

# Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 6

Tiffany didn't expect Veronica to react so quickly. Before she could do anything, the latter had slapped her twice across the face, making her ears buzz. She was angry and exasperated, but she couldn't make a scene with Veronica here. "Shut your mouth! Who are you calling 'sis'?" she replied under her breath while enduring the pain in her cheek. "But luckily, you were clever enough to not speak out and refute me just now. Otherwise, you may as well just prepare coffins for your adoptive parents." She had thought that Veronica would step forward and spill the beans just now. She had even come up with a solution for that, but who would've thought that Veronica would be so calm and collected? As a result, Tiffany was astonished.

"Ha!" Veronica's lips curled slightly. "When I saved Young Master Matthew, he had promised me a reward of 100 million. I'll give you a 50-percent discount, so you have to pay me 50 million to keep my mouth shut. Otherwise, when Young Master Matthew learns about the truth, as your full sister, not only do I have to prepare a coffin for you, but I'm afraid I'll also have to visit your grave every year!" "F-Fifty million, you say? Dream on!" "Whether I'm dreaming is my own business, but if you don't do as I say, I'll definitely make sure that your dream of becoming Matthew Kings' wife becomes a pipe dream." Tiffany was rendered speechless with anger by Veronica's angry retort. Meanwhile, in the inner room,

Elizabeth explained to Matthew what had happened the night before. She said, "I saw Veronica's blood on the bed sheet. She was a virgin. Now that you've slept with her, you have to take responsibility for that!" Matthew had thought it was Veronica who had drugged him, which was why she followed him into the elevator with an ulterior motive. Even though he now learned that Elizabeth was the one who had drugged him, he couldn't deny that Veronica had designs on him. "I already have a girlfriend. As for Veronica, we can offer her a compensation payment."

*I heard that woman saying last night that she was only after my money. Since that's the case, I'll grant her wish.* "Hmph! Do you think I'm old and blind? Don't think I couldn't tell that she's only here to make up the numbers for you." Upon hearing Elizabeth's words, Matthew felt quite a headache. "What can I do for you to believe me, Grandma?" Elizabeth came up with a last resort. "Just wait. Two months later, you'll marry whoever gets pregnant first." Matthew was speechless. *Is she so hasty that she's not gonna ask for my opinion anymore?* "Don't look at me like that. Feelings can be developed, no?" Elizabeth said, before wondering if

Matthew disliked Veronica because the latter looked ugly. She continued, "You shouldn't be taking things at face value. That young lady looked less than average, but that'll save you a lot of trouble."

Don't they say that beauty often causes trouble? Just leave with Tiffany first. Veronica will be staying here for the next few days." She was worried that Matthew might force Veronica to take the morning-after pill, which was why she had to make Veronica stay here for three full days to rest her heart. After all, morning-after pills would only work if they were taken within 72 hours of sexual intercourse. It'd be useless to take them more than three days after the intercourse. The instant he heard Elizabeth's words, Matthew's good-looking face turned somewhat chilly; he turned around and stepped out of the inner room. Seeing him come out of the room, Tiffany walked up to him, saying, "Done talking to your grandma, Matthew?" However, Matthew walked past her and went straight up to Veronica. Then, he pinched her jaw and lifted it slightly with his right hand, looking down at her "ugly" face. "I'm warning you—don't play tricks to hoodwink Grandma, or I'll make you regret being alive!"

