

# Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 11

Seeing Thomas, Veronica couldn't help but feel nervous and a little scared as she had yet to forget that she flooded Matthew's apartment a few hours ago. "Haha. What a coincidence, Mr. Ritter." She greeted Thomas with an amiable smile, already having pulled out her phone and speedily looking for Elizabeth's number before sending her a text. Right after she sent the text, Thomas swiftly snatched her phone away. "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Ritter?" Veronica pretended to be infuriated. Without even glancing at her phone, Thomas handed it to a bodyguard behind him before inviting her with a straight face

. "Please, Miss Murphy." With that, he led Veronica away. When the sedan's door opened, Veronica bent her back and got into the vehicle, only to see an intimidating man inside resting with his eyes shut. The sight of him left her heart palpitating. Nervous, she gulped down her saliva and forced a gratifying smile. "I heard you were looking for me... Young Master Matthew." The man slightly turned his head toward her as he slowly opened his eyes, revealing his sharp gaze.

"So how do you want to die?" He blurted those words with a tone as serene as a sunny day. In Veronica's ears, however, those words were the execution order of a dictator. "Hehe. Of old age, of course." Despite the beam on her face, inwardly, she was cursing and swearing at him. As the man rested his crossed hands on his abdomen, he tapped his slender finger on the back of his hand, loudly ordering, "Start the car, Thomas." "Wait what? W-Where are we going?" Veronica panicked. When she barely voiced the question, Thomas had already gotten into the car and started the sedan. Matthew once again

shut his eyes without speaking any further. Helpless, she turned to Thomas. "Where are we heading to, Mr. Ritter?" "The hospital." "The hospital?" Veronica's face blanched as her heart thumped rapidly. When she recalled that Matthew said he would remove her womb, her fear grew more intense. All these years, she never had truly feared anyone, but right at that moment, she couldn't help but admit that Matthew terrorized her. *This is it. I'm done for.* Hopeless, Veronica lay against the back of her seat, having not the slightest energy to shake off the problem she was facing. All she could do now was to wait for Elizabeth's call. *Ring, ring, ring!* A ringtone thundered through the car. Seeing as Matthew picked up the phone,

Veronica was pleasantly surprised. Hastily, she tilted her body toward the phone and saw it was indeed a call from Elizabeth. "Help me, madam! Matthew's gonna remove my wo—" She attempted to scream for help into the phone, but before she could finish her words, the man gripped her neck and covered her mouth. "Zip it if you want to live." Matthew shot her a piercing gaze with murderous intent surging in his eyes, to which Veronica obediently nodded. Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had called, she no longer had to be afraid. "What is it, Grandma?" Paying attention to the phone call, Matthew inquired. "

Where are you, brat? Where are you bringing Veronica?" Matthew remained silent for a while. "Say something, will you? I'll have you know that if anything happens to her, I'll kill myself!" "Grandma, she's no one important." "Doesn't matter. What matters is the child inside her! How long do you think this old woman has left? I merely want a grandchild to hold. No one here asked for a marriage!" "And why do you think she has the right to enter the Kings Family?" "You don't have to marry her, but I want the baby." "We have yet to know whether there's a child." "Then, wait. Get her checked in two months.

But if you dare lay a finger on her before that, I'll smash my head against the wall and go see your grandpa!" Matthew was rendered speechless. "Pass the phone to Veronica," Elizabeth instructed. Reluctant, the man frowned as he tightened his phone-holding hand. *What drug did this b\*tch give Grandma?* After a moment of hesitation, he loosened his hand on Veronica and put the phone on speakerphone before handing it to her. "Veronica?" Elizabeth yelled. As Veronica wiped her mouth with her sleeve that was touched by the man, the anger on her face turned into a subtle grin. "Madam?"

"Oh, Veronica. What did they do to you?" Veronica turned to Matthew with a boastful look and lifted her brows as if she had won the fight. Shortly after, she withdrew her grin and started wailing. "Boohoo! Madam, Matthew said he was going to bring me to the hospital to remove my womb. Boohoo! I'm so scared, madam!" Seeing the instantaneous change of facial expression that was even more adept than that of an elite actress, Matthew squinted his eyes, feeling even more vexed. If it weren't for Elizabeth's order, he would have strangled the woman before him to death. "Aww, don't cry... Don't you worry now. I've already taught him a lesson. He won't bully you ever again, okay?" "Okay, I trust you, madam. B-But..."

