

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Veronica was transferred overnight to Saint Hospital at 5:00AM.

She didn't reject the arrangement because she knew that Tiffany was also in the same hospital at the moment. *If I'm transferred to the same hospital, she'll definitely come to have a 'talk' with me. By then, it will only be more convenient for me to gather more evidence.*

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Because of that, she initially didn't dare to sleep as she was afraid that the Larson Family would try to harm her again after failing to do so the last time.

From early morning until 8:00AM, Veronica felt extremely sleepy, but at the same time, she didn't dare to fall asleep.

Then, Matthew showed up in her ward.

"How are you feeling?"

He was now back to his usual cold, handsome self. His short hair was well-groomed and there were no wrinkles on his suit, giving off the aura of his elegance.

When he approached her, she noticed the gauze wrapped around the back of his hand.

"Are you hurt?" It was rare for Veronica to speak to him in a calm manner.

It was not for any other reason; it was simply because Matthew rushed into the fire to save her yesterday.

She would always be grateful for what he did.

The man lowered his head and glanced at his bandaged hand unconcerned. "I've asked someone to look into the two people who kidnapped you yesterday," he uttered.

"Oh." She hummed her reply without much emotion because... she knew that her two kidnappers were of course taken away by her men. "Thank you for what you did yesterday."

No matter what, she was still grateful to him.

While sitting on the nursing chair, Matthew couldn't help but feel a little concerned when he looked at Veronica lying on the bed with her eyes so heavy that it could

barely stay open.

He thought that the reason why she didn't dare to sleep was because of the shock she endured yesterday.

When he looked at her tanned face, he found her particularly beautiful as she was now not as ugly as he first thought she was. *Maybe... she gets more beautiful the more I look at her.*

Ever since last night, the image of Veronica on the bathroom floor had always showed up in Matthew's mind whenever he wasn't thinking about something else.

At that moment, he felt as though his heart had almost stopped since he was stunned by the shock for a little while.

He thought that she had died after inhaling the large amount of smoke that filled the bathroom.

When he reached out to her nose and made sure that she wasn't dead, he felt like a huge weight had been lifted from his heart.

To Matthew, what he did last night was probably the craziest thing he ever did in his life!

"Why did you show up in my house?" a curious Veronica asked.

"Xavier told me that you were missing, so I went over there to find you," he answered.

After nodding her head, she asked again, "Why did you save me yesterday?"

She originally expected an explanation from him, but he coldly uttered, "It was a fireman who saved you."

"It wasn't you?" Veronica furrowed her brows as she couldn't understand why Matthew refused to admit to it.

"You're not worthy of me saving you." The man lifted his eyes, revealing his indifference.

Looking at his cold attitude, she began to question herself. *Was it really not him who saved me yesterday? If it wasn't him, where did the wound on the back of his hand come from?*

After that, Matthew rose to his full height and left the ward with a cold face.

Thomas, who was guarding outside the ward, closed the door and left after Matthew.

Looking back at Veronica's ward, Thomas couldn't help but feel confused. "Young Master Matthew, you clearly saved Miss Murphy yesterday. Why won't you admit to it?"

When he rushed to the scene and saw his own boss carrying Veronica out of the fire, he was completely left dumbfounded.

He was so shocked that his mouth was gaping because in his memory, his boss wouldn't risk his life for anyone!

The moment his words came out, Matthew paused in his footsteps and he turned to stare at Thomas.

Those sharp eyes were enough to send shivers down Thomas' spine as he couldn't help but take a gulp of his saliva.

"This matter ends here." Matthew warned him never to mention it again.

After that, the man went straight to Elizabeth's ward.

As for Thomas, he stood and watched his boss back as he understood that Matthew just didn't want to admit to his passive feelings. *Maybe his pride is preventing him from accepting the fact that he has fallen in love with an ugly and ordinary girl from the countryside.*

After entering the ward, Matthew could see Elizabeth on the bed receiving the drip treatment.

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Seeing the gauze wrapped around his wound, she asked, "What happened to you? Why is your hand injured?"

"I accidentally burned myself," he answered casually.

"You're an adult now, so you should be more careful. *Oh, dear.*" Elizabeth sighed before looking at the intravenous drip. "How long do I have to stay here?"

"The blood clot in your brain hasn't dissipated, so you'll need to stay here for a while."

"Where's Veronica? She promised that she would come to visit me, so where is she?" The moment she mentioned Veronica, she cast a scrutinizing gaze on Matthew. "Did you do something to anger her and make her leave?"

The man's dashing face darkened while a hint of resignation surfaced.

"Tiffany has left too," he uttered.

It felt as though he was asking why Elizabeth didn't say anything when he allowed Tiffany to leave.

"Now that Tiffy is gone, you can ask Veronica to come and visit me. Otherwise, I'll be bored."

When Veronica previously stayed at the Kings Residence for a few days, the two of them had mingled with each other well. Elizabeth was particularly satisfied with Veronica's simple and frank personality.

However, Matthew couldn't understand why she had liked Veronica that much, but in order to allow Elizabeth to properly recuperate, he could only lie, "She's away on a business trip."

The doctor had instructed Elizabeth to be on bed rest for a week and not to move because of the brain hemorrhage. On top of that, she must not allow herself to be angry, so lying was the only way for Matthew.

"Hmph, I may be old, but my brain is still functional. Veronica doesn't have a job, so why does she have a business trip?"

"She went to work in Xavier's company."

"What? She went to Xavier's company? Oh my, that boy isn't reliable at all. He may end up deceiving that silly girl. Why don't you arrange for her to work in your company?"

Matthew was rendered speechless. *I don't think I have ever seen her this concerned about me before.* "Not everyone can join the Spinfluence Group," he uttered coldly while crossing his legs. With his head down, he looked at the company's information that was sent to his phone.

Unexpectedly, his words angered Elizabeth, so she slapped his arm and roared, "What are you saying? Veronica is my goddaughter. What's the problem? Do my words not mean anything anymore? Am I no longer the head of the Kings Family?!"

A manchild was probably the best way to describe her as she would throw a tantrum from time to time like a child.

While raising his dark brows, Matthew had no choice but to say, "After you are

discharged from the hospital, you can do whatever you want."

"That's more like it." Elizabeth grunted coldly with an arrogant gesture as if she had just won their bickering.

Knock! Knock!

Then, a bodyguard came and knocked on the door.

When Matthew came out, the bodyguard said to him, "Young Master Matthew, Miss Murphy said that she wants to be discharged from the hospital."

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Since there was a door separating the small living room and the ward, Elizabeth didn't hear what the bodyguard had said.

With a slightly chilly face, Matthew went around the bodyguard and walked toward Veronica's ward. When he entered, he saw her getting up from bed with the intention to leave.

He entered the ward and coldly questioned, "What are you doing?"

"It's nothing. I just want to be discharged from the hospital," she answered.

According to her original plan, she hoped to make a big deal out of the fire so that she could use the public's concern to expose the Larson Family's true nature.

Veronica even deliberately released some rumors so that she would be interviewed.

Although she had finally gained the reporters' attention, Matthew used his personal connections to block them outside the hospital.

"Do you have a death wish?" Matthew stood in front of her while his dashing face radiated some cold air.

Even though his words were harsh, it wasn't difficult for her to feel his concerns for her.

"I can recover from the burns on my feet and arms at home."

Since he had saved her, Veronica didn't want to argue with him.

Besides, when she was in her apartment, she had all the time to escape, but she purposely chose not to do so to ensure that the incident would be big enough to attract the public's attention.

Therefore, she intentionally burned her feet and arms to make it seem more realistic.

She rose to her full height and decided to head outside, but her path was blocked by Matthew standing at the door of the ward.

Veronica lifted her head and looked at him with annoyance. "Please step aside.

Her attitude was firm as she was determined to leave the hospital.

However, he remained motionless while staring at her with his cold gaze.