"Hiss..." Veronica shoved Matthew away as her jaw hurt from being pinched. "Do you think I wanna—" *I don't want to stay at the Kings Residence even for a minute!* she thought. As she spoke, however, she caught sight of Tiffany's bitterly envious expression, so she immediately changed her tune, saying, "In that case, you should ask for your grandma's opinion." "Calling her 'grandma' so quickly, huh? Looks like you can't wait to be my woman!" "That's hard to say. If I get pregnant, I won't be able to get rid of you even if I don't want to marry you. After all..." Veronica paused mid-sentence. Then, she turned to look at Elizabeth—who came out of the inner room—with an artful smile. "I really can't do anything if your grandma insists that I marry you." God only knew how furious Tiffany was when she heard Veronica say so. She wished she could lunge at Veronica immediately and rip her mouth off. *How dare you shamelessly seduce my boyfriend, you b\*tch?!* she thought. However, she didn't realize that she was too immersed in her role, for she was just posing as Matthew's girlfriend. Seeing how jealous

Tiffany looked, Veronica instantly felt much better. Matthew's thin lips curled into a smirk. "Let's hope that you can still be so confident three days later," he reminded Veronica. "Watch what you're saying, Matthew!" Elizabeth yelled. Matthew let go of Veronica while saying to Tiffany, "Let's go." Tiffany bit her lip lightly. She was filled with resentment; she took a lot of trouble to get herself to the Kings Residence, yet she had to leave without being able to speak with Elizabeth. Still, despite her inner displeasure, she nodded slightly to Elizabeth with a gentle smile. "In that case, Old Mrs. Kings, I'll be leaving with Matthew first." "Uh-huh," Elizabeth replied perfunctorily. Tiffany then followed Matthew out of the living room. As

Veronica stared at Matthew from behind, the victorious smile on her face vanished. *Well, I did get momentary pleasure from bragging, but I'm gonna suffer a great deal for that. I succeeded in angering Tiffany, but I offended Matthew as well. Am I digging my own grave?*

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Elizabeth said to Veronica, "Veronica, just stay here for the next two days and keep me company." Veronica knew she had offended Matthew, but she didn't want to grovel to the Larsons for the sake of her adoptive parents, so she had no choice but to lean on Elizabeth right now. After all, Elizabeth didn't seem to feel any animosity toward her. "I don't understand. Why do you want me to keep you company?" "I'm letting you stay here for a few days so that I can know more about you. After all, Matthew has 'bullied' you, so he should be taking responsibility for that," Elizabeth replied.

Then, recalling Veronica's worries, she added, "I've hired the best foreign specialists to diagnose and treat your parents, so I believe they'll get better very soon." Veronica was very grateful, but she had no way to repay Elizabeth's kindness, so she could only comfort herself with the fact that she had saved Matthew's life. *I saved Matthew's life, and his grandma saved my adoptive parents' lives. That makes us even.* "Thank you so much, madam," she said, thanking Elizabeth sincerely. Over the next three days, Veronica kept Elizabeth company all the time. In the morning, they would do physical exercise and do some gardening in the garden, whereas in the afternoon, they would bake cakes or play chess together.

Time always passed quickly when one was busy. On the fourth morning, Veronica had breakfast with Elizabeth before packing up. Coming downstairs with her luggage, she nodded slightly to Elizabeth, who was sitting on the sofa. "I'm leaving, madam. Thanks for all the hospitality you've shown me." Elizabeth got up and walked up to Veronica with a kindly smile. "You're outspoken and open-minded, young lady. Staying with you makes me feel much younger." Elizabeth never assumed the dignity of a matriarch before Veronica. Instead, she was as affable as a grandmother. "You should always be young at heart,

madam. I'll be leaving, then. Goodbye." "Mm-hmm. Remember to pay me a visit when you're free." "

Uh... Hehe, okay, madam," Veronica answered with embarrassment. *Whether I can come to the Kings Residence again or not isn't up to me.* Elizabeth arranged for the chauffeur to drive Veronica to downtown Bloomstead after Veronica left the Kings Residence. When the chauffeur drove past a drugstore, Veronica said to the chauffeur, "Please stop the car, mister. I'll get off here." The car stopped. Getting out of the car, Veronica said to the chauffeur, "Mister, please thank Old Mrs. Kings for me." "Yes, Miss Murphy," the chauffeur replied. Then, he made a U-turn and headed back. Veronica trotted into the drugstore while carrying her sling bag. The pharmacist immediately went up to her, asking, "Hi. What medicine would you like to buy?."

