

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 141-150

Chapter 141

"Rules are rules, and we are not going to break them just because of you. I can't give you special treatment," Matthew stubbornly insisted.

"Heh, you are right," Veronica said agreeably before continuing. "How about this? I'll have the manager put my bill under your tab, and you can reimburse it for me when you are available!"

Veronica knew that Matthew was a man who stringently abided by his principles. As he had mentioned, he would not bend the rules of the club for her. There were strictly no late payments, no discounts, and no promotions allowed at Twilight Club.

Since that was the case... perhaps the reason Matthew did not give her a discount was because he wanted to reimburse her bill!

Contrary to what Veronica was hoping for, Matthew nonchalantly replied, "You are the one who owes my club money. Why would I reimburse it on your behalf?"

Upon hearing his words, she was dumbstruck for a few seconds before her own temper flared. "Matthew," she began to chide. "Can't you sympathize with me? You're not short of money, so this bill wouldn't have made a difference to you even if I paid for it. Do you know how hard it is to earn my own keep? How can someone as poor as I possibly pay such a huge sum? You are such a bully!"

"You ordered the most expensive drinks despite being aware of how poor you are financially. You bit off more than you could chew," Matthew calmly answered, unaffected by her outburst.

"... I only did it because I thought that you would give me a discount."

Matthew then continued, "So, you just assumed that I would give you a discount without prior understanding? You're too arrogant, Veronica."

"I..." Veronica was rendered almost speechless by Matthew's rebuttal. However, she still managed to keep her temper at bay as she asked through clenched teeth; "Let's just get straight to the point. Are you giving me a discount or not?"

"I don't like repeating my words," Matthew replied in a cool tone.

Immediately after hearing his reply, Veronica went off on him. "Matthew Kings, you hum an scum! F*ck you. You better watch your back from now on. 'God brother' my ass. All you do is use people. You turn your back on me as soon as you find out that I

can't give you anything in return. You are inhuman," she viciously spat before continuing "Hmph. I'll remember what happened today for the rest of my life. You no longer are my brother from today onward. You don't deserve to be my brother. No, wait blame me for being poor. It is my fault for not being on your level." Veronica was boiling inside, and without giving Matthew a chance to say another word, she hung up the phone after venting her anger.

However, her anger still had yet to subside, so she stood by the door and tilted her head upward to look at the starry night sky. With that, she gradually sobered up as the gentle night breeze blew in her face.

At that moment, Veronica kept replaying what Matthew had said to her just moments ago. *You ordered the most expensive drinks despite being aware of how poor you are financially. You bit off more than you could chew. So, you just assumed that I would give you a discount without prior understanding? You're too arrogant, Veronica.*

In fact, Matthew was right.

She had arrogantly thought that Matthew would give her special treatment because they had gotten closer to each other recently after living under the same roof.

On the contrary, he betrayed her brutally.

Hence, Veronica knew for a fact that the reason behind the change in his attitude toward her was because she would be leaving Bloomstead soon—which meant that he wouldn't be able to use her as one of his many pawns anymore.

Naturally, Matthew didn't see the need to spare another glance at someone who had no value whatsoever to him.

Cruel and calculative was the nature of businessmen after all.

It was her mistake for being too naive.

Multiple thoughts ran through her head before she mockingly laughed at herself. While shaking her head, she took a deep breath and decided to make her way back into the club.

Now that she was standing in front of the counter, she took a proper look at the bill, only to spot a series of ridiculous-looking numbers that were waiting for her to pay up.

1,023,991.22! How could it be so expensive?!

No wonder Matthew is such a wealthy man. He probably earned it all from scamming the patrons of his club, Veronica glumly thought while passing her credit card to the cashier with trembling hands.

The cashier reached out to take the card, only to meet Veronica's resistance as she tightly held onto her card.

Veronica meekly peeked at the woman standing behind the counter, and in a low voice, she pleaded, "Pretty lady, can't you give me a discount for old time's sake? Do it for your ex-colleague, hmm?"

Veronica used to work at Twilight Club prior to this, which was why the other employees knew her even though she had 'changed' her face.

Even if they didn't know her personally, most of them knew about her and had at least gossiped about her once.

"Big Ron," the woman apologetically called out with a professional smile on her face. "I'm really sorry, but those are the rules. I can't give you a discount. Why don't you let go so that I can proceed with the payment?"

She attempted to take the card from Veronica again, but it still remained glued to Veronica's fingers.

Veronica gave it another thought before eventually deciding that there was no point in holding on. Despite the pain she was feeling in her chest, she sighed and surrendered. "Fine. I'll get Mr. Crawford to pay. I ain't got a penny on me."

She then thrust the card back into her pocket before walking back to the private room she and Xavier had spent their time in.

As she stepped into the room, she was greeted by the sight of the top hostess, whom she had hired to entertain Xavier, singing at the top of her lungs, while two hosts were playing a drinking game on their own. Xavier, on the other hand, was dead to the world from all the alcohol he had drunk.

Veronica could feel the corner of her lips twitch as she looked at the four of them having the time of their life.

She then lowered her head and stared at the card in her hand. Preparing for the incoming hurt from spending a huge amount of money, she turned and went to the cashier. "Just swipe my card. Do it fast before I start regretting this," she urged after

loudly slapping her card on the table.

“Alright. Please hold on.” The cashier swiftly swiped the card at the card swipe machine, and after letting Veronica key her password in, it only took less than a minute for the payment to go through.

Reality finally sank in when the cashier handed her the receipt of the payment. The pain from seeing the total amount of over 1 million was so real she could cry.

After keeping the receipt, she returned to the private room. Then, using her phone to hire a designated driver, she supported Xavier up all the way to his car. By the time they had reached his car, the driver was already there.

“Good evening. May I know where you are heading to?” the driver asked.

Only then did she realize that she had no clue where Xavier was staying, but still she instructed, “A hotel. Get me to the nearest hotel.”

In response, the driver threw a side glance at Twilight Club and asked, “Isn’t this place both a hotel and a club?”

“Just go. Find somewhere cheap for me. It would be best if you can find a place that charges around 50 a night. I can’t afford to stay at Twilight Club,” she sulked while waving her hand. The pain from spending 1 million in just one night was still fresh in her mind.

“Ah, alright. I know a place that you can spend the night in for only 50 dollars.”

“That’s great. Let’s head there now,” she urged.

“Alright,” the driver replied briefly and began to drive.

They soon arrived at an old and worn-out hotel in the outskirts of town. After verifying with the receptionist, the room was confirmed to only cost 50 dollars a night.

After the driver and Veronica both brought Xavier up to a room and placed him in the bed, Veronica made her way out of the hotel with the driver.

“Do you need me to bring you back into the city?” the driver asked as soon as they stepped out of the hotel.

Instead of answering the question, Veronica tossed a question back at him. “It is not my car. Where am I supposed to bring the car to?”

“Alright. If that is the case, I will be charging you for the one-way trip we made,” he reminded.

“How much is it?”

“That will be 65 dollars,” the driver told her after checking.

“What?!” Veronica stood there agape with disbelief, “65? Why is it so expensive?”

Due to the fact that she didn’t own a car, and neither had she ever required the service of a designated driver, she was completely clueless about the fees of hiring a designated driver!

Since what’s done was done, she could only take this as a lesson to get a taxi instead of a designated driver next time. In that way, the situation would turn out way cheaper than the current.

“Yup,” the driver replied. “That is the standard fee the company charges.”

Hearing his reply, Veronica heaved heavily, “Alright, alright.” She couldn’t possibly refuse to pay after using his service. So, with a heavy heart, she paid the 65 that was owed to the driver. –

But that was not the end of it.

She still had to find a way to go back to her own place. Even though she was unwilling to go through another heartache, she eventually grabbed a taxi back to Twilight Condominium—which cost her around 30 dollars.

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Not only did the trip back and forth waste Veronica’s time, but she also ended up spending way more money than she should.

I swear to God, she silently complained, this is the worst day ever.

Upon reaching her destination, she angrily stomped into the club and headed to the elevator. Then, she swiped her special entry access card and was brought straight to the top floor of the condominium.

Her condominium unit was pitch black when she entered the space. Feeling irked, she couldn’t be bothered to turn on the lights before taking off her shoe and familiarly cursing her way to her sofa to lie down.

However, the moment she laid her head against the throw pillow, she noticed how different the pillow under her head felt than it usually did.

Reaching out to adjust the pillow, Veronica felt an odd warmth which made her jump up at once. “Are you crazy, Matthew? Why didn’t you turn on the lights if you were back? Are you trying to scare me to death?” she gasped..

As soon as she recalled how Matthew had treated her today, her anger immediately flared, and she abruptly stood up to walk away from him.

