

# Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1

The story began at a hospital. Veronica Murphy, a young lady of slight build, rushed to the emergency registration counter while carrying a bloodied man on her back with all her strength. She said hurriedly, "This guy needs emergency treatment! He passed out in a car accident." Veronica felt that today was really not her day. She was riding her motorcycle on her way to deliver takeouts when a Ferrari nearby got knocked off the road by a large truck running the red light.

The Ferrari was severely wrecked, its windows shattered and its trunk on fire. It might explode at any minute, and its driver was covered in blood and unconscious in his seat. Veronica had no idea what gave her the courage at the time. Without a second thought, she raced to the car and desperately pulled the guy out of it. As soon as she dragged him several meters away, she heard a loud *kaboom!*

The car exploded right away. Veronica was shaken with fright. If she had been a little bit slower, she would probably have been blown to pieces along with the guy! Just then, however, the severely injured man grasped her wrist with all his might as if clutching at straws. He mumbled in a daze, "Help me! Send me to the hospital... I'll pay you 100 million..." Veronica was stunned. *100 million? Did I just save the world's richest man by chance?* At the payment counter, the cashier asked,

"What's your name?" Just as Veronica was about to answer, the cashier looked up and saw her face, and her attitude did a one-eighty immediately. "Oh, if it isn't Tiffany Larson, our director's daughter! Please wait a moment, Miss Larson. A doctor will be arranged for you at once..." Veronica smiled bitterly at the cashier's words. Tiffany was Veronica's biological sister.

The two sisters looked exactly alike, but their lives were polar opposites of each other. Abducted as soon as she was born, Veronica changed hands several times before being sold to her current adoptive parents. A month ago, however, her adoptive parents had a car accident and were hospitalized with grave injuries and sky-high medical bills. Just then, Veronica's biological parents appeared out of nowhere, saying they could provide medical treatment for her adoptive parents on condition that she donate her bone marrow to the

Larson Family's leukemic youngest son. Not only that, but she mustn't show her face, which was the spitting image of Tiffany. Rachel Zimmerman, Veronica's biological mother, said,

"Our Tiffy isn't only accomplished in everything she does; she's also the most beautiful lady in Bloomstead. You, on the other hand, are just an ignoble country bumpkin. Tiffy's good name mustn't be ruined because of your existence." Despite the humiliation, Veronica agreed for the sake of her adoptive parents' medical treatment. Usually, she would deliberately disguise herself as an ugly woman in Bloomstead, but she didn't bother to do so tonight since she was doing food delivery late at night. However, she didn't expect to enter her biological father's hospital by mistake and be recognized. Consequently, she could only acknowledge tacitly that she was "Tiffany" and pay 5,000 in the latter's name for the guy's surgery.

After everything was done, she returned to her rented apartment wearily and took a shower. While she was doing laundry, however, she was surprised to find a black diamond ring in her pocket. *This probably fell into my pocket when that guy grabbed my shirt*, she thought. Without thinking much of it, she put the ring on the table, ready to get some shut-eye. At some point in time, there was a knock on the door outside. Veronica walked over to the door in slippers and opened it. "Are you trying to be a b\*tch, Veronica? Did you forget what I had said to you?" Tiffany, who was tall and slim, slapped Veronica across the face before the latter could say anything. "I warned you to never go around sporting my face when you first came to Bloomstead!

Do you want your adoptive parents to die?" Offended, Veronica slapped Tiffany's face in return. In order to save her adoptive parents, she had no choice but to let her biological parents give her a hard time, but she was never someone who would yield to the strong and place herself at the mercy of others. Tiffany let out a cry of pain. "How dare you hit me, Veronica?" Her cheek was slightly swollen from the slap Veronica gave her, which was much harder than the slap she had given Veronica just now. Veronica flung her hand—which ached from slapping Tiffany's face—with a slight frown between her beautifully arched eyebrows. "Just put up with it when I hit you! Do you think I'm gonna let you boss me around? I'm not your mom!" "

How dare you talk as if you're in the right, huh? You took a guy to my dad's hospital late at night for medical treatment! How am I supposed to show my face in public if word gets out about it?" Tiffany pointed at Veronica, her cheeks flushing red with rage. "If somebody hadn't told my dad about it this morning, I might've still been kept in the dark! Who knows how much more disgraceful filth you were gonna commit in my name?" "Your face? Ha!" Veronica laughed in self-mockery, her eyes full of sadness. *Such is how unfair life is. I was born with the same looks as she was, yet I'm denied the right to show my true appearance in*

*public.* Just then, Tiffany's cell phone rang. With her phone in her hand, she stepped aside to answer the phone call. As her eyes darted around, she happened to catch sight of the black diamond ring on the table.

