

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 31

Chapter 31

In that instant, Matthew's heart wrenched, and this unknown feeling was something he had never felt before. Pushing aside the coffee table in front of the couch, he then walked to Veronica and crouched down to pick her up.

The moment he touched her, she reached out and pushed him. "Don't... touch... me..."

Even when pushing him, she was weak and lifeless, and she spoke in a trembling voice which sounded weaker than a fly.

From her eyes, he saw her hatred for himself. As though she had stepped on his bottom line, he was angered.

"Fine, I won't touch you. Get up by yourself if you're able to!" Standing aside, he watched from the sideline indifferently.

Holding on to the coffee table, Veronica rolled over with great difficulty. Kneeling on both knees, she pressed her forehead on the floor, mustered the leftover strength in her body, and stood up with gritted teeth.

Her lips were white as sheet as she looked at Matthew. Even though she was in so much pain that her eyes were bloodshot, she was able to squeeze out a sarcastic smile. "I've said it before. Even if... I die, I won't... give birth to your child. I... did it."

She was smiling

Standing with great difficulty and trembling on both legs, she was sweating all over, and her hair was sticking to her face, which made her look sorrowful and pathetic.

After speaking, she took a step forward. As though her legs were weighed down with lead, her steps were heavy, and every step was as difficult as walking in a mud puddle that reached up to her knees.

Meanwhile, blood stained the clean floor, and the parts where she walked past had blood over them.

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At that moment, the fury in Matthew's chest faded away little by little. In its place was surprise as well as admiration for Veronica's unyielding attitude.

Never before had he seen such a girl who was stubborn and headstrong; it was as if she had a halo over her head, and he was impressed.

After she took a few steps, everything in front of Veronica's eyes turned black, and she fell to the floor.

Next to her, Matthew quickly lunged forward and caught her just in time.

"Young Master Matthew, she's all bloody. Let me do it, Thomas said.

Ignoring him, Matthew held Veronica in his arms and walked out of the living room. In the hallway, the neighbors on the same level woke up from the commotion and stuck their heads out to check out what was going on.

"What happened?"

"Oh, my god! Why is this woman covered in blood?"

"Who knows!"

"It's so terrifying!"

The neighbors on the same floor whispered as they discussed amongst themselves.

In the meantime, Matthew walked to the elevator, and when the doors slid open, the paramedics happened to be in it. "Did you call the emergency number?"

"Yes, she's more than two months pregnant and has consumed a huge amount of motherwort."

"What happened? Quickly, she's bleeding profusely," the paramedic said.

After that, Veronica was sent to a nearby hospital with Matthew going along in the same ambulance while Thomas drove behind. In the hospital, she was sent to the emergency room, where they first stopped her bleeding before pumping her stomach.

Stained with blood all over his body, Matthew stood in the hallway with a cigarette between his fingers, smoking silently.

Standing at the side, Thomas felt that his boss' face was covered with dark clouds, and he consoled, "Young Master Matthew, don't worry. She'll be fine. But it's all her own fault for taking so many tablets. She must be hoping to die."

His words sounded awful to the ears, and Matthew merely cast him an icy look instead of saying anything.

After being in the emergency room for three hours, Veronica was rolled out, and the doctor went to Matthew, saying, "We've stopped the bleeding on the patient and pumped her stomach. However, the baby... is gone."

"What about her?" Matthew asked coldly.

"She was sent here just in time. If it was any later, she might have died of blood loss even if the medication didn't kill her," the doctor lamented, sounding a little fearful.

"Thanks for your help." With nothing left to say, Matthew turned around and followed the rolling bed into the ward.

In the ward, Veronica was dressed in the patient's clothes as she lay on the hospital bed with a drip next to her. Perhaps because it was too painful, she was furrowing her brows tightly even in her dreams. On the other hand, her ordinary face, which was also a little ugly, seemed surprisingly pleasing to Matthew's eyes now.

The next day when Veronica woke up, she opened her eyes and looked around the room. Staring at the drip above her, she secretly felt relieved. *Luckily, I'm still alive.*

With a sigh, she twisted her head and looked out the window, feeling a little heartbroken for the lost child.