At that moment, all the lights in the unit were turned on.

Matthew turned to look at her only to catch the sight of her enraged face as she tramped into her room. His lips slightly quivered, but before he could even utter a word, Veronica slammed the door close with all her might.

Looking at how furious she was, Matthew's eyebrows furrowed as he started to worry if he had taken it too far earlier.

He then stood up and headed to the room Veronica had shut herself in. Before Veronica's bedroom, Matthew stood by the door and raised his hand to knock on it.

Knock, knock—Knock, knock, knock

His knuckles continued to rap on the door when he didn't get a response from her.

"Are you still mad?" he finally asked as he couldn't stand the silent treatment anymore.

Squeak! Suddenly, the door swung open and out came Veronica with a luggage bag by her side. She stood in front of him with a fierce glare as she snapped, "Please don't block the door. Screw off."

His face immediately darkened upon hearing her stern words. "What did you just say?" he muttered.

"I said, screw—

"Realizing that Matthew had an odd expression on his face, she backed off a little and huffed, "I said, go away. I'm trying to pass."

Despite her intimidation, Matthew unmovingly stood at the same spot. "Where are you heading to?" he questioned her. = 1

"What has that got to do with you?" Her face was cold when she lifted her head to glare at him.

Even though Matthew wasn't wrong in refusing to help her with voiding the bill, Veronica was still extremely infuriated by how he handled the issue.

The odd thing was—she didn't even know why she was fuming at the man.

"It is dangerous for a girl to be out this late," he placated. —

Seeing how angry Veronica was, he couldn't help but wonder if his action earlier was a mistake—perhaps if he did not do as such, she wouldn't have gotten so angry.

"Who cares. That has got nothing to do with you," she spat as she tried to walk past him.

Acknowledging what she was about to do, he swiftly stepped to the left to block her from walking forward.

The haughty man then looked down at the shorter woman and asked in return, "You eat my food and stay at my place. You grumbled about the breakfast you treated me being pricey when it only costs 3 dollars, yet you generously spent hundreds of thousands like it was nothing with Xavier. Do you even have the right to be mad at me right now?"

Is this how women pick fights without reason? he quietly thought to himself.

"That's because I thought—

"She started explaining in a raised voice, only to come to a halt before finishing her sentence. She couldn't possibly tell him that she had acted that way because she thought that at her relationship

with Matthew had gotten better after they started living together. Instead, she let out a scoff and sneered, "You are

right! I enjoy treating the both of you differently. Is there a problem?"

She then gave Matthew a hard shove and strode across when he stumbled backward.

Right when she walked past him, he reached out to grab her by the wrist and demanded coldly, "You really like him that much?"

The temperature surrounding them suddenly dropped, and the pressure around him almost became unbearable—even his gaze on Veronica was chilling to the bone.

Despite that, she still fearlessly stood her ground and puffed out her chest. "Yes," she declared confidently.

At that, both of them met each other's gaze and were staring profusely at each other. One had a cold gaze that was tinged with disappointment while the other had a gaze that was obviously fueled with anger.

After locking eyes for a while, Matthew threw another question. "If that is the case, why did you make Melissa ask me those questions when we were at Dawnpol Village the other day?"

That night in Dawnpol Village, Veronica invited Matthew out to enjoy the night view, but abruptly left him in the middle of it because she wasn't feeling comfortable. Melissa had appeared soon after, and she began to ask Matthew a series of odd questions like "Do you love Tiffany?" and "Must you marry Tiffany just because you are engaged to her?"

Why would Veronica make Melissa ask him those questions if Veronica fancied Xavier instead?

Confused, Veronica asked, "What did Melissa ask?"

"Regarding my marriage with Tiffany, do you have any opinion about it?" Matthew asked in response to her question.

"Ha! You are talking as if my opinion would change anything," she jeered while shaking off the grip Matthew had on her hand. "Tiffany is already bearing your child, so asking me for my opinion about your marriage is just a waste of time. Furthermore, you and me—do we even have a relation with one another?"

She aggressively poked her finger in his chest before continuing, "You refused to give me a discount at the bar. What relationship do you still think we have? We are strangers. We are nothing but mere passers—by in each other's lives. We will soon forget about each other after I leave Bloomstead."

At last, Veronica finally witnessed Matthew's true colors.

He was a man who could give a woman the world if he saw value in her but would not hesitate to toss her aside when she was no longer of value to him.

What a practical person he was!

Seeing how he had no rebuttal, she continued ranting, "Also, handle the decoration of the wedding venue yourself. I'll personally tell Grandma about this tomorrow. I don't want to be held responsible if anything were to happen!"

Initially, Veronica agreed to help them out because she wanted to repay Elizabeth for what she had done for herself, but now that she had seen what Matthew was capable of, she wouldn't take the job even if they had offered her money to do it.

"Goodbye!" She threw one last glance at Matthew before walking away from him, only to stop after taking two steps. "Let me rephrase that. Let's never meet again."

At that moment, she was finally putting an end to whatever relationship she had with Matthew.

Meanwhile, Matthew slowly turned around to look at her leaving with the luggage bag, but he remained quiet the entire time.

Strangers? Passersby?

It seemed like she had no feelings for him at all.

The questions that Melissa had asked him at Dawnpol Village had not come from Veronica.

Come to think of it, Melissa had used Veronica as an excuse to approach him multiple times. She probably was the one who was interested in him—not Veronica.

When he was hit by the sudden realization, his face turned expressionless as his palms clenched into fists. Just how much more embarrassingly delusional could he get?

Veronica, on the other hand, headed straight for the small condominium she had previously stayed at after she left Twilight Condominium.

Fortunately, her old unit had all the things she needed for now. With that, she immediately went to bed after washing up.

As she lay in bed, the thought of her money disappearing in a blink of an eye began to haunt her again. Her heart sank at the memory of it.

Deciding to do something about her heartache, she grabbed her phone and opened a property app to make a post to rent out her condominium unit as she thought she . that it could generate some income for herself.

After she was done with the post, she started to wriggle around in bed like she usually did and only managed to fall asleep in the early hours of the next morning.

After waking up, she gave Xavier a call to let him know that she wasn't going to the company.

She then went to freshen up in the washroom before going to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Once that was done, she finally got to enjoy her meal at the dining table.

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Veronica, who loved porridge, was actually reminded of the porridge prepared by Matthew as she ate the porridge she cooked.

Although porridge was the only dish the jerk knew how to make, Veronica had to admit that the porridge he made was very tasty.

After she was done eating, she packed her stuff and went online to check the train tickets. She then pondered about it and ended up purchasing a ticket to go back to her hometown—Cabot Town, Lothian—three days later.

By the time Veronica settled everything, it was almost 10 o'clock.

At that instant, she picked up her phone and was about to call Elizabeth to tell her that she did not wish to be involved in planning Matthew and Tiffany's wedding, but her phone rang as Elizabeth had beat her to it.

"Grandma, I was just about to call you, but you actually beat me to it!"

Veronica smiled as she thought, *What were the odds?*

"Haha, really? You cheeky girl. If I don't call you first, there's no chance we'll be in a call together."

Elizabeth laughed heartily from the other end of the line as she was in a very good mood.

"That's not true. I legit was about to call you to talk about something."

"What is it?"

"Grandma, well... I'm heading back to my hometown in a few days, so I can't help to plan Tiffany and Matthew's wedding anymore. So sorry about that."

Veronica felt apologetic as she genuinely felt she had let Elizabeth down,

Though Elizabeth had saved Veronica's life multiple times, Veronica just wasn't capable enough to repay her kindness.

"Oh! I actually called to discuss this matter with you too. Where are you now? I'll come and find you," Elizabeth replied.

"Oh, please don't. Where are you? I'll come and find you instead."

"I'm at the park where you saved me last time."

"Alright, please wait for me. I'll be right there."

After hanging up the call, Veronica changed into a sports attire and went straight to the park with her motorcycle.

20 minutes later, she met Elizabeth beside the lake in the park.

Veronica walked up to Elizabeth and greeted the latter with a bright smile. "Hello, Grandma!"

"Hey, Veronica. You're so quick to arrive! Haha..."

Catching sight of Veronica making her way toward her, Elizabeth smiled kindly and reached out her hand to hold Veronica's. Then, she sighed and said, "I asked you out to tell you something... My brain is not working as well these days compared to last time. That's why I said something silly like asking you to help plan for Tiffany and Matthew's wedding. Please don't be unhappy with me."

At once, regret and guilt spread across Elizabeth's aging face as she continued holding Veronica's hand tightly.

