

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 293

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Veronica had seen similar news of Tiffany many times within the month and she had to admit that it had worked wonders.

The perception that people had of Tiffany took a full one–eighty as many netizens were showering Tiffany with compliments and praises. It seemed as though the officials had bought ghostwriters to take the lead of the flooding positive comments.

As she watched Tiffany's act of rectitude in the interview, Veronica smiled lightly before skipping the video. It was none of her business anyway, so why should she bother wasting her time watching it?

Feeling bored, Veronica left the office and took the elevator to head to the Vincere Games. She felt her efforts had paid off as she observed her busy employees.

Fortunately, he was introduced as the boss' friend to the employees, not as an investor. Therefore, everyone in the building did not assume otherwise.

After being in the office for a while, the manager brought her the financial statements. Given that the profit earned this month was finally stabilized with double the profit compared to the previous month, it was a good start for them.

Then, she returned to the bridal store, in which Ivana gave her a call while she was on the way back.

Veronica answered the call instantly. "Ivana, what's wrong?"

"Veronica, my boss is asking whether you would like to be the endorser for our company," inquired Ivana carefully as making Veronica angry was the last thing she hoped for.

HTIT

"Why me?" Veronica was curious as to why Ivana's boss wanted her to be the endorser again.

At that moment, Tiffany, who had been appearing on the entertainment news lately, came into Veronica's mind. Veronica could sense that it had something to do with the

recent hot topic on the Internet. Although both of them did not look exactly the same, they were like two peas in a pod. One could not easily distinguish them at first glance.

“It’s... Uhm...” Ivana stuttered in hesitation and let out a wry smile. “The previous endorser is embroiled in a scandal and it has greatly affected our company’s reputation. So, our boss thought of you.”

Despite the long excuse, Ivana did not come clean with the exact reason why they wanted her back.

“How much is the endorsement fee?” Since Ivana had no intention of spilling the beans, Veronica forsook the thought of prying further.

The end of the year was nearing and a massive amount of money was needed for the two company’s expenses. Besides, she had to keep her promise by giving them a bonus.

“75,000.” The amount was not that high, but it was still considerable.

“Deal.” Veronica gladly accepted the offer and proceeded to discuss the details with Ivana before terminating the call.

Back in her office, a tired Veronica sat on the chair and kneaded her forehead. However, she received a call from Xavier not long after she set down her phone.

“Xavier?”

“Busy?” questioned Xavier nonchalantly.

“I’m in the office and the boredom is killing me.” She twirled the strands of her hair. “Anything I can help you with?”

“It’s nothing serious. Remember the client—my friend whom I introduced you to? It’s his wedding tomorrow. So, I just wanna check if everything is well—prepared.”

He was referring to his friend who had contacted the bridal store a month ago. In order to provide a satisfactory service, Veronica and her team had concocted three proposals for the client, by which he was very pleased with. At the mention of it, she finally recalled that the wedding would be held tomorrow.

Veronica responded, “Of course, we are fully prepared. Wait, are you going to be the best man?”

“Bullseye! You’re as sharp as always.”

Usually, she would slur over such a subject as she would be the one to blame for having Xavier remain a bachelor amongst his taken friends.

The clever woman changed the topic immediately. "Let's have Shiro's sushi together after the wedding is over. It's been awhile since I last had it."

"Sure."

"It's settled, then. I'll end the call if there's nothing else." She ended the call right after saying that.

The client Xavier introduced was Jackson Leonard, who had a reputable image amongst the high society in Bloomstead. Indulging in assortments of industries, the

Leonard Family had formed many partnerships with prominent companies, including Spinfluence Group, Dame Group and Floch Group.

Therefore, it was easy to assume that the guests attending the wedding tomorrow would definitely be either rich or famous. The traumatic experience at Matthew's wedding had cast a pall of trepidation upon Veronica and she was concerned.

She was worried that something bad might occur—ruining the wedding and bringing loss to the company. Therefore, she rounded up the team urgently and commenced an emergency meeting pertaining to the wedding.

When Veronica was still working overtime in the office at night, Yvonne rang her. Veronica frowned at the sight of the caller's ID displaying on the screen.

After her friendly warning to be aware of Conrad, Yvonne had rarely contacted Veronica anymore. It was either Yvonne was busy with dates or simply angry with her.

While answering the call, Veronica sounded pissed. "Greetings, little princess. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

Yvonne was speechless by Veronica's sarcastic tone. "Veronica Murphy, you,"

"What's wrong? I thought you love it whenever people address you like that."

"No, I do not! I only want to hear that from Conrad."

"Tsk tsk tsk... Another damsel blinded by love." Veronica asked, "So, what brings you to call me? Is Conrad in a meeting or on a business trip? There's no way you would suddenly think of me."

Veronica hit bullseye once again and Yvonne smiled sheepishly. "He went on a business trip and will be back tomorrow. I'm bored. Wanna go for a movie date?"

Veronica snorted. "You must've bought the tickets before his business trip and you have no one to watch with now."

"You... Fine, then." Yvonne heaved a long sigh.

Although Veronica intended to decline, she figured that it would not hurt to let her hair down for a while and thus, she went out with Yvonne.

When Veronica arrived home after the movie, she saw Tiffany downstairs. It was their first meeting in three months.

Veronica alighted from the car and went up to Tiffany. "How did you know that I live here?"

Tiffany looked slimmer than before. Instead of the usual haughtiness and coldness, she was rather mature and level-headed. Veronica knew well what had happened to the woman, which was probably the reason for her change.

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Still, the fact that Tiffany was an innocent victim did not elicit a smidgen of sympathy in Veronica.

The long curly hair that stuck out of Tiffany's checkered scarf and rested on her black coat. Since one hand was in her pocket while the other hand clutched her bag, she smiled at Veronica. "It wasn't that difficult for me to look up where you live."