It's my own flesh and blood, and before it can even take a look at this colorful world, it's already gone...

"You're awake?"

All of a sudden, she heard someone speaking. Lifting her head a little, she then noticed that Matthew was seated on the couch on the side.

A smile spread across her pale lips. "The baby is already gone. So, what are you still doing here, Young Master Matthew? Are you pretending to care? That's not like you at all."

After a close shave with death, Veronica was still feeling fearful. In the days ahead, she would definitely live well, but she had no regrets for acting on impulse last night.

Not one bit at all.

"You said so much without losing a breath. Looks like you won't die soon." He stood up and walked to her before placing a document on the bed.

Supporting her weak body, she sat up. "What is this?"

As she spoke, she reached out and opened the brown paper bag to take out the document within-the information on the car accident case which she asked Matthew to investigate.

"On the way back to Bloomstead when the private investigator you hired was bringing the driver with him, the driver was taken away by his enemies and then killed. His name was Donnie Freimann, and he was a highly wanted criminal in the country who offended many people before. In this case, your parents are really innocent, but since Donnie was an orphan, you won't receive any compensation." Very simply, Matthew explained the situation to Veronica.

If it was him from before, he wouldn't say so many things in one shot. Maybe because of what happened last night, the haughty man was now feeling a little guilty.

Veronica, who was flipping the document, stopped abruptly and lifted her gaze at him, asking, "There's nothing else?"

"What else do you want?"

Snorting, she then lifted her gaze at him and passed him back the brown paper bag without finishing reading the file. "No, nothing. I suddenly remember that the child is gone now, so I have no reason to ask you to investigate anything. Take it away."

Although the Larsons had taken extra care to handle this matter, with Matthew's ability, it was definitely possible for him to find out the truth. The only reason he couldn't was because he was engaged to Tiffany and was hiding the truth for the Larsons on purpose. At the end of the day, they were a family.

Matthew's handsome face fell. "Veronica Murphy, don't take a yard when I offered you an inch."

"You must be kidding, Young Master Matthew." Raising her brows at him, she appeared especially calm as she sighed and turned her head to look out the window. "Before this, we met by chance, and it was all because..."

Because that day you were in the accident, and I saved you out of greed, she finished in her head.

However, all that was in the past, and she didn't want to bring it up anymore. Hence, she said, "I don't hate you; I just hate myself for not being powerful enough. Now that the child is gone, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. From now on, you'll walk on your path while I carry on with my life. I won't appear before your eyes again, so please don't ever show up in my world as well."

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Chapter 32

“This is what you call not hating me?”

As he listened to her speak, Matthew felt as if something that had taken root in his heart was suddenly pulled out. His throat lightened, and indescribable feelings struck his heart with a pang

Veronica leaned against the headboard of the bed. Her complexion had yet to recover, and her body was still weak.

She looked at Matthew, feeling completely unperturbed. “You’re the richest man in Bloomstead, and you get to enjoy life every day; I, on the other hand, struggle to earn money just to survive. We are two people on parallel paths, so there shouldn’t be any intersection.”

Veronica slowly lowered her head, her fingertips scraping the quilt at a loss. “When I recover, I’ll go to Saint Hospital to settle my parents’ discharge.”

At that, Matthew’s eyebrows furrowed, and he remained silent.

Veronica continued, “I’m like an ant, the most insignificant existence in the vast sea of people. Young Master Matthew, I hope that you can give me a way out because I have to feed not only myself, but my parents too.”

“That’s all? Didn’t you go to great lengths to make me fulfill your and Xavier’s wishes?”

Ever since he met Veronica, this was the only time she had such a serious and solemn conversation with him.

For a moment, Matthew even believed her.

“Young Master Matthew, as I said, the only connection between me and you was our unformed child. Now that the baby is gone, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. Understand?”

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Veronica raised her voice when she spoke the last word, then she looked up and glared at Matthew. In the end, her pale lips twitched. “Young Master Matthew, are you trying to force me to the edge? If that’s the case, why did you save me yesterday? Heh...”

Matthew simply stared at her with cold, profound eyes, trying to penetrate through

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her eyes into her mind.