"But what?" "Matthew... He confiscated my phone." "Argh, that brat! He's really growing bold. It's okay, Veronica. Stop crying, okay? Tell me if he dares pull anything stupid next time, alright?" Although Elizabeth had only spent three days with Veronica, she couldn't help but be impressed by her wit and intelligence as well as her diligence. She would have been the perfect girl. Sadly, her only flaw was her ordinary, perhaps not-so-appealing appearance. Personally,

Elizabeth didn't think that she was hideous. In fact, she thought Veronica was a suitable acquaintance to live her life with. Unfortunately, her appearance wasn't able to charm Matthew's heart, which in turn became an obstacle to their marriage. "Got it. Thank you, madam." "Anytime. Can you pass the phone to Matthew now?" "Mhm!" After humming a response, Veronica returned the phone to Matthew. He then turned off the speakerphone and put the phone at his ear.

"Grandma?" "Oh, here I thought you'd forgotten I was your grandma. How bold have you grown, huh? So bold you'd even disobey my words? So bold you're sending Veronica to the hospital to have her uterus removed? Who do you think you are, God?" Elizabeth furiously continued, "Return the phone back to Veronica right now! I'll be video-calling her every day from now on. If I were to sense a hint of unhappiness within her, you can start preparing a funeral!" "Grand—" *Beep, beep...* Before Matthew could say anything more, Elizabeth already hung up. Tilted, he clutched the phone so hard his fingers cracked. He was clearly outraged, so outraged that it could match the extent of the most wrathful storm. Meanwhile, Veronica was observing

him, assiduously studying his every gesture. Seeing him so irate, she immediately knew that Elizabeth must have warned him not to torment her any longer. Realizing that, she felt utterly relieved. "Return her phone." "Yes, Young Master Matthew." As Thomas was driving, he pulled out Veronica's phone and gave it back to her. "Thank you." She thanked the assistant. Right when she grabbed her phone, it instantly rang, and the caller ID was 'Madam Elizabeth.' As she looked at the number on her phone, Matthew, too, had noticed it.

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 12

Veronica answered the call and listened to the old woman's warm words. Elizabeth told her that if something were to happen to her, she should give her a call. Elizabeth then hung up after she heard a yes from Veronica. "Stop the car!" Veronica shouted after ending the call. Glaring at her, Matthew reached out his hand and grabbed her by her jaw before turning her face toward himself. "What? Think you're somebody now just because you have Grandma's support?"

"It's not that." She shoved his hand away and dropped her gratifying act. "Although you're rich and good-looking, Matthew, not every woman is dying to be married to you, so you don't have to be so smug all the time. What happened this time was just an accident. I understand that you don't want me to be pregnant, but I don't have the desire to bear your child as well. Two months later, I'll go get checked in the hospital, and you can have

Thomas follow me. If the results state that I'm pregnant, we can opt for an abortion then, cutting off any connection there is between us." Seeing her serious attitude, Matthew revealed a grin. "You think I'd buy that?" After all, how could he trust a slippery, Oscar-worthy woman like her? "It's all up to you, but that's the best choice, isn't it?" Veronica confidently smiled. Her bright smile somewhat disgusted Matthew. "Stop the car!" With that, the sedan stopped.

Veronica politely bid her farewell. "Goodbye." Having said that, she pushed the car door open before slamming it shut and departing. Her forceful slam left the car swinging. Meanwhile, inside the car was Matthew rubbing his forehead, perturbed by how troublesome Veronica was. "Pay close attention to her phone calls and have someone to keep an eye on her." "Yes, Young Master Matthew," Thomas replied without questioning his boss. Having worked for Matthew for many years, he was well aware of how he thought. He understood that Matthew was worried Veronica might look for another man or seek any kind of measure to impregnate herself within the following two months. ... And so, for one and a half months,

Veronica never bumped into Matthew. She had returned to her previous life—working as a security guard at Twilight Club during the night and doing takeout deliveries in her spare time during the day. Other than that, she would send lunch over to her foster mother at the hospital. Her foster father, on the other hand, remained unconscious. One day, as she was delivering takeouts to her customers, she received a phone call from the private investigator.