The moment their eyes met each other, they were filled with mixed emotions that were impossible for anyone to decipher.

"I don't want to repeat myself."

Matthew would not allow her to leave.

Looking at his actions, Veronica didn't know whether to cry or laugh. "Matthew, mind your own business."

The change in attitude of Veronica and Matthew toward each other was reflected in their subtle interaction.

An example would be his concern for her and how easy it was for her to call him by his name instead of Young Master Matthew), which was what she used to address him by.

The proud man placed both his hands in his pocket and glared at her coldly as if nothing mattered to him.

He remained silent. After Veronica stared at him for a while, she suddenly raised her brow. "Are you concerned about me? *Tsk, tsk*, could it be that you have fallen in love with me?"

She walked up to the front of Matthew with a sarcastic smile on her tanned and slightly ugly face as her words were filled with mockery.

Listening to her, he couldn't help but furrow his dark brows. Then, he let out a faint snort. "You're dreaming."

For a moment, it felt as though Veronica's words had instantly pulled him back to reality, making him question himself on his decision to rush into the fire last night to save a woman who had nothing to do with him.

Have I really fallen in love with her? No, I would never fall for such an ugly woman. Does she really think a country girl who is an embarrassment is worthy of my liking? In her dreams!

"If you weren't Grandma's god-granddaughter, your death wouldn't matter to me."

Matthew gave a reasonable explanation as if he was convincing himself why he would suddenly rush into the fire to save her.

"Veronica? Oh my God. Veronica, are you alright? You scared me."

Just as Veronica was about to say something, someone suddenly entered the ward and interrupted her.

Her eyes glanced to the side and looked past Matthew to find Tiffany standing by the door.

She sneered in her heart when she saw Tiffany. *Is she that eager to see whether I'm dead or not? Looks like I've disappointed her.*

"Matthew, you're here."

When Tiffany saw the news yesterday that Veronica wasn't dead, she was infuriated.

However, it wouldn't be appropriate for her to show up here late at night, so she waited until early in the morning to visit her.

Unexpectedly, the moment she came over, she saw Veronica seducing her fiance again.

At that moment, she couldn't wait to strangle Veronica to death herself.

Matthew turned back and saw Tiffany. "You came just in time. Since you are her friend, you should keep her company."

His voice sounded casual, but at the same time, it felt as though he was ordering her.

As a famous lady in Bloomstead, Tiffany, who was crowned the most talented and beautiful woman in the city, couldn't help but feel deeply insulted by his words. *Is he asking me to keep her company? She is just a b*tch who came out of the countryside!*

"Alright, Matthew. It just so happens that I want to meet her too."

Even though she was deeply insulted by Matthew's words, she still agreed to his request.

After that, the reason why she came over this morning in such a hurry was to look for Veronica!

After glancing at Veronica with his cold gaze, Matthew withdrew his eyes and turned around to leave without batting an eye on Tiffany.

His indifferent looks felt like a dagger that was pierced into Tiffany's heart. It had hurt so much that she found it difficult to breathe since she now felt that there wasn't any place for her in Matthew's heart at all.

However, his actions had only made her love him even more, so she was now frantically obsessed with having him all for herself.

At the moment, her biggest enemy was...

Her sharp, bright eyes narrowed slightly for a moment while a cold light emerged under her eyes. Then, she viciously glanced at Veronica and said with a smile, "Matthew, you can keep Grandma company for now. I'll go and see her later."

Tiffany's sweet and gentle voice was something countless men in Bloomstead craved for, but no one knew that there was a cruel heart under her delicate skin.

"Okay," Matthew simply replied to her before leaving.

While standing in the corridor, she watched as Matthew entered Elizabeth's ward before turning toward Veronica. Then, she entered the ward and closed the door.

At that moment, her stunningly beautiful face suddenly revealed a creepy smile that would send chills down anyone's spine.

However, Veronica wasn't moved whatsoever.

"Tiffany, did you come here to see whether I'm dead or not? *Tsk tsk*, are you disappointed to see that I'm fine standing here?" She revealed a smug smile on her tanned face.

There was an obvious hint of mockery in her words.

She was intentionally provoking Tiffany so that Tiffany would say more words' that she wanted to hear.

"Veronica, I must say that you're a lucky girl. I can't believe that the fire didn't burn you alive!"

Tiffany was wearing a one-shoulder rolled-edge dress with long hair that reached her waist. Even though she had a little makeup on her face, she still looked innocent and gentle, which gave everyone a sense of a young lady.

However, under her gorgeous facade was a heartless monster.

"I can't help that I'm one lucky girl." Veronica raised her brow and gave a smug smile again. Then, she lifted her arm which was now bandaged. "The burn marks on my feet and arms aren't even bigger than my palm. Can you guess who saved me from the fire?"

With that, she turned and sat down on the bed while looking at Tiffany with interest.

As she listened to Veronica, Tiffany furrowed her delicate brows. Even though the woman hadn't said anything, Tiffany could vaguely guess who it was, so she shook her head.

"Impossible. You're talking nonsense."

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“Are you sure I’m speaking nonsense? Reality is exactly what you think it is, though. It was Matthew who saved me from the fire and had me transferred to Saint Hospital.”

Saint Hospital was one of the Kings Family’s enterprises, so Veronica’s presence here was the best proof.

When she listened to Veronica’s teasing tone, Tiffany clenched her fists and sank her nails deep into her palm to the point where blood was almost pouring out. Yet, she had felt nothing.

She couldn’t wait to go up and strangle Veronica to death now that she was on the verge of collapsing in anger.

However, after years of ‘training, Tiffany had learned to resist her anger in front of others.

That was why no matter how angry she was, she could compose herself within a few short seconds to calmly reply, “So what? It’s only because Old Mrs. Kings likes you, which prompted him to save you.”

She had been so exasperated that her body started to slightly shiver.

However, since Elizabeth’s ward was right next to them, she couldn’t lose her temper or be hysterical.

“You’re right. You’re beautiful, so everything you say is right.” Veronica didn’t refute Tiffany since she knew that her attempt to provoke Tiffany had worked, so she merely added, “What are you doing coming over to me this early in the morning? Your parents sent someone to set fire to my house and failed, so are you now trying to get at me again after the attempted murder?”

"Don't be so cocky yet." Tiffany could no longer endure the provocation and went over to whisper, "Have you forgotten about your parents back home?"

The moment Veronica's adoptive parents were mentioned, Veronica's expression instantly changed as she sat up on the hospital bed in a flash. "Y-You... Tiffany, don't you dare!"

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"Hmph, your adoptive parents are now in my hands. If you don't want them to die, you better leave Bloomstead and disappear in front of Matthew forever. Otherwise,

don't blame me for not considering our sisterly love."

Sisterly love? What a way with words! This is probably the most sarcastic thing I've ever heard. "Sisterly love?" Veronica didn't know how Tiffany was able to utter these two words. Her bright eyes flickered with a cold intent while she stared at Tiffany with a sharp gaze unblinkingly. "Is all this scheming part of your sisterly love!?"

"I don't want to talk nonsense with you. I'm now giving you two choices: you can either stay and let your adoptive parents die, or you can get the hell out of Bloomstead and never come back again."

Since Elizabeth's ward was next to them, Tiffany didn't wish to confront Veronica.

Besides, using Veronica's adoptive parents as a threat, Tiffany was able to do whatever she wanted without worrying about Veronica telling Elizabeth.

"Alright. I'll leave, but please let my parents off the hook."

"As long as you leave, I promise to let them go."

"Deal." Veronica gladly agreed. "However, Matthew won't let me leave now. As you can see, there's a bodyguard guarding at the door. Go and get rid of him first."

With a faint smile on her red lips, Tiffany couldn't hide the complacency and arrogance on her gorgeous face. "I know you will eventually come to your senses." After that, she added, "Once you leave Bloomstead, my parents will give you some money and send you all away. The farther the better. Veronica, don't blame me. You

can only blame fate for putting you in this situation."