However, he couldn’t see anything.

Without saying anything more, he turned and left.

Meanwhile, Xavier, who drank heavily the previous night, woke up and rubbed his aching head. “I drank too much again.”

He lay on the bed for a while, then suddenly remembered that Veronica called him several times the day before, so he returned her calls.

But no one answered.

Xavier took a look at the time Veronica called him and found that the latest call was at 11.00PM.

She called at such a late hour. Could it be that something happened?

He couldn’t help being a little worried, so he immediately got up, washed up, and drove straight to Brocade Gardens.

He hurried up to the eighth floor. When he got to the door of Veronica’s apartment, he saw that the living room door was half opened, and the door lock was broken.

Reaching out to open the door, he walked in and saw crimson blood on the ground.

Xavier's heart dropped as he called out, "Roni? Veronica? Veronica?"

He walked from the living room to the bedroom, then to the bathroom, but there was no sign of her.

He called her once more, only to hear the phone ringing in the living room. When he walked out, he saw the phone on the sofa.

"What happened?"

Panicking, Xavier grew impatient.

"He hadn't felt this feeling since the death of his mother.

He looked at the medicine on the table and found that there was an invoice for the purchase inside the bag, with the time stated as 11.30PM last night.

There were four blister packs of pills inside the medicine box, and two had been emptied.

"W-Why did she take so many pills?"

Suicide?

A thought popped into Xavier's mind, which sent chills down his spine.

He immediately rushed out of the apartment. While going downstairs, he called someone and asked them to investigate which hospital took Veronica in yesterday.

Ten minutes later, they found out that she was in People's Second Hospital.

Xavier sped all the way to the hospital. When he entered Veronica's ward, he found that she was asleep on the hospital bed.

After he saw that Veronica was still alive, his suspended heart finally eased.

Propping his hand on the bedside table, Xavier breathed a long sigh of relief, and his terrified heart gradually calmed down. However, he was still frightened by Veronica's actions.

He didn't disturb Veronica in her sleep, but instead looked for her attending doctor to ask about her situation.

Only then did he find out that Veronica was pregnant and had overdosed on motherwort the day before, causing her to suffer a miscarriage and heavy bleeding!

When she was sent to the hospital, she was already in a dangerous state.

"Who sent her here?" Xavier asked the doctor.

"Who are you again? Why are you asking so much?" the doctor asked with some displeasure.

"I'm... her boyfriend."

"Her boyfriend? Then, who was that man yesterday?" As the doctor spoke, he retrieved the risk notice signed in the operating room the previous day.

"This one."

After looking at the flamboyant scrawl for a long time, the doctor didn't recognize whose name it was, so he simply handed it to Xavier.

Xavier glanced at the name signed on the risk notice and couldn't help frowning. "It's him?"

Matthew! What on earth happened yesterday?

Xavier was clueless.

He returned to the ward, sat in the chair, and fell into deep contemplation as he watched her sleep.

After a certain period of time, Veronica woke up and saw Xavier sitting helplessly by the hospital bed as soon as she opened her eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

Veronica was a little surprised.

How did Xavier find this place?

“Yesterday... I’m sorry. I had too much to drink”

Fortunately, Veronica was fine. Otherwise, Xavier wouldn’t be able to forgive himself.

“Were you in a bad mood yesterday after being scolded by your dad because of me?”

Naturally, as the person involved, Veronica was well aware of what happened at the Hilton Hotel

Since she met Xavier, he drank regularly at clubs, but he didn’t usually get drunk.

Xavier shrugged and replied helplessly, “... It’s none of your business. I just suddenly felt like drinking. I should be the one asking you: Why were you sent to the emergency room after I left you alone for one night?”

As he spoke, he took an apple from the fruit basket and helped her peel it.

He had purposely gone down to buy the fruits for Veronica when he saw that she was still asleep just now.

Moreover, this was the first time Xavier cut fruits for others. “You already know, so why bother asking?”

Veronica was clever, so she knew that since Xavier was sitting quietly by her bed, he must already know what happened the day before. Otherwise, he would be grabbing her and shooting questions at her.