"Miss Murphy, I've found the negligent driver," the investigator claimed. Since the negligent driver succeeded in escaping the accident involving her foster parents, plus the fact that, after the investigation, the vehicle was discovered to be a legally scrapped car, the negligent driver was nowhere to be found. Nonetheless, the private investigator was able to come up with a way to locate the car, and obtain the blood inside it to run a DNA test. Eventually,

he discovered that the negligent driver was in fact a criminal. Receiving the news, Veronica was even more convinced that the Larsons had bribed the police officer responsible for the

case. Otherwise, how could the police force fail to come to a finding? "Where is the man?" "I'll arrive at Bloomstead in two hours. I'll contact you again by then." "Great. Thanks." After hanging up her phone, Veronica muttered, "Dad, Mom, I'm getting closer to the truth! I'll make sure the people who

hurt you pay for it!" In the meantime, in the Larson Residence, Rachel received a call. After ending the call, she nervously stared at Floch and Tiffany who were sitting on the couch, anxiously stating, "A private investigator hired by Veronica found the driver in the accident. Do you think she has figured out that we were behind it?" "What? How did Veronica find him? Didn't you say we recruited someone trustable?" Tiffany visibly panicked. As the matter would affect the Larson Family's reputation, she couldn't just stay out of it, fearing that it would tremendously hurt the family's name.

Then, Floch revealed a glum look. "Tiffy only began to get closer with Young Master Matthew recently. We can't let Veronica work out that we were involved in the accident. Or else, we can no longer dwell in this city." Rachel replied, "Indeed. That's what I'm worried about." Floch pondered with a glower. "Now that Veronica's investigator has found the driver, if we wish to keep this buried, the driver will have to die." Rachel then questioned, "What if Veronica already

knows about it?" "Then she shall die too! As long as she lives, us Larsons can never find peace!" Tiffany's face was filled with apathy along with traces of malice. Feeling helpless, Rachel and Floch peered at each other. Although Tiffany's suggestion was an overkill, if Veronica found out about the truth, she would definitely inform Elizabeth about it. By then, they could forget about establishing a connection with the Kingses. "Fine, I'll come up with something."

Unable to sit still, Floch stood up and left. Two hours later, Veronica received another call from her private investigator on her way home from delivering takeouts. "Are you in Bloomstead already? Where should I look for you?" She couldn't suppress her feelings and was obviously agitated. "Greetings, Miss Murphy. I'm Ash, the private investigator's assistant. I was told to relay to you that my boss has decided to terminate your recruitment." "What? I've given

you a total of 80,000, and now you're saying you're going to call it quits?" Veronica was infuriated. "The private investigator responsible for your investigation was violently beaten up by a gang of men on the way to Bloomstead, and the negligent driver was taken away. My colleague is in a critical condition and is now in the ICU." "How can that be? Where's the investigator now? I'll go have a look..." "There's no need for that. Farewell."

Finished, the person on the other side of the phone hung up. In that instant, Veronica was thoroughly baffled. She stopped her scooter under a tree by the road. The sky was covered in gray clouds. Suddenly, the thunder roared and a downpour quickly followed. The raindrops fell on her helmet while she remained stationary, sitting on her scooter. Larsons... It's another ruthless move pulled by the Larsons! Veronica was utterly enraged, though there was still fear for the Larson Family within her. After sitting idly by the road for a long time, she suddenly sprung up from her seat.

As she was about to leave, her vision started to darken, and she collapsed. Later, in the hospital, the unconscious Veronica was apparently sent to the hospital by Matthew's man who was monitoring her. After some time, she finally regained consciousness. Swiftly, she opened her eyes, only to find herself waking up in the hospital while beside her was a nurse changing her IV liquid. She raised her hand and rubbed her drowsy head, asking the nurse,

"W-Why am I here?" After changing the IV liquid pack, the nurse replied, "You're pregnant, and you weren't getting enough rest, which caused you to faint." "What? I-I'm... pregnant? No way. I even had my period two days ago." Veronica shook her head rapidly. Matthew and I only did it a couple of times that night, and he managed to hit the jackpot? Isn't that... too easy? "What? That's a threatened miscarriage, which is why you lost some blood. You're a grown woman, yet you can't tell if you're pregnant?" "T-Threatened miscarriage?" The news stormed into Veronica's head, leaving her immensely dazed. All of a sudden, the ward door opened, and Matthew, who she hadn't seen for more than a month, appeared in her vision.