"Please get me a box of the best morning-after pills," Veronica said hurriedly to the pharmacist. Over the past few days, she had been staying at the Kings Residence without any chance to leave, so it was only natural that she didn't manage to buy any morning-after pills. Now that she had left the Kings Residence, she had to get the morning-after pills and take them quickly, of course. Otherwise, she'd be finished if she really got pregnant. The pharmacist handed her a box of pills. "This has the best emergency contraceptive effects when taken within 72 hours." Veronica took the box of pills, but she paused just as she turned around to pay for the pills. "Did you just say '72 hours'?" "Yeah. The earlier you take the pill, the better. It'll be useless if you take the pill three days after the matter." "So it only works if you take it within three days?" "Yes, that's right."

Veronica was stupefied. Then, she looked down at the description on the box. As expected, the morning-after pills would only work if taken within 72 hours of intercourse; it would no longer work if taken later than that. Veronica had never taken morning-after pills before, so she naively assumed that these pills would work if taken within a week. *No wonder Old Mrs. Kings had me stay at the Kings Residence for three days. Turns out this is the reason.* Handing the box of pills back to the pharmacist, Veronica walked out of the drugstore, her eyes reddened. Wandering the streets alone, she spent a long time pulling herself together before comforting herself. *What's there to be afraid of? Even if I get pregnant, I can abort the baby then!*

*There's nothing to be afraid of. Whatever the problem will be, there'll always be a solution to it.* Just then, a car on the roadside suddenly braked and stopped in front of her with a loud *Screech!* Before she could come to her senses, she had been shoved into the car. "Hey! W-W-Who are you guys? It's illegal for you guys to kidnap someone openly in broad

daylight!" She struggled a few times. Then, she warned, "Stop the car! Hurry up and let me out of the car, or I'm gonna call the police!" Just then, a familiar voice came from the driver's seat. "Miss Murphy, you'd better behave yourself and not get yourself into trouble." When Veronica tilted her head and craned her neck, she was astounded to find that it was

Thomas in the driver's seat. *So it was Matthew who had me kidnapped? Just as expected, bragging would only give me momentary pleasure, but I'm gonna suffer a great deal for that. Anyway, isn't it a bit too swift for Matthew to have me kidnapped as soon as I left the Kings Residence?* "Hurry up and stop the car, Thomas. Otherwise, I'll call Old Mrs. Kings and tell her about this." "I'd advise you to know yourself a little, Miss Murphy." Veronica was speechless. *Know myself enough to die willingly, you mean?* However, upon recalling that her adoptive parents were still in the Kings Family's hospital, she dared not put up any pointless struggle again. Over ten minutes later, Veronica was brought to Matthew's private residence on the 38th floor of Twilight Club.

"I've brought Miss Murphy here, Young Master Matthew," said Thomas as he brought Veronica to the man. "I shall take my leave." With that, he turned around and left. Clutching the strap of her sling bag, Veronica looked at Matthew, who was working with a laptop on his lap. His eyes were fixed on the laptop as his slender fingers danced on the keyboard. Like a god that lived high in the clouds and passed judgment on all living things, the unfeeling man exuded an innate air of superiority. In particular, with beautiful outlines and clear-cut features, his face was soul-stirringly and flawlessly good-looking like a perfect work of art crafted by God himself. Even Veronica, who was immune to handsome guys, couldn't help but take another look at him. Suddenly, the man closed his laptop, placed it on the table, and said to Veronica, "Have you had enough of staring at me?"