Xavier stilled, and his expression was indiscernible, but he simply said, “How did you know him?”

Veronica didn’t want to talk about anything regarding Matthew.

Ever since the day she saved Matthew, too many things had happened continuously, all of which had brought great impact and burden to her life.

“Oh, right, I have something to trouble you with.”

Veronica deliberately changed the subject. "The doctor said I need to be hospitalized for a few days, so I can't go to Saint Hospital to visit my parents these two days. Can you help me go there and tell them... that I went for field training and will be coming back in two days?"

Since she couldn't go to Saint Hospital to see them, she was afraid that her parents would be worried if she didn't send Xavier over to give an excuse to her adoptive mother.

Xavier paused his movements of peeling the apple and slightly looked up to fix Veronica with a cold gaze.

After a moment of silence, he nodded. "All right."

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It was obvious that Veronica was avoiding questions about Matthew.

Since that was the case, there was no need for him to pursue it,

Everyone had their own secrets.

Xavier finished peeling the apple and handed it to Veronica. "Here. Eat it."

"Huh? It's for me?"

Veronica was quite surprised by his actions. When she saw him peeling the apple just now, she thought he was doing it for himself.

After all, Xavier was known for being a famous playboy in Bloomstead. He never knew how to be tender toward women.

Yet, he actually peeled an apple for her today.

Uh...

"Hahaha. No, no, it's okay. I don't want to eat it." Veronica quickly waved her hand and refused.

"This is my first time peeling a fruit for a woman, yet you dare to refuse?"

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Xavier's face sank, and his posture undoubtedly changed too.

He seemed to be saying, *If you dare to refuse what I give you, watch out for the consequences!*

Veronica was a little touched. She accepted the apple and took a bite, then said while chewing, "Thank you."

In Bloomstead, she was a stranger in a strange place.

Her real family was her 'enemy', but someone who had nothing to do with her was willing to stay by her side.

It was hard for Veronica to not feel moved by this.

The two fell silent for a while, then Veronica began to shoo him out. "If there's alone."

Xavier leaned back in the chair, then crossed his legs as a wicked smile played on his lips. "Roni, you're somewhat ignorant of kindness. I'm a person who's occupied with a myriad of affairs. You should be grateful that I'm here with you."

"Pfft..."

Amused by his remarks, Veronica couldn't hold back her laughter. "Alright, alright. Since you're so occupied with a myriad of affairs, you should hurry up and deal with them. I can't afford to be responsible for any delays."

"If you can't afford to take responsibility, you should consider repaying me with your body."

"Hey, you have an endless supply of beautiful women around you, yet you'll settle for someone like me? Aren't you afraid you'll get bored of me after just one night?"

Veronica didn't take Xavier's words to heart, and she even joked about it with him, seemingly in a good mood.

She had applied some makeup, so her complexion was dark and her face was full of freckles. Her thick black eyebrows, in particular, made her look like a cartoon character.

To her surprise, Xavier still regarded her as a friend.

Her self-deprecating statements got a laugh out of Xavier.

For a moment, the ward was filled with laughter, and the atmosphere was good.

At noon, Xavier ordered a plain, healthy meal as takeaway from Bloomstead's One Piece Restaurant.

When the delivery person sent One Piece Restaurant's food over, Veronica panicked upon seeing the takeaway packaging.

"Young Master Xavier, you've spent too much. Their food is too expensive. It's hard to get even one meal at One Piece Restaurant, but you actually ordered takeaway. I don't have the money to return you."

She knew that Xavier regarded her as a friend, but she always kept in mind that she was just a child of a poor family from the countryside.

Even though Xavier was generous with her, she couldn't just accept it and enjoy it unscrupulously because she couldn't afford to pay back even a little bit of gratitude debts.

"The Crawfords own shares of One Piece, so don't worry. If you like it, I'll ask someone to send it to you every day."

Veronica was dumbfounded.

Sure enough, the rich were capricious.

“It’s a blessing to have you as a friend. However, although One Piece’s food is quite good, I’m not used to the taste.”

She randomly gave him an excuse.