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 13

The man was donning a black shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his forearms. With his hands tucked in the pockets of his slacks, he somehow appeared noble as if God had descended onto the mortal's realms. Without even a hint of sympathy on his face, he strode toward Veronica. As he halted his steps, he raised his hand, to which Thomas, who was behind him, handed him the test results. Immediately, Matthew threw the results right onto Veronica's face.

*Whoosh!* A stack of paper hit her face and flew in the air before landing on the bed sheets. Annoyed, Veronica glared at Matthew and took a look at the test results, which obviously stated that she was positive with pregnancy. "Haha." For some reason, she felt a numbing sensation in her head as her eyes reddened. She had gone through so much trouble to get close to the truth behind her foster parents' accident, only for the private investigator to end up getting heavily assaulted and the negligent driver escaping to anonymity. She was pregnant, but the child would soon be aborted. *That's just life, isn't it?*

*No matter how unfair it is, it's just life, right?* "What are you laughing at?" Disaffected, Matthew scowled. She then sniffled and concealed the agony she was going through before smilingly tossing the test results on the table. She then took a look at her watch. "It's 1PM. Arrange the surgery now. That way, my night shift won't get affected." Matthew squinted his eyes. He assumed Veronica would beg to keep the child, but her reaction was totally out of his expectation.

However, the man hadn't the slightest hesitation. "Thomas, notify the doctors to prepare the surgery." Having said that, he turned around and exited the ward. He didn't say a thing more, as if the hatred he had for her was flowing in his blood. Shortly after, a nurse came in and transferred Veronica to the operating room. While Veronica was still stunned, she got up and walked into the operating room, where two gynecologists were present. Looking at the apparatuses and devices

placed beside the operating table, she could already feel the incoming pain. Subconsciously, she touched her abdomen as she felt the reluctance in her heart. If the child wasn't Matthew's, she would have kept it for sure. Unfortunately, Matthew wouldn't keep it. "Well, get on!" the female doctor in a white coat and a mask icily commanded. Stupefied by her attitude, Veronica turned around to look outside the operating room, but Matthew was nowhere to be found. *Isn't he just so lovable?* A lifeform had just come into existence within her, but he couldn't care less to ruin what could have been an

actual human being. In that instant, her desire for power grew stronger. Only with power could she protect the one she loved, unlike now, where she was constantly oppressed by enemies without the capability to resist. As she lay on the operating table, the doctor injected her. Soon, she fell unconscious. At that moment, Matthew came to the outside of the operating room. Seeing his arrival, the doctors quickly went up to him. "She did not resist and has now fallen asleep, Young Master Matthew." They implied that Veronica was willing to undergo the surgery. "Give her the prepared 'medicines' when



she wakes up. You know what to do next." When Matthew mentioned "medicines," he merely meant anti-abortifacients. "Yes, Young Master Matthew." The doctors nodded. Matthew then took an icy, deep glance at Veronica before turning around to leave. Behind him was Thomas, who was clearly confused. "Young Master Matthew, since you're keeping the child, why don't you want her to know about it?" "If such an insatiable woman like her knows that I'm keeping the baby,

she would only ask for more. So instead, I decided to hide it from her." Despite saying that, Matthew was only testing Veronica to see whether she would keep her word and submit to the abortion after finding out she was pregnant. Nevertheless, he was ultimately proven wrong. "But she's bound to have morning sickness. She'll eventually know." "That's why this will be a period of trial." As Matthew was speaking, he stopped walking and turned to Thomas. "Inform the club to

allow her to get off work at twelve." "But she's working part-time delivering takeouts every day. Won't she continue doing that if she were to get off early?" Thomas reminded out of concern. After all, Veronica showed signs of miscarriage. Matthew subtly smirked. "Then that's only going according to plan, no?" Since his grandmother explicitly disallowed him from laying a finger on her, an accidental miscarriage that was caused by herself wouldn't affect him in the slightest. ... Roughly half an hour later, Veronica woke up. Still drowsy, she looked at the hanging pack of IV liquid and inquired the nurse beside her,

