

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 159

Although Tiffany was constantly trying to get her emotions under control, she eventually gave in to the m. Every shade of malice that subtly surged in her deep eyes was perceived by Rachel. The latter was so mewhat intimidated by the various atrocities—vexation, abhorrence, envy—fused in Tiffany’s eyes.

“W—Who dares take your happiness away? I’ll surely make them suffer!”

“Even Veronica?”

“Heh, what are you talking about, silly? Veronica will be going back to her hometown soon. How is she going to disrupt your bliss? Besides, she’s now Old Mrs. Kings’ god granddaughter, so don’t pull anything reckless on her, okay? We can’t afford to make a mistake or we’re doomed.”

Rachel’s heart skipped a beat. She couldn’t help but feel that Tiffany was somehow triggered. If it were her usual side, she would have started breaking things. Today, however, she was totally different; she was awfully petrifying.

“Really? I’d have assumed the reason you haven’t touched her until now is because she’s your daughter. Otherwise, how has she been able to get away from your countless schemes?”

All this time, the question had always been ringing in Tiffany’s head, but she always got carried away by her desire to become the Young Mistress of the Kingses and would soon forget about the recurring issue . Now that she thought about that, she somehow felt that despite her parents’ repeated hateful remarks regarding Veronica, they never took action to put her out of the picture. With their capabilities, eliminating a foolish country girl would be easier than singing the alphabet song.

At her questioning, Rachel’s body stiffened, and her face froze. The only thing about her moving was her trembling eyes. After a while, she awkwardly laughed. “Oh, silly, what are you talking about? Veronica’s just lucky to have escaped death. Now that she has become Old Mrs. Kings’ god—granddaughter, of course I can’t do anything to her! If the Kingses were to know we’re plotting against her, how do you expect to be married into the Kings Family?”

Tiffany and Rachel stared at each other for a moment before the former suddenly grabbed her mother’s hand with a grin. “Why are you so nervous, Mom? I was only asking because I was curious.” For some reason, horrifying assumptions and suspicion against Rachel rose in Tiffany’s heart. She even hid her true emotions from her mother.

“Is... Is that so?” Looking at her grin, Rachel smiled along, though her torced smile was obviously ingenuine.

“Of course! Forget it, Mom. Anyway, Matthew and I went to try out some wedding gowns earlier. I’m exhausted, so I’m gonna go take a nap.”

“Ah, tired, are you? Okay, okay, then. Better rest up if you’re tired. I’ll make you some food in the meantime.”

“Thank you, Mom.”

“Oh, save it, silly.” Watching as Tiffany lay on her bed and slowly closed her eyes, Rachel got up and walked out of the room. Nonetheless, as the door was about to shut, she peeked at her daughter on the bed through the instantaneous crevice of the door, only to catch her suddenly opening her eyes. They were surging with malevolence, yet a smile was hanging on her face. In that instant, it felt like a nightmare. Although it didn’t feel realistic, it certainly made Rachel anxious and paranoid. *So traumatizing, those eyes...*

Having shut the door, Rachel descended the stairs. As she was perturbed by the matter in her heart, she accidentally tripped on the staircase. Fortunately, Floch caught her in the nick of time, perplexedly saying, “You’re an adult yet you can’t watch your step? What should happen if you knock your head?”

“I’m fine. I just tripped.” As much as she wanted to vent about the happening earlier to Floch, she eventually kept it to herself. –

Meanwhile, lying in the bedroom was Tiffany, who pulled out her phone and dialed a number she hadn’t called in a long time.

“*Beep, beep...*” The call went through, but no one picked it up. As she was about to be sent to voicemail, someone answered her call.

“Wow, is it Christmas already? What made you call me?” On the phone was a devilish voice with a light chuckle.

“Take someone out for me.”

“And who will it be?”

“Veronica Murphy.”

“Veronica Murphy? Heh. Although I don’t know who that is, how’s Queen Larson gonna repay me, hmm?”

“As long as she dies today, I’ll give whatever you ask for.”

Ever since Veronica appeared in Tiffany’s life, all hell had broken loose, and she couldn’t wait for Veronica to disappear from the world. Once Veronica was killed off, no one else would compete for Matthew’s love with her ever again.

“Hahahaha...” The man on the phone guffawed with his demonic, barbaric voice. Once he was done laughing, he softly answered, “Good. You’re so straightforward, Queen Larson! But I love it.”

Having reached home from the Twilight Condominium, Veronica started reading a book as she lay in her bed, only to fall asleep while doing so. Some time later, she found herself waking up to her phone’s ringtone. It was a call from Xavier. Slothfully crawled up in bed, she semi-consciously picked up her phone with her eyes still shut. “What’s up, bro...”

“Since you’re leaving tomorrow, I’ve got a present for you.”

At the word “present,” her drowsiness instantly dispersed as she ferociously sprung up sitting on her bed. “What gift?” <3

“Hehe...” Xavier gently giggled on the phone, and his voice was especially melodic. “Knew you’d be interested in it. It’s three in the afternoon now. I’ll be waiting for you at Zeem’s at five.” —

“Okay, okay. No problem,” Veronica happily answered.

After getting out of bed, she started packing up her baggage. Thinking that she was about to leave her apartment the next day, she felt the one-year rent she’d paid in advance had gone to waste. Helplessly, she contacted her landlord and requested a refund of ten thousand—losing ten thousand in the process—by using any way she could. Alas, she received a round of rebukes from her landlord before getting her refund. After packing up, she delivered her items to the post office to be posted to her hometown. By the time she was done with her moving preparations, it was already five.

While en route to Zeem’s on her scooter, she stopped by a scooter store and sold her ride for a few hundred bucks. After all, she had no plans of returning to Bloomstead, so she decided to discard everything she owned to ensure an optimal profit. Ultimately, it was already half past five by the time she hastily arrived at the restaurant, and Xavier had been waiting for her for thirty minutes.

“I’m sorry. Something came up.” She chuckled, seemingly embarrassed.

“Don’t worry. I’ve just arrived too.” Xavier benignly beamed at her.

.

As the two got seated, they simply ordered some food and began a leisurely chat. After dinner, Xavier took Veronica out of the restaurant and suggested they go on a walk.

Walking by the road, Veronica quizzed, “You haven’t told me what present you got for me yet.”

“You’ll find out soon.”

Having reached a four-way crossroad, Xavier pointed to the opposite side of the road, hinting Veronica to go over with him. After waiting for a few seconds for the light to turn green, the two walked on the pedestrian crossing like normal people. At that moment, a black van charged at them. The van was as fast as lightning, and none could possibly dodge it.

“Watch out!”

“A car!”