Veronica simply nodded. "Anything?"

Tiffany raised her head and stared at the winter sky. "You think I would come for nothing? In such cold weather?"

Veronica remained silent as she was all ears.

"I heard that you're the one handling Jackson's wedding. Am I correct?" Tiffany asked.

It was not a surprise to Veronica that Tiffany had found out about it. As the woman herself had said, it was easy to know news about Veronica since Bloomstead was only of this size afterall.

“Your point?” Veronica’s patience was wearing thin.

“I’m here to remind you to be extra careful tomorrow.” With that being said, Tiffany shrugged her shoulders. “There, I said it.” She then walked past Veronica without a second thought.

A frowning Veronica wheeled around and questioned, “What do you mean by that?”

Tiffany’s footsteps came to a halt and she slightly turned her head. “It’s as I’ve told you. If you can’t prevent the accident from happening, I’m afraid that you will have to close down the bridal store in Bloomstead.”

“Got it.” Veronica coolly ended the conversation despite the questions flashing across her head and one of them read, *Why are you helping me?*

It was obvious what kind of answer Tiffany would give. Because I’m trying to make up for the things I’ve done in the past.

What a joke. Nonetheless, she made it a point to stay vigilant on the wedding regardless of Tiffany’s intentions.

The brief encounter ultimately caused a heavy burden on Veronica’s shoulders as she even failed to catch forty winks that night.

She would usually have at least two hours of sleep before waking up at 6.00AM, but she was awake that whole night.

The morning sun had illuminated the day, yet the winter breeze was welcoming the astir streets.

The team that was responsible for Jackson’s wedding arrived at Elite Hotel early in the morning in order to proceed with the rigorous inspection.

Veronica thoroughly checked the technology like the live sound system and projector multiple times and drilled into her team members the need for safety precautions. Let’s hope I won’t get *deja vu* today.

If anything bad came to pass, she would have no place in Bloomstead anymore.

When the time struck nine, guests began to fill the place to the brim. Wearing a gray suit and a pair of sneakers, Veronica brought the walkie-talkie to her mouth at times to make sure everything was in order.

The wedding venue was located at the backyard of the hotel. Coating the padded artificial grass were imported fresh flowers and vibrant balloons that revived the spring amongst the winter wind.

Gazing at the oncoming guests, Veronica felt the pressure pulling her heart deeper to the pits of her stomach. It was because all of them were leading figures who possessed great power and affluence in the city.

“Hey! Anything on your mind?” Yvonne suddenly tapped Veronica’s shoulder from behind.

A surprised Veronica turned her head instinctively before shooting glares at her friend. “Where did you come from?”

Yvonne pointed at the entrance where Conrad and Matthew happened to enter just at the right time. Conrad looked at their direction before flashing a sinister smile.

Veronica was sure that he should be smiling at Yvonne, yet her guts were telling otherwise—he was looking at her.

Even so, she brushed it off and focused on Matthew whose forehead injury had recovered after a month. Complementing his coiffed hair was a pair of space-gray sunglasses while the blue velvet suit radiated his dashing looks. With an air of elegance, his presence was magnificent as ever.

Although Veronica was standing at the most conspicuous place at the entrance, Matthew did not turn his head toward her at all, as if those eyes behind the sunglasses had not noticed her. The cold-shouldered woman was displeased.

Crazy man.

The way he flipped out at the hospital a month ago had infuriated her and she still had vet to know the issue. Still, it was understandable for someone temperamental like him to just brush her off.

Even if Matthew was not in the mood for talking to her, he should have grown tired of her by now. Thus, Veronica returned the favor by pretending not to see him too, so as not to seem clingy.

“The place is decorated beautifully. Fresh yet refined. Not bad,” praised Conrad.

Veronica wore a smile that could be described as professional. “You’re flattering me, Uncle Conrad.”

“Oh, Conrad. Let’s head inside. Let’s not disturb Roni while she’s on duty.” Yvonne let go of Veronica and greeted Conrad.

“Sure.” He nodded and they seated themselves near Matthew.

Following behind the Dame Family were Tiffany and the Larson couple, as well as the Crawford Family. Whenever Veronica caught sight of them, she purposely avoided them as she did not feel like greeting them at the moment.

“Veronica, the bride is here.” Shirley’s voice resounded from the walkie-talkie.

“Got it,” answered Veronica.

The wedding was scheduled to begin at 11.00AM sharp. When there was only twenty minutes left before crunch time, Veronica went backstage again. “Is the equipment functioning? Did you check the wires again?”

As Jackson’s bride, Emma Finley was a hardcore fan of fantasy dramas and it had always been her dream to descend from the sky like an angel at her wedding. Emma had presented her suggestion many times before this.

- In order to satisfy her clients, Veronica resorted to a dreamy wedding concept where

the bride would make an appearance like an angel, thereby renting the best equipment, as well as some spares, that they could get in the city.

Nevertheless, it did not stop the restlessness in her chest. It might have been because of Tiffany’s words that had affected her emotions or it could simply be her being paranoid.

“President Murphy, don’t worry. We’ve checked the wires, gondola as well as the crane multiple times. There won’t be a problem.”

“Yeah, especially the gondola. We had it welded again before this and added another safety rope on it. Everything is under control for sure.”

“Yeah, that’s right!”

In spite of the reassurance from the prep team, Veronica was still in distress. “Just be careful.”

20 minutes had passed and the host called upon the bridegroom as the music enlivened the atmosphere—the wedding had finally begun.

Veronica stood on stage, only to see Jackson marching forward with his best men, including Matthew who followed behind him.

The host passed the microphone to Jackson and he started to recount the love story he shared with Emma vehemently.

Next, the large monitor screen featured the bride, who was sitting in a big flower basket decorated with vivid colors.