"W-Who's staring at you?" Veronica curled her lips. "Stop flattering yourself." Wearing a black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, Matthew stood up and fixed Veronica with a sharp gaze. "Do you think you can act outrageously in front of me with my grandma backing you up?" In the face of the overwhelming pressure, Veronica nervously swallowed a mouthful of saliva. "N-No, I never thought so." "Wussing out already, eh? Didn't you say you're gonna be pregnant with my baby and get married to me at the Kings Residence the other day?" *How dare this damn woman provoke me? She must have a death wish,* he thought. "Ho ho..." Her face slightly pale, Veronica laughed bitterly at herself while stepping back involuntarily.

"Please don't get mad, Young Master Matthew. I was just joking the other day. Ho ho, I was joking." She kept stepping back, but Matthew seized her by the collar. "I, Matthew Kings, hate being threatened more than anything else. Congratulations on doing it." Despite him congratulating her, Veronica noticed Matthew's chilly expression—he was staring at her as if

she was dead. She was so frightened that her heart almost jumped out of her throat. “I meant that as a joke, Young Master Matthew.” *Oh, God, this is so scary!* “Whether you were joking or not isn’t something you could prove just by words alone.” Veronica was so terror-stricken that she stammered, “H-How could I prove it, then?” Matthew raised his inky eyebrows. “You really want to prove that what you said at the Kings Residence was just a joke?”

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“Yeah, I-I do.” Sensing the man’s chilly vibes—which were like that of a demon coming from hell—made Veronica feel so close to death for the very first time. Out of the instinct to survive, she nodded vigorously. “I want to, of course. But how can I prove it?” “Great.” The chilly expression on Matthew’s stony face eased, and his medium-sized lips curved into a barely perceptible smile.

Then, he leaned close to Veronica’s ear. His breath gave a tingling sensation when it blew on the strands of hair on her neck, but on top of that, it sent a chill down her spine. Veronica waited for a few seconds before she heard the man say, “I have a way to solve this once and for all.” “W-What way is it?” “That is...” Matthew paused mid-sentence as if to tease her. It wasn’t until he noticed that she was almost freaking out that he continued, “Cutting off your womb.” “M-My womb?” Backing away in fright, Veronica blundered against the sofa behind her and slumped down onto it. She stared at Matthew blankly,

saying, “No, don’t do that... I don’t want to.” *If my womb is cut off, I’ll never be able to bear children all my life. I’ll never agree to that!* “Are you a demon, Matthew?” Veronica had always been strong and determined, but she couldn’t help being terrified. She was unaware of Matthew’s identity before this, but now that she had learned of his identity, she became increasingly afraid of him, for this man had the ability to crush everything. Killing her would be as easy to him as crushing an ant. “

Tsk.” Matthew dialed a number with the phone in his hand. “Thomas, contact the hospital and have them prepare for a hysterectomy—” “No, no way! You can’t do that!” Before the man could finish his sentence, Veronica jumped to her feet, snatched his cell phone away, and ended the call. Feeling angry and aggrieved, she growled, “What gives you the right to

do that? Do you think you can defy the law because you're rich?" *Well, pretending to be weak, pitiful, and innocent in front of this guy has proven to be useless, for this \*sshole is essentially a cold-blooded beast!* "We'll know whether I can do it or not once we give it a try."

Matthew snatched his phone back from Veronica. Then, he walked past her and left right away. "Wait a minute!" Veronica grabbed Matthew's hand and knelt down with a thud. She said tearfully, "You can't do that, Young Master Matthew. No one knows whether I've gotten pregnant or not, but if I do get pregnant, I'll definitely abort it." In order to keep her "womb," she decided to do everything possible. *Dignity is worthless in the face of life*, she thought.

