

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 271

Chapter 271

Chapter 271 Let's Play Poker

LIVE

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"So, did you have fun today?" Yvonne asked Veronica as soon as they sat down in the private room, hoping that she could lighten up the mood.

Veronica nodded. "I guess so."

"Well, that's good to hear. We should have all the fun we can; it's not every day we get to hang out like this," Conrad interjected, smiling affably at Veronica before turning his gaze on Matthew. "And what about you, Matthew? You brought Miss Dame onto your turf and got some first-hand experience with the amenities here. Is there anything you think could be better?"

Matthew looked up at that moment and met Conrad's eyes.

Out of his peripheral vision, he could see Veronica staring at him as well.

Matthew then ignored her and replied impassively, "The opportunity for further improvements has yet to present itself, but you've always had the keener eye for detail, Uncle Conrad, and I'm all ears if you have any suggestions."

The two men dived into an earnest discussion after that, which left Xavier in a rather awkward position.

Veronica grew guilty at the sight of this. Xavier had been the one who invited her along to the ski resort, but he ended up keeping her company most of the time and had missed out on all the fun. With that in mind, she started to make small talk with him so that he wouldn't feel sidelined by the other two men at the table.

It didn't take long for all the dishes to be served. The table was full to the brim, and everyone had a glass of wine poured out for them.

Taking the lead, Conrad raised his glass and said, "Shall we toast to a pleasant day out and friendship?"

"Xavier's driving today, Uncle Conrad, so drinking is out of the question for him. I can drink on his behalf, though," Veronica piped up. She couldn't hail a car in this remote area, and she didn't want Xavier to drink and drive.

Taking his drink on his behalf was what a good friend would do. However, she could feel a sharp look thrown her way the moment she proposed the idea. At that, she glanced up almost habitually and immediately met Matthew's icy gaze.

"You seem to be on good terms with Young Master Xavier," Conrad observed casually, though his eyes were glittering with amusement.

"It's no problem, Young Master Xavier. You can drink and Roni will drive you home later," Yvonne chimed in, thinking her solution was the most straightforward and practical.

Xavier wasted no time in responding, "The roads are slippery after the snow. It isn't safe for Roni to drive."

His reply was enough to give anyone the impression that things between him and Veronica were more than just platonic.

At once, Ruka could feel the man next to her grow sullen and the barest hint of a smile touched her lips as she commented, "How very chivalrous you are toward Veronica, Young Master Xavier. Perhaps I should take Matthew's drink on his behalf as well. Wouldn't want to be stuck here waiting for a taxi that will never come, would we? What do you say, Matthew?" Underlying her melodic voice was an assertive tone that drew everyone's attention to what she said.

Alas, no emotion flickered past Matthew's stoic and handsome face as he hummed curtly in response.

Veronica never expected Matthew to move on so quickly after their split. Scumbag, she thought sourly after seeing his interactions with Ruka.

"Shall we all have juice instead of wine?" Yvonne tipped her head to the side as she looked at Conrad inquisitively. "What do you think, Conrad?"

She had been calling Conrad by his first name throughout the whole trip. There was nothing strange about this, except for the fact that she was addressing him so colloquially even though he was the oldest among the group.

No one would bat an eye if the both of them were meeting for the first time and thus called each other by their first names, but Yvonne knew precisely who Conrad was. In any case, calling the seventh son of the Kings Family by his given name despite knowing his formidable status implied that there was more to their relationship than they were willing to admit. She could try to pass this off as a casual dynamic all she wanted, but it was an unconvincing attempt.

"Very well," Conrad said with an approving nod. "Yvie's right; I should have known better than to order wine for the table."

With that, he summoned the waiter and ordered, "Have all the wines here replaced with fresh fruit juice, please."

"Yes, sir. Just a moment," the waiter replied courteously as he set himself to work. He took away all the glasses of wine and replaced them with fruit juice quickly.

Thereafter, everyone toasted to the fun day out and started to dig into the feast.

Veronica was ravenous after walking around the park for most of the day, and she wolfed down her food without bothering with decorum. Seeing how hungry she was, Xavier heaped a second helping onto her plate and pointed out affectionately, "Slow down or you'll choke on your food."

Then, he reached for a few shrimps and began to peel them for her.

Stunned by how indulgent he was being, Veronica wanted to stop him, but that was when she saw Ruka doing the same thing for Matthew. He was usually anal about someone touching his food, but surprisingly, he ate up all the shrimp she put on his plate.

Granted, she was using disposable gloves, but that could not be the only reason why Matthew ate the shrimps so readily.

Veronica was disgusted by how pretentious he was. Following this, she decided not to stop Xavier from deshelling shrimps for her. She looked down at the plump crustaceans lying curled on her plate, and after a moment of hesitation, she picked up her fork and dug in.

“Have some shrimp, Conrad,” Yvonne said sweetly as she put the deshelled shrimps on Conrad’s plate. “Go on, try them.”

“Oh, you shouldn’t have.” Conrad gave her a kind smile while scooping those shrimps up before placing them onto her plate instead. “Here, you can have them.”

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the dining room shifted. It was turning out to be more like a competition among couples to see who could be the most loved-up pair in the group.

As Veronica ate her food in silence, she started to sense that something was off. Everyone else seemed to be in a romantic mood, which made her question her own presence here.

Shit, am I here as just a third wheel? At the thought of that, she couldn’t help losing her appetite even though she had been starving earlier. She took a few more bites, then set her utensils down as she announced, “I’m done. The rest of you can carry on.”

Xavier mirrored her and said, “I’m full too.”

Upon hearing this, none of the others went on with their meals.

“I remember hearing you say you have a good hand for poker, Roni. Look, there’s a deck of cards over there. Wanna play?” Yvonne suggested happily as she pointed at the deck of cards on the sideboard.

“Sure.” Veronica nodded instantly. “I think that’s a great idea. Let’s play a round of poker before we head over to the ice-sculpting event. Uncle Conrad, Xavier, should the four of us play?”

“Sorry, I know I should be more cultured after my years abroad, but the truth is—I have no idea how poker works,” Conrad confessed self-deprecatingly with a shake of his head, looking helpless.

“Aw, but that means we’re one man short,” Yvonne mumbled with a sigh.

“Don’t worry, I’m pretty sure Matthew knows how to play poker.”

“I don’t know how to play poker, either. I guess I’ll be joining Sir Conrad on the sidelines,” Ruka said without a smidge of complaint.

Frowning slightly, Veronica gave Matthew a long look, then the corners of her lips tipped up in a smile as she said, “Alright then.”

As she said this, she walked up to the sideboard confidently and took the deck of cards. The rest of them walked up to the table and pulled up their seats. In the end, Xavier, Matthew, Veronica, and Yvonne sat clockwise around the table.

When they had settled down, Veronica said, “Right, so we’ll kick off with a Five Card Draw. The first person on the left will place the bet, and the rest of us proceed clockwise to either call, check or raise. Got it?”

The Five Card Draw had the simplest gameplay, and while it required a certain skill level, luck played an important role to win too.

Yvonne nodded. “Okay.”

The men, on the other hand, said in unison, “Got it.”

“I’ll set up a group so that we can use that as a pot. The winner gets to click into the code and transfer the winnings,” Yvonne suggested.

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Chapter 272 Ninety-Billion Balance

Now that everyone had agreed on the gameplay, Yvonne set up a group account and added Veronica into it. “Roni, you’ll have to add Young Master Xavier and President Kings into the group.”

Veronica had to be the one to add them, seeing as Yvonne did not have their contacts.

Left without a choice, Veronica did as she was told. By the time everyone had sent in their codes, Matthew, however, was the only one who had not done so.

How do I do this?

“Anytime now, President Kings,” Yvonne urged.

Matthew stared at his phone and scrolled through the various options on the platform, hoping that the link to send in his code would pop out and save him from embarrassment. He had never done this before, and Ruka was equally confused as she mumbled, “Matthew and I have no need for such apps, so...”

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Veronica rolled her eyes at the girl. “Save your excuses; you just don’t know how to use the app.”

“You—” Ruka was close to snapping, but she held back to keep herself from ruining the atmosphere and said instead, “Could you help Matthew with it, then?”

“Fine.” Veronica sighed, then agreed reluctantly, “I guess I’ll do him the favor.”