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In ones and twos, everyone turned to look behind. In the flower basket that was levitating in midair sat the beautiful bride in white with a wreath on her head.

The basket glided through the air, moving steadily toward the stage and gradually slanting to the ground. With the equipment attached to it, it left pinkish petals along the trail, as though they were traces left by the angel.

“Woah, it’s beautiful.”

“She’s like an angel! She’s so pretty.”

“I want my wedding to be like this in the future.”

“This is absolutely lovely! The bridal store has done a great job!”

Deeply immersed in the dreamy fairytale, the audience exclaimed in admiration, whereas Veronica was the only one worrying that something might happen to the wires as she clenched the walkie-talkie tightly.

The wire was attached to a crane, which was completely covered by the wedding posters, so it wouldn’t ruin the atmosphere. The other end was at the edge of the stage and was perfectly kept out of the audience’s sight as well.

The flower cradle landed at the edge of the stage safely, and Jackson removed the safety belts before walking toward the middle with Emma.

As everything went smoothly as planned, a wave of relief washed over Veronica.. Right then, Tiffany came over to her side and they watched the loving couple together.

“Anything you need?” Veronica glanced at her from the corner of her eyes.

“Hjust wanna watch the wedding from another angle.” Tiffany sighed,

Her implicit words could indicate that she had foreseen the looming disaster or that it was simply her innocuous wish and blessing directed at the newly wed couple.

Veronica fell into silence, and Tiffany suddenly suggested, "Tomorrow is our birthday. Wanna celebrate it together?"

Birthday? Together?

VTT

"With you?" Veronica blinked her eyes as she tuned out the background noises. She

let out a cold snort. "Now that you brought it up, I almost forgot that we were born on the same day and saw the same light."

"Dad said that the party will be for charity purposes, so it will be held at a nearby welfare home. Isn't it meaningful?" Tiffany calmly ignored Veronica's sarcasm.

"My parents found me on February 2nd. So, tomorrow is your birthday, not mine. It has nothing to do with me." Veronica tried to straighten things out as she realized that Tiffany had been approaching her frequently these two days. Something wasn't right.

Still, Tiffany wasn't angered in the slightest as she stared at the stage with her hands delved into her pockets. "Just because Old Mrs. Kings acknowledge you as her god granddaughter doesn't mean that you're one of the Kingses. Get over yourself, please."

Veronica was at a loss for words.

There goes the drama in her head again.

Tiffany added, "Who is Matthew Kings? He's a playboy—or in other words, he's someone who sees women as his toys. Back then, I loved him so much that I was willing to sacrifice anything for him. Yet, what did I get in return? He forced me into an abortion without anesthesia. Do you know how it feels to have the cold forceps twisting around in your flesh?"

She paused for a moment to regain her composure before continuing, "It felt like hell. If my limbs weren't tied, I would've banged my head against the wall and chosen instant death. But I was forced to undergo the surgery. After losing my child, I was thrown at my house's doorstep by his men."

No matter how level-headed Veronica was, she was shocked to the core by the horrendous story. Frowning, she turned to look at Tiffany with mixed feelings.

The latter, unexpectedly, smiled as she related the story with equanimity. "You think that's the worst? Nope. It's not. Because the worst part was before the surgery. The doctor said I would be rendered infertile from the abortion, but Matthew still..."

A surprise Veronica turned her head at Tiffany, who said softly, "...insisted. He has ruined my life."

Despite the expressionless face, Veronica's eyes gleamed in surprise because she was aware that Tiffany had lied, which resulted in a forced abortion. It wasn't Matthew's baby to begin with.

Even so, never in her wildest dream had she imagined Matthew to have it done with fetters and without anesthesia. He had ruined Tiffany's life without mercy!

TA

Although she hated Tiffany, she was afraid the ending that was awaited for her would be the same as the tragedy that had happened to Tiffany.

How... How could he be so cruel?

As a woman herself, Veronica knew how painful it was to not be able to have children.

"What's wrong? Are you surprised?" Tiffany pulled Veronica back to reality as she smiled like she wasn't the protagonist of such a nightmare.

Veronica felt the chills biting on her skin. She never knew that the man she had been so close to was so ruthless and heartless. However, she managed to gather herself immediately. "Why are you telling me this? Are you trying to form an alliance with me?"

"That's the last thing that comes to my mind. It's just out of pity. I don't want you to end up the same as I did." Tiffany could never say this without blending these empty words into her genuine feelings.

Bang!

Right at that moment, something exploded, and the jarring sound cut through the air as it was amplified by the microphone held by the host, who was standing on the stage.

"Something exploded!"

"Oh lord! Look at the bride! Her face is stained with blood!"

"How could this happen?"

“People are injured!”

“Hurry! Let’s go! We should leave!”

The scene was total chaos, with the guests running away frantically. The tables and chairs had toppled over into a mess, and the scattering food made it worse.

Veronica’s chest tightened when she heard the explosion. Holding onto her breath, she stood riveted and peered over the crowd to see Emma, who was stained with striking red blood.

At the drop of the hat, Veronica dashed toward the stage. However, it took her a while to reach the stage due to the jostling crowd.

As soon as she laid her feet on the stage, she saw the unconscious couple lying on the ground because the exploded object was none other than the balloon, which they were going to send it flying in the air with a bouquet tied to it.

It was a special event that the couple had specially requested, and Veronica had never expected it to be the cause of the whole commotion.

“Quick! Call the ambulance!”

Veronica pushed the crowd away while shouting. “Move out of the way, please!”

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A normal explosion from a balloon shouldn’t cause any casualties. Thus, it was obvious that something had rigged it up, and she had to keep the evidence preserved.

“Are you the wedding director? Give me back my woman!”

“I knew it! Your company isn’t reliable.”