She didn't want to lose her womb at a young age. If that happened, no men would want her even if she threw herself at them. "Begging for mercy on your knees, eh? Weren't you fuming with indignation just now?" Matthew pinched Veronica's jaw with his large hand. "Say, which side of you should I believe?" Veronica was very angry. "We should conduct ourselves with conscience, Young Master Matthew. Your grandma's the one who drugged you, and you forced yourself on me. I'm the victim here, so why should I bear the consequences?" Matthew found his interest aroused by Veronica's kaleidoscopic change of emotions. She acted all pitiful just a moment ago; now, kneeling on the ground, she looked extremely furious. "

Because I'm rich and thus can defy the law, that's why," he replied, using her words against her. Then, he continued, "Just stay here and don't go anywhere. Somebody will pick you up later for the surgery." He pulled out a piece of tissue and wiped the hand that had pinched Veronica's jaw as if feeling that it was dirty. After tossing the piece of tissue into the trash can, he turned around and left. "Young Master Matthew? Young Master Matthew, let's talk this through, okay? Hey, don't leave, Matthew! You're an \*sshole and a jerk, Matthew!" Veronica couldn't help but swear when she saw the man walk out of the living room without looking back. Then, she got up, sat down on the sofa, and brushed the nonexistent dust off her knees. She muttered,

"Damn that shameless jerk." The elevator door closed outside; the man was gone. Sitting on the sofa, Veronica reached for her cell phone to call Elizabeth, only to realize that her phone was gone. With the benefit of hindsight, she recalled how Matthew had gotten close to her just now. *He probably took my cell phone at the time*, she thought. "I can't just sit back and do nothing." A myriad of thoughts crossed her mind as she pondered how to get out of here.

She stood up and looked around the floor. She found that the only way to exit the floor was through the elevator or the locked door at the end of the hallway. However, there were two



burly bodyguards at the living room door. She walked around the living room. In the end, she went into the bedroom and found a lighter. After winding some tissue papers around the mop, she set fire to the tissue papers and aimed the mop at the fire sprinkler on the ceiling. In just a second, the sprinkler system was activated, and it began sprinkling water continuously. Veronica activated both the sprinkler system and the smoke alarm in the bedroom, the guest bedroom, the kitchen,

and the bathroom. Upon hearing the smoke alarm ring, she immediately placed the mop in a corner and ran out of the bathroom. The two bodyguards burst in with a panicked expression on their faces. "What's the matter? Which place is on fire?" Veronica shook her head. "I have no idea... It's so scary..." "Go over there and take a look, Ben. I'll go this way." "Okay." The two bodyguards immediately rushed inside to check the situation. Veronica was secretly delighted. Immediately,

she ran out of the living room and took the 38th-floor-exclusive elevator downstairs. After escaping from Twilight Club, she hailed a taxi and left right away. "Please drive me to Saint Hospital. Uh, forget it. Please drive me to Dragon's Creek Villa instead." She had wanted to go to her adoptive parents at Saint Hospital, but now she decided to go to Dragon's Creek Villa to ask the Larsons for money and then leave Bloomstead with her adoptive parents. Back when she donated her bone marrow to the Larson Family's youngest son, her biological father had promised to pay her 50,000

when they left Bloomstead. Veronica had disdained taking his money, but now, she had no other option. She wanted to take her adoptive parents back to the countryside, but that would cost money. She had yet to receive her paycheck, and she had paid her only 5,000 upfront for Matthew's medical treatment. Without money, she could hardly do anything. Over half an hour later, Veronica arrived at Dragon's Creek Villa. Getting out of the taxi, she walked up to the gate and pressed the doorbell. A while later, the villa's gate opened. Rachel, who was decked out with jewels, asked with a frown,

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"Why are you here?" Rachel was Veronica's biological mother. She was nearly 50 years old and was dressed in a waisted royal blue V-neck shirt paired with high-waisted pants. As she always took very good care of her health, she looked young and refined. Getting straight to the point, Veronica replied, "Where's Floch? I've got something to talk to him about." Rachel looked at Veronica with a scornful and contemptuous expression. "Hey, watch how you speak!