The wedding banquet had set things off between Matthew and Xavier, who happened to be sitting side by side at the table. They were both businessmen who observed social etiquette, and they would not air their dirty laundry out in public. Besides, the Crawfords were the ones at fault. Having Xavier help Matthew now with the money pool app would only aggravate things, Veronica presumed.

As such, she leaned close to him and pointed at his phone. "See that 'My Account' button over there? Tap it.'

The sudden proximity made Matthew hyper-aware of her familiar scent. It hit him like a ton of bricks which instantly transported him to two months ago, when things were not quite as tense between them.

His heart raced at the thought of this. He swallowed, and an odd, imperceptible look flashed across his features.

"Are you even listening to me?" Veronica barked. He was so overwhelmed by how close she was to him that he was almost in a trance.

Almost immediately, he snapped out of his daze and clicked into 'My Account'.

Veronica then went on to explain, "Right, then tap on the 'Pay' button over there."

He did not say anything, but he obediently followed her instructions.

Veronica was staring at his phone screen, but just as she was about to guide him on finding the code, she noticed the balance displayed in the app. There was a long series of numbers, and once she realized how much there was in his bank account, she began to count the zeroes. Tens, hundreds, thousands... ten millions, one hundred million, a billion, ten billion! Holy crap, this guy has ninety billion in his bank account!

The corner of her mouth twitched like she was about to get a stroke just from looking at the numbers. As it turned out, there truly was no wallet limit when it came to cash apps like these.

"What do I do next?" Matthew asked when he did not get a response from her.

She blinked out of her reverie and said weakly, "J-Just click into the 'Receive and Transfer' button. Wait, is there a cap for the bet?"

It was only then that she remembered she was playing poker against the big wigs of the business circle.

Matthew, for example, was the richest man of Bloomstead, and he was quite possibly the richest man in the country as well; Xavier, on the other hand, was the young master of the affluent Crawford Family; lastly, although her background was vague, Yvonne likely had a net worth of over ten billion.

Am I just making a fool out of myself right now? Veronica asked herself as she re-evaluated the amount of money she had in her bank account.

Just then, she heard Xavier say, "I'm fine with any betting amount."

This was followed by a casual chime by Yvonne, "Whatever limit you think is fine, I guess."

"You call the shots," Matthew added unhelpfully.

She pursed her lips, rendered speechless by how agreeable they were. Damn it, guys, just because you're fine with anything, it doesn't mean I have money to spare!

She thought about how she had braced the icy weather for two hours, risking hypothermia along the way, by agreeing to work at an autoshow for two hours. She had only earned about four thousand from that gig alone, but that was nothing compared to the amount her present company had in their accounts. She wondered where she had gotten the nerve to agree to play poker with these billionaire bigshots. I'm an idiot, she chided herself. I wonder if I can pull out of the game now.

She wanted to slap herself in the face for being so impulsive.

At that moment, five pairs of eyes swiveled in her direction. She was not one to wear her heart out on her sleeve, but right now, there was no hiding the embarrassment on her face.

"Roni, if you're short of money, we can always start out with a small bet, like five hundred," Yvonne suggested.

The amount might seem small at first, but as Veronica pondered on it, she decided that it was still a huge pot of money to bet on. Thankfully, there was no law against gambling in Destor, otherwise this would be considered an illegal enterprise.

"Five hundred it is. Let's play," she finally said after taking a deep breath. Nothing to worry about. Just shake off the nerves! If I play well enough, I might just win enough down payment for a new house.

Emboldened by this, she helped Matthew send in his 'Receive and Transfer' code into the group account. Destor had capped the electronic cash platforms at a maximum of one million per day. However, the cap did not really matter much.

The opening round started, and Matthew was the first one to make the bet.

Veronica glanced at the cards in her hand. Not too bad, she mused. I could call at this point.

However, after a round of bets, cards were discarded and drawn from the deck. At that point, Matthew decided to raise the stakes. Upon hearing this, Veronica pursed her lips and called.

"Raise," Xavier declared as he added money into the pot.

"Hah! You seem confident," Veronica pointed out, her eyes glittering. The game continued on until the last round of betting ended. When the time came for them to show their hands, she laid her cards down happily and said, "Yes! Three of a kind!"

Though the game ended quite quickly, Veronica was very pleased with her hand. She actually wanted to raise the stakes a few times but the others were just increasing the bet like maniacs so she resisted.

"Straight," she declared this round. "I'm taking the winnings!"

"Straight," Matthew interjected coolly just as she was about to take the money from the group account while slowly turning his cards over. "Flush."

He had raised the stakes to three thousand earlier, and it was all his now.

“What? And here I am just checking and folding,” Yvonne grumbled.

Xavier did not say anything as he shot Matthew a meaningful look, then his gaze flickered over to Veronica. The grin had slipped off her face, and she winced as if regretting to play. “Damn it,” she muttered under her breath, then tapped on her phone to transfer the winnings to Matthew.

‘Ding! You have received a payment of three thousand.’

The message popped up on Matthew’s phone several times, preceded by the chime that resembled coins dropping.

In the next few rounds, Xavier won with an astounding royal flush, following by Yvonne winning with a full house while Matthew won another two rounds later with a flush and a straight. Nevertheless, Veronica remained the loser of the group.

She was starting to lean toward diabolical plans. Chuckling, she looked at Conrad and asked, “Uncle Conrad, how about a sponsor? If I win, then you’d be entitled to half the share of my earnings. What do you think?”

“Nah, luck avoids you like you are the plague. I’d be much better off sponsoring Yvie,” Conrad teased from where he sat next to Yvonne and his words stabbed through Veronica like a knife.

She smiled at him nonetheless and focused back on her cards. Obsessed with winning the pot, she was starting to take this game seriously, but not once did she ever notice Matthew’s gaze flickering over in her direction every now and then. She was oblivious to how he was drawn to her every little reaction.

He registered how much she had lost weight over the last two months.

“Raise!” Yvonne declared.

Matthew looked down at his cards. He could actually win since he already had a good hand, but he chose to remain quiet instead as he folded.

“Hah! I won! I won the round! Thank you, Lady Luck!”

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Chapter 273 Crayson’s Bad Fall

Veronica beamed as she showed her hand.

She had been on a roll since the beginning of the last few rounds, and she was working her way into a winning streak.

Matthew, on the other hand, had on the ideal poker face as he sat stoically next to her. Little did he know that Ruka, who was perched on the seat behind him, was aware of the basic rules of poker even if she hardly ever played. She had watched in grim disbelief as he discarded cards that would have given him a good hand and feigned bad luck by folding during bets. He was pulling back to let Veronica win.

With her newly-boosted confidence, Veronica got her head in the game and began to slay. As a result, her bank account with a meager sum of seventeen thousand had an additional amount of hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

In fact, she wasn’t the only winner; Xavier and Matthew had won several rounds as well, leaving Yvonne as the odd one out who somehow managed to lose over four hundred thousand dollars during the game.

“Oh, man, talk about sore luck,” she moaned ruefully. She turned to look at Conrad in despair. “Conrad, you said you were gonna sponsor me, right? We’re splitting this fifty-fifty.”

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“She has a point, Uncle Conrad,” Veronica sang, so happy that she was oblivious to how Matthew had let her win most of the rounds. “I told you to sponsor me and you refused to. Bet you’re licking your wounds now.”

Conrad shook his head in mock exasperation. “Oh, I should have listened to you, Veronica,” he said melodramatically.

Meanwhile, Matthew leaned into his seat and stared at the cards he was holding: three Kings and two Aces. He had a full house, and if he had shown his hand, he would have won the pot for sure. There was at least twenty grand worth of winnings after the bet was raised, but at the last minute, he decided to let Veronica win. Folding, he tossed his cards into the center pile and pointed out nonchalantly, “Someone’s on a roll.”

“Of course. I’ve never lost a game of poker,” Veronica said proudly, unaware that her poker skills were no match for Matthew’s even though she was admittedly better than average players.

“Winner buys everyone a meal,” Yvonne piped up, wiggling her brows at Veronica as if to remind the latter that lunch and dinner would be on her.

Veronica nodded. “I’m more than happy to.”

“Luck was on your side as well, Young Master Xavier,” Conrad remarked.

Xavier smiled. “It loved Roni a little more though.”