*This diamond ring looks familiar somehow...* "What's up, Mom?" she asked. Rachel was frantic with joy on the other end of the phone; there was even a slight quaver in her voice. "Oh, my God! Darling, when did you save Young Master Matthew? How could you keep such a big deal from me? Someone from the Kings Family just came and asked to meet you a week later!" "Young Master Matthew?" Tiffany looked at the ring on the table. Then, in a moment of realization, she recalled having seen the ring in a photo of Matthew Kings, which was shared by the socialites when she joined them in a gathering before. The diamond ring was a familiar heirloom inherited by the Kings Family's heirs. Upon associating it with what Veronica had done at the hospital the night before, Tiffany instantly realized that Veronica had saved Matthew's life yesterday. It was precisely because Veronica had used her name at the hospital yesterday that the man thought it was her who had saved him.

*To think that I'd become the one who saved the life of Young Master Matthew from Mythpoint by accident! This is simply even more surprising than winning the lottery!* she thought. "Mom, I've got something to deal with at the moment. Let's talk about it later." Suppressing the ecstasy within her, she slipped the ring from the table while Veronica wasn't noticing. Then, she came up to Veronica and threatened domineeringly, "If you do that again, just wait until you collect your adoptive parents' dead bodies!" With that, she stormed off in a huff. Veronica had wanted to take a short nap when she came back in the early hours, but she didn't expect to oversleep. At this moment, she wasn't in the mood to argue with Tiffany.

After covering her face with a face mask, she rushed to the hospital to look for the guy. *A reward of 100 million! That's what I'll be getting in exchange for risking my life!* Unexpectedly, when she reached the hospital and asked about the guy, the nurse told her that he had left right after regaining consciousness the night before. Not only that, but he didn't even leave any contact information behind. "What a liar! Son of a b\*tch!" Blowing up on the spot, Veronica stamped her foot in anger.

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"That 5,000 is my living expenses for the next two months!" *As expected, men are nothing but liars!* On top of losing 5,000 bucks of living expenses for nothing, Veronica had over 100 bucks deducted from her earnings by the food delivery platform because she had failed to deliver takeouts as scheduled. She was only doing food delivery as a part-time job, and now she lost all the money she had earned by doing food delivery during her days off to the food delivery platform. Her heart was bleeding. *Still too young for the dangerous society, duh!* Over the next few days, she worked with even greater diligence every single day. Besides

doing food delivery part-time after work, she also delivered meals to her adoptive parents at the hospital. Dressed in a security guard's uniform, Veronica was sitting idly in the monitoring room at Twilight Bar with her colleague on the security team.

She complained, "How could I have possibly been eating only two meals per day this week if I hadn't saved that ungrateful b\*stard? I'm starved out." Her adoptive father had been comatose since the car accident, whereas her adoptive mother had been staying with him at the hospital every day. Even though Veronica's biological parents were paying for their medical expenses, she still had to spend a lot on daily necessities every day. As a result, she was desperately hard up after spending her last 5,000 on the guy's surgery. Cody Bowman, her colleague, asked, "I've only heard you talking about that guy, Big Ron. Don't you know what his name was or what he looked like?" "I remember what he looked like, but he was unconscious at the time. How could I know what his name—" Veronica replied, only to break off mid-sentence and point at somebody on the surveillance video all of a sudden.

"T-T-That guy! Did you see him? That's him! That was the guy!" she exclaimed with a slap on the table before standing up to walk outside. "Found you at last, you \*sshole!" "Wait a minute, Big Ron!" Cody grabbed Veronica's wrist while pointing at the man on the surveillance video in disbelief. "Are you sure it was him?" "I can recognize this jerk even if he's reduced to ashes!" Veronica turned around to leave. However, Cody stood up and blocked her path at once. "Calm down, Big Ron! That guy's Matthew Kings, the heir of the Kings Family, one of the four most distinguished families in Bloomstead. He's a cruel and ruthless man with blood on his hands. If he had wanted to repay your kindness, he could've done that with a single word.

