

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 207

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Chapter 207

At the same time, Hendric, who was on a business trip, took a flight back to the country and made a dash to the hospital as soon as the plane landed.

When he saw that Xavier and Melissa were fine in the VIP patient room, a wave of relief washed over him.

“D—Dad, you’re f— finally here.” When she saw her father, Melissa burst into tears as her fragile heart was crushed after having her leg injured.

At the sight of her tear— stained face, his heart throbbed in pain. The family had always treated her as the apple of their eyes, yet she was now injured.

Placing his briefcase aside, he strode over and lifted the quilt to take a look at her condition. “How do you feel? What did the doctor say?”

“Sobs. I—I have to rest for at least three months. It hurts, Dad,” whined the pale— faced girl whose voice was choked up. The sheer sight of her forlorn state would have caused anyone to feel sorry for her.

Attempting to comfort her, Hendric patted her shoulder. “As long as you’re alright. Don’t worry about it. You’ll recover soon. Speaking about it, the Kings Family have gone over board this time!”

Having said that, he glanced at Xavier with an icy gaze before making his way toward his bed. Ever since Hendric had entered the room, Xavier had been phubbing with his head low in a languid manner. In truth, he actually listened attentively to the conversation just now.

They were all Hendric’s children, yet he only had his eyes on a few of them and there would never be room for Xavier.

Such thoughts fled across Xavier’s mind before a slap landed on his face at the very next second. Feeling the stinging pain on his cheek, he looked sideways.

Because of last night’s incident, not a part of his body was free of blemishes. He was badly bruised; even his face was beaten black and blue.

Despite that, neither did Hendric comfort him nor did he ask for the cause. Instead, he straight up landed a slap on Xavier's face.

"Dad, what are you doing? He had nothing to do with this." Even Melissa was taken aback by the sudden hit that she voiced over her brother's *innocence*

"Hmph! He is your incompetent brother who can't take good care of you!" Hendric's chest heaved heavily in wrath.

Hearing that, Xavier snorted in ridicule. Though his cheek hurt, he did not lift a finger to massage it; he poked it with his tongue instead. As he flashed a contemptuous smile, his face was glaring with disgust.

What a 'good' father I have here.

"Dad, it's not Xavier's fault. It's all because of that b*tch, Veronica Murphy!"

She and Veronica got along well at the beginning, but the relationship took a turn after she had witnessed Veronica's ruthless side with her own eyes. The seedling of hostility sprouted in her overnight.

"It's her! It's all because of her! She took the gun and hurt us! Dad, Xavier is innocent!" Melissa explained while tears were wetting her cheeks.

"Innocent, my foot. It's not like you don't know that your silly brother likes Veronica. Now look at himself. What did he get in the end? Veronica is still wagging her tail at Matthew, that motherf*cker. F*ck! How dare they touch my daughter! They're not getting away from this!" Hendric slammed the table in a fit of rage.

The silent Xavier finally piped up, "Why don't you ask your filial daughter what she has done?"

Even if he cared for his sister, he knew well that he shouldn't lose his sense of right and wrong. This time, Melissa was the one in the wrong.

"I don't give a fig about the truth! Anyone who dares to lay a finger on my daughter deserves to die!" As the seething ire got the best of him, Hendric pointed at Xavier. "Stay away from that b*tch. I will make sure to tear her into pieces!"

At that moment, Xavier could feel the murderous resentment bearing in Hendric to his bones. He didn't stop the man, though. Whether it was the disappointment directed at Melissa or Hendric—or it could've been both—he remained silent until the end.

Beneath its deceptive tranquility, there was an insidious storm raging in Bloomstead.

Though

Veronica had the liberty to wander anywhere she fancied without bumping into the reporters, she had a strong feeling that something was going to happen.

Her biggest worry would be her adoptive parents, who were currently residing in the countryside. Someone might hurt them. She promised herself that she would leave Matthew and stay out of the struggle between the rich and powerful. However, she

couldn't sever the complicated ties with the Kings Family, though she seemed to have had nothing to do with them. She was now worried about her own safety. Still, there was someone else caring for her in the shrouds.