Veronica alertly noticed something was not right. Then, she recalled Elizabeth suddenly asking if she knew where her youngest daughter was the last time they met. While putting the pieces together in her head, Veronica asked, "Grandma, do you..."

Do you perhaps have Alzheimer's?

Veronica did not dare to ask the question as she was afraid to hurt Elizabeth's feelings.

However, Elizabeth shook her head and heaved a deep sigh. Then, she held Veronica's hand and went to sit on a bench at the side. "Yeah, I couldn't believe it at first too. But now, my brain is getting worse day by day, and I could easily forget things, so I have no choice but to accept the fact that I have Alzheimer's. Sure enough, one's greatest fear will come to pass."

Now that the doubt Veronica had all this while was cleared, she was not too surprised but accepted the truth calmly.

"When did you find out about this? Does Matthew know?"

"I found out about it a few months ago, but I don't have the guts to tell Matthew." Staring at Veronica with her gray eyes, Elizabeth patted the back of her hand, "Promise me to not tell Matthew about this lest he will be worried. This child has already gone through a lot of suffering."

Elizabeth and Veronica sat in the park and had some heart-to-heart small talks.

Veronica played the role of an attentive listener while giving Elizabeth some responses from time to time.

After chatting for quite a while Veronica asked, "Grandma, where's Mrs. Coleman? Didn't she come along with you?"

"Nah, I sent her back."

"I see. Then please accompany me to buy some drinking water from the store in front." Veronica was worried about leaving Elizabeth alone here—especially now that she knew the latter had Alzheimer's disease, all the more she had to take care of her.

"Don't worry. My brain is still working, so I won't go missing. Go ahead. I'll wait for you here."

"Uhhh..."

Veronica hesitated, but on second thought, Elizabeth was just diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease a few months ago, so her condition shouldn't be so serious that she would forget her way around.

As such, Veronica thought she shouldn't be overly worried about Elizabeth too lest it hurt her dignity.

"Alright. I'll go buy a bottle of water now."

After exhorting Elizabeth to sit at the spot and wait for her return, Veronica went to the store at the park's entrance to buy water.

While on the way, she received a call from Daniella. So, they had a small chat, but Veronica did not mention anything about her plan to go home a few days later as she wanted to give them a surprise.

However, when she returned to the bench where she and Elizabeth sat after buying water, Elizabeth was nowhere to be seen.

Veronica's heart jolted as she freaked out and immediately looked around the park, but Elizabeth was nowhere in sight.

She looked out her phone and called Elizabeth. Almost immediately, the call got connected.

"Grandma, where did you go?"

“Miss, do you know the owner of this phone? I just picked this phone up. Can you come and collect it?”

“What? Okay, okay. Where are you? I’ll come and find you now.”

Frightened, Veronica placed the two bottles of mineral water on the bench and quickly ran to the northeast corner of the park to meet the old man who found Elizabeth’s phone.

After expressing her gratitude to the man, she took the phone and continued searching for Elizabeth.

Nonetheless, she still failed to find Elizabeth after going through the entire park, so she went to the park’s management office to check the CCTV footage. In the end, the only evidence found was that Elizabeth was last seen at the southeast corner of the park.

The surveillance camera at the corner was malfunctioning, so they could not see where Elizabeth was heading to at all.

Veronica knew this matter was getting serious, so she immediately called Matthew.

Beep... Beep...

The call was not answered after quite some time.

Thereafter, she made another three calls to Matthew, and it was only then did he pick up the call. “What is it?”

“Matthew, Grandma has gone missing. Earlier, she requested to meet me at Rivereast Park, but she went missing while I went to buy water, and I can’t find her now.”

At this moment, Veronica was on pins and needles.

Matthew, who was originally cold, was perplexed upon hearing Veronica. “Call Grandma if you can’t find her.”

“Her phone is with me. You might not know this, but Grandma... Grandma was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s disease a few months ago. I’m afraid she’s lost.”

Worrying about things that might never happen could actually increase the chance of it happening

Veronica was almost driven crazy while Matthew’s heart jolted as he recognized the seriousness of the matter. Instantly, he replied, “Wait for me over there. I’ll come right away.”

“Alright. I’ll wait for you here.”

Veronica let go of the personal grudge with Matthew and walked out of the park to ask the passers-by if they had seen Elizabeth.

She described Elizabeth's appearance and features to tens of passersby, but no one had seen her.

Chapter 144

Veronica walked to the park's entrance and asked the passersby if they had seen Elizabeth while waiting for Matthew, but her efforts were to no avail.

Around ten minutes later, a sedan car sped to the park like a flash of lightning. Then the car came to a halt in front of Veronica.

After getting out of the car, Matthew walked up to Veronica with a solemn face and questioned, "What's going on exactly?"

"Grandma asked me out to the park and chatted a lot with me. She even told me about her Alzheimer's disease. She said she has been talking for quite some time, so I wanted to buy some water for her, but she disappeared when I came back."

Veronica was extremely anxious. "I've asked many passersby in the park, but none has seen Grandma. All I found was her phone."

While explaining, she passed the smartphone in her hand to Matthew.

Matthew took over the phone while maintaining a cool face despite seeing Veronica's guilt-stricken and worried look. "You don't have to look for Grandma. Just leave."

With that, Matthew turned to get into the car with the phone in his hand and closed the car door with a bang.

Meanwhile, Veronica was startled for a moment as she stood on the spot while watching Matthew leave in his car.

The way he treated her was overly hostile.

Ha! Is he giving me a cold shoulder because he thinks I have no utility value? How can one be this realistic?

Veronica gazed at Matthew's car until it disappeared from her sight.

She knew Matthew would definitely use all his power to search for Elizabeth, but she was still worried. So, she continued searching for Elizabeth nearby.

However, it was like looking for a needle in the haystack to find someone among a sea of people.

In between, Veronica called Matthew again and sent him some voice messages. But Matthew did not answer her calls.

Then, she decided to call Elizabeth's phone, but the result was the same—no one picked up

As such, Veronica figured that he would most likely still be looking for Elizabeth.

For the entire day, Veronica went to all the nearby places and searched for Elizabeth crazily. It was only until the night had fallen did she sit on a bench at the roadside wearily after going around for the whole day.

While resting on the bench, Veronica called Matthew again. The line was connected, but no one answered the call.

Just as the call was about to hang up automatically, the other end finally picked up the call.

"Why didn't you answer my calls? Did you manage to find Grandma?" Veronica asked anxiously.

However, it was Thomas' voice that emerged from the other end of the line. "Miss Murphy, we already found Old Madam Kings this morning."

"You've found her this morning? Why didn't you tell me then?! Do you know 1—"

Veronica threw a fit upon hearing Thomas' response, so she raised her voice and was almost about to curse.

However, Thomas interrupted her before she could finish her sentence. "Young Master Matthew requested you to not call anymore from now on."

Veronica, who was originally speaking, clammed up at once and was stunned for a few seconds before regaining her composure.

So, they actually found the old lady in the morning, but Matthew did not even want to pick up my calls because I pose no value to him now. I see!

Veronica's anger from a moment ago was extinguished by this cold fact as her heart sank. The rage she felt earlier no longer existed but what was left was inexpressible sarcasm.

"I see. Since that's the case, I'll hang up now."

After ending the call, Veronica stared at the bottle of water in her hand which was almost empty, and she felt a sense of humiliation welling in her heart.

She gripped the plastic bottle tightly which let out an ear-piercing crushing noise, but it sounded more like a ruthless sneer to her.

Veronica lifted her head to see the cloudy sky where stars could not be seen.

At that moment, she was so exhausted that she sat on the bench for a very long time. It was until something fell on her cheeks only did she regain her composure and realized it had started raining.

Then, Veronica switched on her phone screen, unlocked it, and blocked both Matthew and Thomas' contact before walking home in weariness.

There were very few streetlights along the road. The dim light fell on her and formed a long shadow, which made her seem extraordinarily lonely and pitiful.

Veronica strolled along the street in depression, but when she lifted her head after walking for some distance, she realized that she had arrived at the lift of Twilight Club's basement two.

Just as she habitually stretched out her finger to press the lift button, she paused for a second and quickly pulled her hand back upon a sudden realization.

That was close. Habits really can ruin ones' life.

Feeling her heart being squeezed, Veronica was extremely glum as she felt she was idiotic and stupid.

Bang!

Suddenly, the sound of a car door closing snapped her out of her daze.

Veronica turned around to see Thomas and Matthew getting down from the car while starting to walk toward her direction. When their gazes fell on her, Veronica's eyes glistened with an unnatural expression.

Nevertheless, she immediately adjusted her emotions and dismissed the awkward look on her face. Then, she took out a lift access card from her pocket and said to Matthew who was standing 10 feet away. "I'm here to return the lift access card to you lest you blame me again when something in your house goes missing."