Leaving the men to their conversation, Veronica rose from her seat and made a beeline for the restroom. She had been so focused on winning the pot that she refused to relieve herself.

Not long after, she came out of the restroom stall and headed for the communal sink area to wash her hands, only to see Matthew standing there with a cigarette in hand.

She gave him a cursory glance and said nothing. For a moment, neither of them exchanged a word, and she started to powder her nose while staring into the mirror.

Just then, her phone rang. She quickly capped her lipstick and wiped her hands with a tissue, then fished out her phone from her purse. When she saw Daniella's name flashing on the screen, she picked up the call. "Hey, Mom."

"Oh, thank goodness the call got through. Where are you right now, Veronica? Your master was coming down from the mountain this afternoon when he slipped and fell. He bumped his head on a rock and is currently in a coma."

"What? How did that happen?" Veronica's voice rose by a pitch when she heard the shocking information. Next to her, Matthew stiffened and paused from taking a drag, then glanced over at her worriedly.

"Crayson isn't young anymore, and besides, he did take a pretty bad fall. The roads were all coated in ice and snow."

"Okay, I'll go back right now."

With that, Veronica hung up the phone hurriedly. She stood in front of the sink and took a deep breath, but that was when she saw Matthew staring at her in the large mirror. She met his gaze in the reflective glass, but just as he parted his lips to say something, she turned and walked away before he could speak.

He followed her out of the restroom area closely from behind.

Presently, she jogged up to the private dining room. She was surprised to see that the room was empty save for the cleaning staff and Ruka.

"Xavier went to make a call while Yvonne and Conrad went skiing..." Ruka spoke up.

The cleaning staff was probably here to straighten up the private room before the crowd came in so that they could serve dinner at 6 pm on the dot.

After all, the resort was already packed to the brim with tourists, and the hotel would not be able to take in that many customers, even when some of them were to wait in line.

Veronica immediately called Conrad on the phone, but none of her calls were put through.

"Take my car," Matthew offered, speaking up behind her.

Panicking, she considered his suggestion and decided that she had no other options right now. She reached for the keys he was passing to her and said, "Thanks. I'll bring the car back to you as soon as possible."

She ran downstairs. She was about to call Matthew to ask him which car was his when he suddenly appeared and pointed at the silver-gray Maybach parked at the side.

She turned around to look at him, but she could not bring herself to thank him as she jogged up to the car. Just as she was going to start the car and drive away, he walked up next to her and opened the door.

"What are you doing?" she demanded somberly.

"It takes hours to get to Cabot Town from here. Heaven knows what kind of danger you would be in if you were to drive. Get down; I'll take the wheel," he said solemnly, though there was no disguising the worry in his voice.

While Veronica knew how to maneuver a car, she was not as good of a driver as Matthew.

After a moment of hesitation, she got down from the car and rounded over to the passenger seat. As Matthew fastened his seatbelt, she said, "Could you drop me off at Encounters? I'll drive back from there."

She did not want to trouble him anymore, and she was at ease after their split. Things had been simple and idyllic for her ever since she cut him off, and she liked it.

He ignored her as he turned the steering wheel familiarly, driving out of the ski resort.

A while later, her phone buzzed with a call from Xavier. She picked it up and told him briefly about what happened, then hung up.

Subsequently, she thought it would be wise to call Yvonne as well so that she would not be worried. The last thing she wanted was for her friend to fret over her safety.

During the car ride, Veronica and Matthew were in complete silence. The only sound that filled the vehicle was the thumping of the DJ playing his mixtape on the radio.

It seemed as if the houses surrounding the resort were all wooden cabins. The scenery outside was beautiful. The snow, illuminated by the dim lights shining through the windows of the cottages, made the twilight hour all the more magical. It was like the whole world had gone quiet, and there was an untouchable peace that cloaked the land.

Veronica imagined this was what it was like to live in a snowglobe-esque town, where all the trees and the houses were kept in a gorgeous, whimsical winter wonderland.

It's breathtaking, she admitted. However, the beauty of nature did not distract her from her worries. She was concerned that something bad would happen to Crayson while she was still rushing back to see him.

She knew that Daniella would never call her to talk about anything minor in order to spare her from worrying, which meant Veronica's master was badly injured, making her all the more anxious.

"In all fairness, Crayson is sharp-minded and he is well-trained with martial arts. You have nothing to worry about," Matthew comforted when he saw how pinched Veronica looked.

She decidedly ignored him and turned to look out the window. She did not have the chance to retort against him back in the private dining room, at least not in front of everyone, but right now, she was in no mood to even look at him!

Chapter 274

Chapter 274 Riling Matthew Up

It was true that what Veronica said at the hospital had been hurtful, but she started to reevaluate her relationship with Matthew after he cut off all her business ties at Encounters which even led Julius Atelier to call off the endorsement deal.

As it turned out, her business' success pivoted on her amicable relationship with Matthew, and it took one sour turn to reveal to her just how fragile such a dynamic was. She had been painfully reminded of how powerful he was, so much so that he could flip her life around with just a snap of his fingers. She could be soaring high in the sky one day and be brought crashing down the next.

He was a man who could manipulate her life and death like they were components of a Rubik's cube in his hand. He was dangerous—deadly even. Veronica would need nerves of steel if she insisted on staying friends with him, let alone date him.

Nonetheless, she was still Elizabeth's god-granddaughter. Matthew wasn't her only pillar of support, and she knew she could always turn to Elizabeth for help in desperate times. This was the reason why no one in Bloomstead dared touch her even though they knew about her fallout with Matthew.

Presently, Matthew cast Veronica a sideways glance when she did not respond, then frowned in exasperation. Just then, his phone rang, and he fished out his phone with one hand while keeping the other on the wheel. When he saw Ruka's name flashing on the screen, he set the phone aside instead of picking it up.

On the other end, Ruka had been waiting for Matthew in the hotel lounge, but he never showed up. She didn't know that he had already left the resort with Veronica.

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"The number you have dialed, can't be reached..." She tried calling him again and again, but none of the phone calls got through.

Back in the car, Veronica was listening to the ringtone of the third phone call drone on and on. She glanced at the number on the screen, then at Matthew, who was unbothered and seemingly intended on leaving Ruka hanging. For some reason, she wanted to wince at this man in disgust. He had told her how much she liked her a mere months ago, but he was now hooking up with another woman in the blink of an eye.

Veronica silently thanked the heavens that she had not been gullible enough to fall for his sugar-coated lies, because in some alternate universe, she could be in Ruka's position right now. Whew, dodged a silver bullet there, she thought.

At last, Matthew's patience ran out, and he was evidently annoyed as he picked up the ringing phone. "What?" he snapped icily. There was a pause, then he continued, "Yes, she has an emergency back home, and I'm dropping her off right now. See if you can hitch a ride with Uncle Conrad. Yeah, okay, bye."

Veronica had no idea what Ruka had said on the other line, but Matthew's tone was so frigid that he could turn someone to ice, and that was how she knew he was a heartless jerk.

Suddenly, she felt a rush of sympathy for Tiffany and Ruka. Both of them are so head over heels for the bastard that they've become masochists.

Marriage d'Amour was playing in the car. The piano ballad was an old arrangement, but Veronica had a soft spot for it. She closed her eyes and let the music wash over her, imagining the emotions packed into each note. It was therapeutic, and it didn't take long for her to feel better.

The rest of the world had only just begun to melt away when something abruptly fell onto her torso. She opened her eyes in mild alarm and looked down to see a throw had been tossed over her.

"It's cold outside. Take care so that you don't catch a chill," Matthew said with forced patience, tipping his head to one side to indicate that he was talking to her.

She relished the warmth that came with the throw, nestling further back into her seat in bliss. The heater had been turned on, but it did little to keep out the cold.

Just as she was pulling the throw closer to herself, she caught the faint fragrance that lingered on it. It smelled like Ruka.

At once, she bundled up the throw, hurled it into the backseat, and stated, "I don't need this, thank you. I'm not cold at all."

She was not fussy by any means, but that didn't mean she wanted to use someone else's stuff.

"The throw is new," Matthew pointed out like he had read her mind. Then again, she had made her aversion to using the throw very obvious.

She rolled her eyes at him and countered sardonically, "Is it now? Then why's your girlfriend's scent all over it? I don't need it anyway, so just continue to keep her warm with it."