She just hoped that Xavier wouldn’t order any more food for her. Otherwise, she truly wouldn’t be able to pay off the debts of gratitude.

As the saying went, ‘gifts blind the eyes!’

Xavier accompanied Veronica until the afternoon before leaving

Then, he drove to Saint Hospital and brought meals to Veronica’s adoptive mother. He made up an excuse, saying that Veronica’s company arranged for her to go to a foreign country for training, and that she would be back in a few days.

Daniella completely believed Xavier. She knew that her daughter was a filial and well-behaved child, so she didn’t think much about it.

At this moment, at the Larson Residence, Floch immediately notified Tiffany and Rachel of the news of Veronica’s miscarriage.

The family of three was ecstatic to learn of this, with the happiest person being Tiffany. She hugged Rachel excitedly and exclaimed, “Mom, thank you so much. You always have the best ideas.”

On the day of the engagement party at the hotel, Rachel had contacted the delivery app merchant in advance, and she spent a huge sum to bribe the internal programmer to tamper a little behind the scenes so that Veronica would deliver the takeaway directly to the hotel.

Then, she bribed the hotel staff.

Afterward, Veronica entered the hotel with the takeaway and happened to see Matthew and Tiffany getting engaged.

Rachel thought that Veronica would cause a scene, which would anger the Kings and lead them to deal with Veronica.

They didn't expect that she could remain so calm.

"Don't be too quick to be happy. Veronica was more composed than we thought, so you have to have your guard up in the future," Rachel reminded Tiffany.

The fact that Tiffany and Matthew were engaged but weren't living together made the Larson Family feel uneasy.

Nevertheless, Tiffany still appeared triumphant, and she snorted coldly. "Mom, you're too cautious. Since Veronica dared to take medicine to commit suicide' last night, how could she be considered composed?"

For some reason, Tiffany just couldn't stand hearing Rachel praise Veronica, and she would get annoyed every single time.

"Sigh, I hope so."

Rachel sighed, then took Tiffany's hand and brought her to the sofa before saying solemnly, "You and Matthew just got engaged, but as long as you're not married, you can't be too careless. When you're free, go to the Kings Residence to visit Old Mrs. Kings. She's the person in the Kings Family with the most authority."

She had to tell Tiffany what to do. After all, Tiffany was still young, so there were some things that she wasn't aware of.

"That's right. What your mom said makes sense. Matthew obeys Elizabeth the most, so you must please her," Floch echoed.

"Yeah, I know."

Immersed in the joy of her engagement to Matthew and Veronica's miscarriage, Tiffany couldn't calm her excited self down.

– "Then, what are you still doing here in a daze? Go and pack up, then go visit Old Mrs.

Kings at the Kings Residence," Rachel patiently advised as she gave Tiffany a pat.

“Okay. Mon.”

Tiffany immediately went upstairs and changed into another set of clothes, then got into the car with the gifts that Floch and Rachel had prepared for her before «riving away

Along the way, she called Matthew. “Matthew, where are you? Can I go find you?”

On the phone, her voice was soft and gentle.

“I’m at the office.” After speaking those three words with extreme indifference, he had nothing else to say:

He’s really a miser with words.

“Matthew, I happen to be free today and want to visit Grandma. If you’re not free, I can go on my own.”

Through the phone, she could practically feel Matthew’s expression, which was as cold as ice.

Tiffany was a little uncomfortable with Matthew’s cold nature.

“Okay, go ahead.”

“Then, come and pick me up when you’re done, okay?”

“Okay.”

After responding, he hung up.

When Tiffany arrived at the Kings Residence, she was told that Elizabeth had gone out.

At this moment, Elizabeth and the housekeeper had appeared in Veronica’s ward.

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When Veronica, who was resting on the bed, saw Elizabeth, she immediately sat up. "Old Mrs. Kings."

Out of courtesy, Veronica still called her 'Old Mrs. Kings':

Naturally, Veronica knew deep down that Matthew and Tiffany could get engaged because they had gotten Elizabeth's consent.

When she was pregnant, Elizabeth never allowed Tiffany to enter the Kings Residence, but at this moment, things weren't as they should be.

Veronica didn't know whether it was because Elizabeth couldn't convince Matthew, or if she was two-faced.