“Look at my son! How are you going to compensate for it!”

The couple’s family members swarmed her, knowing that Veronica was the wedding director. One of them just furiously grabbed her by the hair and slapped her in the face.

As she was in the middle of searching for the evidence, the sudden assault took her by surprise. Feeling the stinging sensation on her cheeks, she yanked the woman's wrist. "What do you think you're doing?"

Like a belligerent beast that would pounce on its prey at any time, she barked in a rage, "Can't you see that the balloon has exploded? It's obvious that someone has done something with it! Whether it's actually your enemy or my enemy, nothing is confirmed yet! If you're going to make a ruckus and ruin the evidence, you will never find out who the culprit is!"

Then, Veronica flung her hand and the woman stumbled to her feet, after which her family managed to catch her in time before she fell.

"F*ck! How dare you speak so rudely when you're the one who has ruined the wedding?"

"Get her!"

"How dare a mere wedding planner act up?"

"Ridiculous."

Veronica's warning went unheeded, and the crowd began to throw punches and kicks at her.

However, the fallen Veronica did not feel any pain. She opened her eyes to see Xavier, who hugged her tightly in his embrace at that moment.

While he was enduring the kicks and punches, she could hear his heavy breathing and trembling body in the proximity.

Her mind went blank in an instant as she focused on Xavier. A mixture of emotions surged in her heart, which ached at the sight of him suffering for her.

At the same time, the rest of the guests had dispersed, leaving only Matthew, Troy, Conrad, Yvonne, Ruka, and some reporters at the scene.

"Oh my God! What's happening?" Yvonne gasped as she covered her mouth. Her first instinct was to call for Conrad, but the presence of the reporters thwarted her. Thus, she resorted to Matthew. "President Kings, please help Roni."

The man in the suit stood firmly beneath the stage. With an emotionless face, he watched the event that was happening onstage. His brows frowned lightly, and a glint flickered in his eyes.

Troy attempted to ask for Matthew's opinion, "President Kings?"

However, the glow in Matthew's eyes dimmed as they fixated on the woman, who was held tightly in Xavier's arms.

"President Kings, what are you staring at? Help her!" The distraught Yvonne stomped on her foot.

To her dismay, Matthew averted his gaze and glanced at her coldly before leaving, but the reporters saw their chance and accosted him immediately.

"President Kings, the wedding director is your god-sister, Veronica Murphy. Do you have anything to say about it?"

"Is the Kings Family going to take responsibility for what has happened today?"

"It is said that you and Veronica are not on good terms. Is it true?"

"Young Master Matthew, what do you think of today's incident?"

"Young Master Matthew, if this is a scheme, who do you think the mastermind is?"

While the cameramen were filming, the reporters bombarded Matthew with questions. Their mics were shoved so close to his face, indicating how desperate they were for another juicy piece of news.

Since he had encountered such situations multiple times, Matthew remained unwavered as his cold gaze swept across the reporters. "The fact that Grandma acknowledges Miss Murphy as her god-granddaughter is proof of the good

relationship they shared, but Veronica's words and actions have nothing to do with the Kings Family."

"So, does that mean you really despise Veronica?"

"Still, she is considered one of the Kings Family. Are you really not going to take responsibility for it?"

"But if it wasn't for the Kings Family, President Leonard wouldn't have contacted Miss Murphy."

"Are you trying to cut ties with Miss Murphy?"

As the aggressive reporters tried to pry further, a stoic Matthew looked at them with a murderous gaze, making them flinch and zip their lips in a heartbeat.

Looking at Matthew standing there, not moving an inch, they sensibly made way for him. The unfazed man left the scene under watchful eyes.

Stuck on the ground, Veronica could barely peer through the forceful throngs and watch Matthew leave. Her heart throbbed in pain every time he took a step away.

Suddenly, she felt the pain pervading through every part of her body, and she trembled due to the extreme pain.

He left.

In the end, Veronica was arrested as the wedding director, while Xavier was sent to the hospital for treatment.

That night, when she was at the police station with scratches on her face, Yvonne and Conrad came to pay her a visit.

Thanks to Conrad, the police were willing to bring Veronica to the meeting room. Yvonne clasped Veronica's hands in concern as soon as she saw her. "Are you alright? What happened?"

Touched by her friend's genuine concern, Veronica shook her head. "I'm alright. It's fine."

She put on a brave face by forcing a smile, not caring a single bit about the scratches on her cheek.

"Stop lying! Look at you! Look at yourself. There are marks on your face." Yvonne sighed in distress before looking at Conrad. "Conrad, can you do something about it?"

Conrad nodded. "Roni, please be patient for a few days. Don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of it."

"Thank you." Veronica thanked him and stared at Yvonne. "Yvonne, please check on Xavier for me."

Xavier had protected her until the end before falling in a swoon. One could easily imagine how bad the punches were to have a robust man knocked out.

"You're already in trouble, yet you're still thinking of others." It pained Yvonne to see Veronica in this state.

Veronica lightly touched the scratches on her face and acted as if they were nothing. "It's no big deal."

After a brief conversation, the couple left, and Veronica was locked up in the detention room along with a few leches, who had heard rumors of her. Ogling at her pretty face, they couldn't help approaching her.

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Sitting on the chair and leaning against the wall, Veronica closed her eyes to take a rest. Suddenly, she felt someone caressing her cheek. "Hey chick, did someone bully you? I can make you feel better."

She opened her eyes at that instant. As her eyelids fluttered, she let out an engaging smile that could easily awaken one's protective instincts.

"How so?" Her voice was very calm.

When the men heard that, they exchanged glances before smiling sinisterly. One of them, with blond hair, walked toward her and reached out his hand to pinch her white cheek. "So squishy and soft. We can pamper you with kisses and warm you up. The weather is so cold and there's no heater here. It pains us to see a beauty like you suffer."