Since he never came to you, it'd mean he's never going to pay you the money. Staying alive is important, Big Ron. It's just 5,000, right? Just take it as you've fed it to a dog." Veronica couldn't help but gasp at Cody's words. "Matthew Kings, you say?" The club where she was working was the top money-squandering establishment in Bloomstead. It was frequented by businessmen and prominent figures, so Veronica was familiar with Matthew's name. Cody's advice made a lot of sense, but Veronica couldn't resign herself to it. She waited until 1.00AM. When she saw Matthew walk out of a private room and enter the elevator, she entered the elevator after him. The first eight floors of Twilight Club were dedicated to Twilight Bar, whereas the floors above were all hotel suites. In the elevator, Veronica peeked at Matthew—who was half a head taller than her—

out of the corner of her eye. The man's body was reeking of booze, and his peerlessly handsome face was flushing with an abnormal shade of red. He seemed to be feeling dry and hot after getting drunk, his slender fingers pulling at his necktie every now and then. *Ding!* The elevator door opened on the 38th floor. The man walked out, and Veronica

followed closely behind. However, no sooner had she made a few steps than Matthew suddenly stopped in his tracks, causing the former to bump into his back right away by accident. "Ouch! You—"

The man seized her by the throat right away. He asked in a cold voice, "Who are you? Shoot!" "It hurts..." Unable to breathe, Veronica kept slapping Matthew's arm as her brain was being deprived of oxygen. "Let go of me! I... I can't breathe..." Upon hearing her voice, Matthew knitted his brows slightly and knocked off the security cap she was wearing. "You're a woman?" "Y-Yeah," Veronica replied. Since she was working at a club, she disguised herself as a man and spoke in a man's voice to avoid being groped. Few people except her manager and her colleagues in the security department knew that she was a woman. "Who sent you here? Spill it!" "I-I just wanted to—" Matthew interrupted Veronica before the latter could finish her sentence. "

You wanna be my woman?" He had noticed long ago that the security guard before him was behaving furtively, and his drink had been doped today. *I knew it. Another woman who's trying to drug me to get me to sleep with her*, he thought. Veronica almost died from being choked. *What an \*sshole who returns my kindness with ingratitude!* She swore, "F-F..." Before she could finish uttering the four-letter word, though, the man let go of her neck. Crumpling to the floor at once, Veronica placed her hands on the floor for support, gasping for breath while coughing nonstop. Only then did she notice that the entire 38th floor was occupied by private residences with silvery gray cool-colored designs that exuded luxury and poshness.

It seemed that Matthew had noticed long ago that something was wrong with her. "You know what I hate the most?" the man said while panting heavily, his eyes bloodshot. "Cough... Cough..." Veronica's throat hurt from being choked, and she merely coughed without being able to say anything. "Since you have a death wish, I'll grant it," said Matthew. Then, he grabbed her arm, dragging her into his bedroom before flinging her onto his bed effortlessly. Veronica was frightened; she was truly scared upon confronting Matthew. "Hey! W-What are you doing?" The man pulled off his necktie with one hand while pressing a button on the remote control with the other. In an instant, the bedroom curtain closed, cloaking the room in complete darkness. Then, in the darkness, he tore her clothes to shreds with a loud rip!

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 2

A ninth-degree black belt holder in Taekwondo, Veronica tried to fend Matthew off, but she couldn't hold her own against him at this very moment. "Let go of me, you \*sshole!" "How dare you play hard to get with me right now after drugging me..." "What nonsense are you talking about? I'm here... for the money!" Veronica struggled against the man, but it wasn't until her fingers touched his skin that she realized how burning hot he was. *Did he just say 'drugging'?* With the benefit of hindsight, she instantly realized what had happened, but it was too late when she got up and tried to run away. Matthew kept her from moving. In the end, annoyed by her irritating cries, he stuffed his necktie into her mouth right away. "

Shut up." That night, he forced himself on Veronica like mad, getting it on with her until Veronica passed out and came round in tears several times. Veronica cursed Matthew inwardly. *Damn it! Is this guy too strong, or is that f\*cking drug too overpowering?* ... It was already noon the next day when Veronica woke up on her own. She shifted a little in bed, only to find herself aching all over as though she had just had the living daylight beaten out of her.