Elizabeth was dressed in a black velvet dress. Despite being over 70 years old, with short curly hair and light makeup, she still had an outstanding temperament.

She walked to her bedside and looked at the frail Veronica. Although she was a little distressed, she was also dissatisfied. "Even though Matthew is engaged to Tiffany, you shouldn't have gotten rid of your child this way."

The child in her womb was the great-grandson of the Kings Family, and Elizabeth had been looking forward to it for many years.

It took a lot of effort for them to have a child; no one thought that in the end, it was futile.

Although Veronica liked Elizabeth, she was undoubtedly upset when she heard the statement.

With pale lips, she leaned against the head of the bed. The corners of her lips curled up, and she smiled coldly. "Old Mrs. Kings you think that I should have given birth to the child?"

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Veronica never considered herself to be a reproduction tool.

Although in order to find out the truth behind the car accident and to treat her adoptive father, she could use the child in her womb as a 'sacrifice', she knew that the Kings Family would never treat the child in her abdomen badly.

But, who would've thought that Matthew would end up getting engaged to Tiffany!

She absolutely couldn't accept leuing her child call Tiffany 'mom' after it was born!

"I..."

Elizabeth felt apologetic toward Veronica, but she couldn't help sighing. "*Sigh*, although I'm upset that you got rid of the child, I sort of understand you. You're a good girl-much better than Tiffany. But, I'm getting old, so I can't make decisions about marriage matters anymore. Matthew just doesn't have the luck."

Hearing what Elizabeth said earlier made Veronica feel a little unhappy, but since Elizabeth was willing to voice it all out, Veronica did indeed seel slightly at ease.

"I'm not worthy of Matthew, and I don't have the expectation to marry into the Kings Family," Veronica answered truthfully.

Elizabeth stared at her, feeling puzzled. "So many women want to marry into the Kings Family. You're the first one I've met to not want that."

Veronica had stayed at the Kings Residence with Elizabeth for three days.

During those three days, Elizabeth originally wanted Veronica to conceive the eldest grandson of the Kings Family, but she didn't expect that spending time together those three days had made her develop a liking toward this diligent and genuine girl.

She glanced back at the housekeeper behind her, who then stepped forward and handed something to Veronica.

"Veronica, I know that you're a good child, but your expenses are tight, and you even have to treat your parents. This money can be regarded as the Kings Family's compensation to you."

After saying that, Elizabeth expressed her sincere apologies. "Although you and Matthew sleeping together was a mistake, at the end of the day, you're innocent."

Of course, she was unhappy that the unborn child was gone, but there was no getting it back. Even if she was angry with Veronica, the child wouldn't return.

Moreover, Veronica was an outsider who only got involved because of a misunderstanding.

"No. There's no need for that."

Veronica thought that Elizabeth had come to punish her; she didn't expect that she had come to make it up to her.

"Old Mrs. Kings, uyi IT POUI, TUUL... parents. As for this..."

Veronica handed the check back to Elizabeth. "You should take it back. I won't use it."

"Is it too little?"

Elizabeth shot her a distasteful glare.

"The child is gone, so I no longer have any involvement with the Kings Family Hence, there's no need for me to accept any 'favors' from the Kings family."

"What do you mean 'favors'? It's just a little compensation. If you don't accept it, I won't feel at ease."

"If I accept it, I would be the one feeling 'uneasy?'"

Stuffing the check into the housekeeper's hand, Veronica said to Elizabeth, "Old Mrs. Kings, I'm very happy that you came to see me today, but... I'm a little tired and want to sleep."

She was indirectly asking her to leave.

Now, Veronica just wanted to sever her relationship with the Kings Family.

"You..."

Elizabeth was quite helpless, so she could only nod her head and agree. "Okay, then. Have a good rest."

She got up, and the housekeeper came over to help.

"Have a good rest and take care of yourself, Veronica," she exhorted solemnly. "Since you've suffered from a miscarriage, you must take care of your body. After all, you are a girl."

"Thank you, Old Mrs. Kings."

From Elizabeth's questioning' since she came in just now to her current concern, Veronica felt as if she was on a roller coaster.