Looking at Matthew's cold and gloomy countenance, Veronica snorted softly and pretended to be calm as she let out a sarcastic laugh.

However, Matthew merely darted a hostile glance at her, walked past her directly, and left.

As usual, he was dressed in a trim suit. One of his hands was placed in the slack's pocket, and his slightly bent elbow knocked the lift access card out of Veronica's hand. when he walked past her.

With that, the two brushed past each other.

Veronica's face, which had a fake smile plastered on it, gradually became stiff as her gaze followed the card which fell onto the floor.

Everything seemed to have happened in slow motion, placing her in an embarrassed yet inescapable situation.

Thomas, who was following behind Matthew, noticed Veronica's expression, so he went forward to pick up the access card and said, "Miss Murphy, pass me the card please."

Veronica quickly regained her composure and nodded with a smile. "Sure. Please keep it well and don't blame me if it goes missing."

While she replied at a fast pace with a forced smile on her face, it seemed as if she was unaffected at all, and one would actually feel like she was a heartless woman.

When Veronica strode forward and walked past Thomas, she patted his shoulder and said, "I'm leaving, buddy. See you."

"Take care, Miss Murphy. Have a safe journey."

Although Thomas did not understand what exactly happened between Matthew and Veronica, he did not detest the latter. In fact, he was rather impressed by her carefree and genuine attitude.

Meanwhile, Veronica hummed songs as she walked away. "Hey Jude, don't make it bad. Take a sad song and make it better..."

Meanwhile, in the lift, Matthew stared at Veronica with his dull, gloomy eyes as she walked away. His eyes turned cold when he saw her walking with a spring in her step while humming songs—it looked as if she was in a very good mood.

She's actually happy about leaving Twilight Condominium? Ding

The lift door slowly closed, interrupting Matthew's sight.

On the other hand, Veronica, who had not walked too far away, stopped her cheerful steps the moment she heard the sound from the lift. Even the smile on her face and her joyful singing faded immediately.

At that instant, she felt like all her energy was sucked out of her, and she looked like a wilted flower.

Chapter 145

The phone in Veronica's pocket rang all of a sudden as she walked out of the basement car park dejectedly.

When she took out her phone, she couldn't help but think of Matthew. For one second, she even had the anticipation that the call could possibly be from him, but she then recalled that she had already blocked his contact.

So, when Veronica looked at the phone screen to see Xavier's number, she heaved a sigh of relief inwardly and answered the call. "Hey, Xavier."

"What's up? Do you want to come out for supper?" Xavier asked on the other end of the line.

He knew Veronica was going to leave Bloomstead soon, so he wished to ask her out and spend more time with her.

"Sure, since I haven't had dinner yet, but the meal is on you today—I'm broke." Veronica couldn't help feeling distressed at the thought of the sum that she had spent last night.

"That's not a problem at all, but can you please don't ditch me at that kind of cheap motel again if I become drunk next time? I'll pay you back anyway."

Only Xavier knew how miserable it was to wake up in a cheap motel.

"Haha... I'm broke, you see. It's hard to earn a living. Haha..."

Laughing heartily, Veronica felt a sense of ease that was only possible when she was with Xavier.

With that, the two decided to meet at John's, where Veronica bought Xavier a meal for the first time.

After meeting up, they found a table near the entrance. Then, Veronica ordered some dishes and a dozen beers as she sat down and started chatting away with Xavier.

“You told me you had something to attend to so you couldn’t make it to the office this morning. What is it that kept you busy the whole day?”

Sitting across Veronica, Xavier stared at her fixedly with his eyes glistened.

At the mention of today’s incident, the smile on Veronica’s face obviously became still, but she quickly lifted her brows and grinned. “Nothing. It’s just... I had a long day yesterday and was a bit tired.”

Veronica did not wish to talk about what happened between Matthew and her anymore.

“By the way, how much was the bill at Twilight Club last night?”

Xavier shook his head in embarrassment and shrugged with an evil smile. “I was in a good mood yesterday, so I drank too much and fell asleep.”

Hearing

Xavier’s question, Veronica did not answer him as she did not know how she should reply.

“How much discount did Matthew give you? Or he did not ask you to pay at all?”

Given Xavier’s understanding of Matthew, he thought that Matthew was actually quite caring toward Veronica.

Back when Veronica was abducted overseas, it was Matthew who went ahead of Xavier to rescue Veronica; the other time when the flood happened at Dawnpol Village, it was Matthew too who came to Veronica’s rescue before him.

Xavier had caught all these details, but Veronica thought Xavier was dropping a clanger

“He...”

Veronica wanted to say that Matthew charged her the full amount, but given Xavier’s personality, if he knew Veronica had paid the full bill at Twilight Club last night, he would surely transfer the money to her.

Ever since she came to Bloomstead, Xavier had given her much care. Veronica was grateful to Xavier and did not want to owe him anything, so she decided to lie. “Yeah, he didn’t even ask me for a single penny. Haha...”

My foot!

Smiling bitterly, Veronica poured a glass of beer and lifted the glass to give Xavier a toast. "Cheers! I'm leaving in a few days and only God knows when we can meet again. Isn't that right?"

"Yeah. We should drink the night away!"

"Sure, let's tie one on. However, we should keep in touch even after I leave Bloomstead. There are some things I still wish to consult you with."

"Not a problem at all. All you have to do is ask. As your good friend, I will definitely not sit by and do nothing."

Following that, the two had a relaxed and hearty chat.

Veronica genuinely felt that she would feel extraordinarily carefree every time she was with Xavier. The interaction between them was like brothers pouring their hearts out to each other, so Veronica felt very comfortable.

After both of them bottomed out, Xavier put down his glass and stared at Veronica, who was sitting across from him while wearing a thoughtful look with her head lowered. Then, he pressed his lips and asked, "Are you really going to leave Bloomstead? Can you even bear to leave?"

What Xavier had just said bore a hidden meaning behind it.

As smart as a whip, Veronica naturally knew what Xavier was hinting at.

She then placed her elbows on the table and cupped her face with her hands. Her gaze went past Xavier to stare at—a television hanging on the wall, and her eyes became even more gloomy.

"To be honest, putting aside the personal grudge between Tiffany and me, the two of them are indeed a perfect match."

As Veronica said that, there was a tinge of sorrow and loneliness in her alluring eyes.

Perceiving Veronica's expression, Xavier followed her gaze and turned to look at the television on the wall which was broadcasting news about Matthew and Tiffany.

The television was showing a playback video which was taken during the engagement of Tiffany and Matthew back then with the title 'Young Master Kings and Miss Larson's Marriage Is Happening on 28th Next Month.'

The eye-catching broadcast title was actually hard on Veronica's eyes.

Staring at the television screen, Veronica sank into silence, but her eyes continued to glue to the screen fixedly, so one could not tell what was on her mind.

However, Xavier felt his heart wrenched seeing Veronica's sorrowful look.

"He is not worthy of you," Xavier expressed his personal opinion.

He indeed felt that Matthew was unworthy of Veronica. Besides the fact that Matthew came from a better family background, Xavier didn't think there were any other aspects of Matthew which were more attractive than Veronica's genuineness and kindness.

"I don't get it. Back then, it was you who saved Matthew, but didn't he suspect that at all?" Xavier was very curious about this matter.

Veronica continued staring fixedly at the screen and mumbled as if she was talking to herself, "He has no clue."

She shook her head and sighed. "I've never told Matthew that I saved him. Besides, I've changed the food delivery account's information to Tiffany's. On top of the information in the food delivery account and the fake name left in the hospital, Tiffany had the ring which was given by Matthew from the very first time, so all the evidence actually points toward Tiffany as his savior. All the arrangements are seamless, and no one would spend extra effort to investigate a matter which was already 'confirmed.'"

In fact, if the same happened to Veronica, she too would not go and investigate an incident that already had an outcome—let alone Matthew since it was clearly a waste of time to do so.

"That's not fair,"

Xavier tightened his grip on the single-use wine cup and distorted the plastic cup. At the same time, beer flowed out from his fist.

Amused, Veronica laughed. "Haha! Fairness? Nothing is fair in the adult world. Everyone's just striving to survive."

Then, she gradually retracted her gaze to look at Xavier. "Being born into the Crawford Family, you should know this better than me."

Nonetheless, Veronica clearly knew that it was exactly because Xavier had seen everything too thoroughly, he would think that life was unfair all the more.

Towards the end, he too was a pitiful man.

“Rony, you’re too silly.”

