a hand and rubbing them gently.

Only after that did he cover her back up with the blankets and leave the bedroom.

In the living room, he picked up his cell phone and gave Thomas a call. "Go and look into Veronica Murphy at once. I want to know everything about her."

"Understood, Young Master Matthew," Thomas answered before asking, "What do I do with Miss Spencer?"

"Whatever you wish."

Having no interest in anyone other than Veronica, Matthew simply said so before hanging up the phone.

After sleeping for a few hours, Veronica finally woke up in the afternoon and staggered out of bed with one hand clutched to her dizzy, aching head.

Upon opening the door of the bedroom and walking out, she found Matthew seated on the couch.

had already cleaned up and tidied

onto her backside, she hobbled over to the couch where he was leaning back with his legs crossed and a laptop

couldn't help asking, "Did I fall on my a*s after

and he nodded guiltily.

wonder. It hurts so much." She shuffled over to the couch opposite him and threw herself down in a lying position

his tanned chest. Even through the thin fabric, the definition of

so well-proportioned that it was as if he had been carved with precision. He was God's perfect specimen-utterly flawless

was said that men were at their most handsome when they

the saying was

studied him,

a pity that such a stunning exterior hid such

of a man!

suddenly asked teasingly, lifting his eyes to

looking at you? I'm only looking at the painting on the wall

Gurgle

she said that,

his laptop and looked down at her clutching

nodded rapidly, but this caused the room to

want to

"Yes."

know; I might

"You,"

grumbled once again before she could say

before shooting him an obsequious grin. "Matthew-no. Darling brother, won't you make me some food? I'm

was too

almost caused Veronica herself to throw

do anything for

temperament after having known her for so long, but had never seen her acting so... spoiled around

raised his eyebrows and smiled before inclining his

to visit your grandmother to thank her for sending you across the continent to

that Matthew showed up in time to rescue her during both the fire and the kidnapping due

Shooting her a cold glance, he got up and went toward the kitchen. Before he left, he didn't forget to add, "You're her god granddaughter. I only saved you because I wanted her to be happy. You

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As Matthew sat opposite Veronica, he studied her face. Even though a night had passed, he wasn't used to the change in the situation.

"Why are you staring at me?" As she ate, she glanced at him and started touching her cheeks. "Is there something on my face?"

Slowly, Matthew lowered his head and looked at his phone without saying anything.

Although Veronica pouted at his lack of response, she simply continued eating. Then, she jerked her head up and stared right at him. "You... Are you planning to make a move on me?" Once again, she felt her face up. "You like Tiffany. Do you think of me as her now?" Coming to a 'sudden understanding,' Veronica picked up a throw pillow and covered herself with it, acting like she was guarding herself against him before feeling her body up and down. "What did you do to me last night, you b*stard? Tell me honestly-does my a*s hurt because of you?"

At that sentence, Matthew paused in his actions and looked up at her with incredulously lifted eyebrows and a scowl.

Was he someone so shameless in her eyes?

"Put down your food and get lost."

He didn't bother explaining himself to her; he only threw a lofty sentence in her face without hiding his anger.

"What?" Completely not expecting his response, she paused before musing to herself doubtfully, *Did he really not lay a hand on me?*

Veronica didn't know whether to believe him or not.

After thinking about it for a bit and being unable to find any traces of him lying, she laughed sheepishly. "I'm only kidding. Just kidding."

With that, she put away the pillow and was about to continue eating.

However, before she could touch the spoon again, Matthew took away her half emptied bowl.