Following that repulsive remark was laughter.

Veronica cocked her head and stared at them innocently. "But there are so many of you. Who should I kiss first?"

"Of course it's me. I'm their boss." The blond guy took the lead by pointing at his cheek, waiting for her to spoil him.

"Come closer." She curled her index finger at him, who gladly approached her without hesitation.

Her smile vanished at the very next second as she raised her hand and slapped the guy's face, after which she kicked him hard, sending him flying about seven feet away.

Bang!

The man banged against the wall before falling onto the ground and squirming in pain.

Veronica, who was still sitting on the bench, lifted her foot on it and propped her chin. She did not hide the disdainful glint in her eyes. "Happy now?"

His underlings, who witnessed the entirety of the situation, shuddered in fear and tried to hush their heavy breathing.

Holy cow, what's with her?

She's a She-Hulk!

Mom, I'm scared!

Like a herd of terrified sheep, they flocked together and nudged toward a corner in unison. Meanwhile, the man in pain spat to get rid of his broken tooth that was covered with blood. "God d*mn it! It f*cking hurts! What are you guys looking at? Get her! Ouch, why does it hurt so much?"

Despite his fierce looks and menacing words, his incoherent threat was quite funny because of his lost tooth.

An irritated Veronica just happened to be looking for a target to let off steam. After suffering so much to adapt to her new life in this city, she still failed to protect herself and fell into someone's scheme. As she recalled the hardships she had been through, the ire in her flared blazingly.

Gazing at the group of men before her, she had made up her mind.

"Come here. Didn't your boss tell you to come over?" She beckoned them over.

They shook their heads violently because none of them dared to challenge her. Still, Veronica had no intention of letting them off that easily.

"That's it? Sorry, but I'm not done yet." She rose from the bench and strode toward them. Her first target was the guy on the right. Pulling his ear, she yanked him over and slapped him twice across the cheeks.

One of them tried to stop her but was welcomed by her kick, and he fell onto the ground miserably.

It wasn't until the six men were lying on the ground that Veronica clapped her hands and returned to her seat. With an icy gaze, she stared at her 'punching bags' and said disapprovingly, "Wise up and act your age."

I wonder how many girls have fallen victim to their acts.

Right then, a police officer stopped by to check on them. "What's with the noise?"

"Sir, save us! She hit us!"

One of the guys even sobbed. "S-She beat us."

"Let me out of here or I'll be dead soon!"

“Save us, Sir!”

As if the officer was their mother, the injured men kept whining at him like giant crybabies. Looking at their swollen faces, the officer questioned Veronica, “What happened?”

She tucked down her sleeve, “Sir, they were harassing me. It was self–defense.”

Then, the officer pointed at them with a warning. “Behave yourselves.”

After he left, the gang turned to look at Veronica, but they didn’t have the audacity to do anything to her. Instead, they zipped their lips and shrank themselves into a corner, trying not to disturb her.

In the meantime, she zoned out for a moment before lying on the bench to rest. Walking down the memory lane in her head, she had never once felt so exhausted and lost.

How am I going to forget all these scars?

Even if the moon was hanging high in the midnight sky, her mind was fully awake. Throughout the night, she mischievously took a few glances at the men, jolting them from drowsiness. As a result, no one slept in that detention room that night.

On the other hand, Matthew was overlooking the view outside the window in his office at Spinfluence Group. The cigarette pinched between his fingers was shouldering

When Troy entered the office, Matthew asked, “Is she alright?”

“Miss Murphy’s at the detention center. Some men tried to take advantage of her, but she taught them a lesson. She’s currently sleeping on a bench” Troy paused for a moment after reporting his investigation. “President Kings, is it necessary to take things this far? You care for her so much.”

Although it hadn’t been long since he started working for Matthew, Troy knew the man very well. Within that one month, though Matthew didn’t see Veronica, he had his finger on the pulse of everything that was related to her. As the assistant, Troy was aware of how much Matthew cared for Veronica beneath that indifferent countenance.

“Why? Do you miss Thomas?” Matthew’s question implied something else. Something perilous. Troy straightened his back immediately. “President Kings, I’ve asked someone to investigate what happened at the wedding. However, Sir Conrad’s men have taken the exploded balloon. It seems like he’s on it as well.”

“We must find who was behind it.”

“Understood, President Kings.” Troy suddenly thought of something as he questioned, “Miss Murphy is in the detention center. Should we get her out?”

“No,” answered the man without a second thought.

Even if Troy wasn't sure about Matthew's attention, he had no right to question Matthew's decision, hence the obsequious behavior. He left the office without voicing his doubts.

Now that Matthew was left alone in the office, he sighed and enjoyed the night view. It wasn't until the cigarette burned out that he came to his senses and continued his work.

The next day, Veronica, who had not slept a wink, was pacing back and forth in the detention room. She was waiting as she expected Matthew to come save her soon.

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Other than Yvonne and Conrad, no one appeared that night.

Veronica didn't anticipate Matthew with bated breath, but when he didn't appear, she felt a little empty.

Someone came to see her after she had been in the detention room for the whole morning. She raised her eyes to take a look and was surprised to see that the person standing at the door of the detention room... was Tiffany.

A few thugs couldn't help but whisper when they saw Tiffany at the door.

“They look exactly the same.”

“They're d*mn charming.”

“I remember seeing them on television.”

“How is that possible?”

“It's true. The one standing outside is Miss Larson and the one in front of us appears to be the Larsons' abandoned daughter.”

Hearing his words, the thug was punched by a few of his mates.

“You already know who she is. Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“You almost had me killed.”

“If you do this again, I will lose my life.”

“Sh*t. It’s the Larsons. This is frightening.”

After whacking their mate, the thugs approached Veronica and apologized, “Goddess, we’re sorry for offending you yesterday.”