"Is the surgery over?" "The surgery is over, but you'll need to return for a week for your anti-inflammatory. After one month, you need to return for another checkup." The nurse explained with an earnest look before sternly advising, "You've gone through an abortion, so do remember to stay on bed for three days, and no heavy work for two weeks. Smoking and consuming alcohol is strictly forbidden or you'll have a puerperal fever, which may take away your capability to get pregnant again for the rest of your life." Truth be told, the "anti-inflammatory" was merely an excuse for her to visit the hospital

regularly to take in some anti-abortifacient. "It's that serious, huh. Okay, then. I'll be careful." Veronica nodded. If she were to get barren at such a young age, surely no men would want her in the future. After calming herself down, she put her hand on her stomach as grief surged in her heart. It was her first child, and it was gone just like that. After having taken her IV liquid, Veronica got up to stretch her limbs and was surprised by how relaxed her body was. It was as if she didn't undergo the surgery at all. "Nurse, why don't I feel a thing at all, after the surgery?" Hearing that, the nurse deliberately

avoided eye contact and responded with an awkward smile. "Surgical abortions are minor operations. Although you don't feel any pain or itch, you should still get enough rest."



Finished, she handed Veronica a bag of medicines. "These are all you have to take. Instructions are written on them." "Alright. Thank you." After returning to her rented apartment, Veronica applied for a three-day leave from the club, to which the manager readily approved, and she couldn't help but feel grateful. "That was easy. What a nice manager." Back then, she applied for a three-day leave to stay at the Kings

Powered by Hooligan Media

Residence, and it was easily approved. Now, she requested for another three-day leave, and her manager quickly granted it without any question. During her three-days rest at home, she would consistently send food to her foster mother in the hospital every day. She would even take her out for a walk to feel the sunkiss and give her unconscious foster father a massage. Other than that, she visited the hospital to take her "anti-inflammatory." The rest of the time was spent resting at home, and she wouldn't even dare to deliver takeouts. As such, all she did at home these days was swiping her phone. At that moment, she received a notification from the news application, titled 'Horrendous Body of Wanted Criminal Found at

Dock of Bloomstead.' Reading the headline, she curiously pressed on it. In the attached photo of the article was a censored corpse, and beside it was the criminal's previous mugshot. "This man... He looks so familiar," she mumbled. All of a sudden, her eyes shot wide open as she immediately looked for the photos the private investigator sent to her a few days ago. She then compared the photo she received with the photo on the news. Dumbfounded at a realization, she sprung up from her seat. "It's really him!" The dead man reported on the news was the driver who crashed into her foster parents' car, the exact man who was rescued from the private investigator's very hands!

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 14

Other than the Larsons, Veronica couldn't think of anyone else who would willingly save a murderer. But who would have imagined that the driver they rescued would end up silenced and dead? Veronica should have already known that silencing a potential witness would be the best choice possible, considering the Larsons' poisonous tendencies. Now, she was done for. Not only had she lost her last lead, but the Larsons were also made aware of her investigation into the murderer.

If the Larsons were to find out that Veronica already knew the truth, would she be the next one to die? This sudden piece of news made her heart pound madly, unable to calm down. Despite everything coming her way, all she could do was quietly put up with it. She certainly could not allow her adoptive parents to know. After her three-day break was up, Veronica returned to work. In order to not alert the Larsons, the only other thing Veronica did other than work was visit her adoptive mother in the hospital. She did her best not to show up in front of the Larsons. At the same time, she stuck closely

to her “doctor’s orders”—for the next month, she was not allowed to consume any alcohol, and she was to get sufficient rest. Meanwhile, she secretly spent a huge sum of money to find another private detective agency to discreetly look into her adoptive parents’ car accident. Just like that, a month slipped by. Veronica took some time out of her schedule to go to the hospital for a “checkup.” The results showed that she was in good health. After Veronica left the hospital, Matthew received a call from the hospital. “Young Master Matthews, Miss Murphy has already undergone an ultrasound.