Not only that, but her body felt so sticky that she almost had a meltdown. She sat up and looked all around the bedroom. Matthew was long gone; there was a set of clean clothes placed on the head of the bed. She got out of bed and took a quick shower in the bathroom. Without bothering to remove her makeup, she walked out of the bedroom, wanting to find Matthew and ask for an explanation. However, when she walked out of the bedroom, she found an unfamiliar man sitting on the living room sofa. "I'm Thomas Ritter, Young Master Matthew's personal secretary," the man said, introducing himself before Veronica spoke. Seething with anger, Veronica swore angrily, "Where's Matthew Kings, that \*sshole?"

Is he gonna deny his responsibility after having his way with me and walking away?" \*sshole? Thomas was astounded. *Those who know nothing fear nothing, huh?* Instead of arguing with her, he pointed at the box of pills on the table, saying, "My boss said you must either take the morning-after pill and get out of Bloomstead or die. Make the choice yourself, Miss Murphy." *He already knows my name! He must have done some background check,* thought Veronica. Her heart did a complete somersault. Upon feeling how ruthless and unfeeling Matthew was, she was seized with terror. In an instant, all her cockiness was gone. She pursed her lips, asking, "Uh, I-I'd like to see Matthew. I saved his life, you know?"

How could he return my kindness with ingratitude?" Upon hearing her words, Thomas sneered in contempt.

"Even I'm tired of listening to such a bad lie. Do you think my boss is gonna believe it?" "I'm telling the truth! That day—" "Miss Murphy!" Thomas ran out of patience. "You want it the hard way? Don't blame me for being unpleasant with you, then." *Ding!* Just then, the elevator door opened. At first, Veronica thought it was Matthew, but to her surprise, the one stepping out of the elevator was a silver-haired old woman who looked regal and poised from head to toe. Not only that, but she was accompanied by two servants. Thomas bowed to the old woman. "Good day, Old Mrs. Kings.

" Elizabeth Hutchinson walked in and shot Thomas a glare. "What are you doing here?" "I'm just taking care of some private affairs on Young Master Matthew's behalf, Old Mrs. Kings," Thomas answered honestly. Elizabeth pointed at the box of morning-after pills on the table. "By 'private affairs,' do you mean you want to kill the Kings Family's great-grandson?" Veronica was stunned. *What? Great-grandson?* When she followed Elizabeth's gaze and saw the box of pills, she couldn't help wondering if the "great-grandson" Elizabeth referred to was the... *Wait, she's referring to what that \*sshole left inside me yesterday, right?* "This is what he wanted." "Hmph! Tell that brat to come to me if he has questions."

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 3

Elizabeth turned around, her severe expression instantly easing into a benign smile as she walked up to Veronica. "You're Veronica?" Veronica disliked Matthew, and she felt nothing toward Elizabeth. Still, she asked out of courtesy, "What can I do for you, madam?" Elizabeth's smile broadened into a cheerful grin at the word 'madam.' "Your looks are average, but you've got quite a smooth tongue." Veronica was born with fair skin, so she made a special effort to black her skin, thicken her eyebrows with makeup, and add a lot of freckles to her face. As a result, she did look quite plain at first glance. Elizabeth took Veronica's hand affectionately, saying, "Young lady, I'm old, and I just want to have a great-grandson. I've looked into your background,

so I know your parents are being hospitalized. You're a nice kid who works part-time after work to earn money to support your family. As long as you're willing to bear a child for our family, I'll agree to whatever terms you wish." Veronica's eyes widened; she shook off Elizabeth's hand as if she had gotten an electric shock. "No, no, no, madam. I know you want to have a great-grandson, but this is a family matter for you guys. I've got absolutely nothing to do with it." *Are you kidding me? This is a bit too hasty. Don't tell me I'm gonna have to bear a child for the Kings Family just because I have slept with Matthew. What does that make of me, huh?* Meanwhile, Tiffany arrived at Hilton Restaurant, but it wasn't until half an hour after she arrived that Matthew turned up. "Sorry for keeping you waiting." Matthew walked in, dressed in a black shirt paired with a silvery-gray and white striped suit. With his matchless good-looking features, he oozed seductive charm with only a slight curl of his thin lips, causing