After knowing that the abortion was forced upon Tiffany, Floch and his wife reprimanded the Kings Family in ire in front of Tiffany.

*That Matthew is such trash. Even if it isn't his baby, he shouldn't have done that to you! Besides, what if you can't be pregnant in the future?" With hands on his waist, Floch roved back and forth in the patient room with a haggard expression.

Rachel, who was sitting on the chair, calmed her daughter patiently with a soothing voice, "Don't worry too much about it. Once you've recovered, we'll seek a remedy overseas."

"That's right. Cheer up, Tiffany."

"You're still young. As long as you take good care of your body, you can bear a baby again. And I can introduce you to someone better than Matthew."

The distressed couple tried to provide solace to Tiffany, yet those words were like a thrusting knife that pierced into her heart so deeply that it hurt.

Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore as she said, "Please, leave. I need a moment to myself."

Her parents were left speechless. After a moment of silence, they decided to ask a maid to look after her before returning home. Along the way home, Floch was driving while Rachel seated herself in the passenger seat.

"Judging from how things have transpired until now, I fret that Veronica will cause more trouble than this."

Letting out a sigh, Floch shook his head helplessly. His tapping fingers on the steering wheel had given his apprehension away. "We can't just stand still and do nothing. People

e will be suspicious. I think we should call them. We should do everything that's necessary to not blow our cover."

Feeling equally agitated, Rachel kneaded her forehead. "We've been covering for Veronica this whole year, but I'm sure that she resents us a lot."

"Regardless, this is our mission." Floch held her hand. "But if something happens to you, I'll blame myself forever. From now onward, the Kings Family will pressure us from all sides, so we've got to be prepared."

After hearing his words, she smiled bitterly as her eyes started to tear up. Due to the silence, a heavy atmosphere lingered around them.

Chapter 208 The Exasperated Matthew

Elizabeth offered the fruits to Veronica. "Have some with me. I can't finish everything myself."

Since it would be tactless to refuse, Veronica took a fork and a bite of the fruit thereafter. "It's soft and sweet. Grandma, try it."

Paying no heed to Matthew who was just right next to them, they blabbered on and on. It was not until a short moment later that Elizabeth cast her gaze on him. "The poor girl, Tiffany, came today and she cried buckets. Even if you don't intend to marry her, she still has your baby. You should've at least shown some mercy."

Though she chose not to interfere with the matters of youngsters, she just could not ignore it as she was their elder after all. Meanwhile, Veronica lowered her head at the mention of Tiffany's name and remained without a word. Knowing Tiffany's situation was the last thing on her mind, let alone interfering.

"I know what I'm doing." He did not tell Elizabeth the truth in the end. Considering that she had fainted due to high blood pressure yesterday, he surmised that it was untimely to reveal the truth right now as she might not be able to accept it. As an afterthought, he had made up his mind to spill the beans only after her birthday.

Elizabeth snorted without a reply and turned to Veronica instead. "It's my birthday the day after tomorrow and we will have a birthday party at Kings Residence. You should come with Matthew."

"Okay, Grandma." Veronica had initially thought that Elizabeth would call off the banquet after such an incident had occurred. However, the more one thought about it, the more it made sense.

The very first thing Matthew did after the wedding was call the company's public relations team. In fact, involving them was a brilliant move as he had managed to control the commotion before it escalated.

Even so, such a trivial incident had caused Spinfluence Group, a corporation which raked in an annual profit that surpassed trillions, to incur some losses. It would not be an exaggeration to say that a mere sneeze from them could lead to a turmoil in the stock market.

About an hour later, Veronica was planning on leaving the hospital and Elizabeth requested Matthew to send her home. While they walked to the elevator, Veronica did not bother to talk to him at all. Once they arrived at the inpatient department, the man finally broke the silence. "Hold on. I'll get the car."