The fetus is over two months-old and is developing well.” “Didn’t she show signs of a miscarriage? She’s been delivering takeout every day recently; won’t it have an effect on her?” Matthew asked. “Miss Murphy was raised in a farming village. She is fit; she isn’t as frail as the average expecting mother.” “Got it.” He had initially thought that Veronica’s daily traveling would affect the baby growing in her belly, but to his surprise, it was the opposite of what he thought. As night fell, people began to congregate at the Twilight Club. All these young men and women, rendered exhausted by the tedium and monotony at work, indulged themselves with alcohol under the neon lights. They danced and writhed on the dance floor, or slumped at the counter of the bar, passed out in a dead sleep. Veronica couldn’t stop herself from wondering about the what-ifs at this sight: if the Larsons hadn’t deliberately hurt her adoptive parents, she would most likely have gone back to her hometown and opened a bar with the money she had. Or maybe she would open a grocery store and live a quiet and simple life. Sometime past ten when

Veronica skulked in a corner for a moment of quiet, her walkie-talkie buzzed to life. “Come in, Big Ron. Head to the men’s washroom, quick.” “The men’s washroom? Cut it out. Why should I go there when I’m a woman?” Veronica answered through her walkie-talkie in disgruntlement. “Oh come on, Big Ron, just come over. Young Master Xavier was the one who asked for you. Gave your name and all that. Relax, there’s no one here in the men’s washroom,” Cody said, knowing about Veronica’s concerns. “Xavier again! Fine, I’ll be there in a moment.” With that, Veronica hung her walkie-talkie back at her hip and headed straight

for the public washrooms. The security guards promptly greeted her when she approached the

men's washroom. "Please hurry inside. Young Master Xavier is slumped by the toilet bowl and won't get up." "He asked for you specifically." "Hehe, Big Ron, you're going to have to hold on tight to him. Maybe this is your chance to climb up the totem pole after being a wage slave." Veronica kicked Cody after hearing the guards tease her. "Who are you calling a wage slave?" "Oof, me and my big mouth." Cody grinned in embarrassment. "You're going to go places." "Quit your yapping. You all should do your job. Management is going to whinge about you guys slacking off if they see you."

She waved a hand, gesturing for her colleagues to go patrol the club. The door to the first stall was open when Veronica stepped inside the men's washroom. She turned her head to see Xavier sitting on the toilet bowl, puking his guts up into the bin. Xavier Crawford, the second son of the Crawford Family in Bloomstead. He might be a dashing man, but he was a useless loser, infamous for his love for the hedonistic and his amorous ways. Just the mention of his name alone was enough to make him a laughingstock. As for how Veronica knew him? It would be more apt to say it was through an "altercation."

" Not long after Veronica started working at Twilight Club, she ran into Xavier, who had been terrorizing Cody. She hadn't been able to stomach the sight, so she immediately grabbed a bottle off the table and smashed it, shattering its bottom. Then, she aimed the broken bottle with its jagged edges at Xavier and said to him like a madwoman, "Cody here is one of mine. Why don't you try laying another finger on him?" However, Xavier pointed at a bottle on the table. "If you can down that bottle of vodka in one go, I'll let him go." Veronica could hold her liquor well from all the years she spent drinking with her adoptive father, so she gulped down the vodka with no trouble. Ever since then, the guards looked at her in a new light; even

Xavier as well. He would frequently drag her over for drinking contests, and that was how they ended up becoming friends after a few rounds. The guards found her actions bold and gutsy, and they were deeply taken by this. Thus, they all began calling her Big Ron. "Urk..." Xavier began to throw up again. Veronica was disgusted. With a hand clamped over her nose, she tapped him on his shoulder with her electric baton. "Hey, if you're so drunk that you're puking, then get your butt back home. Isn't it disgusting to sit inside a toilet?" Upon hearing Veronica's voice, Xavier pulled out a wad of tissue and wiped his mouth.

A smile bloomed on his handsome, boyish face as he stretched out an arm at her. "Help me up." "I'm worried that I'll end up dirtying my hands if I do that." She waved her electric baton, a look of repulsion on her face. "Grab this." Xavier obediently pulled himself up with the

baton and walked over to the sink. After rinsing out his mouth, he splashed some water on his face. Veronica leaned against a wall with her arms folded over her chest as she watched him. “

So, which fair lady ditched you this time? Just look at you.” Xavier planted his hands by the sides of the sink. As he stared at his disheveled self in the mirror, he suddenly gave a laugh and turned to look at Veronica. “Does everyone think I’m a loser?” That smile of his was filled with bitterness and helplessness. Veronica was unused to his sudden seriousness. She yanked some tissues from the dispenser and handed them to him. “If you’re not drunk, then beat it! Uh... hey, Xavier, what are you doing?” Xavier grabbed Veronica by her arms and pressed her against the wall before she could finish. “Roni, do you know that you’re the only one who treats me differently even after all this time?” He was heavily drunk.