In Bloomstead, only one of them could stay.

“Okay!” Veronica lifted her head slightly, signaling Tiffany to quickly get rid of the bodyguard standing at the door.

However, her excessive obedience made Tiffany even more suspicious.

Therefore, she examined Veronica with her gaze and stared at her for a few seconds, as if she was trying to find anything suspicious on her face, but there was nothing.

She thought that the reason she was forced to be this obedient to her was probably because she was worried about her adoptive parents.

Veronica watched while Tiffany went out the ward and living room before saying something to the bodyguard standing outside, so he left.

At that moment, Veronica’s lips curled upward and revealed a smile as if victory was at hand.

Then, she opened the door and went out.

When she walked out of the ward, she glanced at Tiffany standing at the door and immediately went around her without saying a word.

Meanwhile, Tiffany stood there and watched as the injured Veronica limped step by step to the elevator before a strong feeling of unease arose in her heart. *Her eyes are calm and indifferent as if they are a body of stagnant water. When I carefully look at her eyes, it feels like I’m looking at a dying person.*

Tiffany felt that there was something wrong, but she couldn’t point out what it was.

However, no matter what schemes Veronica had, it meant nothing to her.

After looking back at Elizabeth’s ward, Tiffany picked up her phone and walked toward the stairs where she called her father, Floch. “Dad, Veronica has just left the hospital. You can carry out your plan.”

She hung up on the call and rubbed the phone screen with her thumb. As she looked at the window at the stairway, she could no longer conceal the coldness deep in her eyes.

Yesterday, she didn't want Veronica to die in the fire. Instead, she wanted Veronica's face to be so badly disfigured that Veronica would become an ugly woman.

At that moment, everyone in the world would find out who she really was.

However, not only did her face turn out fine, she didn't die!

In the meantime, the moment Veronica left the hospital, she realized that the reporters who were supposed to be at the entrance were now gone. Instead, there were a few more suspicious-looking men not far away, staring at her with strange eyes.

Suddenly, she felt a thump inside her heart as she couldn't help but gulp.

When she was about to turn around, she realized that there were also several people staring at her in the lobby of the hospital.

She was being attacked on all sides!

At that moment, she realized that she had underestimated her enemies.

She pretended to be calm while her hand inadvertently moved toward her wristwatch to press a certain button. "Cody, I don't know if you can hear me now, but I want you to immediately contact the Twitter blogger I gave you. I want you to send all the recordings given to you yesterday and the videos previously given to you!"

Veronica knew that the operation this time would be risky, but her gratitude to her parents had trumped everything. *My parents gave me my life, so I must avenge them to repay them for raising me. Also, I have an accident insurance policy. If I end up dying today, they will receive a huge sum of compensation that will be enough for them to peacefully live the rest of their lives.*

As for her adoptive parents, she wasn't worried about them because she had asked Xavier a long time ago for a few people with good hands to watch her parents 24 hours a day. Her parents being kidnapped was merely a plot to confuse the Larson Family.

Then, she grabbed a man walking past her. "Hello, I'm sorry. Can you lend me your phone for a second? I forgot to bring my phone and I want to make a call."

“Well, okay. No problem.”

After the man handed his phone to her, Veronica wanted to call Matthew, but she couldn't remember his number at all.

Other than her adoptive parents, the only number she remembered was Xavier's

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However, when Veronica called Xavier, no one answered the call.

Therefore, she could only text him instead: Xavier, I'm Veronica. If anything happens to me, help my parents to claim my accident insurance and send them away from here.

After typing the message, she sent it off to him.

Then, she typed something on the phone again and handed it back to the man next to her.
“Thank you.”

“Haha, it's alright.”

The man took his phone and left.

However, after waiting for him to leave, several men standing in the hospital lobby directly approached her.

Immediately, Veronica screamed, “Help! Help-um.

Just as she was about to run off, a few 'doctors' in white coats grabbed hold of her and covered her mouth. "Why are you running away again?"

The 'attending doctor' stood beside and waved his hand to a few people next to him. "Hurry up and send her to the asylum. We can't afford to let her hurt anyone."

"Sob.." Ignoring the burn on the back of her feet, Veronica continued to struggle and kicked the man beside her before screaming at the onlookers, "Help me! Help me! Call the police, please."

"Stop being useless and quickly grab her!" Seeing that Veronica was struggling with force, the 'attending doctor' ordered, "You over there, carry her back here."

Then, four strong men in white coats pressed Veronica onto the ground before carrying her away on her limbs and covering her mouth.

When the surrounding crowd saw the scene, they started discussing.

"That person looks pretty normal to me."

"Is this some kind of kidnapping?"

"I've never seen her before."

"Which hospital are you from?"

Facing the crowd's questioning, the attending doctor' took out his medical proof'. "She is our hospital's mental patient. This is her second time trying to escape from the hospital. The last time she escaped, she even stabbed someone."

"Oh my, that's scary!"

"We should keep our distance from her."

"Who said she's not mentally ill?"

"This is terrifying. What's wrong with your hospital? Can't you even look after one mental patient?"

Since they were worried that they would be stabbed by the mentally ill patient, the onlookers all took a step back.

As they tried to avoid Veronica, they had even less doubt about the truth' of the matter.

Meanwhile, Veronica struggled as she was carried into a car owned by the asylum not far away. The car drove off after the door was slammed shut.

At the same time, in the inpatient department building, Tiffany was standing beside the window to witness everything that happened below.

Her red lips curled upward to form the prettiest smile on her gorgeous face. *Veronica, you're intelligent, but you are no match against my dad. From now on, you'll be spending the rest of your life in the asylum. You'll be there forever... Forever!*

What she said to Veronica earlier was half the truth.

Although it was true that her adoptive parents had been kidnapped, she had tricked Veronica into leaving so that the people downstairs could take her away. *Now that she's in the asylum... She will forever be a mental patient!*

"Why are you here? And where is Veronica?"

Suddenly, a voice appeared from the back,

The familiar voice made her shiver as she looked back and saw Matthew standing by the staircase looking down at her from above.

"Matthew, I'm on a call with my friend." She calmly waved her phone before furrowing her brows. "What did you say? Veronica? Wasn't she in her ward earlier? She told me that she wanted some breakfast, so I asked the bodyguard to buy it for her."

Matthew's face darkened as he thought that Veronica had intentionally asked the bodyguards to leave so that she could make her escape.

Seeing his facial expression, Tiffany felt a little upset, but the moment she remembered that Veronica would forever disappear from his sight, her mood was instantly lifted up.

"Matthew, are you worried about her?" She couldn't help but ask with resentment.

At this point, she still couldn't understand how Veronica was still able to attract Matthew's special attention as well as Xavier even though she didn't have any talents and had disguised herself as an ugly girl.

As a noble in Bloomstead, she was always showered with praises from countless people, but in the end, she still lost to Veronica, who happened to be her little sister.

Therefore, her jealousy grew to such a stage where it twisted her heart.

"Grandma likes her a lot."

Matthew gave an extremely generic answer, cleverly dodging Tiffany's tricky question.

"Oh." Tiffany nodded and lowered her eyes to perfectly hide her guilt. In a second, she managed to calm herself down before adding, "I'll go and visit Grandma now."

She walked up the steps in her heels and passed by Matthew. The moment she glanced at him from a close distance, she realized that he was looking at her gloomily as though he had something in mind.

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Suddenly, she felt her heart pounding frantically as his piercing gaze felt like he was exposing all her schemes.

"I'll head off first then, Matthew."

Even with so much guilt, Tiffany was still able to keep her composure and leave.

The Larson Family had originally consisted of ordinary business people, but due to Tiffany's outstanding performance, the family gained attention whereby their status leaped to become an upper-class family in the business world.