Xavier grabbed the beer bottle, filled his cup again, and started drinking on his own:

“Fortune favors fools at times. *Sigh*, let’s not talk about these anymore. By the way, I’ve always wanted to ask you— since you’re currently running a company independently, don’t you plan to one day go back to work for Crawford Corporation anymore?”

Chapter 146

Although Xavier was very capable, he was Hendric’s son and part of Crawford’s family tree after all.

Despite his high expectations toward Xavier, Hendric actually treated him extremely well.

Veronica genuinely thought that there was no material grudge between Xavier and Hendric, so it would be best if there was a way to ease the tension in the relationship between the father and son.

However, Xavier shook his head. “I’m doing fine on my own, so why should I go back?”

“To be honest, I think Hendric treats you quite well. You…”

Veronica wanted to persuade Xavier, but before she could finish her sentence, Xavier shot a fierce glare at her which made her clam up immediately.

That glare, which was as sharp as a sword, was filled with rage and resentment.

Ever since she knew Xavier, Veronica had rarely heard him mention Hendric.

She thought the two were merely not on good terms but she did not expect Xavier to actually be this resistful and hateful toward Hendric.

“Don’t mention his name in front of me.”

“ . . . ”

Veronica bit her tongue and continued after remaining silent for a few seconds, “Blood is thicker than water. Do you really plan to continue being on bad terms with your father?”

Frowning, Xavier tightened his grip on the cup as his cold gaze fell on Veronica again. “He doesn’t deserve it.”

Xavier had clearly expressed his attitude through the four straightforward words he just spat.

“Come on, bottoms up! Let’s drink the night away!”

Veronica knew the discord between Xavier and Hendric was rather deep, and it was not an issue that could be solved in a short time, so she decided to stop discussing the topic.

Nevertheless, deep down, she still wished to lend Xavier a hand.

She had known Xavier ever since she started working as a security personnel at Twilight Club. Despite having seen him get drunk numerous times, there was never once when he was vexed with relationship problems but most of the time, his troubles were related to the Crawford Family.

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Veronica knew that the more Xavier resented Hendric, the more it showed that he actually cared about his father. 5

“Yeah. Cheers!”

With that, the two continued to have a good time drinking and chattering.

– After finishing supper, both of them were slightly tipsy.

“Shall I send you home?” Xavier asked Veronica after paying the bill, but the latter waved her hand and said, “I don’t wish to go home yet. I’m thinking of going for a walk and getting some fresh air.”

“I’ll come with you,” Xavier said.

“Sure.” Veronica agreed gladly at the thought that she would be leaving Bloomstead in a few days and would not have a chance to see Xavier again by then.

On the other hand, after returning to Twilight Condominium, Matthew stood in front of the French window with a glass of red wine in his hand. The spacious condominium seemed to be even quieter without the presence of Veronica.

Looking down at the splendid, bustling city, Matthew took a sip of the wine and sank into deep thoughts.

Beep... Beep...

Suddenly, his phone on the table rang.

Matthew looked at the screen to see Tiffany's caller ID, so he answered the call after hesitating for a moment.

"Hey, Matthew. What are you up to right now? I can't seem to fall asleep, and I really miss you." Tiffany's soft voice came forth from the other end of the line.

However, Matthew's straight face was not moved by her expression. Instead, he said, "The wedding ceremony will proceed next month as planned."

As planned.

Initially, Matthew intended to postpone the wedding indefinitely, but he found out that Elizabeth was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease today. In addition to that, the doctor mentioned that Elizabeth's health was worsening, so the situation was not optimistic.

Elizabeth's wish was to have a great-grandchild and see Matthew get married, so Matthew couldn't bear to disappoint her.

After Matthew said that, the other end of the line grew quiet for a long while.

Grasping her phone tight, Tiffany was extremely agitated and could hardly contain herself. Then, she grinned and nodded incessantly, "Sure, sure! Our wedding ceremony will proceed next month as planned."

The sudden plot twist was totally beyond Tiffany's expectations.

Although Tiffany did not understand why Matthew changed his mind, the details don't matter. No one would be able to snatch away her position as the young mistress of the Kings Family as long as Matthew intended for the wedding ceremony to happen as planned.

Tiffany always deemed herself as the No. 1 Talented Girl in Bloomstead and thought she outshined everyone else in terms of her talents and beauty.

"The wedding *can* proceed as planned. However, I'd like to know why the Larsons have to pick on Veronica in everything?" Matthew questioned Tiffany out of the blue.

Despite knowing the Larsons had been picking on Veronica all this while, Matthew did not investigate this matter thoroughly out of his respect toward Tiffany.

"M—Matthew, why are you suddenly asking about this?"

Tiffany's smile became stiff as her heartbeat accelerated and her face turned ashen.

*Could it be that Veronica the b*tch told Matthew something, and so he asked this question?*

Tiffany was so taken aback that she could not regain her composure for quite a while, so she didn't even know how to answer Matthew.

Meanwhile, Matthew did not answer her question too, and his silence held his reasons— if he could not get an answer from Tiffany, he would rather choose to not proceed with their marriage.

After pondering about it, Tiffany sobbed, “I—I didn't pick on Tiffany. I— It's just that I love you too much and don't want her existence to divide your love toward me. I was wrong, Matthew. I know it's my fault, but can you please give me a chance? I promise to change...”

She was such a natural liar that it did not even take long for her to come up with the statement.

Toward the end, she still did not tell Matthew the truth, but Matthew too had made up his mind— since Tiffany was unwilling to come clean, he would send Thomas to investigate the truth.

“I'll give you one day to think about it. I won't marry you if I don't get an answer!” Matthew blurted coldly and hung up the call thereafter,

On the other end of the line, Tiffany was still speaking while holding her phone. “Matthew? Matthew, please listen to me...”

Beep... Beep...

She still wanted to say something, but all she could hear was a busy tone.

At once, she flew into a rage and threw the phone fiercely onto the ground which then shattered into pieces.

“Aghh!! Veronica Murphy, you b*tch! It's always about you! Why are you everywhere?!”

Tiffany was so furious that she stomped ragingly on the broken phone and vented her anger unscrupulously.

Lately, she could not eat and sleep well because Matthew wanted to call off their marriage as she was worried that Matthew would actually not marry her toward the end.

Just a moment ago, she had finally received good news, but Matthew ended up questioning the matters between Veronica and her, to which she did not know how to

respond

Obviously, Matthew was not too happy with her answer just now, so he gave her one last chance.

Meanwhile, Floch and Rachel immediately walked out of their room when they heard the noise from upstairs. Seeing Tiffany flying off the handle in the living room, they walked toward her and asked concernedly, "Darling, what happened? Why are you so angry?"

Chapter 147

"What else could it be?! Veronica the b*tch just won't leave us alone!"

Blood boiled, Tiffany eventually failed to keep her shirt on as she stomped in rage and cursed, "I'm going to send her to hell! I'm going to kill that b*tch!"

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Bawling hysterically, she had totally lost all gentleness and good manners a socialite should possess. In contrast, she looked like a maniac who was on the verge of breaking down.

Rachel's expression changed immediately upon perceiving Tiffany's rage, so she instinctively looked toward Floch, who was standing beside her.

With that, Floch quickly walked up to Tiffany and retorted, "Nonsense! You must not lay a finger on Veronica."

Hearing that, Tiffany glared at Floch with her eyes, which became bloodshot due to anger. At the same time, shock flashed through her menacing face. "Are you defending Veronica the b*tch?!"

With his eyes darkened, Floch waved his hand. "How is that possible? Stop overthinking. I ask you not to lay a finger on Veronica because she's Old Madam Kings' god-granddaughter and she's quite close with Matthew too. If any mishaps happen to her, the Kings will surely look into the matter. Given their power, do you think they won't be able to catch the culprit? You'll be digging your own grave by doing so!"

"My thoughts exactly. Silly girl, what on earth are you thinking?"

Rachel walked up to Tiffany, held her hand, and cooed, "Remember this—you and Matthew are getting married soon, and you're pregnant with a child. You should accumulate virtue for the sake of the child's health and safety."

“Accumulate virtue my foot!”

Engulfed by rage, Tiffany had totally lost her rationality. She shoved away Rachel's hand furiously and scowled, “This child is not Matthew's. Don't you already know that?!”

Of course, Matthew could not possibly be the child's father.

Back then, Matthew had some interim matters to settle in Castron, so Tiffany tagged along to find a chance to sleep with him.

However, Matthew was not stirred up at all and did not even spare her a glance no matter how hard she tried.

It was only until the day when Matthew got drunk after a business dinner did Tiffany pretend to have slept with him and successfully deceived him.

Initially, she thought Matthew would definitely not remain hostile toward her anymore since they had already slept together, and with that, she would naturally be able to become pregnant with his child thereafter.