A grim expression dawned upon his face as he said, "She's not my girlfriend."

"It doesn't matter if she's your girlfriend or not, because it has nothing to do with me." She held her phone and checked the time while continuing nonchalantly, "Drop me off at Encounters and I'll pay you twice the normal fare."

She had a navigation software on her phone that could come up with an estimated fare if she just keyed in the pick-up and drop-off points. She was determined to pay him every cent of it and more. As things were, she refused to owe him favors.

Matthew's blood boiled when he heard the pointed tone of her voice, but he tried to keep his anger under wraps as he said, "It's snowing now. We can't take the highway, and there are plenty of trucks and vans using the underpass. It isn't safe."

"That—is none of your concern," she said while shooting him a baleful look.

Pretentious scumbag! You cut off my business ties right after I said all those things at the hospital, and you wrecked the only endorsement deal I ever had. You even had the audacity to get someone to look

into me! She knew about all the things he had done behind her back, and she was disgusted by how he could be so heartless by pretending to worry about her like she was some charity case.

She resisted the urge to snort as she found all this particularly ironic.

There were only two reasons why Matthew had stooped so low, the first one being he was trying to make her bow to him, and the second was that he saw her as a pet that he rewarded and punished as he liked. He was making life difficult for her on purpose.

Right after she snapped at him, however, Matthew slammed on the brakes, and the car rolled about a dozen meters ahead before it skidded to a stop in the middle of the road.

He turned and gazed at her with his ominous, obsidian gaze, and she thought she could see a snow storm brewing in the pitch-black depths of his eyes. She shuddered as a chill ran down her spine.

“Do you think you can do whatever you want just because you’re Grandma’s god-granddaughter now?” he hissed. At that point, Veronica had pushed his buttons. Curse this woman, he thought, seething with rage. He hated how he couldn’t do anything about her blatant provocation.

“Yes, I do,” Veronica said matter-of-factly. Her delicate, oval face lit up with a faint smile that did not reach her eyes. She looked like she was mocking him, but she could care less about whether or not she had offended him. Frankly, she found it easier to agree with him than to retort against him, and the effect was just as, if not, more satisfying.

Matthew’s rage peaked at the sight of her defiance. He reached out his hand and grabbed the scarf around her neck, then pulled her close to him as he growled, “Veronica...”

“What?” She was smirking even though she was merely inches away from him. She stared into his eyes and asked, “Are you angry, Matt? Are you going to punch or silence me by having me killed, hmm? Or are you going to cut my lifeline?”

There was a hard edge to his jaw as he gritted his teeth, and his face darkened considerably. She could hear his knuckles cracking when his fist clenched tighter onto the knitted fabric of her scarf. He was obviously holding back.

Veronica went on to stroke his fury. “What are you getting all worked up for? I mean, you can’t help resorting to those ways, because that’s just who you are. In fact, I should probably thank you for sparing me from your wrath, or I’d end up like Tiffany.”

A smile curled on her lips, and her face dimpled. She was so beautiful and enigmatic at that moment that anyone would have been bewitched by her, but Matthew was so belligerent that his jaw was clenched and the veins on the back of his hands were visible. He wanted nothing more than to teach her a hard lesson!

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 275

Chapter 275

Chapter 275 Shortcut

Matthew eyed Veronica darkly as his lips pressed into a thin line. “So. We’ll be at an impasse until I give you what you want, is that it?”

He was one more push away from an outburst, but even so, he still spoke slowly and steadily. He was calm, much like how the seas and skies were before a storm, as if he was completely unaffected.

However, the more he behaved this way, the more anxious Veronica felt. She could sense that there was a fire burning in him, consuming him.

Nonetheless, she went on to add insult to injury as she drawled coquettishly, “You don’t have to sound like you’re forced into this. It’s not as if this is the first time you’ve tried to make me concede to you, right? Although...” She flashed him a captivating smile while her red scarf brought out a pink tinge to her flawless alabaster skin.

She looked as alluring as a poisonous poppy, but she was just as aggravating too.

He had fallen deeply for her, he realized grimly.

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Having trailed off earlier, Veronica continued with wicked amusement, “I’ve never been one to run away in the face of fear, Matt, so do whatever you like. I promise I won’t tell Grandma about it, because I’m gracious like that.” As she said this, she reached up and pried his fingers off her scarf. She shrugged him off and turned to get out of the car. She slammed the door behind her and walked away without so much as a backward glance.

Left in the car with his insurmountable rage, Matthew clenched his fists and struck the steering wheel in front of him once, then pressed the heel of his palm into the horn several times, disrupting the winter serenity with several loud honks.

“Damn it!” he cursed aloud, then leaned back into his seat as he pinched the space between his brows. Out of nowhere, a sense of helplessness seized him.

He wondered if all these years of getting his way had corroded his reasoning mind, or if his affections for Veronica had clouded his judgment. Whenever she was around, he felt the need to subjugate her and make her accede without question.

However, his attempts to do just that had been to no avail, and he realized belatedly that her heart must be carved out of stone if she could stand up to him repeatedly, each time bolder than the last.

The series of failures had him questioning his own abilities. How is it that I’ve managed to conquer the business world but not one woman? Why is it so hard for me to win her over? He had lost, re-grouped, and refined his strategies, only to lose again. It was like he was trapped in some vicious cycle.

From the driver’s seat, he could see Veronica’s proud figure walking ahead. He pinched his brows as he watched her leave, and there was no telling what he was thinking about.

Meanwhile, Veronica was walking down the street huffily after leaving the car. As she kept up her pace, she held onto her phone and searched for nearby cars she could hail, but not a single driver was willing to pick her up. Worst still was the fact that there were no taxis driving by the area.

This is quite the conundrum, she admitted as she looked around.

Just then, her phone rang, and she hurriedly picked up the call when she saw Elizabeth's name displayed on the screen. She felt quite odd receiving a call from her at such an odd hour. "Hello, Grandma."

"Veronica, is it true that your master has been hospitalized after a bad fall?"

"Huh? Oh, right, yes." Veronica slowed in her steps and turned around in disbelief. Sure enough, Matthew's car was crawling up to her. What is that jerk up to now?

"It's getting late, and I don't want you to go back to Cabot Town alone. I've already spoken to Matthew and told him to drop you off."

"No, there's no need for that, Grandma. I can just get a cab—"

Elizabeth cut her off mid-sentence. "I've heard the rumors flying around these days too. You'd better believe that I gave Matthew a stern lecture, but he told me that the rumors only started after word got out that you became my god-granddaughter. He said he only did that for your best interests. Silly girl; you didn't think he was actually out to get you, did you?"

Veronica rolled her eyes at Elizabeth's explanation. Despicable! The guy's shamelessness knows no bounds! He did it out of my 'best interests'? Seriously? Should I thank him then? She was completely baffled by how low Matthew would stoop just to get his way. I can't believe he actually lied to an old lady!

Not wanting to expose him for being the lying and scheming devil that he was, she had no choice but to go along with the false narrative as she replied, "Grandma, I never thought of him that way. I simply didn't think it was safe for him to drop me off at this late hour."

"Well, it's all settled now. I'll have that grandson of mine drop you off, and if he doesn't, then he and I will have a good talk later."

"Oh, uh, Grandma, I—"

"Bye-bye now!" Elizabeth hung up before Veronica could say anything.

Sighing as she listened to the series of beeps on the other line, Veronica quirked her lips unhappily, wondering what she had done to deserve all this.

A loud honk sounded next to her at that moment, and Matthew rolled down the car window with a roguish, triumphant smile playing on his lips. He said nothing, which infuriated Veronica even more.

She clutched her phone and opened the car door, then barked, "How low will you stoop, Matthew? Your grandmother is nearly in her seventies, and you actually bothered her with something like this? What are you, a kid?"

He kept his right hand on the wheel and tapped against the edge with his fingers, contemplating his reply. "I'm only acting on Grandma's orders. If you have a problem with that, take it up to her."

"You know what, just let me down here. You don't have to see this trip till the end. I promise I won't tell Grandma about this." The last thing Veronica wanted was for him to come back to Cabot Town with her and create even more drama than there already was.

Matthew retracted his gaze and started the car, continuing down the road. "Should I be worried that lying is second nature to you? I wonder how Grandma would feel if she found out you were a habitual liar."