“Please, our heroine, spare your life. My name is Kenzo Gayu. Please let me know if you require anything else in the future. I will do anything to fulfill your request.”

“Yes, yes. My name is Spades, like the spades in Poker. Please don’t hesitate to contact me if you need anything.”

Veronica kept a sharp gaze on them all night; they were all a little sleepy, but they dared not speak.

She found the flattery both amusing and irritating. “Go away,” she said coldly to the few people in front of her.

As she said this, she stood up and walked to the detention room’s iron fence. She looked at Tiffany, who still wore her delicate makeup while standing outside. She was dignified and elegant, an illustration of the attitude of a wealthy lady.

“What’s the matter?” Veronica leaned against the wall with arms crossed and asked indifferently.

“I warned you yesterday to be more careful,” Tiffany, who was carrying a bag, answered with a small smile.

“Was that done by you or someone you knew at the wedding yesterday?”

“Neither.” Tiffany shook her head. “It was just my guess.”

“A speculation? Why don’t you guess the number of the lottery draw tomorrow, Miss Larson, so that I can place a few bets and win the jackpot?”

Veronica knew Tiffany’s words were false, so she refused to believe them.

Moreover, the fact that Tiffany had appeared inexplicably downstairs at her apartment that day made her suspicious. There were numerous inklings.

“I can only say you’re out of luck.”

“What do you mean?” Veronica questioned.

“Jackson’s wife, Emma, is Damien Mayer’s sweetheart. He was pursuing Emma, but she didn’t like him because he wasn’t as wealthy as Jackson, so she dumped Damien. As a result, Damien has always been vengeful and he exacts his vengeance at her wedding.” Tiffany thought for a long time before telling Veronica what she knew.

Veronica frowned slightly as she heard this because she doubted her words.

Conrad should have figured it out long ago if things were as simple as Tiffany claimed.

However, just as Veronica was thinking about this, she noticed Yvonne and Conrad approaching them.

“Hey, Roni. Everything is fine now and you can leave.” Yvonne dashed over with a smile. When she saw Tiffany standing beside Veronica, she couldn’t help but ask, “Why are you here?”

Yvonne looked at Veronica as she questioned, as if waiting for her response.

Veronica, on the other hand, had no idea why Tiffany came to her every now and then, so she could only shrug helplessly.

Conrad and Tiffany exchanged different expressions when they saw each other.

“Mr. Conrad.”

She kept her distance from him in public and even changed the way she addressed him on purpose.

“Little Roni, thanks to Miss Larson’s assistance in providing information on this matter today, I was able to investigate and discover the truth so quickly,” Conrad told

Veronica. “The suspect has been arrested, and you are free to go now.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the police arrived, opened the detention room door, and motioned for Veronica to exit.

She walked out with them and came face to face with someone.

The man’s eyes were fixed on her, but she didn’t recognize him.

“He is Damien Mayer,” Tiffany, who was standing next to her, said.

“Why is it that the Dames don’t care about him even though he’s Ruka’s uncle?” Veronica’s gaze returned to the scrawny, sunken-eyed man who had been apprehended by cops and appeared to be high on drugs.

“Since he’s unpresentable and not up to par, the Dames have severed ties with him,” Conrad responded.

“Alright, Roni. Let’s head home quickly since you’re fine. It’s unlucky to stay in this type of place for an extended period of time.”

After going through a series of formalities in the lobby with several people, Veronica finally left the police station.

Tiffany approached Veronica at the police station’s entrance and asked, “Are you sure you don’t want to follow me back?”

She was talking about the birthday event today.

To be honest, this was the first time Veronica had realized when she was born. Her adoptive mother had previously used the date of her adoption as her birthday, so she was unaware of her actual birth date.

“It’s not necessary,” Veronica responded coldly before getting into Conrad’s car.

Conrad waved goodbye to Tiffany before driving away.

Yvonne, who was seated next to Veronica, chatted non-stop along the way while Veronica was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she didn’t listen to what Yvonne said.

“Uncle Conrad, please drop me off at Encounters Bridal Store,” Veronica said.

“Little Roni, I suggest you head back and rest for a few days.” Conrad looked back through the rearview mirror to take a peek at her.

She immediately understood what he meant by his implicative words.

“Yeah, you haven’t had a good rest, so let’s head home and take a bath to wash away the bad luck,” Yvonne concurred.

“Okay, take me back to the apartment then,” Veronica commented after having most likely figured out what was going on.

Then, she gave him the address for her apartment. After arriving at the apartment, she declined Conrad’s and Yvonne’s company, saying she would thank them later because she was tired and wanted to go home and sleep.

After that, they said their goodbyes and drove away.

Veronica came home, washed her face, stood in front of the mirror, and reapplied her makeup before changing into a neutral jumpsuit and a peaked cap.

In the mirror, she was greeted by the reflection wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses and a mustache. It was just like how a man would dress up.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 299

Chapter 299

Chapter 299

Veronica's dead phone was fully charged and ready to use after she packed everything.

She turned on her phone while sitting on the sofa and saw that she had received numerous messages, and the phone was continuously buzzing and vibrating.

However, she ignored the messages and went straight to the news.

'Encounters Bridal Store smashed due to yesterday's incident'; 'Encounters Bridal Store was smashed and staff were injured'; and 'Encounters Bridal Store is in trouble. Kingses stated they will not interfere...'

Veronica frowned even more after casually scrolling through some news.

Conrad stopped her from going to the wedding store at the time. She simply assumed that there would be reporters blocking the store's entrance.

However, it appeared that things were even more serious than she anticipated.

At this point, her phone vibrated once more.

When she looked down, it was a call from Shirley.

"Shirley, how's the store's condition now?" She asked as soon as she answered the phone.