However, little did she expect that Matthew's attitude toward her did not change much after that incident.

Having no other choice, Tiffany thought of a way to get pregnant in the shortest time.

Sure enough, nothing was impossible according to the saying, ‘When there was a will, there was a way. Therefore, about a month ago, she successfully conceived a child.

Nevertheless, the child did not belong to the Kings.

It did not matter whether or not the child belonged to Matthew. As long as the outcome remained the same, it would not cause any impact.

“A—

Although this child is not Matthew's, you're still young, so you don't have to worry about that at all.”

“Yeah, your mom is right. As long as you can marry into the Kings Family smoothly, all these are not an issue.”

Floch patted Tiffany's shoulder. “You're the pride of our family, and you'll definitely become the pride of the Kings Family too in the future. Darling, you have to learn to be more generous. Don't be too bothered by these trivial matters. Take Veronica for example. She's just an insignificant person, so why do you have to be

angry with her? Why are you even thinking of laying a finger on her? That would only stain your hands, am I right?"

"Yeah. She's not worthy of that!" Rachel nodded in tacit agreement as the husband and wife echoed each other.

Thereafter, they led Tiffany upstairs and continued comforting her for quite some while before urging her to rest early.

After settling everything, Rachel went back to her room and locked the door. Seeing Floch smoking on the balcony, she walked over and sighed thoughtfully.

Smoking the cigarette between his fingers, Floch too heaved a deep sigh.

Moments later, he asked, "Is it true that the assassin who attempted to kill Veronica at Dawnpol Village was not related to Tiffany at all?"

Standing beside him, Rachel stared at the dark sky and pondered for a moment. "That man went to Dawnpol Village before Veronica, so it shouldn't be related to

Tiffany. Anyway, you've overestimated Tiffany. Although she holds the title 'No. 1 Talented Girl', it's just an inflated reputation. You should already know what she's actually capable of."

"Yeah. That's exactly why I'm worried."

Floch ashed his cigar and lifted his hand to caress his hair while exhaling smoke. "The doctor said Randy is recovering pretty well. Since that is the case, I'm thinking of fetching him back in the next few days."

"I was just thinking about this too. We should've made some plans for the future earlier." Rachel shook her head in resignation and leaned on Floch's shoulder wearily. "We've been worrying our whole life. How long more can we protect her?"

Perceiving the weariness in Rachel's expression, Floch placed his hand around her waist in distress. "We never know what will happen in the future. But my dear, you've suffered with me all your life. Please find a better husband if there is an afterlife."

"But I'm glad to be with you."

"Don't you think it's exhausting to take each step cautiously?"

“Life is never easy to begin with. It is already a ray of sunshine in the darkness to be able to grow old with the person I love.”

“Silly girl, you’re still the same as back then. You have not changed at all.”

On the other hand, Veronica and Xavier were strolling along the street leisurely

It was a joy to appreciate some slow-paced leisure in the midst of this fast-paced !!

Lifting her head to look at the sky full of stars, Veronica couldn’t help sighing “has been so long since I’ve seen such a beautiful night sky.”

“I can accompany you to stargaze whenever you feel like it.”

Xavier looked aside at the woman beside him with his eyes filled with affection.

“Despite the beauty of Bloomstead’s night sky, it can’t hold a candle to the one in my hometown.”

“Then I shall go to your hometown and enjoy the night sky with you if there’s a chance in the future. What do you think?” Xavier lifted his brows at Veronica and smiled.

“Sure!”

Veronica waved her hand as she was in a good mood.

Then, the two continued wandering down the street for some time and only decided to go back to where they parked the car when Veronica became tired. Thereafter, Xavier drove Veronica back home.

Upon reaching her condominium, Xavier parked his car outside the neighborhood. When he watched Veronica get out of the car to walk into the neighborhood, he recalled the scene that night when he watched Veronica walk into Matthew’s Twilight Condominium.

And so, he asked once again, “Can I... come up for a cup of tea?”

Veronica, who had not walked far, was startled. After pondering on his words, she nodded and said, “Sure, come along then. By the way, I have a bottle of decent red wine at home. Let’s finish it.”

Xavier was surprised to hear Veronica agree readily.

After being stunned for a few seconds, he mumbled, “Okay. I’ll park the car and tag along with you.”

With a skeptical attitude, Xavier walked into the lift of the condominium with Veronica. Upon reaching up stairs, he watched Veronica walk toward the unit at the end of the corridor and opened the door with her key.

After entering her house. Xavier couldn't help asking, "You've been staying here all this while?"

Hearing Xavier's question, Veronica reckoned he actually thought the environment in this neighborhood was below expectation, so she smiled ruefully. "Although this is not as good as your mansion, it's quite comfortable here."

Chapter 148

After opening the door and walking in, Veronica waved at Xavier, who was standing across the door. "Come on in."

Xavier glanced around the living room, which had a minimalist design. Nevertheless, because the area wasn't too spacious, it actually made the space look more warm and cozy with the dim, yellow light in the living room.

"It's pretty cozy here," Xavier commented while walking into the living room to sit on the couch.

"Please make yourself at home."

Veronica closed the door and took out a bottle of red wine from the wine cooler with a chuckle. "I stole this wine from Matthew's place. He said this is an aged wine."

In fact, Veronica saw this aged wine on Matthew's wine cooler back when she was at Twilight Condominium, so she secretly kept it in her bedroom as she planned to devour it.

However, she got into an argument with Matthew later on, so she took it away together when she left the club.

Veronica shook the wine bottle in her hand and said, "Let's finish it."

She loved drinking because when she was with Crayson back then, the latter loved bringing her around for drinks, so as time passed, she gradually got better at holding her liquor.

Nevertheless, Veronica did not realize that she had been drinking quite a lot in the last few months due to the pressure from various sources.

Xavier then took the red wine from Veronica's hand and smiled in spite of himself after checking the label. "I'm afraid we can't drink this wine," he said.

"Huh? Why? Is it because it's an aged wine? I can hold my drink, so that's not a problem."

"This is not just any ordinary aged wine. This is a 1945 Romanée-Conti that was bought by someone at an exorbitant price of 3.9 million at New York's Sotheby's auction. I reckoned the buyer gave this to Matthew as a gift later on."

Hearing that, Veronica widened her eyes and was left dumbfounded. "What?! 3.9 million? What kind of wine would cost this much?!"

She knew aged wines were generally more expensive, but she did not expect this one to be so pricey.

"This bottle of wine was produced in 1945. It was auctioned at an exorbitant price because it's made of the last portion of grapes in Domaine de la Romanée-Conti after World War II, and there were only 600 bottles worldwide. The historical value associated with it has caused the price to keep soaring."

Xavier guessed Veronica was surely not aware of the background of this red wine, so he explained it to her.

Truth was, he just so happened to have attended the New York's Sotheby's auction in 2018 too.

"What?! That's f*cking expensive!" Veronica couldn't help swearing.

Then, she quickly reached out her hand to grab the wine back from Xavier. "A 1945 wine is not drinkable at all without decanting it. Let's forget about having it."

Carefully holding the wine in her hands, Veronica couldn't help sizing up the bottle of wine discreetly out of curiosity. "How could it possibly be so expensive? No wonder the bottle looks so old. It's okay, I'll leave it alone. Maybe the value will increase again in two years' time."

Wait a minute... This is not the main point.

Veronica had a sudden realization—she merely stole a bottle of wine from Matthew and had not expected that its value was actually sky-high. *Will Matthew the jerk call the police?*

With her heart jolted, she looked toward Xavier instantly and asked, "What's the punishment of grand theft?"

Knowing Veronica well, Xavier glanced at the red wine in her hand and understood her meaning immediately.

After hesitating for a while, he answered, "Since the wine is worth almost 4 million, it's counted as an extremely valuable item. The minimum punishment is 10 years of imprisonment. In a more serious case, one could be sentenced to life imprisonment. Besides, the criminal's assets could be confiscated too."

"Ten years?!" Veronica freaked out and gulped. "Oh my goodness! Thank God we have not opened it!"

Then, she quickly put the red wine back into the wine cooler and said to Xavier, "It's getting late, so you should get going too. I also have some... I plan to head to bed soon. too."

Veronica wanted to say she also had some stuff to attend to, but she did not say it directly in order to not embarrass herself.

"Sure. Have a goodnight then."

Xavier's initial intention was to see if Veronica was actually staying here. With that, he was surprised to discover the truth as he did not expect it to be true at all.

Meanwhile, half an hour prior to this, Matthew was standing in front of the French window in Twilight Condominium while grasping his phone.