Being called a habitual liar by the likes of him irked her to no end, but she let this slide. Far too tired to argue with him, she took off her scarf and draped it over herself, then closed her eyes as she willed sleep to come.

Next to her, Matthew knew that she was still suffering from bouts of insomnia, and he couldn't bring himself to interrupt her rest. As such, he turned the heater on to full blast and cruised ahead.

Veronica had not had proper rest since Vincere Games was set up. She leaned into the seat and let the gentle swaying of the car treading down the road lull her into sleep.

Worried that she would be uncomfortable, Matthew lowered the back of her seat so that she could sleep better. Thankfully, it was lowered so slowly that there was no sudden impact that would have woken her up otherwise.

Just like that, she slept for a full two hours. Matthew had taken a shortcut to Cabot Town, and by the time Veronica woke up, there was about another hour's drive left before they reached their destination.

"Where are we?" she asked groggily.

"Glensbury," he replied.

"That's fast," she observed, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes as she sat up. It was only after she had gotten her bearings that she realized the back of her seat was lowered to a forty-five-degree angle. It was no wonder that she had slept soundly through the better part of the journey.

She frowned at the thought of this and began to question what Matthew's intentions were. All this blowing hot-and-cold on his part was borderline psychotic.

"You don't have to look at me with such immense gratitude," he pointed out sarcastically. "I only did it because someone asked me to."

Veronica actually believed that by 'someone', Matthew meant Elizabeth.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 276

Chapter 276

Chapter 276 Stable Condition

Veronica leaned back into the seat and closed her eyes for a moment, then decided to give Daniella a call. "Hey, Mom. Where are you guys?"

"Collins City Hospital," Daniella replied.

"Which ward?"

"Just a minute. We're at Block 21, Room 2109."

"Got it. I'm on my way." Veronica hung up and turned to speak to Matthew, who had his eyes on the road. "Could you drop me off at Collins City Hospital?"

When she called Daniella earlier, she was told that Crayson had been sent to the district hospital for a medical examination. Now that he was transferred to the city hospital, there wasn't much distance they needed to cover.

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Both Veronica and Matthew were silent throughout the ride. They were as good as a pair of strangers.

It wasn't until they had walked into the hospital's patient ward that she shot him a warning look and said, "Don't say anything weird in front of my parents." She shuddered to think how her parents would react if they found out about the recent happenings in her life, and she would rather Matthew keep his mouth shut the entire time.

He hummed curtly in response, as if he was only humoring her, and said nothing more.

They then headed out of the elevator and made their way over to Room 2109. Pushing the door open, Veronica was greeted by the sight of her adoptive parents and Crayson, who lay unmoving in the hospital bed.

Panic seized her as she rushed up to them and pressed, "Mom, Dad, how is he doing?"

"He only just got out of the emergency room, and the doctor says he's recuperating," Daniella explained morosely.

"Don't worry, Roni, he's going to be fine. He's always been a plucky one," Tony added comfortingly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Murphy," Matthew greeted with a polite nod. "I'm sorry that I came here empty-handed; we didn't exactly have the time to stop by the store to get anything."

"Oh, Matthew, how nice it is to see you. It's so nice of you to drop Veronica off when the weather is so cold and the roads so icy. I'd be worried if she had come alone," Daniella said kindly as she and Tony exchanged a small smile.

Veronica couldn't care less about how Matthew and his parents were interacting. She was admittedly more concerned about Crayson. He was unconscious as he lay on the bed, and there was a bandage wrapped around his head. He looked to be sleeping soundly, and he did not budge even once, but for some reason, his idle state left her panicked.

She sat down in the caretaker's chair next to the bed and reached out gently to pat the old man's hand. "Crayson? Hey, wake up. I'm here to see you," she murmured softly. She even tugged on his hand gingerly, but still, there was no physical response from him.

Swallowing, she turned to look at Daniella and urged, "Mom, why isn't he waking up? What did the doctor say?"

"He suffered from intracranial bleeding after he hit his head, and the doctor performed surgery on him earlier. Now, all we have to do is wait for him to wake up," Daniella explained.

If they had to transfer him to the city hospital, Crayson's situation must be serious.

With a sigh, Veronica muttered under her breath with a frown, "You're usually quite the agile fellow. Who would've thought that you would fall so clumsily?"

She sounded like she was chiding him, but really, her heart was twisting at the sight of him. She saw him as family, and she had practically grown up in his home. Never had she imagined something like this would ever happen to him.

When Matthew saw how grim she looked, he consoled, "Don't worry. I'm sure he'll be just fine."

"Take a seat, Matthew. You must be tired after the long drive. Are you hungry? Want me to go and get you guys supper?" Tony offered earnestly.

Both Tony and Daniella knew who Matthew was, and they also knew they had to tread carefully around him. He might be someone like a brother to Veronica, but his kindness toward her aside, he was still the first heir to the Kings. Power and money were his birthrights.

"There's no need to trouble yourself, Mr. Murphy. I'm not hungry at all," Matthew answered, waving his hand dismissively. His gaze lingered on Veronica as she sat firmly next to the bed, where she was holding onto Crayson's hand.

He was so used to seeing her boisterous and devil-may-care side that the sight of her looking so worried made his heart twist. It was as if she suddenly had a weight on her shoulders, and she was intent on carrying it on her own.

Just then, a thought crossed his mind, and he announced to the room, "I'm going out to make a phone call." With that, he spun on his heels and walked out the door.

When the door fell shut, Daniella immediately leaned close to Veronica and asked quietly, "Roni, did Matthew drive you all the way here?"

"You should have told us he was coming with you. We wouldn't want him to think badly of you after you asked him to drop you off," Tony added.

Veronica looked out the glass window on the door and saw Matthew standing outside with his phone held up to his ear. She shook her head and said, "Mom, Dad, it's fine. Don't worry about it. It was Old Mrs. Kings who asked him to drop me off. She didn't want me to drive alone in this weather."

Tony and Daniella were honest country folk, and after becoming victims to Floch and Rachel's schemes, they had grown weary of the rich and powerful, worried that the smallest thing could offset these people.

"How did Old Mrs. Kings find out about Crayson's injury?" Daniella asked, bewildered.

Jerking her chin in Matthew's direction. "He told her about it." Then, she turned her attention back to Crayson. Age was catching up to him, and she could tell from the lines that mapped his face and the silver that peppered through his hair and beard.

She thought about his affable smile and his stern expressions whenever he was training her, and she felt her nose prickle.

"Mom, Dad, stay here for a bit while I go and check on his medical sheet," Veronica said. She rose from her seat and walked out of the room to ask the nurses about Crayson's condition.

Her parents were farmers, and they didn't understand what the doctor said well enough to explain it to her. As such, she made her way over to the nurses' counter, only to be stopped in her tracks when Matthew called out to her. "I already asked about your master's condition. It was intracranial bleeding, and I've—I mean, Grandma has already arranged for a doctor to check up on him after I told her about it."

Stunned, Veronica said, "She shouldn't have. I'll call her right now." She had to thank Elizabeth no matter what.

"Nah, forget it. It's late anyway, and she was about to head to bed when I called her earlier," Matthew said, stopping her from making that call.

If it weren't for the odd gleam in his eyes, one might actually be convinced that he had been telling the truth. However, Veronica was so worried about Crayson that his condition was all she could think about, and she did not dwell much on Matthew's words. "Okay, then, I'll thank her when we get back."

After that, she went back to the hospital room.

That night, Matthew put Tony and Daniella up in the hotel next to the hospital, then stayed back in the ward with Veronica. He showed no intention of leaving her alone there.

"I'll be fine on my own. You should get some rest," she pointed out when she saw how busy he was as he sat to the side while scrolling through his phone, which buzzed every now and then. She wagered that his assistant must be texting him about company matters, and he was pouring over them.

"Yeah," Matthew replied, then rose to leave, closing the door behind him.

Veronica blinked in disbelief. He's leaving just like that? She was the one who asked him to go, but when he really did, she couldn't help feeling empty.

As she sat in the caretaker's chair and gazed down at Crayson's sleeping profile, she mumbled, "How can you be this old and still be as stubborn as a kid? I told you to move in with my parents, but you insist on staying on your own. The fact that someone found you right after you fell was sheer luck because I don't know what would have happened to you otherwise."