Tiffany's heart to go pit-a-pat and her eyes to glaze over slightly. Tiffany had seen Matthew on TV before. At this very moment, however, she felt that the broad-shouldered and slender man before her was exuding the regal air of a noble prince through his every pore while giving off a chilly vibe that would keep any strangers away. Restraining herself despite her fluttering heart, she stood up and nodded gently out of courtesy. "It's okay, Young Master Matthew. You're punctual; I'm the one who was early." Sitting across the table from Tiffany, Matthew shot a glance at her before withdrawing his gaze. "What would you like to eat?" Tiffany had little makeup on today and was wearing the latest dress from Dior, paired with Gucci's limited-edition earrings and necklace. She looked very gorgeous, but Matthew, who was already used to seeing all kinds of beautiful women, found such "materialistic" beauty vulgar. "Feel free to order whatever you please, Young Master Matthew.

I'm fine with anything." "Uh-huh." Matthew pressed the call button on the table. A waiter immediately entered the private room, upon which Matthew ordered two servings of the restaurant's most expensive lunch set and a bottle of red wine. Sitting cross-legged with his back leaning against his chair, he fixed Tiffany with a piercing stare, asking, "Since you're the daughter of the Floch Group's owner, why were you in the suburbs that day?" He had done a background check on Tiffany and learned about her family background after returning to his office. Tiffany's heart clenched at once. Clenching her fists uneasily with a bitter smile, she replied, "To tell you the truth, I was doing food delivery because my dad wanted me to see the world. He wanted to see whether I can bear hardships to decide whether or not I can take over his company."

She already had these words down pat long ago. Back when Matthew asked to meet her a week later, she had told her parents about the whole situation. Having expected Matthew to



ask such a question, they went out of their way to learn about where the car accident had happened and what Veronica had done by having someone check the surveillance footage of Veronica sending Matthew to the hospital the other day. In order to avoid arousing the man's suspicion, Tiffany really did food delivery for a week, not to mention how many grievances she had suffered during that time. Matthew quite agreed with Floch Larson's approach. "Your dad's idea is pretty nice. It's a good thing to see the world." "Yeah, I think what my dad did is great too." "Give me your bank account number. I'll have the finance department wire 100 million to you tomorrow." Tiffany didn't understand what Matthew meant by talking about money all of a sudden. "What?" "You risked your life to save me that day. The money's your compensation."

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 4

"N-No, it's not necessary." The reward of 100 million was tempting, of course, but it was Matthew that Tiffany really had her eye on. She shook her head with a gentle smile, saying, "Even if it was someone else who was in danger that day, I would've saved them as well. And besides, no one would just watch from the sidelines and do nothing in that kind of situation." Matthew replied, "If you don't want the compensation, you can tell your father to contact my personal secretary directly. I'll give preference to the Floch Group when it comes to my company's projects." The Floch Group was the company owned by Tiffany's father. A polite smile crossed Tiffany's pretty, lightly made-up face. "Thanks for your kindness, Young Master Matthew, but it really isn't necessary."

As soon as she finished her sentence, however, Matthew's cell phone suddenly rang. "Excuse me, I've got a call to answer." He picked up the phone and noticed that it was an incoming call from Thomas, his personal secretary. He asked, "What's the matter?" "Sorry for my incompetence, Young Master Matthew. I didn't get to do what you'd asked of me. Old Mrs. Kings has taken Miss Murphy back to the Kings Residence," replied Thomas, who then told Matthew everything that had happened over the phone. "Why would Grandma be there all of a sudden?" "I don't know about that either." Thomas also wondered how come Elizabeth would be so well-informed. At the thought of this, he immediately added, "But judging from what she said, it seems like she wants you to marry Miss Murphy." Matthew frowned slightly at Thomas' words. He replied coldly, "That's wishful thinking." Then, he hung up and stared thoughtfully at his phone's screen. On the other hand, Tiffany couldn't

stop her heart from beating fast at the sight of Matthew's handsome face as she sat across from him. It took forever to calm her fluttering heart. Before she came here,

Rachel had reminded her again and again to play hard to get with Matthew to arouse the man's interest. Keeping Rachel's advice in mind, she took the opportunity and said, "Young Master Matthew, I'm pleased to see that you're safe and sound." "Pleased?" "Yeah." Tiffany nodded slightly while acting like an innocent and naive young lady. "Actually, whenever I help somebody, I'll feel a little pleased." She sounded as though she liked helping people and had done so many times. In Bloomstead's upper-class circle, Tiffany was the No. 1 beauty commended by everyone for both her beauty and her talent. Even though the Larson Family was ranked at the bottom of the list of top businessmen and prominent figures in Bloomstead,