It could be seen that she had paid a lot for the 'glamorous life' she now had.

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That was the reason why she couldn't stand it when Veronica, who was someone from the countryside, stole the limelight.

After Tiffany left, Matthew took out his phone and called Thomas immediately. "Go and check where Veronica went."

He hung up the phone after giving a simple order.

Inside Elizabeth's ward, Tiffany sat beside the bed and gently massaged her leg. "Grandma, your leg must be uncomfortable from being in bed for so long, so I learned a massage technique especially for you. What do you think? Is it comfortable?"

In an attempt to gain the older woman's liking, Tiffany did all she could to please her.

She even set aside her ego to massage Elizabeth's feet.

"Hehe, you sure are a lovely girl."

Although Elizabeth liked Veronica, she found that Tiffany was also quite a nice girl after spending some time with her. *She is gentle, intelligent, and has a good personality.*

"I don't care whether others like me or not as long as you do," she said sweetly while smiling at Elizabeth.

"Of course I like you. You're Matthew's fiancée."

"That's great."

As the two of them happily chatted, Matthew was sitting in the living room right outside the ward.

When his phone rang, Tiffany, who had been talking to Elizabeth, immediately pricked up her ears to carefully listen to the conversation outside while her eyes

brightened.

"The surveillance camera was broken?"

Tiffany vaguely heard the words from him.

As a result, she immediately felt a huge weight lifted from her heart. *Dad is always one step ahead. He knew that Matthew would check the surveillance camera to track down Veronica, so he hacked the surveillance video in Saint Hospital in advance. There won't be any evidence if we don't leave any traces.*

Elizabeth inquired, "What are you thinking about?"

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Elizabeth had only liked Tiffany because she was someone whom Matthew loved. Even though she was always gentle and well-behaved, Elizabeth vaguely felt that she didn't know the girl *that well*. In other words, it felt as though there was a thin layer concealing Tiffany's true self.

"I-It's nothing. I was just thinking that you must feel lonely living on your own in the Kings Residence. From now on, I will visit you more often when I have the chance," she said hypocritically with a gentle smile.

"Haha, that would be great. I always feel bored when I'm alone at home..."

Just as Elizabeth was about to agree to what Tiffany had said, she changed her mind after realizing that Veronica was now her god-granddaughter. If she allowed Tiffany to freely enter and exit the Kings Residence, it would only cause more trouble for Veronica.

Therefore, she quickly changed her answer. "However, after being alone for so long, I'm afraid I might not be used to having company. I appreciate your kindness, but you should spend more time with Matthew whenever you're free. The two of you should go out for walks and movies like what most youngsters do."

"Alright, Grandma." Tiffany nodded while her heart was full of resignation. She had wanted to go on dates and movies with Matthew, but he wouldn't give her the chance.

In the meantime, Veronica was kidnapped into an ambulance. As soon as she was taken into the ambulance, she kept her cool despite being in danger and quickly glanced at everything that was in the vehicle, but there was nothing that could help

her.

Bang!

After the door was locked, the four strong men followed her into the ambulance while the 'attending doctor' sat in the driver's seat.

While in despair, she felt an endless sense of chilling fear running down her spine.

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Then, she suddenly saw two syringes on a tray in the ambulance. Veronica's instinct told her that these were either anesthesia or a type of sleeping agent that were prepared for her.

Due to the tight and narrow space within the ambulance, she took the chance and

pretended to stagger to the front to grab the syringes since the other men were seated behind her. After that, she carefully looked back at the men behind her before lifting her feet to kick them.

Veronica had used almost all of her strength on that one kick, so the man who bore the impact fell directly behind, which caused the rest to all fall with him.

There was only a row of seats and although the stretcher had been removed, the space inside the ambulance was still narrow. When the men fell, the others fell with him as well and found it difficult to get up immediately.

At that moment, Veronica seized the opportunity and jumped on top of them with the syringes in her hand. She inserted the needle into the bodies of two men and injected the anesthesia as fast as she could.

"What the hell is this?"

"What are you doing?"

"She stole the anesthesia!"

"Be careful!"

She might have injected the anesthesia into the two men—one on his chest and the other on his thigh, but she didn't know whether an injection site on these positions would have the desired effect. However, there was one thing she was sure of—the dosage that they prepared for her wasn't small.

"Damn, you b*tch!" The man who was injected went berserk as he pulled Veronica's hair and stood up to kick her belly.

"Ouch..." The kick was so hard that it made her stagger backward and slam onto the back of the ambulance. She then bounced off the wall and kneeled on the ground. "*Hiss...*"

The pain from both her head and stomach was enough to distort her expression and stop her from moving for a while.

"You fucking bitc—" The man at the very front pointed and started to scold her. However, before he could even finish his sentence, he paused abruptly and shook his head vigorously while holding his head. In the end, he fell on the floor.

At the same time, the other man beside him collapsed inside the ambulance too. When she saw this scene, Veronica breathed a huge sigh of relief. *As expected, that is an excessive amount of dosage!*

Although she had fortunately managed to inject the anesthesia into the two men, it had her thinking about the consequences if she was the one who had been injected with it. *Would I be dead or assaulted?*

"Looks like we've underestimated this b*tch." The two men who were still standing looked at their fallen comrades and spat on the floor before walking toward Veronica with their sleeves rolled up.

Veronica was still in pain from the kick to her belly, so she gritted her teeth tightly to keep the pain at bay. With a quick glance, she saw a fire extinguisher placed in the corner. However, the fire extinguisher was behind the two men, which was difficult for her to reach.

"W-What do you want? Floch wants you to kidnap me, but he didn't say that you can kill me!" Now that she trembled in fear, she was standing with difficulty.

"Hmph, don't blame us. We're just doing this for the money." With that, the man rushed toward her, but she was able to grab a certain apparatus next to her leg and landed the blow on him.

The thing wasn't heavy, so when the man swung his arm, the item immediately fell onto the floor. The moment he moved his arm, Veronica stepped on the two unconscious men and leaped to the corner behind them. There initially wasn't much space inside the ambulance, but now that there were two muscular men on the floor, the space had narrowed even more.

Veronica was able to dodge the man in the front but not the one behind him. Before she could even retrieve the fire extinguisher, he had already grabbed her hair.

A girl's hair was always an inconvenience, but since most of her long hair was burned in last night's fire, she only had short hair that reached her neck. While being tightly grabbed, she raised her hand and yanked her hair before making a strong dash forward so that it would slip out of the man's hand.

Veronica then took the chance to grab the fire extinguisher before quickly turning around to smash it heavily on the man's head. After a bang was heard, there was a little residual sound on the fire extinguisher.

Upon seeing the man falling to the floor, the last man standing reached out to snatch the fire extinguisher from her. While she tried her best to struggle, she was no match against his strength. Then, she lifted her foot to kick the man's crotch. As he groaned painfully, the man immediately released his grip on the fire extinguisher and leaned

to the side while covering his crotch. He was in so much pain that his face was now distorted.

However, the other man who was assaulted in the head jumped on Veronica thereafter, but she was quick enough to pull the pin and break the seal of the fire extinguisher. As soon as he touched the fire extinguisher, she pressed the button and it began to spray...

Since the fire extinguisher was pointed directly at him at the same time he was about to say something, the dry powder that she sprayed all went into his mouth.

"Cough... Cough..." Coughing uncontrollably, the man held his neck with both hands and felt extreme discomfort.

Then, without any hesitation, Veronica pointed the fire extinguisher at the other guy and sprayed the dry power directly onto his face. The man was so helpless that he squatted down in the corner and threw in the towel.

Once everything was taken care of, she leaned against the wall in exhaustion. Not giving herself a chance to catch her breath, she quickly pressed the emergency button to open the door.

Looking at the receding scenery and the car behind the ambulance, she threw the fire extinguisher on the ground.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 56

Chapter 56

The person in the car behind the ambulance was so shocked that they turned the steering wheel and immediately stopped.