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 277

Chapter 277

Chapter 277 Hijack

Crayson was both a master and father figure to Veronica. Hence, it was only normal for her to be worried.

She had asked him repeatedly to move in with her parents instead of staying in his house up in the hills, but he turned her down every single time. Now that something as grievous as this had happened, she couldn't help fretting over him even more.

"I'm warning you, Master Crayson, if you don't wake up right now, I'll—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, can you just cut it out? I'm trying to sleep here!"

Just as she was grumbling under her breath, Crayson blinked his eyes slowly and woke up. When he saw Veronica sitting next to the bed, he stared at her in bewilderment. Perhaps the open-cranial surgery had left him a little disoriented because he couldn't quite respond to her presence.

"Master Crayson, you're awake!" Veronica exclaimed happily when she realized that he had regained consciousness. She patted the back of his hand while exclaiming, "Thank goodness. If you hadn't regained consciousness, I would have thought you were a goner!" As she said this, her voice thickened without her realizing it.

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Crayson softened and started to register his surroundings. When he felt Veronica clutching his hand, he let out a breath and glared at her pointedly. "Pull yourself together. It's not like I'm dead or something."

"Hey, don't jinx it," she countered cheerily. "You can't die until you witness me walk down the aisle. In fact, I won't let you die until after you've trained my kid how to wield a strong punch, so hold on till then, okay?"

Though she could joke, she was actually terrified. Then again, an average person would need about a day or two to regain consciousness after intracranial surgery. In any case, Crayson must be stronger than he looked if he woke up just hours after the surgery.

"You ingrate," he bit out gruffly, snorting. "Training you was the most work I'd ever done, and I can only imagine how much worse it will be to train your kid. I'm not a babysitter, you know."

"Well, if you're against taking in little kids that much, then you should move in with my parents. The three of you can keep an eye on one another, and I wouldn't have to worry all the time."

He did not hesitate to reject her proposal. "No, I can't do that. I'm used to living on my own, and it'd be awkward for me to live with your parents."

As though prepared to hear this, she suggested, "Then how about you come to Bloomstead with me instead? I'm running a bridal store, and I could use a good security guard with mean skills. It'd be a shame if someone with your prowess is just hiding away in the mountains."

She could take care of him if he agreed to go back with her; he would be by her side at all times.

"Security guard?" Crayson's eyes lit up. "In Bloomstead?"

Upon seeing the excited gleam in his eyes, she frowned and asked, "Have you ever been to Bloomstead, Master Crayson?"

It was during the time of Conrad's return to Bloomstead when she had been sitting on the curb of Mudwood Street, right outside the main square, and watching the youngsters party the night away. She distinctly remembered seeing someone who looked an awful lot like Crayson among the crowd.

However, by the time she chased after him, he disappeared into an alleyway and she never saw him again.

Following that, Conrad and Matthew showed up, and she completely forgot about the incident.

Presently, Crayson's eyes flashed when he heard her question, and he replied, "I don't even know how to get around Collins, much less navigate the streets of Bloomstead. You might as well ask me if I could fly."

"Pfft," Veronica spluttered in amusement. "You have a point. I mean, you're not entirely literate either, so you'd probably end up getting lost in Bloomstead."

"Has Master Crayson awakened?"

Matthew walked in with a carrier bag full of take-out just as the mood in the hospital room was lightening up.

At the sight of him and the food he had in tow, Veronica's stomach rumbled, betraying her.

She had been so worried about Crayson on the way here that she couldn't eat a bite of food, nor did she have the appetite to. Now that he was awake and appeared to be in good spirits, she felt the knots in her stomach unclench, and naturally, she began to feel hungry.

"Why, if it isn't Matthew! I slipped and fell, now look at the sorry state I'm in. I do have to apologize for making you come all this way though," Crayson said. Owing to his years of practicing martial arts, he was stronger and more agile than most men his age; not even an intracranial operation could affect his cheery mood.

"I'm glad to see that you're alright, Master Crayson," Matthew replied. "I brought enough food to feed a small army. Care to join us?"

"He just got out of an operation not too long ago, so he can't have all those carbs and fats," Veronica interjected, then tipped her head to the side as she smiled at Crayson. "Guess you'll just have to watch us eat."

She was no longer as high-strung as she had been moments ago, and her good humor was starting to show. Currently, she was also decidedly less hostile toward Matthew.

Seeing as there were no other patients in the room, Matthew set out the food on the table between the beds and opened up the various take-out containers. At once, a delicious aroma filled the room, and Master Crayson's mouth watered.

He swallowed and glowered at Veronica. "Go eat somewhere else; the smell is too overwhelming for my old post-surgery senses."

"No," she said defiantly. "I'll be eating right here."

She was like a petulant child in front of Crayson, always mischievous and lovable.

In response, Crayson snorted. "Heartless wench," he grumbled as he turned to face the other way, not wanting to look at her.

"Anyway, back to what we were talking about earlier, you could move to Bloomstead with me and I'll hire you as a security guard for my shop. There'll be a proper salary, of course. Just sleep on this idea and let me know. Bloomstead is the liveliest town I know—at least more so than Cabot Town will ever be," Veronica said as she ate her meal, trying to sell Bloomstead to Crayson.

He thought about this for a moment, then sighed reluctantly. "I've spent my whole life in the countryside, and I've never gone anywhere else to see how the world has changed. I don't know how long these old bones have before they wear out completely. I guess it'd be good for me to go out and take it all in, right?"

This was his way of agreeing.

Veronica felt her eyes sting with tears as she thanked the old man in thought.

"Okay then. In that case, you'll just have to stay put until you get better. When you're discharged, I'll personally come and pick you up. We can then head back to Bloomstead together," she explained.

"You're far too good to work for Roni, Master Crayson. Plus, she's dirt poor and she won't be able to afford you. Work for me and I'll make you an offer you can't refuse, on top of company benefits that are sure to outdo whatever she puts on the table for you," Matthew piped up as he ate.

He sounded like he was joking about this, but he actually meant every word he said.

Veronica grew grim when she heard this and demanded, "What are you trying to pull here, Matthew? Do you think you can do whatever you want just because you have money and power? He's my master, and I can tell you right now that he would never work for anyone else but me."

"Hey, kid. Could you give me a ballpark figure if I were to work for you?" Crayson asked with a grin as his eyes lit up at the prospect of higher pay.

Veronica was shocked by this, and she pretended to be hurt as she gasped, "Master Crayson, are you seriously going to betray me like this? You're my master!"

"Yes, but I also really love money," the old man confessed as he stroked his beard, chuckling like a menacing child.

"You—" She bit the inside of her cheek, suddenly at a loss for words.

"I'll bring you over to the company when you come back to Bloomstead with me, and I promise to give you at least twice the pay Roni is offering you."

Chapter 278

Chapter 278 Treat Him to a Meal

Veronica was furious at Matthew for his blatant attempt to poach someone from her. However, her worry was placated by Crayson's willingness to follow her back to Bloomstead.

After all, he had been living all alone on the mountain. No matter how good he was at fighting, he was still an old man. She was worried that something might happen to him.

"Haha! Matthew, you are still the best. My student is still too much of a cheapskate." Crayson was smiling brightly while his mood lightened.

The three of them chatted for a while longer before Crayson, who was still drowsy from his recent surgery, fell asleep.

Then, Matthew paid for an extra bed and told Veronica to nap on it while he kept watch.

However, she was unable to sleep until late into the night when she drifted off while leaning against the side of Crayson's bed.

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Matthew gently carried her into his arms thereafter. Perhaps it was because she found some sense of security in his familiar scent that she did not wake up at all. Instead, she remained asleep as he moved her to the bed.

After covering her with the blanket, he headed back to sit on the chair placed next to the patient's bed. It was then that he realized Crayson had woken up.

"You're up," he commented as a faint smile spread across his cold face. "It's still early. You can sleep a while longer."

"Do you like my student?" Crayson directly went straight to the point without hesitating.

Matthew was not surprised at all by the sudden question. As he glanced at the woman sleeping on the cot, he hummed in confirmation.

"You're an honest man, but you have definitely fallen in love with the wrong person. With her, what you see is what you get. She is extremely frank. When it comes to love, she is as thick as a brick. You have to be patient," Crayson declared.