Tiffany's own charisma had brought a lot of business to the family. Just then, the waiter knocked on the door and began to serve the food. Tiffany said, "Let's dig in, Young Master Matthew. I'm really sorry, but I've got to go to the orphanage on the outskirts at 1:30PM. If I'm late, the kids there will be upset." God only knew that in order to build a wonderful image for Tiffany, her parents didn't only force her into learning miscellaneous things at an early age but also had her do more charity work to create a perfect image for herself. This time, though, Tiffany only said she was going to the orphanage in order to show Matthew her "virtues" while playing hard to get. Undeniably, Tiffany was a "fine" lady, but Matthew couldn't help feeling that the woman before him wasn't as simple as she seemed. Suddenly recalling what Thomas had said just now, he asked right away,

"Miss Larson, since you're so interested in helping others, I wonder if you can do me another favor." "Huh? What is it?" "Could you pose as my girlfriend?" "Girlfriend?" Tiffany's heart thumped wildly; she was overwhelmed by the unexpected surprise. *Seems like Mom's advice of playing hard to get really works!* Swallowing a mouthful of saliva, she held her spoon and fork with fair hands for a few seconds before putting them down. Then, she asked a little crossly, "

What do you mean, Young Master Matthew?" Matthew replied, "My family has arranged a marriage for me, but I don't like it, so I'd like to have you pose as my girlfriend for a while. You may ask for whatever you want when it's done." "Why me?" Tiffany asked with feigned composure while suppressing her excitement. The man cast a sidelong glance at her indifferently. "You can turn me down too," he said impassively. "I..." Tiffany hesitated. In the end, she couldn't hold herself back. "Well, now that you've said so, Young Master Matthew, how can I turn you down?" She dreamed of becoming Matthew's wife.

Now that she had an opportunity to stand beside him, she feared that she wouldn't have another opportunity if she turned him down. Unbeknownst to her, the instant she agreed to Matthew's request, the man's thin lips curved up into a barely noticeable smirk. *As expected, she's no different from those women who have thrown themselves at me*, he thought. He even wondered whether Tiffany saving him that day was a sheer coincidence or a meticulously planned scheme.

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 5

In the living room of the Kings Residence, Veronica, who had been forcibly brought here, made up an excuse in an attempt to leave. "It's getting late, madam. I've got to go to the hospital to deliver meals to my parents." However, Elizabeth replied kindly, "I've sent someone to get your parents transferred to the Kings Family's private hospital. They'll be taken care of by professionals, so you may rest assured." Upon hearing her words, Veronica jumped to her feet with a deep frown. She asked, "

Madam, by having my parents transferred to another hospital without my permission, are you trying to use coercion against me?" "What nonsense are you thinking about, young lady?" Instead of getting enraged by Veronica's question, Elizabeth laughed. "Speaking of it, it's fate that brought you and my grandson together. You also know that Matthew—that rascal—never had a woman around him despite his age. So, I could only resort to unscrupulous means by drugging him. At first, I wanted to bring him and the Spencer Family's daughter together, but who would've known that he ended up sleeping with you instead? Luckily, you're not bad either." Upon listening to her words, Veronica finally realized why Matthew got drugged.

*Turns out that I was thrown together with that jerk by a cruel twist of fate!* "I—" Just as she was about to speak, a silver-haired old butler came in. "Young Master Matthew's here, Old Madam." "Tell that brat to get in." "Yes, Old Madam." The butler turned around and left. Matthew came in right afterward. Dressed in a silvery-gray suit, he looked straight at Veronica before turning his gaze to Elizabeth. "Grandma." "I thought you wouldn't come back anymore," Elizabeth mocked grumpily. Then, she pointed at Veronica, saying, "Well, you're here just in time. Let me introduce someone to you—" Matthew interrupted Elizabeth

before the latter could finish her sentence. "That can wait, Grandma. Let me introduce my girlfriend to you first." Stunned, Elizabeth seemed quite surprised. "Girlfriend?" Veronica was even more astounded. God only knew how aggrieved she felt deep down. If Elizabeth had known more about her grandson, she wouldn't have lost her chastity! "Come in," Matthew said to someone outside the door. Everyone immediately focused their gaze on the outside before they saw a woman dressed in a waisted aqua blue pleated dress coming in on high heels with her head down. *Why does this woman's figure look so familiar?* thought Veronica.

