

Chapter 210 A Cat's Paw

"Oh gosh. Isn't that Young Master Matthew?"

"Hurry and take some pictures! Since when did he drive such a cheap car?"

"This is going to be in the headlines."

"Oh, I get it. It must be a branded car with a lame design."

"Yeah, that makes sense. You're clever."

...

In light of Matthew's identity, all the onlookers were racking their brains to investigate the truth behind that car. While Veronica was getting out of the car, she overheard their discussion and was annoyed.

So what if it is only worth ten thousand? Why are they judging someone for a mere means of transport? Geez!

Before she could even voice her thoughts, the reporters focused their gazes upon her. "Isn't she Veronica Murphy? The one who forced Miss Larson to abort the child."

"Oh, I know her! She's the long-lost daughter of the Larson Family!"

"They resemble each other so much, but after taking a closer look, they have different sets of eyes. Veronica has a mole on her nostrils and she has short hair."

"Could it be that Young Master Matthew called off the engagement to Tiffany because of her?!"

"What's going on?"

...

Due to their loud gossiping discussion, the newly arrived guests could not help but cast their curious gazes on Veronica. Since she felt their scorching gazes burning into her skin, it was making her annoyed. However, considering that it was Elizabeth's birthday banquet, she calmed herself down as it was untimely to cause a ruckus on such an occasion.

Someone exclaimed behind her. "Oh! Isn't that Tiffany?"

She stopped in her tracks and swiveled to see a beautiful woman in a black glittering dress. Her maroon tresses were tied up to expose her neck wearing a necklace. With the diamond tiara adorned on her hair, she literally looked like a princess from a fairy tale.

Did she just call me "Tiffany"?

"I'm sorry, but you've mistaken me as another person. I'm Veronica Murphy." Veronica introduced herself confidently.

"Oh, you're Tiffany's younger sister, right?" The woman offered a handshake out of courtesy before responding, "Nice to meet you, Veronica. I'm Ruka Dame."

Then, she glanced at Matthew. "I'm Matthew's friend. We grew up together."

Speaking of that, Veronica immediately recalled the woman's identity. The glow in Veronica's eyes dimmed instantly as she asked with an icy voice, "Is there anything I can help you with?"

Not a smidgen of compromise was shown toward Ruka's courtesy, which resulted in Ruka's hand hanging awkwardly in the air.

"Tsk ts. I expect nothing more from a brat who grew up in the village. She knows nothing about etiquette." Following behind Ruka was Reese, who was best friends with Tiffany.

After what had happened to her best friend, Reese pitied her and inherently resented Veronica.

"Her dress is decent, though. How dare a country bumpkin like her wear a Dior dress! This is the limited edition of the latest collection with a price of 800,000. Why don't you tell us where you bought the counterfeit from?" Caitlyn, who got along well with Tiffany, spouted derisive words at Veronica.

The three of them were present at the wedding that day. Veronica remembered these familiar faces as she had wandered around the hall the whole morning to handle the decoration. It was not difficult to see through their malicious intentions, though. Judging from their relationship with Tiffany, they were most probably putting Veronica in a tough position for their friend.

As Veronica brushed her hair behind her ear, she looked at the rude girl and sniggered. "Etiquette should be practiced in front of people, not b*tches."

Having said that, she turned to another girl. "You're Caitlyn, right? I don't care if you're blind, but allow me to remind you of your awful sense of fashion. Dull-skinned; short and flat-chested, yet you've chosen a white tube dress? It's so tight and small for you. Just how many pads did you shove into your chest? You should've used the money to get a boob job instead. Don't try to stand out when you're not even that attractive. Know your place or it'll backfire. Who knows? You might be the clown of the party today."

Am I just out of luck today? Why must I listen to dogs barking before even entering the gates?

"Pfft. She's sharp-tongued."

"Interesting."

"Gosh, that's nasty."

"Well, they had it coming."

...

In contrast to the busybodies who watched the unfolding drama, Caitlyn and Reese's faces turned crimson in embarrassment.

It was especially so for Caitlyn, who was completely humiliated by Veronica. Caitlyn scanned around and realized that all eyes were on her, as though they were looking at a clown.

Now that she was infuriated, she couldn't care less about Matthew's presence and ventured, "You brazen woman! No wonder Tiffany was bullied and had her engagement with Young Master Matthew called off. It must be you who seduced—"

Slap!

Not letting Caitlyn finish her words, Veronica gifted her with a slap on the face. The strong flung of strength caused her to tumble clumsily.

Click! Click! Click!

The dutiful reporters immediately took pictures of the shocking scene in the hopes of being the first to write the juicy news. However, to their dismay, Matthew swept his gaze over them dangerously.

With cold sweat swimming down their backs, the startled reporters stopped short and retreated. In the face of such a formidable aura, they did not have the audacity to take any more pictures and proceeded to delete the pictures they had taken.

"Is there evidence to support your accusation? If not, that's slandering. Miss West, I understand that your parents are pampering you with love, but no one will do the same for you when you step out into the real world. This is a lesson of mine for you. Mark my words—this is the Kings Residence. Just a slip of the tongue is enough for you to lose your life."

Since Caitlyn was Tiffany's friend, Veronica knew that Caitlyn would not favor her anyway and thus, the nasty words spouted from her mouth. However, she was quite impressed by Caitlyn's shown loyalty toward Tiffany.

That was why she decided to save Caitlyn by ending things with a slap. They were at Kings Residence and Matthew was just standing right next to her! Once Caitlyn irritated him, she—or even her whole family—would be totally doomed.

"Veronica Murphy, what do you think you're doing? How can you hit her?" Reese helped Caitlyn up. "Are you alright? Ruka, look at her. She has crossed the line."

Ruka took a glimpse of the pitiful Caitlyn before looking at Veronica. Calculative thoughts whirled her mind as she began to chide Caitlyn, "Miss Murphy is right. An accusation without evidence is mere slander. You shouldn't speak nonsense when you don't have proof."

"Who says so? Tiffany personally told me that the baby she had belonged to Young Master Matthew."