

Chapter 209 You Old Sleazeball

Although Veronica had always been the untainted beauty in Matthew's eyes, her beauty was taken to the next level as she was dressed to the nines with make-up, albeit a light one. She had him at hello just as easy as a snap of the finger.

Still, someone like her naturally radiated the aura of a royal ice queen, but only if her lips were zipped. Such an imaginary facade would instantly shatter into pieces once words escaped her mouth.

"What are you looking at, you old sleazeball? If I catch you staring at me again, I'll dig out your eyes right away!" Her gaze that was as sharp as daggers landed on him as her seething wrath overflowed.

The uncouth words jarred into his ears and caused his brows to furrow tightly. Despite the urge to teach Veronica a lesson, Matthew told himself to be patient. F*ck, why do I even like her?

The ever decorous and restrained man could not resist his internal cursing anymore. "From today onward, you're part of the Kings Family. Thus, every word and action of yours represents the whole family. You gotta behave yourself in public," he advised patiently.

"You're telling me?" Veronica snorted before turning around.

"Hold on!" He suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"What's wrong?"

"I... think it's better if you leave in the one you were wearing previously." He touched his nose as his voice had clearly become meeker than before.

Veronica's expression fell upon hearing that. "Matthew Kings, do you have a few loose screws in your brain? The one who told me to change into this dress was you, but you're telling me to change it again? Do I look like a clown to you?"

While her face was rife with anger, she prodded his chest with her finger. "Why should I listen to you, anyway? I'm not gonna change! Bite me if you want to because I don't freaking care!"

Then, she lifted the skirt of her dress before she strode toward the elevator. Matthew followed suit as he shook his head helplessly.

In the elevator, he was standing behind Veronica but she remained quiet. When they left the hotel, she prepared to get her car but he suggested, "Take this!"

"What?" Before she could even get into the car, she noticed something flying toward her and she hastily caught it. She realized that it was a key to a Ferrari car after opening her fist. Since she was dubious, she gazed at him. "What's the meaning of this? Is it from Grandma again?"

"I told you that you're one of us from now on. So, use this car for today unless you wanna tarnish our reputation." He did not even try to hide his contempt toward her new car.

The exasperated Veronica threw the car key back to him. "What? Since I'm Grandma's god-granddaughter, am I no longer Veronica Murphy? If so, I'd rather forsake the title."

Being drawn into the rich lifestyle was not part of her plans, anyway. However, with how things had transpired lately, she wished to protect herself as well as her family under the name of the Kings Family.

Still, she had her principles. If she was to be shackled with rules in order to maintain the perfect life of the finest as Elizabeth's god-granddaughter, she would rather relinquish it.

These words that were spilled at the spur of the moment consigned Matthew into a pensive contemplation. Veronica was right; a fetter would only trammel her if her life was interfered with the sole reason of becoming one of the Kings Family.

But...

As if something seeped into his mind, Matthew tested the waters. "You should know well regarding the standing our family has in Bloomstead. For Grandma's sake, are you willing to break..." Your bad habits?

His voice trailed off as he could not bring himself to finish the question.

"Why must I break anything? The rich and the poor have different ways of going about with their lives. Even if I'm Grandma's god-granddaughter, it doesn't imply that it's compulsory for me to fit into the high society. I am 'me'; the one and only 'me' in this world. I will never show concession by changing myself. Life is enough of a struggle itself. I don't wanna burden myself with such a weight," Veronica related her genuine thoughts with equanimity.

She was Veronica Murphy, someone who definitely would not change herself for others.

While clasping the car keys tightly in his hand, Matthew frowned as perturbation sat on his brows.

If you can't change her, change yourself. A voice suddenly rang in his head, as though it was reminding him.

Before that, a question had been plaguing his mind—would the Kingeses accept her with her imperfections when he married her? However, the voice had cleared the hazy air in his head within a split second.

He was the one who liked Veronica. Therefore, he should be the one endeavoring to make changes if he really intended to walk down the aisle with her one day. Not the other way round!

The epiphany elicited a smile on Matthew's face, which softened his frigid expression. "You are one principled woman."

Subsequently, he bypassed Veronica and slid into the driver seat of the ordinary, mid-range priced car. "Your keys?"

She was nonplussed by his sudden change of attitude. "Why did you get into my car?"

"Are you sure you can drive with those shoes?" he asked while pointing at her heels.

As she averted her gaze to her heels, she muttered under her breath, "Right. I can't drive with heels on."

Veronica hopped onto the passenger seat without any reluctance and buckled up before they hit the road. As she was deeply engrossed in her rumination, she stared outside the window throughout the journey. Matthew tried to strike a conversation with her a few times, but he kept silent in the end after receiving zero responses.

An hour later, they arrived at the Kings Residence. Unlike its usual atmosphere, the place was astir as the spacious parking lot was filled to the brim with luxurious cars. One would easily mistake it as a tip-top auto show.

From the roadside, the red carpet led the guests up the stairs to the vestibule where the door that was embellished with flowers and puny ornaments welcomed them to the long awaited party.

The site, which had a modern decoration, had lent a touch of luster to the aesthetic house and transformed it into a wonderland that tempted one to venture like Alice did in the movie.

The media surrounded the red carpet with their cameras that shone nonstop at the incoming guests. Everything was going on smoothly and according to plan until an ordinary car took the center stage.

"Oh my days. Who is that? Is he lost?"

"I bet its price isn't enough to buy a tire for our car."

"Did the Kings Family invite someone poor?"

"Tsk tsK tsK. Where's the security guard? They should drive the person out immediately."

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Amidst the gushing crowd, Matthew alighted from the car. The bewildered crowd stared at him agape for a moment before the silence was eventually overtaken by chaos.