The stench of alcohol clung to him, making Veronica very much uncomfortable. “Roni, date me, will you?” Veronica was unamused. She completely disregarded Xavier’s drunken joke. Instead, she answered him with a glare. “Have you forgotten yourself because I haven’t given you a shiner in a while?” “You... You... Just look at how ugly you are. I don’t think you look half-bad. Why don’t you just date me?” “Xavier, are you still drunk out of your mind? Do you want me to sober you up?” Veronica couldn’t stop herself from rebuking him. “Ahem...” Right at that moment, a series of coughs could be heard from the entrance of the washroom. Both Xavier and Veronica turned their heads to look at the source of the coughing.

Powered by Hooligan Media

At the sight, however, Veronica unconsciously went rigid. Her eyes widened slightly. *Matthew? Why him? Why is he here?* The next moment, though, she remembered that she no longer “had” Matthew’s baby in her belly. She was no longer tied to him, so she resumed her apathetic demeanor. “Oh hey, what a coincidence. Here to use the washroom too?”

Xavier kept a hand on the wall while he shoved his other hand into the pocket. He turned his head to look at Matthew and greet him. The Twilight Club was part of Matthew’s assets. Although he usually lived in the suite on the upper floors, he rarely came down to check the club unless it was to see his fellow company partners. But he never expected to find this woman hanging out with this useless dreck during the one time he came down to check on the club.

# Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 15

His cold gaze swept over Veronica for a moment before it shifted over to Xavier. "What is it? Have you gotten another girlfriend?" Xavier had an evil grin as he wrapped an arm around Veronica's waist. "Let me introduce her: this is Roni, my new girlfriend." Then he looked at Veronica. "And this is Bloomstead's famous young, talented bachelor who's a devil in the business world, Matthew Kings." Although Xavier was singing Matthew's praises, Veronica could somehow sense the insincerity behind his words, and she also sensed his distaste for Matthew. Incidentally, she also disliked Matthew, so she played along, turning to look at him and dipping her head. Then, she pretended not to know him as she greeted him. "

So you're Matthew Kings. Your name far precedes you. Now that we've met, you do indeed live up to your reputation." Matthew's flawless, handsome face visibly darkened at her words. Even his assistant behind him, Thomas, couldn't stop the corners of his mouth from twitching madly. *Oh dear... Looks like Miss Murphy is challenging Young Master Matthew.* "Such an ugly woman is capable of catching your attention?" Matthew asked in a low voice.

"Haha, beauty is in the eye of the beholder." "Looks like Young Master Xavier's eyesight isn't exactly great. Why don't I introduce you to a reputable ophthalmologist?" "After being so used to seeing all these women with cakey makeup, I feel that a lady like Roni here is easier on the eyes." "Easier on the eyes? Or better at seduction?" Matthew's handsome features were as frigid as could be, his powerful aura putting pressure on Veronica. Despite that, Veronica simply hid her anger. She didn't rebuke him. "Hahaha..." Upon hearing Matthew's words, Xavier tipped his head back and guffawed.

All of a sudden, though, he pressed a hand to his chest. A wave of nausea hit him, and he bent over to try and throw up. After several moments of dry heaving, he wasn't able to vomit anything up. He then put an arm around Veronica's shoulder. "Roni, help me get out of here. I feel horrible." Veronica nodded. "Let's go." Rearranging Xavier's arm in a natural manner around her shoulders, she then began to help Xavier out of the washroom. Matthew and

Thomas didn't step aside from the door even when they saw her approaching. Veronica shot a cold glare at them. "Mr. Kings, please step aside." *Great barkers are no biters!* Matthew's sharp gaze pressed down on Veronica. For that one moment their eyes met, his icy eyes

emitted a frigid aura. A few seconds later, Matthew took a few steps back, creating a path for Veronica and Xavier. "Thank you, Mr. Kings!" Veronica deliberately pitched her voice higher. She might be thanking him, but her voice was dripping with sarcasm. Xavier immediately grinned at Matthew after that and mimicked Veronica's tone. "Thank you, Mr. Kings... urk..." Due to how close Xavier was because they had just passed him, Veronica was worried that