Then, Veronica quickly jumped from the ambulance and rolled on the ground, but she had hurt herself everywhere.

Since the ambulance siren had been loudly turned on during the entire journey, no one in the driver's seat could hear what happened in the compartment.

Therefore, she successfully jumped from the ambulance, but after falling on the ground, she wasn't able to stand on her feet due to the pain she felt.

She lay on the ground and watched as the ambulance drove farther away to make sure that the people in the compartment didn't follow her.

Then, the woman from the vehicle behind alighted from her car and shouted while pointing at her. "Hey, are you blind? Did you know that I almost crashed into you?"

"I'm sorry."

Veronica stood up and bowed to the woman with sincere apologies. At first, she wanted to use her phone to call the police but was scared that the Larson Family already had the cops on their side.

In the end, she decided to ask the woman, "Can you give me a ride?"

The woman was dressed in a black professional attire with black-rimmed glasses and resembled a corporate elite.

After thoroughly looking at Veronica and the ambulance that drove away, the woman answered, "There's no way I'm giving you a ride. However, I can call the police for you."

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With a vigilant mind, the woman was naturally being cautious after witnessing the shocking situation.

"Then, can you lend me your phone for me to make a call?" Veronica asked while holding her belly

She hadn't recovered from that muscular man's fierce kick.

"Alright."

After the woman handed the phone to her, Veronica gave Cody a call. "Cody, I'm at the intersection of Preston Road and Pines Street, which is fifty meters to the east. I need you to hurry up and pick me up. Right now!"

After the call, she returned the phone to the woman, but just as she was about to leave, the ambulance sirens were suddenly heard again.

Veronica paled at the situation because when both women turned to look at the direction of the sound, they discovered that the ambulance, which had already driven off, was now turning back.

"Can you please let me hide in your trunk? You can go anywhere you want, and I'll come out afterward. Is that okay?"

She took the woman by the hand and begged.

When driving the car earlier, the woman saw everything that happened in the ambulance, including the scene of Veronica jumping from the ambulance. Now, to her, Veronica felt like an injured civilian whom she should help. Otherwise, she would feel guilty.

"Okay. Quickly go in."

The woman entered her car and unlocked her trunk.

After thanking her, Veronica went around the back of the car and crawled into the trunk. She then closed the lid and shouted, "You can go now!"

In the end, she hid inside the woman's trunk. As the sound of the ambulance faded into the distance, she finally breathed a huge sigh of relief.

Matthew had an ominous feeling after receiving the call from Thomas in the hospital.

Even though Veronica really wanted to leave then, she clearly looked exhausted when he entered her ward to see her. Not only did she refuse to sleep, she was even adamant on leaving the hospital.

After connecting her kidnapping and last night's fire to the issue of the hospital's surveillance video today, he couldn't help but realize one problem, which was... Veronica had to be in danger!

Matthew's phone suddenly rang, and when he glanced at his phone on the table with a cold gaze, he saw Thomas' name flashing on the screen.

He went over to the table and answered the call. "Have you found her?"

"I'm currently trying my best to look for Miss Murphy. However, I just received a call from Castron, saying that there is a problem with our branch there. They need you to travel to Castron immediately to deal with it." Thomas briefly explained the situation to Matthew on the phone. Before waiting for Matthew to respond, he quickly continued, "Young Master Matthew, I've already booked a plane ticket and it's departing in half an hour."

There weren't a lot of scheduled flights from Bloomstead to Castron, so he could only book the earliest one since the subsequent one was seven hours after the current flight.

As the issue in Castron was an emergency, they were running out of time.

Matthew had always prioritized his work, but after hearing what Thomas said earlier today, he was slightly hesitant.

"Matthew, come in," Elizabeth called from her ward, so he hung up the phone and entered the room.

As he entered, she waved at him and said in a stern tone, "I just received a call from Castron about the problem there. You must head there right now."

She had also received a call at the same time as him.

Elizabeth initially thought that Matthew would immediately pack his things and rush to Castron after learning about the situation, but she was surprised to see his hesitation.

Apart from Elizabeth, even Tiffany was aware of his expression.

Everyone in the business world knew that Matthew was a workaholic, but he was now delaying his work because of Veronica.

Since when did Veronica become this important to him? Tiffany remained calm on the surface, but jealousy was already filling her heart.

"Grandma, I'm not comfortable with Matthew going to Castron alone. Can you let me accompany him?" Tiffany latched onto Elizabeth's arm and asked affectionately,

This was a good opportunity for Tiffany to spend some time alone with Matthew in Castron, so she didn't want to miss out.

More importantly, she realized that his concern for Veronica had far exceeded her expectation, so she had to keep an eye on him to prevent him from finding any clues that could bring the entire Larson Family into chaos.

Elizabeth didn't like the idea of having Tiffany around her all the time, so she saw this as a good reason to get Tiffany off her back.

Therefore, she nodded her head in agreement and looked up at Matthew. "I can see that Tiffany's love for you is sincere. You should bring her to Castron with you. After all, she is your fiancée," she said fervently.

Her tone was commanding as if there was no place for negotiation.

Listening to her, Matthew's eyes turned slightly cold, but before he could decline, Tiffany revealed a gentle smile and thanked Elizabeth in excitement. "Thank you, Grandma. I'm glad to have you around."

"No need to thank me. Time is running out. You should go back now and pack your stuff. We can't afford to be late." Elizabeth reminded her.

"Okay. I'll head back and pack my bags now."

Tiffany didn't expect to easily receive Elizabeth's approval, so she quickly stood up and told Matthew, "Matthew, wait for me. I'll be back soon."

Even though they were engaged, she had always stayed in the Larson Residence and never had the chance to be intimate with Matthew.

This time, if they were to travel to Castron together, she had to make the most of this opportunity to turn herself into the 'real' Mrs. Kings.

Meanwhile, the man glared at her with a chilly face that bore a hint of displeasure.

Even though Tiffany had seen Matthew's expression, she ignored it and walked past him to leave as she only wanted to hurry home to retrieve her passport.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 57

Chapter 57

After the woman had left, Matthew asked Elizabeth, "Why did you ask her to tag along?"

Elizabeth let out a sigh and explained, "*Sigh*, you are not getting any younger, so how could you not have a woman by your side to take care of you? After all, she's your fiancée; you should start getting used to having her by your side."

She darted a look at him and continued with a hint of mockery in her tone, "You were the one who wanted to be engaged with her in the first place. What's wrong? Are you regretting your decision?"

At first, Elizabeth tried everything she could to bring about the engagement between Matthew and Veronica, but he was unexpectedly stubborn to the point where he refused to agree to it. However, what puzzled Elizabeth even more was his current ambiguous attitude toward Tiffany.

"No," he responded with a cold expression, a deadpan look on his handsome face.

"That's a relief." She waved her hand. "The matter in Castron is pertinent, so you should quickly pack up and head over."

Matthew remained silent. He retracted his gaze and left the ward before giving

Thomas a call.

Thomas' phone rang for a while before he answered, "Young Master Matthew, what's the matter?"

"You have to ensure Veronica's safety for the entire duration I'm at Castron," Matthew instructed over the call.

On the other end of the line, Thomas fell silent for an instant before he responded with a question, "Sir, don't you think that you're paying too much attention to Miss Murphy?"

As Matthew's personal assistant, it was his responsibility and obligation to constantly remind Matthew to be on top of things. "You have once said that you will focus on your career and you don't wish for anyone to become a weakness that would threaten your performance."

Thomas knew Matthew better than anyone else as he had been following Matthew for more than ten years.

He suddenly slammed the table in rage.

Upon hearing the sudden news, Tiffany was overwhelmed by mixed feelings that consisted of mostly fear.

She was afraid that the incident would be exposed in which Matthew would discover the truth. If that were to happen, it would destroy her reputation and taint the image that she had established for over twenty years!