"Am I amputated? Do I not have legs? I don't need you to drive me home," she retaliated and glared at him before leaving the scene with pride.

What should I do with this unprincipled scoundrel that knows no boundaries? Of course, I should distance myself from him. There is no better answer than this.

Now that she was deep in her thoughts, Veronica had walked long enough to realize that she should purchase her own car for the sake of convenience. When she left, Matthew did not chase after her.

However, a car halted next to her just as she arrived at the roadside where a familiar voice called for her. "Hop on."

It was an authoritative tone, which left her no room to refuse. After becoming vexed, she had enough of his arrogance and after glancing at the oncoming cab, she waved her hand to hail the driver and instantly got into the vehicle. Her actions were reflected onto the rearview mirror and Matthew was disgruntled upon witnessing the entire thing.

This pampered woman!

Swiftly, he followed closely behind the cab until they arrived at a hotel. As he watched Veronica entering the building, he waited a few minutes before walking in to confirm his suspicions, only to be told that she was staying there for the time being. Despite the vast metropolis, she had no place to call 'home'.

Matthew felt his chest tightening due to the heart-wrenching truth.

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It was Elizabeth's 65th birthday banquet today at the Kings Residence and an influx of leading figures as well as renowned celebrities from the city was being welcomed to the place.

Veronica went to the mall in her newly purchased car worth thousands yesterday in search of the ideal birthday gift for Elizabeth.

The doorbell suddenly resonated throughout the room early in the morning just as she was about to head to the said party. As a result, Veronica walked to the door in confusion. "Who is it?"

The door quickly opened to reveal the tenacious man whom she knew as Matthew. As the gleam on her face simmered, she quickly closed the door but he wedged his foot between the crevice.

An irritated Veronica addressed him with a sharp gaze, "What the hell is wrong with you? Remove your foot or I will gladly cripple it!"

Why does he have to ruin my day the second it starts?!

"Change into this." Matthew gave Veronica a paper bag.

"What's this?"

"Clothes."

"You bought it? Take it back, I don't need anything from you."

"It's Grandma's birthday today and all the big names are invited. This means that today will mark the day you reveal your new identity to the press. So, do you think the clothes that you're wearing will fit such an occasion?" The stoic Matthew pointed at her outfit.

It was a set of suits she wore on ordinary working days. Why get a new one when you can just wear the existing ones?

That was what she thought initially as she assumed that Elizabeth would not fancy the idea of introducing her to everyone after the wedding incident, let alone acknowledging her as her god-granddaughter.

However, Veronica was wrong because that was never the case. Gazing at the paper bag Matthew was holding, she discerned the bronze logo. It was a famous brand wherein every piece of its design would cost a leg and an arm.

"It's from Grandma," he added as he saw through her thoughts that were written all over her face.

"Oh? It's from her? Alright, then." Veronica gladly accepted it. After taking the bag, she noticed his intention of entering the room and quickly shut the door, blocking his way in. The dumbfounded Matthew stood right there with his face close to the door. If he was any faster, he would have been slammed in the face. With his eyes closed, he tightened his grip and loudly sighed as he tried to contain his growing anger in him. Since when did he stoop to being rejected by someone at the doorstep?

The raging fury was like a ticking time bomb, yet he had nowhere to direct his anger. Meanwhile, Veronica had changed into the new stunning dress that had lost a little of its luster due to her short hair and bare face.

After going through her cosmetics, she simply did a light make-up before heading out in a pair of heels. Waiting for her outside was Matthew, who shifted his attention from his phone onto her the moment she came out. Needless to say, her beauty cast him in a trance.

He examined her from head to toe—her short hair adorning her fair face; those long eyelashes fluttered as she blinked her beady eyes; her small yet imposing nose, not to forget the rosy lips that seemed kissable as ever.

Adorning her long neck was a necklace that complemented the off-shoulder long dress, which showed off her enticing collarbone.

Stepping in her heels like a prideful swan, Veronica gave an air of elegance that lingered with a tad of enchanting charm.

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