Elderly people required less sleep, which meant he did not need to sleep for long. He had woken up a while ago and to his surprise, he opened his eyes to see Matthew carrying Veronica over to the other bed before gently placing her down. It was easy to tell the man loved her from how careful and protective he was.

However, Matthew was the heir to the Kings Corporation. Would there really be a happy ending for these two?

Crayson did not know for sure.

"You are wise, Master Crayson," Matthew said with a sigh and a smile.

"Alright, go to sleep. I'm fine now." Crayson pointed to the bed next to his. "The nurses had changed the sheets and you've been busy the whole evening. You have to get some sleep."

Matthew nodded in agreement without making any protests. He then lay in the bed for a short nap.

When he woke up an hour later, Veronica was still asleep. Hence, he went out to buy breakfast and some hygiene products for them.

By the time he returned to the ward, Daniella had arrived and Veronica had already woken up.

"Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy. I've bought some breakfast. Let us eat together." As someone who did everything perfectly with great care, he had naturally bought breakfast for Veronica's family as well.

"You shouldn't have done so, Matthew." Daniella frowned and shot a look at Veronica. "Matthew is a guest, Veronica. How can you make him run errands for you?"

Hearing that, Veronica pursed her lips. With her folded blanket still in hand, she turned to glare at Matthew. "Ah, yes. Well, are you listening? You are a guest. Don't buy us anything next time."

"Silly girl, he's just being nice. How can you be so rude?" Crayson barked.

Veronica was rendered speechless. What did I do wrong now?

"It's nothing. I went for a walk around the shops anyway since I couldn't sleep," Matthew explained.

After breakfast, the doctor dropped by to check on Crayson. When Veronica heard the doctor declaring his condition to be stable, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she spent her day at the hospital by his side.

It was only after she had arranged a caretaker for him that she returned to Bloomstead with Matthew.

A lot of tasks and responsibilities were waiting for Veronica to complete, and she was worried about Vincere Games and the bridal store. Thus, she must head back to check in on them. However, she would be back at the hospital on the day Crayson would be discharged.

A few hours later, their car arrived at Encounters Bridal Store in Bloomstead.

"Let me treat you to dinner tonight," she said to Matthew as she felt guilty about how much he had done over the past two days to help her.

"Oh? I am shocked by the offer." His thin lips curled up into a smile as stars began to twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, don't be. I am only offering because my mom keeps badgering me about it," she said, quickly making up an excuse.

Then, she got out of the car and entered the bridal store.

Throughout the day, she was busy working away. Finally, she was able to finish her tasks before the end of the day.

She also transferred 4,500 back to the auto show boss.

After all, Veronica was supposed to go yesterday but was waylaid by Crayson's hospitalization. As per their agreement, she had to pay double the amount as penalty.

It was a matter of principle.

Thankfully, she had won some money at the Alpine Ski Resort. Otherwise, she would be crying over how much she had to pay.

That evening after working hours, Matthew's car appeared at the entrance of the bridal store just as they closed.

The employees all began whispering when they saw his luxurious car pull up to the store.

"Isn't that President Kings' car?"

"I've heard people say that he was fighting with President Murphy, but doesn't this mean they're actually getting along well?"

"They must have fought. Think about it. Two months ago, all of our orders were canceled overnight. It was definitely his doing. Who else would be powerful enough to do that?"

"If they actually fought, then what is going on right now?"

"Who knows?"

"All I can say is that the rich are all tyrants who just do whatever they like. President Murphy is the same. She's always coming and going as she pleases."

...

Since they were free as working hours were over, the staff stood around and gossiped.

"Cough."

At this moment, Shirley loudly cleared her throat and the gossiping employees turned around to find Veronica standing behind Shirley.

Her face had such a frightening chill that it petrified those present. Instantly, the employees' faces paled.

"P-President Murphy."

"Hello, President Murphy."

"We were just..."

The employees stammered upon realizing they had been caught red-handed. All of them hung their heads as they tried to think of a way to explain themselves.

"Do you have nothing to do? In that case, print out some flyers and hand them out," Veronica snapped as she glanced at the clock hanging on the wall. It was nearly 5.00PM, which meant it was time for the staff to clock off. "Otherwise, head home. If you think it's too early, then we'll be letting you go at six from tomorrow onward."

"Oh, no. It is not early at all. I'll be going now, President Murphy."

"Goodbye, President Murphy."

"See you, madam."

The staff all scrambled away to pack up their things and dash out the door.

Beside her, Shirley glanced at Matthew, who had been leaning against the car parked outside the store. She then cautiously asked Veronica, "What's going on between him and you? He had always been so hostile toward you. Why would you bother with him?"

"Sometimes, you have to do things that you do not like. Anyone who is strong enough would never bother dancing with snakes."

Veronica sighed. "Well, I'll be off."

She then walked out of the store.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 279

Chapter 279

Chapter 279 Report Him

"Where are we going?" Matthew asked upon seeing Veronica walk out of the store.

With a flick of his finger, he sent his cigarette flying into the rubbish bin.

"Any suggestions?"

As she asked that, she walked over to the car, pulled open the door, and sat in the passenger seat.

"Whatever the host wishes."

"We'll go to One Piece Restaurant then," she replied.

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After all, she could not just dine with Matthew wherever she liked due to his status.

She did also win big in the Alpine Ski Resort. If splurging on a meal once was enough to return the favor, she would happily do so.

He got back into the car and began driving toward One Piece Restaurant.

“You haven’t visited Grandma for a few days. She missed you. Visit her when you are free,” he said as he drove.

“Okay,” she responded, looking out the window the entire time.

They seemed to be experiencing more snow this year.

It was a sunny day yesterday, but it was now beginning to snow again.

Bloomstead was a bright and colorful place with lights everywhere. With snowflakes drifting in the air, the city looked extraordinarily gorgeous.

“Do you love snow?” he asked upon noticing her focused attention on the world outside.

However, her reply surprised him.

“I like everything except for you.”

After pondering on what she had just said, he found it to be true.

She liked way too many things when he was not in the equation.

Even so, he was rendered speechless by her ability to kill off all conversation with one sentence.

One of his hands reached up to run through his hair as exasperation shone in his eyes.

What should he even do about this darned woman?

“You actually hate me that much?” he asked after a pause.

Stunned, she turned to look at him as though he was a fool. “Have I not been obvious enough?”

He was speechless.

Thus, the conversation ended.

Soon, the car pulled up to One Piece Restaurant.

The two got out of the car and were seated in a private room.

As a member of the restaurant, Matthew did not need to line for a table.

Within the room, a server handed Veronica the menu before asking, “Good day. What will you both be having today?”

Veronica looked up and pointed at the man seated opposite her. “Ask him.”

“I’m fine with anything,” he calmly stated as he took a sip of water.

“Fine,” she said before replying to the server. “Give me a few servings of the cheapest items on your menu.”

The server was stunned. “Miss, the cheapest item on our menu is plain water.”

The corners of her mouth were twitching hard as she was suddenly hit by the thought that their server was kind of an idiot. “I want two servings of the cheapest mains you have along with some appetizers. Remember, they must be the cheapest items.”

“Is that all you’re going to order when you’re treating me to dinner?” Matthew could not help but ask.

She nodded. “This is One Piece Restaurant. Even though I have brought you here, I am still poor. Do I look like someone who can afford to pay for a feast? Anyway, a feast is unhealthy for you. There will be too much fat, and that will lead to all sorts of issues like high cholesterol and high blood pressure. You might even die an early death because of that. Considering the billions you have yet to spend, would it not be a waste?”

She spoke with such a straight, no-nonsense face that it almost convinced him.

“As you say.”

He dropped his forehead to his palm before massaging his temple with his fingers.

If his memory served him right, the last meal she treated him to was breakfast, where she bought two tea eggs and a cup of warm milk.

He remembered that meal very well.

“Yes, madam. The food will be out shortly,” the server said with a nod before turning away with the menu in hand.

During the wait, Matthew was ignored while Veronica paid full attention to scrolling on her phone.

A few minutes later, the server was back.

“Wow, this place has really fast service,” she commented with a gleam in her eyes.

However, just as she finished speaking, her face stiffened.

On the cart being pushed by the server were two plates of plain bread and a bowl of mushroom soup that was the size of a teacup.