At that thought, a hint of murderous intent flashed across her eyes. Rage started to grow inside her as she growled through gritted teeth, "I've said that she will become the Larson Family's greatest threat if she continues to live. You two have harmed her adoptive parents, but you two have suddenly become merciful and want to spare her life by imprisoning her in a mental hospital for the rest of her life. Isn't that ridiculous?"

When they had a discussion about that incident, Tiffany had already suggested getting rid of Veronica once and for all.

However, although both Floch and Rachel resented Veronica, they couldn't bear the thought of killing her.

Whenever they were about to do something to her, Veronica's face, which looked exactly like Tiffany, would surface in their minds and soften their hearts.

Rachel turned to sit on the couch, helplessly leaning against the furniture as she sighed with her head lowered. Her elegant bearing as an honorable woman of the family had vanished and she seemed to have aged at that instant.

Floch quietly took a cigarette from the case and lit it up, smoking as he spoke, "Matthew has already assigned people to search for Veronica. If he finds that b*tch, not only me but the entire Larson Family will be doomed. We have to bear in mind the fact that Old Mrs. Kings has acknowledged that b*tch as her god-daughter."

Tiffany was pissed and felt that the two of them were too soft-hearted, which would only lead them to failure.

Nonetheless, she was unable to understand that as Veronica's parents, they couldn't bear to kill her no matter how much they had despised her, although Veronica had not been by their side for more than twenty years. This was also the reason why they had hesitated for a long time before forcing themselves to instruct for the fire to happen that night.

Yet, the husband and wife had regretted their actions after that incident. In the end, Veronica managed to survive, which caused them to exhale in relief. They were probably hoping that they wouldn't commit too many sins while they were still alive.

"This..." Rachel turned to Floch, unable to make a decision.

"If you don't want to kill Veronica, we have to be prepared in advance and wait for her revenge on the Larson's Family. As long as she lives, she definitely won't let the Larson Family off the hook. The secret news posted by the famous influencer on Twitter is the strongest evidence that what I said will surely happen!" Tiffany didn't continue after she said her piece as she didn't want to waste any more time on her parents.

All she had in mind now was to pack her luggage and head to Castron with Matthew. She would try her very best to maintain her relationship with him in order to secure her position as 'Mrs. Kings.

The couple watched as Tiffany jogged upstairs before they looked at each other.

Floch darted a look at Rachel. "Well, I've said before that we can't keep Veronica around."

Although there was a tiny shred of reluctance inside him to take Veronica's life because he knew that she was his biological daughter, he still weighed the advantages and disadvantages of the situation like a businessman since he was an experienced one himself.

If it hadn't been Rachel, who had been stubbornly insisting on allowing Veronica to live, he would have already ordered someone to take Veronica's life.

Rachel plopped herself on the couch; her gaze became hollow as she looked outside the window. "We will listen to what Tiffany said this time. Let's eradicate her to prevent future problems."

What Tiffany had said made a lot of sense. The Larson Family was about to collaborate with the Kings Family through marriage, so they couldn't afford to see anything going wrong at this point.

Plus, Elizabeth had taken a liking to Veronica and acknowledged her as her god daughter. If Veronica were to escape to Elizabeth and report the incident to the older woman or contact popular influencers on Twitter to expose all the sins that they had committed, the outcome would be disastrous.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 58

Chapter 58

"That bunch of useless idiots couldn't even keep an eye on a woman!" The people whom Floch had found thought that they would be able to forever imprison Veronica in an inconspicuous mental hospital at the outskirts of Bloomstead without taking her life so that they could hide her away from the world. However, they never expected that she would escape.

"Inform the others. She must never be in touch with Old Mrs. Kings," a flustered Floch instructed.

As soon as he said that, Rachel raised her hand and stopped him. "Hold on. Perhaps we can use another way."

"What other way?" He turned to her with expectation.

She rose from the couch and walked up to him, then whispered something in his ear.

Meanwhile, Veronica was hiding in the trunk of a car that belonged to a mysterious woman while the vehicle sped down the road.

The car suddenly came to a stop after traveling for quite a distance. Veronica's heart leaped into her mouth. In depression, she thought, *Could it be that they managed to catch up with us?*

The woman remained silent behind the steering wheel and she didn't open the trunk, so Veronica, who was hiding in it, kept quiet as well.

Crack.

Veronica suddenly heard the sound of the car window shattering, which was followed by the woman's sharp shriek.

"Ah, what are you doing? Let me go! Let go of me!"

It was obvious that the woman was in danger and she was resisting something or someone.

At that moment, Veronica couldn't bear to stay put. She pulled the emergency lever and opened the trunk before she hopped out of the trunk and cried, "Let go of,"

"Before she managed to utter the last word of 'her, the sight of the few men before her rooted her to the spot. She gaped at them, feeling totally astonished by what she saw.

Before her eyes stood five or six foreign men dressed in camouflage uniforms and berets. Their burly figures suggested that they might be mercenaries from other countries.

*F*ck! W-What in the world is going on?*

Veronica was well aware of the abilities of the Larson Family. Even if they were to send assassins to hunt her down, they wouldn't look for five or six professional fighters to take her life when she was nothing but a puny, weak lady. It would only drive up their cost!

She was flabbergasted to the point that her mind went blank. *Who am I? Where am I? No, I should ask who the woman that drove the car earlier is? Why are these professional fighters here?*

Her appearance instantly attracted the gaze of the few men. All of them glanced in her direction as they appraised her from head to toe before they turned to the capable woman in business attire to ask in broken English, "Who is she?"

"She-I don't know her. I ran into her on the street. She was begging for help, so I saved her," the woman explained.

Although every single word that she said was as true as steel, the few professional fighters exchanged glances with one another. It was obvious from their expressions that they didn't buy her words.

The leader among them, a man with blond hair and a scar on his face, waved at the other men next to him and said, "Take her along too."

Hence, two men walked toward Veronica. When she was about to resist them, she vaguely noticed the weapons behind their backs-guns!

In consideration of her own safety, she didn't resist and, she obediently went along with the few men like a sitting duck when they escorted her into a black MPV.

The two ladies sat in the middle row while a man sat next to them with his arms folded across his chest. He exuded a menacing aura and the intimidating air around him was frightening.

At this moment, Veronica turned to the woman beside her and asked, "Who are you
ho are these people?"

The smart-looking lady in business attire shrugged and shook her head. "I've already said that I didn't want to save you, but you insisted on getting into my car."

Veronica was rendered speechless. *Such bad luck! I must have overlooked the bad omens before I left the house!* "Where are they taking us to?" she persisted, hoping to get more details out of the woman.

"I don't know."

"Will our lives be threatened?"

"It'll depend on our fate."

"Depends on our fate?" Veronica's eyes widened in disbelief. "I'm no fortune teller, so how am I supposed to know how our fate will be?"

"Shut up!" The foreign man beside them yelled while Veronica was in shock, which caused her expression to sink.

"Why can't I speak when I have a mouth? Why should I shut up? Do you think that you are my parents? Who are you to tell me what to do? You—"

Feeling upset, she started blathering at the man.

However, before she finished saying what she wanted to say, the man was seen slowly pulling out a pistol from his camouflage uniform and thereafter aiming the black muzzle at her head. "Huh?"

A startled Veronica wore an awkward smile with a raised brow as her arrogance instantly vanished. "Haha, I was joking. I was just joking. I guess you are not good with jokes."

A bright grin was plastered on her face, but her gaze was focused on the pistol in his hand. It was a modified version of M9A1, which was mostly used in Mobros.

Hence, she said nothing more and sat quietly in the car, but she eavesdropped on their conversation, which was done in Chinese, and vaguely discovered the identities of these few men.

They were mercenaries!

Someone had hired mercenaries to kidnap the woman beside her, which led to

another question—who in the world was the woman?