"Oh, Ron, you finally picked up the phone. There was a mishap. Monica was injured this morning during the chaos, and her amniotic fluid ruptured, so she was rushed to the hospital. Fortunately, she gave birth to her child safely. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Monica was a wedding planner who had been hired temporarily by Encounters Bridal Store. She was pregnant and was about to give birth, but she had no idea there would be such an incident.

Veronica was full of mixed emotions; she felt gloomy and depressed.

She couldn't help but sigh, knowing she should have asked Master Crayson to come to Bloomstead sooner.

Outsiders could not enter Encounters Bridal Store if he was present, and this kind of incident wouldn't have happened.

"Has anyone else been hurt?"

"Yeah, Jonas, Luna, and Claude were hurt as well. Moreover, all of our previous customers canceled their orders last afternoon and this morning, and they were asking for refunds."

Shirley briefly explained everything to Veronica on the other end of the phone.

Hearing that, Veronica raised her hand and rubbed her temple. She was stressed out.

"Allow all the staff to leave as safety is critical. After that, call the cops."

"I called, but only two or three cops came, and it was impossible to maintain order at all."

Shirley replied emotionally.

Through the phone, Veronica could hear the noisy background on the other end of the line.

"Listen to me. Evacuate everyone. Lives are way more important than the equipment," Veronica said immediately before hanging up the phone.

Then, she left with a backpack.

She didn't go anywhere but headed to Encounters Bridal Store by foot.

When she arrived at the store, she discovered that the door had been violently demolished, and a large crowd had gathered at the entrance to cause trouble.

Veronica approached the crowd, looked at the group of troublemakers, and patted one of them on the shoulder, saying, "Excuse me, what happened here?"

She was dressed as a man and spoke in a man's voice so that she could not be

recognized

“What else would it be? A bride and groom were injured in the store, and the person in charge has yet to come forward. Thus, the Leonards ordered us to destroy the store.”

While waving his fist, a man shouted, “Compensate! Compensate! We’ll smash everything in your store if you don’t compensate.”

Veronica remained unconcerned and then inquired, “Hey bro, how much are you paid per day? Can I join? I’m an electrician, and I don’t make a lot of money every day. This can be my side hustle.”

“Shoo, shoo! We don’t need anyone else now. We are only responsible for wreaking havoc in this place for a day. It costs two thousand per person, and such a good thing cannot be yours

The man muttered.

Only then did Veronica take a step away, watching a few police officers struggle to maintain order and more than a dozen people standing at the entrance shouting loudly.

The Leonard Family hired people to cause trouble?

Her clear eyes narrowed slightly, and an instinct told her that the whole issue was not as straightforward as it appeared to be.

If the Leonards were retaliated against by the Finley Family, they should seek an explanation from Damien rather than argue for compensation at the entrance of the store.

Did the Leonard Family and Finley Family appear to be financially strapped?

Not at all!

So why were they doing this?

Veronica considered two possibilities.

First and foremost, she was now Elizabeth’s godgranddaughter. If the Kings Family did nothing during this incident, it would only have had a negative impact and caused financial losses to the Kingses’ company. Second, did these people have the intention of messing with Encounters Bridal Store, or were they trying to cover up the true culprit behind the scenes by causing chaos?

For a while, she couldn't figure out what they were up to, which caused her headache to worsen.

She stood outside Encounters Bridal Store, watching the wedding company she had managed for half a year, and into which she had poured a lot of hard work and dedication, crumble into nothing.

This was probably her biggest regret.

If there had been an accident like the last time, her wedding store might have been able to salvage the situation, but this time, everything was predetermined.

No one would want to work with a wedding company that had a history of mishaps.

Because it meant unfortune!

She then dialed Shirley's phone number and said, "Shir, please notify every employee that they will be paid three months of salary in advance and proceed to let them sign a resignation contract. In the case of our injured colleagues, I will

personally visit them in the hospital. You are not required to deal with it."

Shirley nodded upon hearing Veronica's instructions.

Then, Veronica transferred some money to Shirley for her to handle the company's affairs.

Meanwhile, she made a call and went to the police station again.

Veronica went home to remove her makeup, change her clothes, and go to the hospital after she was done dealing with everything.

She first went to the hospital to visit her injured employees and Monica, who had just given birth.

When she entered Monica's ward with the nutritional supplements she had brought, a man carrying a baby approached her quickly.

"Are you Moni's boss?"

The mediocre-looking, dark-skinned man was Monica's husband.

He handed the baby to an old woman beside him, then walked angrily toward Veronica, before raising his hand to punch her in the face. "Do you know that you nearly killed my son? If my son."

She saw his hand swing out, but she didn't feel the pain. Instead, she gripped his wrist tightly with her bare hands.

"Mr. Watson, what happened to your wife was an accident. I understand your rage, but hitting someone is wrong."

Veronica, who stood 5'5 tall, walked in high heels and wore a trench coat. She gave Monica's husband a cold look before shaking off his hand. "Today I came here to apologize and compensate. Why are you making such a fuss, Mr. Watson?"

When Randall's mother heard the compensation, her eyes lit up before saying, "Hahaha, I see you've come to compensate. Randy, let go of her hand and see how she will compensate."

He snorted coldly when he listened to his mother's words. He then turned around and walked into the room.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 300

Chapter 300

Chapter 300

Veronica followed Randall back into the ward. Monica, who had been sleeping had just awoken. When she saw Veronica, she couldn't help but wonder, "President Murphy, why are you here?"

Veronica then placed all of the gifts on the ground before walking to the escort chair beside the bed to sit. She tilted her head to look at Monica and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't expect this kind of thing to happen. You've suffered a lot."

"Fortunately, you and your child are safe, or else I really wouldn't know how to face you," she said, slightly frowning and looking at the child in the arms of the elderly woman.