How could you call him by his name?" Veronica didn't understand it sometimes. She and Tiffany were born of the same mother, so why would Rachel and Floch dislike her? "I can't



call him by his name, huh?" She snorted with laughter. "Well then, where's your old man? I've got something to talk to him about." Rachel was infuriated by her words. "You... Hmph! As expected of someone from the backwater of the country. You have no manners at all!" "Manners are taught by one's biological parents. It's good enough that a parentless person like me can stay alive, so why bother about manners?" Veronica had never expected her biological parents to have such an attitude when she met them again.

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 9

*But they really have gone too far in humiliating me,* thought Veronica. "He's not at home. Come back later." Rachel closed the gate right away, not wanting to waste her breath talking to Veronica. However, Veronica seemed to have predicted that Rachel would do so; she pushed the gate open and went inside before Rachel could close it. Rachel flew into a rage. "What are you doing, Veronica? Get out at once!" "Who is it, Mom?" Tiffany happened to come downstairs. Upon seeing Veronica, she couldn't help feeling annoyed. "What are you doing here, Veronica? This is my home!"

*They're my closest kin, yet they loathe me so much,* thought Veronica. Her heart twinged, but she looked calm and unperturbed. "Nothing. I just want to get my compensation for saving Young Master Matthew." Her words were met with Rachel's ridicule. "What does that have to do with you? Tiffy's the one who saved him." The one sitting before Rachel was also her biological daughter; but Rachel, who lived in the lap of luxury, disliked Veronica, who was from the depths of the country. She couldn't help feeling that this country girl was rude, unreasonable, uncouth, and unpresentable.

*If the outsiders learn about Veronica's existence, it might ruin Tiffy's and my perfect image in the eyes of the public.* Veronica looked sidelong at Rachel before turning to look at Tiffany with a laugh. "You two have proved yourself to be mother and daughter. Both of you can lie without turning a hair. You two are really as bold as brass, I'm afraid." "Shut the f\*ck up, Veronica!" Tiffany chided. As she really didn't want to see Veronica, she said to Rachel,

"Mom, she's here for money. Just give her 50,000 and tell her to get out as soon as possible." "Yeah, you're right, Tiffany." Rachel nodded.

"I'll go upstairs and get her the cash right away." However, Veronica said shockingly, "Since the Larsons have lots of money, give me the 100 million that I deserve for saving Young Master Matthew's life so that we won't owe each other anything anymore." "Don't be too insatiable, Veronica!" Tiffany glared at her. "We'll only give you 100,000 at most." "We'll give you 100,000, but you have to leave Bloomstead at once after getting the money. As for the Kingses, they'll only acknowledge Tiffy as the one who saved Young Master Matthew's life. Moreover, you said you saved his life,

but do you have any evidence of that?" Rachel asked. "You think I'll have no way to prove it after you all deleted the footage and stole the ring, huh? Don't forget it was recorded on the food delivery app that I had ridden past the intersection that day." Veronica flashed the cell phone in her hand. Then, she continued, "Well, the food delivery record can't prove 100-percent that it was me who saved Matthew's life, but Tiffany didn't even receive a food delivery order that day. Wouldn't Matthew get suspicious? Anyway, rather than getting myself in trouble without getting the reward from him,

I'd prefer to grant Tiffany's wish." In reality, Veronica didn't deliver the takeout to the customer that day, so she couldn't prove that she had passed through the road. This was also why she didn't speak out and refute Tiffany when the latter lied in front of Matthew. In other words, the food delivery app wasn't sufficient as evidence, but it could be used to 'scare' the Larsons, who had a guilty conscience. "How dare you!" Tiffany didn't expect Veronica to have a card up her sleeve. Fearing that Veronica might expose her lies in front of Matthew, she asked, "How much do you want?"

"Since you were the one who gave birth to me, Mrs. Larson, I'll give you all a 90% discount. Give me 10 million." Rachel replied, "10 million? What nonsense are you talking about?" Tiffany said, "You really are insane, Veronica!" The mother and daughter couldn't bow to Veronica's threats, of course. *How dare someone from the depths of the country demand such an exorbitant price?* Without wasting her breath, Veronica stood up and pretended to leave. "Since you two don't agree to it, I'll go to Old Mrs. Kings. She's the Kings Family's matriarch, so she'll give the final word."