“Enjoy your meal,” the server politely said once the dishes were moved to the table.

“Wait. That’s... it?”

Veronica knew food at One Piece Restaurant was expensive. It was why she immediately asked for the cheapest dishes they had with barely a glance at the menu.

In fact, if she was not mistaken, the total cost of the food that was currently displayed on the table was barely less than 60 dollars.

However, the two plates—no, saucers—before her...

Only contained a small block of butter.

“Yes, madam. The first dish is called the ‘Cloud Bread’ and is well complemented by the second dish, ‘Tastes of the Wild’. These are all dishes that required extensive and careful preparation.”

The server was very professional and solemn in introducing the dishes served.

Hearing the introduction, Veronica pursed her lips. “I see. Thanks.”

“Enjoy your meal,” the server said once more before pushing the cart out of the room.

The moment the server left, her face drooped. “How dare they cheat us like this! Did the owner of this place die from poverty in his last life? How could they swindle us like this? ‘Cloud Bread’? It’s just normal bread for Pete’s sake? Besides, they only served us butter without any other condiments. Also, this soup is a joke. What did they call it again?”

She stirred her spoon through the liquid. “There’s literally only mushrooms in it. Oh, my goodness, there isn’t even texture to chew at this point.”

Her spoon clattered against the plate as she dropped it to point at the bread. “This bread is the worst. The moment it touches the soup, it disintegrates completely. How do people even eat...”

Bang!

She slammed her palms against the table. “No way! I have to report them to the Bureau of Consumer Protection. This place is a con.”

She pulled out her phone as she said so and began to look up the number to the bureau.

Meanwhile, Matthew merely raised an eyebrow. He silently watched her as he took a sip from his glass.

As she kept searching, she said to him, “Hey, you dine here often. That means you are familiar with their boss, right? My advice is that you stay away from fools like him. Wait, no. He will be the one taking you for a fool, constantly lusting over the money you have. We need to report businesses like his. The earlier they close this place down, the better.”

Hearing that, he could feel the vein on his forehead throbbing. He stroked his chin and was about to say something when she held a hand up. “Wait. I have to make a call first.”

“Is this the Bureau of Consumer Protection?” she said into the phone. “I’d like to report a complaint with One Piece Restaurant...”

She blabbered on for a long while before eventually getting off the call. “Well, they say they will investigate tomorrow.”

“At this hour, everyone should have clocked off already. Let us focus on our dinner first and listen to the good news tomorrow,” she solemnly said to him.

He nodded, remaining as silent as he had been since the moment the server returned with the food.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 280

Chapter 280

Chapter 280 Yvonne Kidnapped

Matthew pulled his plate over to himself, yet he could not find the appetite to eat.

After a few moments of silence, he could not resist asking, “Am I going to have just plain bread the next time you treat me to a meal?”

“Huh?”

Veronica awkwardly stared at the food on the table.

“No way,” she replied with a fawning smile. “This is all because the owner of this place is a scamming con artist. He really deserves death for this! Men like him should be single forever with no kids...”

“Me!”

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Suddenly, Matthew shouted.

“What? What about you?” She was confused. What did he mean by that?

After talking for so long, she seized a moment to sip at her water.

Just then, he continued, “Six years ago, I opened up this restaurant.”

“Pffft! Excuse me?” she sputtered, coughing as she spat out the water she was drinking. “Fucking hell! Oh, I’m sorry.”

The water she had spit out when she choked just so happened to have hit him on the face as well.

He stiffened and slowly closed his eyes. Despite the calm on his face, he was betrayed by how his trembling hand clenched so tightly that his knuckles were white.

Never had he ever felt so upset.

Not only had she insulted him to his face, but she had also cursed his family line to end with him!

Very... Well.

"You should have said so earlier. How could I have known you were the boss of One Piece Restaurant?" she said as she dabbed at her mouth with a paper napkin.

She then pouted and continued in a low mumble, "Even so, the food here is quite expensive."

As she said that, she noticed his face clouding over as if it was the calm before the storm.

With a pounding heart, she immediately stood up and walked over with a paper napkin to wipe the water off his face. "I'm sorry. I am so sorry. I didn't mean to... Ah..."

Before she could finish apologizing, he grabbed her wrist and tugged her closer. "What did you just say?" he asked with a cold stare. "Did you just say I should never have a girlfriend and that I will never sire a son?"

Those last few words were spat out through gritted teeth.

Matthew was seething with unfathomable rage.

If it had been anyone else but Veronica who said that, they would be dead by now.

Locked in his embrace, she gulped hard. "... It is just a misunderstanding. Hehe, if I had known you owned this place, I would never have said that. Look at you, handsome and kind. One glance and I could tell how generous you truly are. Also, One Piece Restaurant is a members-only restaurant where the membership fee is over a few thousand dollars. This is such a nice business because you only target the rich!"

After all, no one who was poor would pay a few thousand dollars for a restaurant's membership fee.

"Is that so?" He squinted at her. His gaze was so fierce and sharp that it felt like she was going to be eaten up.

"Yes, absolutely. Of course. When would I ever lie to you?"

Although she was not someone who told lies, she had to concede defeat when it came to the 'evil overlord' in front of her.

She had just insulted his entire family, so there was a good chance that he wanted to tear her to pieces right now.

Deep down, she was shivering in fear.

His left hand was clamped down on her shoulder, making it impossible for her to even move an inch while he tilted her chin up with his right hand. "Do you know that if anyone else had acted as brash as you did, they would be dead by now?"

There was no doubt about the truth of that statement.

She believed it whole-heartedly.

"I'm not like other people," she said. She wanted to run away while he let his guard down, but he seemed to have sensed her intention for he forced himself closer to her.

With his arms wrapped around her, she had to watch as he slowly grew closer. His tanned skin was silky smooth with no visible pores. It was flawless.

He must have spent a fortune on skincare. How else could he maintain such beautiful skin while looking as handsome as he did?

Her hand subconsciously reached up to stroke his cheek. "Your skin is so smooth. Matthew, what beauty products do you use?"

The abrupt change in topic stunned him. For a moment, he just paused in confusion.

Then, in the next moment, his arms were empty as she fled his grasp. Like a gust of wind blowing by, she swiftly grabbed her bag and darted out of the room.

Having just made her escape, Veronica settled the bill before marching out of the shop. She thereafter patted her chest in relief. What she had said in the room was just suicidal.

Thankfully, she was a fast runner, or she would be dead.

As she walked away from the restaurant, she glanced back at it, shook her head, and sighed. "Con artist."

Ring, ring, ring!

Her phone began ringing.

When she eventually dug it out of her bag, she saw that it was a call from Yvonne.

"Yvonne, call..."

"What are you doing, Zac? Let go!"

Initially, Veronica thought Yvonne was calling because she had something to say, but then she heard the shriek coming from the phone...

"Zac, let me go! This is illegal!"

"Don't resist me, Yvie, or your parents will suffer."

"Just what do you want? Stop it, Zac! I don't want to marry you. My parents had nothing to do with that decision. Don't you find it insulting to threaten me with their lives?"

...

On the phone, the conversation between Yvonne and Zac could be heard.

Even over the phone, Veronica could sense Zac's threatening aura.

The youngest prince of Castron was not someone to be underestimated.

While Veronica could take the risk to rescue Yvonne now, she did not know where Yvonne was. Hence, the situation at hand made her feel so helpless.

“You bastard! Where are you taking me to?”

As if Yvonne heard her thoughts, she began questioning Zac.

“Naturally, I’m bringing you home.”

“Home? Did you come on a private plane?”

Veronica’s eyebrows raised when she heard that. She silenced her phone and hailed a taxi.

“Sir, to Bloomstead International Airport please.”

Since Zac came from Castron, that meant he had to go through the international airport.

While the city had two airports, one only accommodated domestic flights while all international flights used the other.

It was easy for her to deduce where Yvonne would be brought to.

However...

Alone, she was just a woman. Could she really save Yvonne all by herself?

Just then, she recalled someone who could help her—Conrad Kings.

“Sir, my phone is out of battery. Can I borrow your phone?” she asked the taxi driver.

There was no need for excuses as the friendly taxi driver immediately handed their phone to her.

She looked up Conrad’s phone number and called it using the borrowed phone.