Xavier would actually throw up all over Matthew when he dry heaved. The two of them then left. It wasn't until they vanished past the end of the corridor leading to the washrooms that Thomas finally voiced his question. "Young Master Matthew, do you want me to get someone to teach Xavier a lesson?" Matthew's eyes narrowed slightly, a chilly glint shining in them. "Getting up in arms over a useless dreck like him will only lower myself to his level." "But..." Thomas wanted to continue, but Matthew had already begun to leave. Meanwhile, Veronica helped Xavier out of the Twilight Club. Xavier's servant came over to greet them, having waited for hours for his employer. "Did he have too much to drink again?" "

Hurry up and take him home. Remember to sober him up." Veronica pushed Xavier over to his servant before raising her arm to sniff at it. The scent of alcohol on herself was pungent and unpleasant on the nose. It gave her the urge to vomit. "Many thanks, Miss Murphy." "No need to thank me." She waved a hand before turning to leave, only to have Xavier suddenly grab her arm. "Matthew Kings knows you?" *He's visibly drunk, yet he was able to notice such a "small detail"?* Veronica shook her head. "What's with that joke? He's like a legend. All we can do is look up at him from our stations.

How would he and I know each other?" "Haha, you've got a point there, Roni." Xavier looked up and smiled. After waving goodbye, he got into his car. The car then left the club. Veronica stood by the entrance for a while. After getting herself back in order, she headed back inside the Twilight Club. She had just taken a few steps in when she ran into Thomas. "Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew is asking you to come over." Veronica swept a gaze over him in displeasure.

"Go back and tell Matthew that I have nothing to do with him. Why should I meet him just because he said so? Does he really think of himself as the god of Bloomstead?" He was just a heartless b\*stard. Even animals wouldn't hurt their young, but Matthew actually wanted a fetus that hadn't even fully formed yet aborted! "Miss Murphy, he requested your presence!" Thomas calmly eyed her and repeated himself. "Out of my way!" Veronica was irritated. Her hand was already reaching for the electric baton by her hip. "If you don't want to do this the nice way, then so be it."

"I said, out of my way!" From the first time she met Matthew, Veronica hadn't the slightest interest in him. In fact, she detested him. So when she saw Thomas standing there obnoxiously in front of her, she thought of Matthew's stony face—it... repulsed her. In the next second, she grabbed her electric baton and pointed it at Thomas, her steely gaze fixed unblinkingly on him. Anger burned in her eyes. Thomas nearly acted against

her then, but then he remembered that the Kingses' future heir was still in her belly. Thus, he retreated to the side. Veronica snorted and walked further inside the club to continue her patrol. However, she never imagined that someone would suddenly pop out of Room 888 when she passed by it and pull her inside. She was pressed against the door. "Matthew? Are you insane? Release me!" At the sight of the man before her, Veronica felt rage bubbling

up inside her. What a clingy man. Matthew's large hand gripped her tightly by the cheeks. Frost hung on his chiseled features. "You came to work at a club because you're fishing for new losers?" *This damned woman was starving enough to go for even a lecherous man like Xavier.* His grip was strong enough to make her jaw hurt, but Veronica had always been a strong person who would never give in. She frowned, her pretty eyebrows furrowing.

"So what if I'm fishing for guys that I could do better than? I like Xavier! Does this have anything to do with you?" Perhaps it was due to the effect of reverse psychology, but she ended up "admitting" that she was picking up guys in her attempt to provoke Matthew. "It hasn't been long since you slept with me, yet you're in such a rush to writhe under another man's touch. Just how much of a slut are you?" "Heh." Veronica couldn't stop herself from giving a mocking chuckle. "We're both adults here. It's more than normal for two adults to seek pleasure from each other. Oh, wait..."

" Her brows knitted tightly together then. As though a thought had struck her, an evil grin appeared on her lips. "Someone like you who doesn't seek out women and who needs to pop a pill to get in bed naturally wouldn't know this." She enunciated the words "pop a pill" extra clearly, deliberately slowing down her speech as she did so, like she was mocking Matthew for being impotent—as though she didn't know that this was the greatest humiliation for a man and the most likely thing to rile him up. A vicious look came over Matthew's stony face then. The next moment...