"*Huh?* Hey, give me back my oatmeal!" She reached out for him but was only able to snag the hem of his shirt. "I was only joking. Don't take it seriously."

look at her out of the corner of his eye. "Let go

"I won't!"

not wish to

why are you treating me like this? You're my older brother, so shouldn't you be spoiling me? Haven't you

hem of Matthew's shirt and

gained a position as his god-sister, she noticed that his behavior toward her had changed quite a bit, perhaps because he was afraid of Elizabeth or because she saved Elizabeth. At any

was

as if she was sure he wouldn't actually do anything to

defeat, but not her putting down her dignity and acting like a spoiled child in front

no. That would never happen. What kind of woman a man like you can't have? I have a good-looking face, but no merits apart from that. You would never be into me. Besides, if you touched a single hair on my head, I would only tell your

turn away, Matthew wrapped his

in thin clothing as it was the middle of summer, they could

looked up and met his gaze. "What are

to murmur hoarsely into her

was referring to was naturally the

breath that left his lips blew against the fine hair in the crook of her neck, tickling her skin and making it itch. All at once, Veronica couldn't help the rush of heat through

happened before. All of that is in the past but now, you're my brother,

want to be his sister,' she had to make proper use of the shield she

she would consider it as him taking advantage of

be foolhardy of her to respond to his

with a smile that she didn't feel and went to sit down on

to look at her where she sat. To his

she looked like when she blushed before. It was because she

the corners of his lips couldn't help turning up at the color on her

and sat down with his legs crossed, picking

she lifted her head to talk to him, she suddenly realized something. "You're holding it the wrong

reminder made Matthew lower his head to look and sure enough,

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Indeed, Matthew had said that the previous evening, but he had been lying.

Now that he changed his mind, he corrected, "You remembered wrongly."

"Remembered wrongly?" Carefully, Veronica thought about it. Indeed, she could recall now that there had been more than one bed at his penthouse when she was kidnapped.

At this moment, she was penniless and had no money to rent a room. It was also unclear how the Larson Family felt about her right now, so it would be safer and more cost-efficient for her to stay at Matthew's penthouse in Twilight Condominium.

However...

"We would be a single man and a woman sharing an apartment. Wouldn't that be inappropriate?" she asked, her tone guarded.

After taking in her stance, Matthew simply reached out and took the access card from her hands.

Ding

As the elevator reached the second-floor basement, the doors opened and he walked out.

Immediately, she chased after him. "I'm kidding! Please don't take it seriously. You're my brother now. I trust your morals!"

Pah! Only a fool would trust him.

Nonetheless, given the dire straits she was in, sleeping at the penthouse was her best option.

Moreover, she had Elizabeth to protect her. That was why Veronica trusted Matthew wouldn't do anything to her.

Otherwise, she would castrate him personally!

After tugging on his arm and pulling the access card from his grip, she looked up at him. "If I have a place to stay, do I have food to eat as well?"

"This is what you wanted, Young Master Matthew-" Waiting at the second floor basement, Thomas had gone up to greet Matthew upon seeing him walk over, only to witness Veronica holding onto Matthew's hand and skipping alongside him as she joked and laughed.

Both of them were acting intimate without the animosity from before, when they would be filled with murderous rage whenever they set eyes on each other.

exclaimed upon seeing Thomas approach. "Do you both have something to talk about? I'll wait that, she made to

hold on her hand and said collectedly, "It's okay. Let's

naturally, he led her

bag in his hands. Inside it was all of Veronica's

Young Master Matthew truly not anxious about it?

distance. Since when have they been so

Veronica climbed into the back of the sedan

you want to go?"

had to go to the police station to have her identity taken care of first. "Send me to the police station. I have to reapply for an

replied, "Thomas is taking care of it. Come back with

the car, paused. Since when am

Veronica disappeared, Thomas had been busy searching for her whereabouts. Then, he was rescuing her with Matthew, only for the latter to instruct

care of her identification at

himself and only nodded cooperatively. "Don't worry, Miss Murphy.

very much." That was all she could say since it would be much slower

men, Thomas would receive special treatment and could naturally get things

then, the sedan started, heading in

cell phone. "Can you lend me your phone?

his phone

made a call

the call connected, she said, "It's Veronica,

your number again, Roni?" Daniella asked upon seeing that the number Veronica was

my phone. I'm using... Matthew's phone to call

met Matthew at Saint Hospital, and even

this is Young Master Matthew's

it in for repair. I'm only calling you to tell you that you should rest well at home with Dad and that I'll go back to visit you when I'm free. As for what you said this

what kind of fuss the Larsons were throwing. She wouldn't let it get in the way

the line descended

after a while could she hear Daniella sobbing. The

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However, right now, Veronica had to stay in Bloomstead, so she could only use Elizabeth's identity to let them feel at ease.