The series of questions continued to linger in Veronica's head, causing her to almost have an emotional breakdown. However, she knew that she was currently in a dangerous

situation with her life at stake. Yet, she mustn't die because her adoptive parents would be waiting for her at home.

The vehicle continued to move forward before it entered the highway of Bloomstead. They were traveling from the north to the south of the area. *I wonder where we are heading toward*, she thought.

Throughout their journey, Veronica had tried numerous methods to escape, but to no avail.

In the end, the car had traveled for three whole days before it arrived at the largest port at the southernmost part of Destor. The two women were taken to a cruise ship with their arms and feet bound.

Then, they were confined in a tiny, dark room on the ship. The room had solid walls that were made of steel and the only source of sunlight was a tiny window that couldn't even fit a person

In those three days, Veronica finally learned that the name of the woman with her was Yvonne Spencer.

When the door was locked, Veronica directly rose from the floor and tossed aside the rope that had been used to tie her wrists. She tore the tape on her mouth away and paced around in the small room to stretch herself.

"Mm-mmm..." Yvonne, whose arms were tied behind her and her legs bound together, looked at Veronica walking around freely. She wanted to say something to Veronica, but the tape that covered her mouth muffled her voice.

Veronica, who was dressed in a hospital gown, leaned against the wall with her arms folded across her chest. She coldly looked down at Yvonne from her height and asked with a raised brow, "Are you trying to ask me why I was able to untie the rope myself?"

Yvonne nodded.

"This sort of rope-tying technique is not a challenge to me at all," Veronica chuckled contemptuously

Sitting on the floor, Yvonne shook her hands behind her back and murmured indistinct sounds at Veronica.

Veronica leaned against the wall languidly, shaking her legs as she shook her coldly. "Sorry, I'm not your comrade and I'm not even close to you."

Yvonne tried to say something, so Veronica walked up to her and tore off the tape on her face. "Spill it. Who are you and who are they? Only then will I untie you."

In the past three days, Veronica had frequently tried to look for a chance to escape but had failed in her quest.

She had to admit that these people had undergone professional training. They were intelligent, observant, and were equipped with high counter-reconnaissance skills.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 59

Chapter 59

Those men would definitely discover what she was up to whenever she had any plans or thoughts to escape.

When she had tried to escape the first time, she was grabbed by her hair and given a slap on her face. The men had made two shots before her feet and warned her in broken English, "If you dare to try to make another escape, you will take a bullet in your heart."

As the men were extremely skillful in their marksmanship, Veronica's few escape attempts had failed, which left her with no choice but to obediently follow them as she waited for a more suitable opportunity to rise.

After all, she could never outrun a bullet no matter how fast she was and she had no plans to die either!

Since Veronica didn't seem like a simple woman, Yvonne was aware that they would continue to be held captive if she refused to say anything. Therefore, as she sat on the floor, she replied in desperation, "The men are mercenaries. I had offended their boss, so they are now doing everything they can to capture me."

As she spoke, Veronica stood at one side and carefully observed Yvonne's facial expression since her gut feeling was telling her that Yvonne was lying.

However, she didn't press on the matter as she knew that Yvonne was unwilling to tell the truth.

"The cruise ship has started to sail. This room is pretty much sealed up, so we won't be able to escape." The door of the room could only be opened from outside and there wasn't a handle inside the room, what more a keyhole.

Veronica's gaze rested on the small window that could only fit two heads; no grown adult could pass through the window.

"The ship is heading toward Castron. It's their territory over there. If we are unable to escape now, we definitely won't be able to do so once we arrive at Castron." Yvonne sat in the corner, leaning against the wall and looking at Veronica with a calm gaze.

Yvonne's delicate features made her seem stunning even without any makeup on and she exuded an air of coldness and indifference. Although she had been kidnapped, there wasn't even a shred of fluster on her expression.

Has the woman really been kidnapped? Veronica had a feeling that Yvonne took her as a fool.

However, it was apparent that Yvonne was clear about the identities of the kidnappers, so Veronica chose not to initiate a fight with her since she still knew some valuable information.

"Is the ship going to make a stop anywhere along the way?" Veronica asked.

"It will head straight to Castron."

"Head straight to Castron? You have boarded the ship before this?"

"No, but I heard them saying it," Yvonne explained.

Veronica massaged her temples and mumbled, "A plane travels 40 times faster than a cruise ship. It takes 12 hours to travel from Destor to Castron by plane, so it will take about... 20 days by cruise."

Three days had passed since she had been kidnapped. As she was wearing a special wiretap on her wrist, Cody must have known her situation.

However, nobody had come to her rescue up until now.

There were only two possibilities that could explain that—firstly, Cody was in some life-threatening danger or secondly, he had chosen to betray her! No matter what the truth was, the situation had left Veronica with no other choice but to save herself!

Therefore, in the following few days, the two of them were on their best behaviors to lower the guard of the mercenaries. They were so successful to the point that the men were willing to untie their ropes and allow them to move freely in a room with an attached bathroom; they even gave the two girls a few books to pass the time.

Soon, one week had passed. Veronica would eat on time on a daily basis and make no fuss, which gave the impression that she was unbelievably well-behaved.

Finally, even Yvonne couldn't suppress the urge to ask the woman before her, "They have now lowered their guard. Aren't you planning to escape?"

As there were two beds in the room, both of them were placed against the wall and each one took a bed.

Veronica, who was languidly lying on the bed on her side, raised her eyes to look at Yvonne, who was sitting on the bed opposite hers. She was eating sunflower seeds

and spat out the shells of the seeds as she responded, "Why should I escape? When we are obedient, they not only untie our ropes and even provide us with fruits and books. Only idiots would resist that."

Of course she wanted to escape, but ever since the ship had started sailing, they were surrounded by nothing but the ocean and jumping into the vast sea would be suicidal.

Besides, even if she was able to steal a lifeboat, she would make a huge commotion and it would attract the attention of the mercenaries.

The moment the boat landed on the surface of the sea, she would become a 'life target' and the mercenaries could easily shoot her in the head.

Therefore, rather than struggling now, it would be better to search for the right opportunity to escape once they have disembarked from the ship.

Nonetheless, one afternoon, when Veronica was lying on the bed reading a book, she noticed that the brightness in the room had gradually weakened. She stopped cracking the sunflower seed open and sank into a deep thought

They had departed from the port and traveled south all the way toward Castron.

Their room was located at the western part of the ship, so the evening sunlight would pour into their window on time every evening. However, this day was different. When she looked outside the window, she couldn't see the sunset.

"Is it going to rain? Why can't we see the sunset today?" Yvonne, who was sitting opposite her, mumbled a question.

Veronica instantly felt that something was not right, so she moved the table to the window and stepped on top of it. Then, she poked her head out of the window and saw the evening sunlight on the other side!

"What's wrong?" Yvonne got out of bed and pulled Vanessa down the table before she herself stepped on the table to stick her head out of the window as well.

"Didn't you say that the ship will sail straight to Castron without making a stop anywhere?" Veronica questioned, coldly staring at Yvonne while standing in the middle of the room.

"Maybe... I've heard it wrong?" Yvonne was puzzled as well. "I heard them saying that the ship will head straight to Castron when we were boarding the ship."

Upon hearing that, Veronica fell silent and turned to lie on her bed while sinking into deep thoughts again.

Yvonne, who took in her reaction, tried to gauge her thoughts. "Are you going to escape?"

It was undeniable that Yvonne was a clever woman—at least she was way more intelligent than Tiffany.

Veronica ignored Yvonne, turning to the other side with her back facing Yvonne as she closed her eyes to rest.

“You have to bring me along when you escape. Otherwise, I’ll snitch,” Yvonne threatened.

When Veronica heard that, the rage that she had been suppressing instantly flared up. She directly sat up on her bed, walked up to Yvonne and grabbed her by her collar. “Just tell me if you want to die! I will chop you into pieces and throw them into the ocean so that you can save some money since you won’t be needing an urn or a casket!”