Nevertheless, at least she knew that Elizabeth was a sensible person.

Before leaving, Elizabeth said, "About this matter, the Kings Family owes you. If at

any point you need any help, just give me a call. I'll definitely help you if I can."

"Okay. I appreciate your thoughts, Old Mrs. Kings."

Veronica didn't take her words to heart. After experiencing so many things recently, Veronica just wanted to be alone for a while.

The doctor said that she suffered from severe bleeding after taking the medicine that day and needed to be hospitalized for a few days before she could go home to slowly recuperate.

However, Veronica had lingering fears.

As she impulsively wanted to get rid of the child that day, she overdosed on the medicine, but she didn't expect it to almost kill her.

Fortunately, she didn't die. Otherwise, her adoptive parents would have suffered.

In the next few days, Xavier came over to have dinner with her almost every day, staying for two hours before leaving.

During this period, Veronica deliberately went to the garden at the back of the hospital to send a video to Daniella.

The garden had a nice view and looked like a park, so she lied that she was on a business trip and video called her adoptive mother when she took a walk in the park.

After being hospitalized for a week, Veronica went through the procedures for her discharge.

Carrying her luggage out after being discharged from the hospital, she found Xavier in a car waiting for her at the entrance of the hospital.

Dressed in gray casual clothes, he wore silver-gray sunglasses, and he held a bouquet of flowers in his arms. "Congratulations on your discharge."

"Why are you here?"

Veronica was a little surprised to see Xavier.

She didn't tell anyone about her discharge from the hospital today, so how could Xavier possibly know?

"As long as I want to find out, there's nothing I wouldn't know."

Xavier took the luggage from Veronica's hand, stuffed the flowers into her hand, and smoothly wrapped his arms around her shoulders, as if they were buddies. "Now that you're discharged, what do you plan to do? You've already quit your job at Twilight Club, right? Do you want to consider working at my company?"

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“No.” Veronica directly refused.

Xavier had helped her a lot recently, so she didn't want to owe him anything more.

“Why? Is it because you look down on my abilities?”

As Xavier spoke, he opened the car door and was about to put her luggage inside, but Veronica grabbed him.

“What's the matter?”

Confused by her actions, Xavier gave her a puzzled look.

Veronica took the luggage from his hand, then said with a solemn expression, “Xavier, you and I are just ordinary friends. I'm very grateful and appreciative of the care you've given me recently. After my dad wakes up, our family will leave Bloomstead. I already owe you so much that I would never be able to repay it. So, I really don't want to trouble you anymore.”

Even if her adoptive parents recovered and were discharged from the hospital, Veronica wasn't going to leave Bloomstead so soon.

It was just that she didn't want to owe Xavier more and more.

In terms of wealth or power, she was insignificant, so how could she offer any help to Xavier?

In the end, Xavier would be the one constantly giving favors.

As friends, it was about helping each other, not about one party constantly giving a helping hand.

Such friendships were destined to not last long.

Hence, she was trying to stop Xavier before he suffered any losses.

For a moment, Xavier was taken aback, and he didn't understand what her sudden remarks meant.

When he saw Veronica leaving with her luggage, he chased after her and grabbed her hand. "Do you hate me just like those people do?"

Xavier was well-known for being a playboy and a disappointment in Bloomstead; he was the object' that the upper class ridiculed and disdained.

But, Xavier never cared about their ridicule and contempt, and still did as he pleased.

When he first met Veronica, he felt that although this girl was mediocre-looking, she wasn't two-faced. On the contrary, he felt comfortable spending time with her.

Gradually, Xavier became more and more convinced that Veronica was very similar to him, so he regarded her as a friend.

That was why what Veronica said just now made his thoughts run wild.

Hearing this, Veronica was momentarily stunned, and she looked back at Xavier in disbelief.

"I... didn't mean that."

Just now, for just a moment, she seemed to feel Xavier's humble aura.

He... doesn't seem like the arrogant and domineering son of the Crawford Family.

"If that's not the case, then why are you telling me this?"