The phone screen displayed a series of numbers that belonged to Veronica's phone number.

Nevertheless, Matthew did not call her toward the end.

Later, he made his way to the wine cooler and opened a bottle of wine to fill his glass. Holding the wine glass between his skeletal, slender fingers, Matthew took a sip of the wine elegantly.

However, the moment he lifted his head, he inadvertently realized the expensive red wine was gone.

At once, he paused his movements as his eyes darkened.

At that very second, it was as if he had found a reason to contact Veronica.

So, he took up his phone and dialed Veronica's number, but the call was instantly disconnected after the numbers were pressed. After hesitating for a while, he decided to call the police.

Not long after the line was connected, a voice emerged from the other end of the line. “Hi, you have reached 911.”

“I would like to lodge a case. Someone stole my wine.”

“Wine? What wine is it?”

“It’s a 1945 Romanée–Conti worth 3,9 million.”

“Alright. May I have your address, please? We’ll come over to take a statement.”

After enquiring Matthew about his address, the police departed immediately to Matthew’s condominium. After a round of questioning, the police eventually set the target on a woman named ‘Veronica Murphy

“Mr. Kings, we need more time for this matter as currently, we have no idea where Veronica Murphy stays yet. We’ll inform you immediately to come to the police station after we find her address,” the police said to Xavier after finishing recording the statement.

However, Matthew blurted, “That’s not necessary. I know where she stays.”

And so, after Veronica sent Xavier away from her condominium, someone knocked on her door while she was applying a facial mask.

“Who’s that?” she muttered while dragging her slippers on her feet to the door. “Xavier, why did you come b—”

Originally, Veronica thought it was Xavier, but she opened the door to see a few police men standing at the entrance.

Veronica was stunned at first, but she started cursing Matthew inwardly right after.

He’s indeed a jerk who doesn’t act humanly!

Initially, she planned to return the wine to Matthew tomorrow, but she did not expect him to call the police so soon.

True enough, things don’t always go as planned.

“Hello, Mr. Policeman. I— I want to lodge a case.” Veronica immediately took the initiative and said, “I was just about to wash up and head to the police station.”

Standing at the door, the three policemen exchanged glances with different expressions on their faces.

The leading policeman, who had tanned skin, questioned Veronica in a deep voice. "What is it about?"

*Please hang on."

Veronica scurried back to the living room and took out the bottle of red wine from the wine cooler. "It's about this bottle of red wine. My god—grandmother's grandson gave this to me as a gift and told me that this wine is only worth 10 thousand, but my friend just told me that it's worth 4 million. At this moment, I'm seriously suspecting that my god—grandmother's grandson is setting me up. In fact, he has always been unhappy with how my god—grandmother doted on me. He gave me this Romanée Conti, which is the only one left on the earth, and claimed that it's worth 10 thousand. If he lodges a case to the police and accuses me of theft, I could be put behind bars for a lifetime! Mr. Policeman, I'm really a good citizen who obeys the law."

Veronica defended herself volubly with her silver tongue.

However, the policemen did not buy her words because after all, the one who lodged the case earlier was none other than Matthew, the well-known *only* heir of the Kings Family in Bloomstead!

Chapter 149

Seeing how simple both the woman and her place were, it was certainly unbelievable for the woman to be Elizabeth's god—granddaughter as she had claimed.

What a load of bollocks, thought the police officer before he incredulously asked, "Who did you say your god—grandmother is?"

"My god—grandmother is Old Mrs. Kings of the unbeatable Kings Family!" Veronica explained earnestly, "*The Kings* that make up a quarter of The Four Big Families of Bloomstead, mind you."

Instead of being intimidated, the police officers began to look at each other as they sniggered.

Then, one of them decided to speak up, "Young Master Matthew already called us earlier regarding a case of someone stealing his wine. We have filed a case for him. So please, follow us back to the station so that we can further investigate this."

Despite inwardly cursing the situation out with all her might, she managed to give a calm response. "Oh, alright then. Give me a moment to change into something else," she replied with her face full of smiles.

That sh*thead Matthew just wasn't capable of behaving like a proper human being.

She knew that he was going to call the cops on her, but she had not expected him to do it so quickly—she didn't even get the chance to put the alcohol back!

After changing her clothes while grumbling her way through, she finally stepped out of the room in a different outfit, where her reappearance had caught a few of the police officers by surprise. "Wait, are you... Tiffany Larson, the No. 1 Talented Girl from the Larson's Family?"

"She looks like Tiffany Larson, but her vibe is definitely different," another officer expressed his observation.

"Oh, she is Larson's other daughter that went missing when she was a baby. They had it announced to the public not long ago. She grew up in the boonies. That must be why she can't compare to Tiffany Larson's elegance. But I have to say, this lady here might be prettier than Tiffany Larson."

As though Veronica was an item placed on a shelf, the police officers began to evaluate her amongst themselves as they looked at her from head to toe.

Since the Larsons had revealed Veronica's identity to the public, it was no surprise that they knew about her.

However, no one other than the people in the upper-class circle would know about her becoming Elizabeth's god-granddaughter since Elizabeth had intended to only announce it on the day of her birthday celebration.

Somewhat offended by them openly judging her, Veronica walked past them and decided to walk ahead instead. "Aren't we going to the police station? Let's go."

At once, some of the police officers began to lower their guards after learning about her identity, but the chattering never ceased even as they followed closely behind her.

"She really is from the boonies, huh? Just stealing everything she sees."

"Maybe it isn't as simple as it seems. She *did* say that Young Master Matthew was the one who gave it to her and that Old Mrs. Kings was her god-grandmother."

"Come on, you think Old Mrs. Kings would take a village girl in as her god-granddaughter? You're overestimating this young lady."

“Right. She must have been blabbering nonsense. Why would Young Master Matthew call all the police on her if what she said was true?”

“That is hard to say. Young Master Matthew made us come over here even though he himself knows where she lives. This is something that someone of his capability can solve at a snap of his fingers, and yet, he wanted to do it the hard way. I don’t think we should completely disregard what she said.”

“But we can’t completely believe her either.”

“That is true.”

As Veronica walked in front, she could hear the whisperings happening behind her. but she chose not to say anything despite feeling frustrated by it.

Then, they

took the elevator down and hopped into the police car before finally leaving for the station to get Veronica’s statement taken.

Meanwhile, Matthew was already seated in the main hallway of the police station when they arrived. With his legs crossed and torso leaned back against the backrest

of the chair, he managed to look as casual as he was intimidating.

Veronica’s temper immediately flared when her eyes fell on him. As if nothing had happened, he nonchalantly lifted his eyes to stare into her angry gaze. The fleeting smile he had on disappeared from his cold face before it turned into a full grin.

“Matthew Kings!” she called out as her steps came to a halt. She then tore away the bottle of 1945 Romanée–

Conti from the hands of one of the officers before stomping toward Matthew and slamming the bottle on a table nearby. “Here is your red wine. I’m giving it back to you!”

Instead of replying, Matthew only quietly stared at her. He didn’t have to say even a word for others to feel the menace emitting out of him.

Getting timider by the second, Veronica unconsciously gulped. “It is just a bottle of wine! Did you really have to call the police for something like this? You are just wasting government resources,” she continued in a slightly meeker tone.

She swore to the heavens that the only reason she took it was that it looked like it would be a good bottle of red wine!

Furthermore, she had always drunk from Matthew’s alcohol stash without his permission when they lived together.

However, this scumbag of a man completely turned his back on her after Veronica announced that she would no longer stay by Elizabeth's side as she would be leaving Bloomstead soon. His attitude toward her had changed almost instantaneously because she no longer held any value for him.

During that one night when she couldn't fall asleep, her eyes lingered on Matthew's wine shelf, and that was when her eyes eventually fell on this delectable-looking bottle of wine. So, she took it but left it unscathed in her bedroom.

Then, she decided to bring it along with her when she left Twilight Condominium, never expecting the bottle of wine-looking nothing out of the ordinary—to be priced at a staggering 3.9 million!

Maybe it was her fault for taking the expensive wine, but why did Matthew skip contacting her first before heading straight for the police?!

Sill sitting without even moving an inch, Matthew lifted his head slightly to peer at the woman before him and questioned her in a low voice. "Do you know how much this bottle you took is worth?"

"Who wouldn't know that this is a 1945 Romanée-Conti—

"She stopped abruptly halfway through her sentence when she realized that she had fallen right into the trap Matthew had just set.

For Matthew to call the police despite knowing that she was the one who took the wine made it obvious that Matthew was trying to convict her for 'knowingly going against the law' if she were to confess that she was aware of the value of the wine she had taken.