Otherwise, she didn't even want to divulge too much.

Just then, she handed over her phone to Matthew. "Thank you."

At that point, she lost her jovial expression and there was a hint of somberness in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Matthew suddenly felt quite pained to see her dejected look. She seemed so helpless as she leaned against the passenger seat with her head turned to the other direction looking outside.

"You may be Tiffany's fiancé, but I'm not afraid that you will tell them what I said."

Indeed, Veronica was unafraid.

Furthermore, she would have said the same words even if she was in front of Floch Larson and his wife.

She lamented as she looked at the scenery that flashed past outside the window.

"I didn't hear a thing."

Just then, Matthew imitated her and he leaned against his seat to take a rest with his eyes shut. He pretended to be unaware of everything.

Meanwhile, Veronica didn't expect him to have such a reaction, so she couldn't help turning her head to look at him. "You're her fiancé, so I would find it understandable for you to reveal my words."

"Is this why you agreed to be Grandma's god-granddaughter?"

He gradually opened his eyes and there was a deep, intense look in his gaze.

Just then, Veronica nodded. "Yes."

She was a person who accepted responsibility for her actions, so she admitted it instantly. "Feel free to tell your grandmother what I said too. I don't mind."

Originally, she should have avoided Matthew for certain matters, but she was fully aware that he must have investigated the kidnapping incident previously. Otherwise, there was no way that he would have known she was on that cruise ship.

Since he was aware, then there was really no point in her trying hard to hide the truth from him.

contradict the fact

good intentions to show his filial piety toward Elizabeth. Perhaps he was afraid that if the truth was revealed, Elizabeth would be quite sad about it, which was why he refused to

Veronica kept her eyes on Matthew and asked

gradually opened his narrow eyes and shot a look at her. Subsequently, he moved his thin lips. "As long as you don't go

he wanted to tell her that as long as she didn't make a huge fuss about it and affect the Kingses' reputation, he could turn

Matthew's train of thought, she knew

exceptionally fond of Veronica, so he had

perhaps he would regard her

something that hadn't yet happened so right now, the only thing that Veronica could do was to maintain a great relationship with Elizabeth to ensure that

It was to the extent that he would actually choose to ignore everything

was indeed powerful enough to make one stop

full of difficulties and obstacles. Especially right now that Matthew

at a steady pace and Veronica suddenly saw a mall up in front, so she asked, "Could you lend me some money? I want to buy something

silent but he took out a card from his wallet and handed it to

"Okay."

didn't think too much and she requested for Thomas to stop the car right away. Subsequently, she got out of the car and

was sitting in the driver's seat, glanced at Matthew from the rearview mirror. "Young Master Matthew, Miss Murphy and

Thomas could finish his

his boss had a thunderous expression on his face, so the former stopped speaking. However, Thomas didn't quite understand

we

hands. Thomas got out of the car to take the items off her and then he placed them in

the card to Matthew. At the same time, she also handed over a receipt to him. "I used a total of five hundred thirty-five and thirty-two cents. I'll

not necessary. You can have

mean by that?"

to be mocked for dressing

"Oh—is that so?"

surprised. This is unexpected! I can't

question flashed across

card tightly. Then, she asked after some hesitation, "If I clash with Tiffany someday, who would came up with such a brainless

flawless face toward her slightly as he murmured, "Who

"L... Ha..."

now. Once I've received my replacement identification card, I'll sort out my own card and pay