"This is my girlfriend, Tiffany," said Matthew as he introduced Tiffany to Elizabeth. Upon hearing Tiffany's name, Veronica was immediately stunned. While Veronica was staring at Tiffany, the latter also looked up at her. As their gazes met, the sisters could hardly conceal the surprise in their eyes, and they had the same doubts in mind. *Why her? Why is she here?* On the other hand, Elizabeth, who was older and thus much more perceptive, hit the nail on the head by asking, "Isn't she Tiffany Larson, the Larson Family's gifted daughter who's famous in Bloomstead for her beauty and talent? How did you get her to pose as your girlfriend?" "Nice to meet you, Old Mrs. Kings." Tiffany greeted Elizabeth politely. "I had a car accident a week ago, and Tiffany was the one who saved me. When she got me out of the car, I gave her the ring that was handed down in our family. You should know what this ring means, Grandma," Matthew said while raising his left hand to show the ring he was wearing.

Looking at the black diamond ring, Veronica instantly recalled what had happened. *No wonder there was a ring in my pocket after I saved Matthew that day! Turns out that he put it in my pocket when I saved him,* she thought. However, the ring went missing after Tiffany popped up the next day, and she wondered at the time where the ring had gone. At the moment, it seemed that Tiffany had stolen it, having known long ago that the ring belonged to Matthew! Veronica stood up. "That ring was—" "Why are you here, Veronica? I didn't expect to meet you here." Tiffany instinctively interrupted Veronica. Suppressing the shock within her, she held Matthew's wrist and said, "Veronica, he's the guy I told you about—

the guy that I risked my life saving." Then, she introduced Veronica to Matthew, saying, "Matthew, she's Veronica, a friend I got acquainted with while doing food delivery to experience life." Veronica was really disgusted by Tiffany's brazen-faced lies. There was even a moment when she wanted to speak out and unmask the lady's nauseatingly hypocritical and ugly nature, but she decided against it on second thoughts. The only thing that could prove that Veronica had saved Matthew's life was the ring, the name she had used at the hospital, and the surveillance footage.

However, the fact that Tiffany managed to steal the ring without anyone noticing and deceive Matthew meant that she must have checked the surveillance footage and been fully prepared. In other words, the surveillance footage might've been destroyed by the Larsons long ago. If she were to step forward and accuse Tiffany at this moment, even if she were to remove her makeup, she would probably have no evidence to prove that she had saved Matthew's life. Rather than getting herself in trouble, she'd better wait and see what was going to happen. Matthew sized Veronica up with narrow, piercing eyes that grew more and more fathomless. "Is that so?" Tiffany said, "What a coincidence,

Veronica! I didn't expect to meet you here. Do you know Matthew too?" She remembered Matthew telling her that his family had arranged a marriage for him. *Could Veronica be the woman that Old Mrs. Kings is trying to fix him up with? But how did she get to know the Kingses?* Tiffany was on tenterhooks deep down. Veronica didn't bother to answer Tiffany, who was addicted to acting. Instead, she said to Elizabeth, "Madam, since Young Master Matthew already has a girlfriend, I've got no reason to be here anymore. I'm going back first." She was sounding Elizabeth out to plan her next move.

She had to be cautious against Matthew, who was powerful and ruthless, and the Larsons, who would threaten her at every moment using her adoptive parents. Seeing that Veronica was turning around to leave, Elizabeth stood up and grabbed her hand. "Calm down, young lady! Sit down first." She sat Veronica down in the chair. Then, she barked at Matthew, "Come with me, you rascal!" "Yes, Grandma." With that, Matthew followed Elizabeth into the inner room without forgetting to throw Veronica a meaningful look. With a squeak, the door to the inner room closed. Tiffany couldn't hold back her anger any longer. Stepping quickly toward Veronica, she uttered under her breath, "Veronica, you b—" *Slap! Slap!* Veronica boxed Tiffany's ears twice before the latter could finish her sentence. "What else do you know besides calling me a b\*tch? Oh, right, you know how to be a goody-two-shoes by taking credit away from others. Am I right, sis?"