"It's okay."

"I was just pushed by accident and fell," Monica said as she sat up and leaned against the head of the bed.

"What do you mean by accident? Thank goodness the child is fine. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to live with you," Randall snarled, before adding, "You should rest at home because you're pregnant, but you just had to go to work. Shouldn't a woman stay at home to look after her husband and children?"

His words were especially vexing. Because Veronica was present, Monica awkwardly smiled at her before saying kindly to Randall, "It's best if the child is okay. Don't be angry."

"Are you the boss of my daughter-in-law? You just stated that you would compensate us. How much will you compensate?" Mrs. Watson's eyes shone brightly as she turned to face Veronica.

Veronica was born in the countryside, so she was clear of what the woman was thinking

"I would like to discuss this with Monica," she said politely.

"There is no need for recompense, President Murphy. Shir had informed me that you would give each employee three months' pay for dismissal. This is sufficient."

She knew that Veronica's wedding company was doomed. It didn't make much money at first, but by this point, it had gone bankrupt.

Furthermore, Veronica treated her well during her working days, and she couldn't bear the thought of requesting compensation from Veronica.

"What do you mean, there's no need? You've been hurt, and my son was almost killed. She should pay at least one million dollars! Otherwise, I'm not going to let her off the hook!"

Randall howled.

"Randy is right," Mrs. Watson said before nodding.

As Monica listened to the two of them, her slightly haggard face was instantly dyed with a red glow, and she shook her head repeatedly. "Don't listen to them, President Murphy. You don't have to compensate me, believe me. I'm perfectly fine. You only need to pay me three months' salary."

"Shut up, you moron!"

"She has to pay one million today, and I won't let her go if she misses a single penny," Randall scolded, pointing at Veronica.

As a result, Veronica became aware that she had been duped.

That was why Monica insisted on working even though she was pregnant. It seemed that her husband's family treated her badly.

“Of course, I will compensate, but one million..” Veronica smiled slightly, saying, “It’s impossible.”

Since the establishment of her wedding company, Monica had indeed helped her a lot, so she came here today to visit her and discuss compensation.

She didn’t expect Randall to have such an attitude.

“President Murphy, you can leave first. Let’s talk about this some other time.” Monica was embarrassed by her mother-in-law and husband.

Hearing that, Veronica took out a bank card from her pocket and stuffed it into her hand, saying, “There’s two hundred thousand in it. You can use it first, and we’ll talk about other things later.”

“No need, President Murphy.”

“Have a good rest. I’ll leave first.”

As soon as Veronica got up and was ready to exit the ward, Randall, who was unwilling to give up, rushed directly in front of her and scowled, “Try to leave if you dare.”

Seeing this, Mrs. Watson put the sleeping child that was in her arms in the cradle, walked over staggering, and stood in front of Veronica. “Don’t think about leaving if you don’t compensate us today.”

“Mother! Randall! What are you doing?” Monica yelled.

Although it was a natural childbirth, it took a long time for her to give birth because of the slow opening of the cervix.

Moreover, she bled a lot during childbirth, which was why she was so weak.

Therefore, her voice was so small to the point that her words were easily ignored.

Veronica looked at the two people standing in front of her with a gloomy expression and said coldly, “Get out of my way!”

“If you don’t give us the money, we won’t let you go!”

Their attitude was very tough, and with Mrs. Watson standing in front of her, she was indeed in a passive position.

However, at that moment, Randall’s cell phone rang.

He glanced at his mobile phone's screen before looking outside subconsciously. The next second, he pushed Mrs. Watson to the ground ruthlessly.

"Mother? Mother, are you okay? Look at what you've done. I let you in to talk about the compensation. How can you beat someone?"

He pointed at Veronica and roared.

At this moment, the door of the ward was suddenly opened, and a bunch of reporters at the door were frantically filming Veronica with cameras.

Such good timing...

Veronica saw what was going on, and her pale face was red with rage.

"Miss Murphy, how can you beat an elderly?"

"I heard that you came here today to discuss the compensation, but why did you start a fight?"

"Look! This woman injured my wife, and she nearly died on the operating table. I let this woman come over to negotiate compensation, but she actually beat my old mother."

"She thinks that just because she's the god-granddaughter of the King Family, she can do this."

"Miss Murphy, what do you have to say about today's incident?"

The reporters blocked Veronica's path and did not let her leave, but they kept the microphones in front of her and continued filming.

"Randall, can you stop making things up?!"

Monica, who was on the hospital bed, stood up, supporting her body by leaning on the wall with her hands. She moved over a little bit, pointed to Mrs. Watson, who was lying on the ground, and said, "You guys are going too far! Miss Murphy came here today to talk about the compensation, but you keep demanding one million, and even making false accusations now. Your behavior is out of line!"

Everyone looked at Monica in unison, and Veronica also turned back. As she listened to Monica's words, she couldn't help but sigh.

Fortunately, justice was served.

However, things didn't always go in the right direction.

The next moment, Randall stood up and rushed towards Monica, grabbed her by the hair, and sent a slap across her face. He was not willing to give up and wanted to hit her again.

However, the next slap didn't land on Monica's face. Veronica stepped forward and pushed Randall away. When he saw this, he lifted his hand to hit Veronica.

Veronica had been defensive for a while, but she did not dare to make a move.

In the end, it was Monica who called the police to stop the farce.

However, the whole incident was circulated online within half an hour.

'Encounters Bridal Store's employee demanded compensation, but was beaten up by the boss', 'Mrs. King's god-granddaughter beats up an old woman, 'Veronica beats up the injured innocent'...

The news content was filled with malicious clips of the reporters, and it made the viewers think that it was Veronica who pushed Mrs. Watson to the ground and that she hit Randall when he denounced her.

As soon as the negative news was released, they were trending on the Internet.