“W-Who wants to die? I don’t want to die, which is why I’m asking you to take me along with you.”

Yvonne’s cold and distant temperament instantly vanished and her expression sank as she looked at Veronica gloomily.

“I’m not your parents and not related to you either, so why should I save you?”

“I saved you as well that day.”

“You—” Veronica was rendered speechless.

Although Yvonne’s act of saving her that day had indirectly caused her to fall into the hands of the mercenaries, it was still an act that was born out of kindness.

Therefore, Veronica couldn’t bear to leave her alone here.

“Okay.” She released her grip angrily and turned to her bed. Then, she sat down and started to think about their escape plan.

At this moment, Yvonne walked over and gave Veronica a gold, spherical, openwork pendant, which she had been wearing all the time. “Please keep this pendant as a souvenir; a little something to remember our encounter, I suppose.”

Veronica took a glance at the spherical pendant. There was a brilliant diamond within the sphere, and after taking a closer look at it, she found the word ‘Yvonne’ engraved on it.

It was a plain-looking but extremely valuable pendant.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 60

Chapter 60

"No, I don't need it." Veronica thought that Yvonne's pendant was pretty, but she still rejected her offer as she didn't know about its value.

Plus, Xavier had gifted her a necklace prior to this, so she didn't need Yvonne's.

"We have known each other for at least ten days. Do you dislike me that much?" Standing before Veronica, Yvonne raised a brow as she questioned if Veronica disliked her.

"I..." Veronica was rendered speechless, but she wasn't bothered to answer her question as well.

However, Yvonne chuckled at her silence. "Your reaction tells me that you don't hate me. Come here, let me put this on you."

"I'll do it myself." Unable to resist her kindness, Veronica had no choice but to accept it. As a person who disliked owing favors, Veronica then removed the necklace from her own neck and handed it to Yvonne. "Here. A gift in return."

"Alright, thank you." Yvonne accepted the necklace. And so, the duo exchanged necklaces.

Thereafter, Yvonne sat down next to Veronica and looked at her as she whispered, "Now that we have exchanged presents, can you tell me what's your escape plan?"

She deliberately got close to her so that Veronica would take her along when she escaped.

"There is no plan." Veronica was still cold toward Yvonne, and the former even lay on the bed lazily.

Yvonne, who seemed to have been used to his cold attitude, merely returned to her own bed and lay down.

Not long after that, a soft sound of the door being unlocked was heard from outside, and a mercenary entered their room.

When they had first met the mercenaries, all of them were dressed in camouflage uniforms, but they had changed into casual wear before boarding the ship to prevent attracting unnecessary attention.

Presently, the mercenary brought their dinner in and placed it on the table.

At that moment, Veronica sat up from her bed. Just as she was about to make a move, she saw Yvonne suddenly rolling on the bed and shouting in pain. "Ah! it hurts! It really hurts!"

Her acting skills were beyond perfection, showing no signs that it was merely an act. Veronica couldn't help but twitch her lips and thought, *I reckon that this woman is actually an actress.*

"What's wrong?" The mercenary walked up to Yvonne to check her out, but he suddenly felt someone poking him at his back.

When he looked back, he was greeted by a punch on his face. "Ah—damn it!"

The man took a step back in pain and knocked his head on Yvonne's steel bed frame. It was so painful that he held his head and cursed, but the next second, he lifted his leg and threw a kick at Veronica's chest.

The lady agilely tilted her body before catching his ankle with bare hands. Then, she went along with the direction of the force and took the opportunity to land a kick on the man's groin.

The kick was thrown with full force as she aimed to at least paralyze him with the attack.

"Ah!" The man cried out in agony. He was in so much pain that his face turned red. With one hand covering his nether region, he lifted his loose-fitting casual shirt with the other and drew a pistol from his back before aiming it at Veronica's head.

However, at that instant, Veronica revealed a profound smile. She avoided the muzzle and raised her hand to capture his wrist. With a pull and a twist, a creak sounded and the man yelped in pain. And so, the pistol in his hand fell from his hand.

Veronica caught the falling pistol and held it in her hand. Without even giving a glance at the man who had fallen on his knees in agony, she turned to her side and aimed the pistol in the direction of the door.

The next second, the door burst open from outside and another man barged in.

Bang! Bang! Veronica, who had the upper hand in terms of timing, fired two shots at both the man's arms with her superb marksmanship. Her shots landed at where she had targeted without even missing by an inch

The man, who had been shot, instantly lost his strength in both arms and the gun in his hand fell. Upon seeing that, she quickly fired two more shots at his thigh.

The pistol that had been fitted with a silencer made only a soft sound, so nobody else heard the commotion. On top of that, Veronica managed to fully unleash her superior marksmanship, allowing her to take down the mercenaries guarding the door with both speed and accuracy.

As the room was one that had been specially designed, not only was there no door handle in the room, but the door would close on its own. Fortunately, the mercenary that had collapsed to the floor happened to block the entrance, stopping the door from closing

Currently, the mercenary at the door was looking at Veronica in astonishment, an incredulous look on his face. "F*ck! Why are you so skillful with a gun?"

On the other hand, when the man who had been kicked in the crotch saw the pistol that his partner had dropped on the floor, he pounced forward to grab it.

Nonetheless, his speed was still no match for Veronica's.

The lady was seen stepping on the gun on the floor when she raised her hand and fired another two more shots-one shot landed on his only good arm while the other landed on his leg.

"I'll fulfill your wish of wanting to get shot." She coldly snorted, then bent over to pick up the pistol before tucking both pistols behind her back.

Thereafter, she called out to Yvonne, who had fallen in a daze on the bed. "What are you waiting for? Come over and block the door. How else are we going to escape?"

"What? *Oh*-okay." Yvonne nodded repeatedly. She jumped off the bed and dashed toward the door to hold it open.

After that, she saw Veronica walking to the bed and pulling out a rope from underneath. The latter then walked up to the two men and put them together before tying them up with their backs facing each other.

"F*ck! Let go of me! I'll kill you!"

"You b*tch! Do you want to die?"

The men were so pissed that they cursed at her in their mother tongues.

In response, Veronica, who had been holding back her anger, gave them a few tight slaps on their faces. "I don't know if I will die, but if the two of you say any more nonsense, I'll send both of you to hell!"

As she yelled, she removed her socks. She then gripped the chin of one of the men and stuffed her socks into his mouth.

Then, she looked back at Yvonne and made eye contact with her. Yvonne swiftly responded by immediately removing her socks and throwing them to Veronica.

Veronica frowned in disgust, but she still took the socks and stuffed it into the mouth of another man who kept blabbering on.

"Let's go!" Without saying anything more, she grabbed Yvonne by the hand and fled the room together, the door closing automatically behind them.

Yvonne followed Veronica from behind and looked at her in awe. "Goodness, your moves were so cool just now! Why didn't you run away before boarding the ship if you are such a good fighter?"

"If I had the chance to escape before I boarded the ship, do you think that I would stay and suffer together with you?"

As a matter of fact, before they had boarded the ship, both girls were tied up and the five mercenaries had been together all the time. Plus, they had been wary of Veronica.

On top of that, everywhere that they had passed by were sparsely populated open areas without anywhere to hide.

Therefore, the moment Veronica ran away, she would only end up an easy target and have a bullet shot through her head.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have waited until this moment.

In the end, Yvonne asked curiously, "If you are so strong, why were you kidnapped when you were in the ambulance back then?"

"Clearly, I was outnumbered," Veronica replied impatiently.

That day when she had come out from the hospital, she was faced with a bunch of fighters hired by the Larson Family. Although she had had the chance to escape, she had no choice but to put herself in danger in order to get her hands on the evidence that the Larsons had attempted to kidnap her again. After that, she had easily taken down the few men and hopped off the vehicle.