Without waiting for Veronica to come up with another retort, Matthew gave an indifferent wave as his head tilted to glance at the officers standing behind Veronica. Officers, I'm sure you all have heard her. She knew the value of the wine when she took it," he informed.

"F*ck!" she finally spat. "Matthew, you piece of sh*t. I—

"Knowing that her following words would come to naught, she bit her tongue and said, "You were the one who gave this to me!

As for how I knew its price, Xavier was the one who told me about the price of the red wine when he came over to my condominium earlier. I was so surprised that I almost called the police, only to have them knock on my door before I even rang them!"

Matthew's face immediately fell when he heard Veronica's words. At that moment, his gaze turned a few notches colder too.

Earlier? Xavier went to her place?

Her words kept reverberating in his head as he casually lowered his head to look at the Rolex Blue Dial watch resting on his wrist. *But it's already 11 nearing midnight!*

"Oh, really? Can anyone prove that?" His fingertips lightly tapped on the back of his hand. Even though he appeared calm as he threw the question at Veronica, his heart was thumping hard in his chest.

"Of course!" she exclaimed while taking out her phone. "I'll give Xavier a call right this moment!"

Just then, Matthew suddenly stopped her in her tracks. "You have a close relationship with Xavier. He is not a reliable witness. You have nothing to back your words." He then slowly took out a thumb drive from the inner breast pocket of his suit before continuing, "I, on the other hand, have a surveillance recording of you committing the crime."

Immediately, Veronica's eyes glued to the thumb drive in Matthew's hand, and even though she didn't say a word in return, her blazing pair of eyes were sufficient for

others to read the exact thoughts and emotions that were going through her head and heart.

Chapter 150

Veronica was endlessly, unceasingly cursing Matthew on the inside, and if looks really could kill, he would have been dead by Veronica's gaze.

The police officers, who were spectators of the argument, stared at the duo in silence.

They had somewhat figured out that Veronica and Matthew probably had a relationship more complex than one could imagine.

Hence, this situation probably had more than meets the eye.

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The deafening silence went on for a while before the leader of the police officers intervened. "Young Master Matthew, why don't the both of you try to talk it out first? We can also go by standard procedure if you both can't get to the bottom of this yourselves later."

"Thank you for your help, Officer Garth," Matthew replied with a small nod, exuding incomparable elegance with just a light movement.

As soon as the police officers had left the hall, Veronica boldly asked with arms akimbo, "What the hell do you want, Matthew? I already returned you your wine, so can I go now?"

Instead of answering her question, he coldly stared at her as his smooth brows raised. "Do you know the penalty for grand larceny?" Hearing that, Veronica pursed her lips together.

How could she not know?

She knew it better than anyone else.

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She then let out an arrogant 'hmp' and complained, "You're considered my brother. How is it considered theft if I only took a bottle of your wine?" Her emotions were running so high that she had to hold herself back in case she accidentally assaulted him.

She knew that she wouldn't win a physical fight against him anyway, but it would definitely feel good if she could just let out whatever she was bottling up inside.

"It is theft as long as you take something that isn't yours," Matthew responded humorously. "I have known you for so long to only find out now that you don't know the law," Matthew spoke slowly in a calm manner and he didn't seem to be

particularly angry.

However, Veronica felt as though he was ridiculing her.

She was almost baffled by his attitude, but her eyes kept glaring at the man before her. At that moment, her anger was at its peak.

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The silent war went on for a while as they looked at each other unmovingly before her red lips finally parted. "It only took me a short while after knowing you to learn that people can be ruthless when they want something. What is the point of complicating things like this? Are you doing this just so I would stay behind to keep Grandma company?"

And find out more secrets about Conrad from Grandma? she quietly thought to herself.

His handsome features turned frigid as soon as she uttered those words. It wasn't as though it was the first time anyone had said that he was ruthless, but coming from Veronica directly? It certainly felt like she had plunged a whole sword into him.

The usually—calm Matthew—clearly agitated by her provocation—asked Veronica in return with his eyebrows raised, "What else do you think you are capable of, if not that?"

Hearing his question. Veronica couldn't help but let out a snort.

Huh. As expected, she thought.

"Sure. I'll stay, but I've been feeling homesick and wish to go back for a while. I'll come back to Bloomstead after that." Thinking that this was a good chance to make Matthew drop the case, Veronica agreed verbally but was actually planning on giving Matthew whatever excuse she could after so that she won't need to return to Bloomstead.

Finally, everything was going as Matthew had planned.

Hearing her reply, he watched her quietly before swiftly getting up from his seat and heading toward the police officers. He then withdrew the case with the reason that it all had been nothing but a misunderstanding.

After the case

was closed, they both left the police station with Veronica marching angrily ahead while Matthew silently watched her from behind.

There were hardly any cars driving on the road by the time they were outside—not even a taxi was in sight.

Looking around in the middle of the night, she couldn't help but grumble, "Where are the cars, man?"

Meanwhile, Matthew had already made his way into his car. He then drove his car, only to stop before Veronica and proceeded to lightly honk the car horn twice. "Get in. I'll take you home," he said after rolling down the window.

At that, she let out a huff and scowled at him. "Save it. What if you charge me a ridiculous fee for riding in your ridiculously luxurious customized car? I can't even bear the thought of touching it," she scoffed before walking away.

Even though she could conveniently order a ride using her phone, she decided against it in an attempt to save a few bucks in her pocket—

she did spend over a million dollars just the night before after all. In addition to that, considering how she wasn't sleepy despite it being already midnight, she chose to take a stroll by the roadside while enjoying the gentle breeze blowing in her face.

However, she merely took a few steps when she suddenly noticed that Matthew had unknowingly caught up with her and was currently walking right beside her.

Immediately, she halted her steps and glared between Matthew and his parked car. "Are you crazy? Why are you following me when you have a car right there?"

"My car broke down. I just called the tow company," he replied with a shrug.

A bright smile instantly appeared on Veronica's face after Matthew said that, "Ha! Serve s you right! Karma is a b*tch, eh?" she cheered in between giggles.

She laughed out loud as soon as her mood was made better, and even though her unadulterated laughter wasn't the least bit refined, it was a sound that felt truly genuine and pure.

Seeing her chortle made the corners of his sensual lips raise unconsciously as she gave him a sense of warmth like a spring breeze in a chilly winter. At that, the cold mask he had on was instantly melted and replaced by a gentle and tranquil expression.

He had his hands placed in the pockets of his suit pants as he continued to enjoy his saunter with Veronica.

Since it was the beginning of autumn, the nights were getting colder.

Veronica began to shrink herself as she felt the cold slowly getting to her. Since she had left her condominium in a hurry earlier, she was only dressed in a thin blouse

that could barely protect her from the cold.

Noticing this, Matthew swiftly removed his coat and tossed it at Veronica. "Hold that for me," he told her.

"Why should I?" she quickly argued in return as she heard his 'commanding' tone.

"Oh?" He tilted his head to look at her. "I just withdrew the case not long ago and now you're already turning against me?"

"I..." She started to retort, but she couldn't think of anything to say.

Fine, who cares? Good women don't argue with trashy men anyway. Lowering myself is such an unclassy thing to do! She calmed herself down with her thoughts.

Hit by another cold breeze, she quickly threw the coat in her hand over her shoulders. "Are you really not wearing this? I'll wear it, then. Don't you dare collect a fee from me because of this!" –

"I won't." Hearing his airily reply, Veronica sarcastically remarked, "Now, that's more like it. I see that you still have some conscience."

Instead of acknowledging her jab, he asked, "When are you going back to your hometown?"

“The day after tomorrow. Ah, no—” she said after thinking for a bit. “It is already the middle of the night now. If you count the hours, I’m going back tomorrow.”

Mythpoint was everybody’s dream destination.

Veronica, too, was once tempted by the hustle and bustle of this place, but alas, she had to face reality.

Not only was the cost of living here high, but it was also fairly fast-paced. A place that was full of deceit and mind games was not for her.

She couldn’t help but miss her parents and master who were still back at home sometimes.

Learning that Veronica was departing soon, Matthew’s face dimmed, and he turned to look at the woman walking beside him.

Strolling with the breeze suddenly felt like a rare luxury for them to find peace within the busy city.

A feeling of wanting the moment to last, too, started to creep out from a corner of his heart.

“Have you ever considered working at Spinfluence Group?” he suddenly asked.

Veronica might be going back to her hometown, but Matthew wished to leave a spot for her in the company when she decided it was time for her to head back to Bloomstead.

“Forget it.” She gave an outright rejection. “That is suicide for me. What if something were to happen at the company after I start working there? You probably will point your finger at me and claim that I sold the company or something. It will be a big mess for me to clean if you decide to send me to the police again.”