Tiffany had yet to figure out how Elizabeth got to know Veronica or why she was so partial to the latter. Consequently, she couldn't help feeling that Veronica's existence was a major threat to her. "Wait a minute," she called out to Veronica. "Mom and I have to discuss this

with Dad, so wait here," she said while taking Rachel's hand. "Mom, let's go upstairs and call Dad." With that, the mother and daughter went upstairs, whereas Veronica waited downstairs. However, the Larsons were too despicable. Fearing that they might be discussing some mean tricks upstairs,

Veronica went upstairs worriedly. Dragon's Creek Villa was an old villa that was built some years ago, so its soundproofing wasn't very good. Veronica could vaguely hear the conversation between Tiffany and Rachel while standing at the door. She listened for a while, but she didn't hear anything like which dirty tricks they would be using against her or her adoptive parents from their conversation. Inwardly, she couldn't help mocking herself for being overcautious and somewhat paranoid, and she got ready to go downstairs. Just then, however, she heard words like "adoptive parents" and "car accident."

As she couldn't make out the sentences clearly, she pressed her ear against the door and listened carefully out of curiosity. "Veronica's insatiable, and she's the spitting image of me. If we keep her around, she'll become a threat to us. And besides, Old Mrs. Kings likes her so much. How am I gonna get married to Matthew with her existence?" "That being said, Tiffy, we've crippled her adoptive father in the car accident in order to force her to donate her bone marrow to your brother

. Don't tell me you're gonna lay a hand on her even?" "Are you stupid, Mom? As long as Veronica's alive, she'll hinder me from marrying into the Kings Family! That's unless... you can make her a vegetable too!" As Tiffany spoke of this, her voice went up a few octaves all of a sudden; she got somewhat anxious. Standing outside the door, Veronica heard every word Tiffany had said, which sent a chill running down her spine. Still, she only felt her blood boiling.

Over two months ago, Floch Larson and Rachel suddenly showed up before Veronica, saying they could bring her back to the Larson Family on condition that she donate her bone marrow to her leukemic younger brother. They had no choice but to go to Veronica because Tiffany's bone marrow didn't match his.

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Naturally, Veronica refused, which was why her adoptive parents suddenly had a car accident a month ago. After her adoptive parents were hospitalized with grave injuries, Floch and Rachel showed up again, saying they could treat her adoptive parents for free as long as she was willing to donate her bone marrow to the Larson Family's youngest son. At the time, Veronica was a little suspicious of the car accident, as well as Floch and Rachel's sudden appearance.

But in the end, she thought that they wouldn't go so far as to resort to such cruel means as her biological parents. Alas... She was too naive. Breathing fire at once, Veronica trembled all over with rage. She held onto the doorknob, wanting to burst into the room and confront them.

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 10

*Calm down, calm down...* Veronica felt hostility from the Larsons. If she were to barge in right now, she would only shatter the peace between her and the family, and they would be even more tempted to kill her off. Given the power the Larson Family held, they wouldn't break a sweat to take her out. Besides, with her adoptive parents still living, what were they supposed to do if anything were to happen to her? *Wicked, how wicked they are!* Veronica clenched her fists as her eyes reddened. Despite that, she took a deep breath and held her exasperation, turning around and descending the stairs.

After remaining on the couch for a while, Rachel and Tiffany, too, had come downstairs. "Veronica, it's impossible for us to give you 10 million, but after speaking with Dad, we decided this is the most we can give you. In exchange, surrender to us your takeout platform and take your foster parents out of Bloomstead along with you." Tiffany complacently gazed at Veronica as she placed a check before the latter. Veronica took a glimpse at the check and saw an amount of one million. She slowly lifted her eyes and shot Tiffany a resentful glare before turning to Rachel with a cold grin.