Xavier clutched Veronica's wrist and said in a deep voice, "I asked you to work in my company because I find you interesting. I want you to accompany me so that my days would not be so boring."

"Really?"

Veronica was dubious.

"Isn't that already clear?" Xavier shook off her hand and rolled his eyes at her.

"But, I'm not up to the task. As you know, I worked as a security guard at the nightclub because I wanted to have time to take care of my parents during the day. Otherwise, I would've looked for a serious job. If I work at your company, I won't have any time to take care of them."

Veronica had gone to work at Twilight Club as a last resort. Otherwise, she had even more ambitions and aspirations.

"I make the decisions in my company, so you can completely dispel these thoughts."

Xavier wrapped his arms around her neck, brought her to the passenger seat, then placed her luggage in the backseat before saying, "I'm bored every day, so you just need to spend time with me. That's your job."

He didn't give Veronica a chance to speak it all and slammed the car door shut.

Going around to the driver's seat, Xavier started the car and slowly left the hospital.

After sending Veronica home, Xavier received a phone call and left because he had business to attend to.

Veronica washed up and was about to start cleaning when Daniella called.

"Mom, what's the matter?"

"Roni, your dad is awake! Your dad is awake!"

On the other end of the phone, Daniella was laughing with excitement, and her voice turned into choked sobs as she wept with joy.

Veronica was ecstatic. "Really? That's great! Mom, I'll be there right away. Wait for me."

After hanging up, she hurriedly went downstairs and rode the motorcycle straight to Saint Hospital.

She parked the motorcycle outside the hospital and jogged all the way to the ward.

Inside the ward, her adoptive parents were sitting together and chatting.

"Dad?"

Veronica rushed into the ward and excitedly hugged Tony. "Dad, you're awake. That's great,"

"Huh? Whose child are you? Are you mistaken?"

Tony reached out to push Veronica away, frowning with displeasure.

"You foolish old man. Can't you recognize our daughter's voice?"

Daniella couldn't bear it anymore, and slapped Tony on the arm. "To get you treated, Roni..."

Daniella explained the situation to Tony, and only then did he know what was going on.

At this moment, he felt a lump in his throat. Looking at Veronica with distress, he took her hand in his rough palm and carefully studied her face, "I've burdened you. A pretty girl like you had to make yourself ugly for me."

Crying tears of joy, Veronica sat on the side of the bed and hugged Tony. "Dad, all's good now that you're awake. It's not a burden. And I'm just pretending to be ugly to make my job easier."

All of a sudden, she thought of something, so she asked Daniella, "Mom, has the doctor checked up on Dad?"

"Oh, speaking of which, I have to thank your friend. He was the one who helped us contact the top domestic experts to come and treat your dad. You must really thank your friend."

Daniella took Veronica's hand. "Roni, how do you know so many rich friends? I always thought this hospital belonged to the Larsons."

"Are you talking about Matt—"

Just as Veronica was wondering, she saw Daniella standing up and pointing in the direction of the door before saying, "It's him, Young Master Matthew. He said he's your friend."

Veronica looked in the direction Daniella was pointing and saw Matthew standing at the doorway dressed in a gray shirt and black casual pants.

Behind him, Thomas was carrying a fruit basket.

When Veronica saw him, the smile on her face froze. "Why are you here?"

When she spoke, her tone was full of displeasure.

Daniella slapped her on the back of the head. "Veronica, how can you talk like that? He's your father's savior, so you have to properly thank him."

Pfft. Savior? Who is whose savior now?

She saved him, but he almost caused her death.

"Mom, he owns a hospital. It's the duty of the hospital to treat patients and save people. It's reasonable for us to pay and for doctors to give treatment. There's no savior' in this context."

Veronica said this to Daniella, but her eyes were fixed on Matthew, and her tone was full of disdain.

"Roni, don't be so rude. How can you talk to others like that?"

After being in a coma for several months, Tony was extremely grateful to Matthew after learning about his situation from Daniella.

Upon hearing Veronica's statements, he couldn't help being a little angry, so he chided her.

Matthew shot Veronica a cold glance, walked around her to the hospital bed, then humbly and politely greeted Tony. "Mr. Murphy, how are you feeling?"