"Thinking to 'purchase' the position of Young Mistress of the Kingses with just one million? Props to you and your calculativeness, business women." "Oh, won't you ever be grateful? It'd take more than a lifetime for your foster parents to earn such an amount of money!" Tiffany furiously replied. Veronica replied in a cold tone, "Don't worry about how much they make. One thing you should worry about instead is that I have the power to prevent you from becoming the Young Mistress of the Kingses!" "You're so irritating!" Rachel shook her head, revealing condescension in her eyes. "How did I, Rachel Zimmerman, give birth to a disgraceful daughter like you?" "Veronica, Mom's gonna offer two million

. That's the maximum we'll go." "Two million could work, but the takeout app is all you get." "No, you and your foster parents shall also leave Bloomstead." "Well, then, that's a

dealbreaker.” Without saying more, Veronica turned around, preparing to depart. Seeing she was really leaving, Tiffany grew hasty and immediately uttered, “Fine, it’s a deal.” In spite of accomplishing her plan, Veronica revealed not a trace of joy. “I don’t want your check. Transfer the funds to my bank account instead. While you’re at it, prepare a statement describing the transfer as my compensation for Randy’s donation of bone marrow.”

But of course, Veronica was well aware of their schemes. Once they transferred the money to her account, Tiffany would seize ownership of her takeout application and amend the owner’s details. With that, Tiffany would report to the police that the transfer she made was an error, and the police would scour for the two million. By then, Veronica would lose both the money and her takeout application. “You’re getting ahead of yourself.” Rachel was visibly disgusted. Veronica responded with a scornful smirk. “Well, it’s not like I’m forcing you or anything.” “Forget it, Mom! We’ll do as she says!”

For the sake of her coming, lifelong happiness, Tiffany could only restrain herself for now. Then, Veronica took a seat as she silently waited for the transfer to be made, along with a compensation agreement. After verifying it, she transferred the ownership of her takeout application to Tiffany, to which the latter swiftly altered the owner’s personal information. Back then, the takeout order had failed to reach its customer, so the delivery records on the platform couldn’t prove that Veronica had in fact rescued Matthew. At most, the Kingses would have doubts about the records. After all, the name registered in the hospital was Tiffany’s and the surveillance footage was erased. Furthermore, the ring was also given to Matthew through

Tiffany. But if the delivery records belonged to Tiffany now, it would act as proof that she was indeed his “rescuer.” “You better leave Bloomstead once your foster dad recovers.” After changing the details saved in the takeout application, Tiffany revealed a smug look, speaking as if the Larsons owned the entire Bloomstead. “You don’t belong here.” With an apathetic expression, Veronica glanced at the opposing women before turning around wordlessly. After leaving the Larsons’ home, instead of visiting her foster parents at the hospital, she took a cab back to her old home. She inquired

about the car accident in a local precinct, but the police claimed that they didn’t manage to capture the driver who caused the accident. As she heard that, suspicion rose in her mind. She pursued the details regarding the accident as well as the license plate of the mentioned driver, recording her conversation with the policemen in secret while she was at it. On the same day, she took a cab back to Bloomstead and got in contact with a trustworthy private

investigator in the city. She then paid the investigator a deposit of 20,000 and laid out the clues she had about the driver in order to allow

the private investigator to look into her foster parents' accident. Given the Larsons were a sly family, she would have to use everything she had to discover the truth, finding the real culprit to give her foster parents a peace of mind. At the same time, she had offended Matthew, plus the Larsons now had malicious thoughts on her. For contingency purposes,

she would need enough money for a route to back out. And that was also why she was willing to exchange her takeout application for the two million from the Larsons. Besides, Veronica understood that if she were to ask for too much and end up triggering the Larson Family, she would be left with one outcome—death. Having settled everything else, Veronica lethargically walked out of her rented unit, only to bump into Matthew's assistant, Thomas. "Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew is awaiting your presence."