

## Her Billionaire Husband

### Chapter 162

Then, she waved the tiny plates in her hands, saying, "I had to pay five bucks for these plates and the candle. What do you think? Are you surprised?"

Xavier, never this happy his entire life, beamed as he listened to her rant. "Thank you," he said earnestly

"C'mon, thank–  
you are for strangers. You're rich enough to put on a firework display while I can only afford to get you a small cake and have a heart–to–heart talk. I just hope you won't mind."

"Of course not." Xavier shook his head."

After slicing the golden Pikachu cake in half, she put one half onto the paper plate, then handed it and a fork to him, saying, "Here, your birthday cake. Eat up."

Xavier said nothing and left Veronica hanging a couple of seconds before he finally took the cake from her and ate in silence with his head bowed.

Veronica then grabbed a fork and ate her share.

"How does it taste? Good?"

"Yeah."

"Ha! What did I say? I only pick the tastiest." She was clearly on cloud nine.

But little did she know, though Xavier ate the cake, it was tasteless to him as he had been so touched by Veronica's gesture that he failed to savor it.

After they had demolished the cake, she handed him a napkin to wipe their mouths with. Accordingly, she pulled something out of the other paper bag. "Here. This is for you. Sort of a birthday present."

"What is it?"

"See for yourself." With that, she handed the small black box to him.

He opened it after accepting the box to find a men's rhodium–plated tie clip. It was arrow–shaped, and a delicate gold chain hung loosely at both ends of the shati. The design was minimalistic, but it would look perfectly well on a suit.

"\*This tiny thing cost me almost three hundred bucks. Though it didn't cost a fortune, I've put a lot of thought into getting you something. Just leave this at home. Don't wear it out in public, or it'll lower your social status."

"No, I like it."

"Keep it somewhere in your home then. If you're seen wearing this, your social status will surely drop."

Veronica genuinely thought so. After all, Xavier was a young master of the four big families of Bloomstead. People would surely tease him for wearing a three-hundred buck accessory.

“Thank you for all of this.”

“Oh, c’mon, we’re friends. Alright, now that we’ve celebrated your birthday, I have to get going. I have to go back to my parents’ tomorrow. I should turn in early.”

She indeed had to go back to her hometown the next day, but the ticket she got was scheduled at eleven in the morning. She didn’t have to rush at all. Nonetheless, she had to savagely get back at *someone* for *something* before she left. Despite her intention to drop her vengeance, some people just wouldn’t stop until they saw her dead.

“I’ll give you a ride.”

“Nah, it’s cool. I’ll get a bike share.” With that, she got up, bid him goodbye, and left, not giving him a chance to argue.

After seeing her off, standing where he was, he looked down at the gift in his hand, pulling a gratified smile unknowingly. It was indeed a happy birthday.

Veronica didn’t ride back to her rented apartment as she had already terminated the lease. So, she wouldn’t be able to stay for the night even if she wanted to. Her destination was Dragon Creek’s Villa. She didn’t even need to guess who was behind the car accident earlier that night. She was hours away from leaving Bloomstead now. So, it was only right that she returned the ‘favor!

She was riding a bike, after all, so it was already forty minutes later when she finally reached her destination. Dragon Creek’s Villa was a first-class neighborhood, so its security system was of the utmost standard. Hence, without an access card, she wouldn’t be able to enter. In the end, she found a secluded corner and infiltrated the area by climbing over a wall.

– vulv

As guards were patrolling the area, she carefully avoided them and easily found herself at Larson Residence,

Veronica stared blankly at the lit room on the second floor, then squinted as she stood at the gates of the monumental villa. With that, she checked her watch to find it was already half-past eleven. Surely Rachel and Floch were already fast asleep.

Veronica then scouted the area, and after ten minutes, she effortlessly showed up on the balcony of Tiffany’s bedroom on the second floor.

*Click!* As it was already late at night, Tiffany killed the lights and got ready to hit the bed.

But just when Veronica was about to enter, she heard Tiffany’s voice. “Have you gone to bed, Matthew?”

*Matthew? Matthew Kings?* Veronica’s heart skipped a beat, utterly shocked. Was she on the phone, or could Matthew actually be physically present?

“Well, I can’t fall asleep. I miss you.”

“Yeah, I’ll go to bed soon. Can I see you at Spinfluence Group tomorrow?”

“You’re the best, Matthew. Goodnight, then.”

“Bye.”

Though Veronica hadn’t a clue what Matthew said, knowing it was a call, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she pushed the door to the balcony gently and slowly sneaked in.

As Veronica tiptoed, Tiffany didn’t notice a thing, even if the room was deadly silent. It wasn’t until Veronica was close that she saw her twin sister scrolling through Twitter while lying on her side, facing the bedroom door.

Amidst the darkness, a cold glint flashed and the next second, Veronica put a hand over Tiffany’s mouth while pressing the dagger against Tiffany’s neck with the other.

“Mmph...” The ambush left Tiffany jumping out of her skin, struggling violently. “Mmph... Who are you... Help...”

She trembled and shrieked, but given her strength, she was no match for Veronica. Besides, with her mouth covered, her resistance did barely anything.

“Stop moving if you want your face intact!” Veronica sternly reprimanded.

*That voice... Veronica!* Tiffany was horror-stricken. She wasn’t expecting Veronica to still be alive, and certainly not for her to sneak into her bedroom.

However, an icy dagger was right at her neck. Be it as Tiffany may be horrified, she feigned calmness and asked, “W—What do you want?”

“What do I want?” Veronica snoried. “I’ve already forgone everything you had done to me in the past, but instead of stopping, you sent someone to murder me. Do you think I don’t have the guts to end you, Tiffany Larson?”

*This damned ticked bitch!*

As much as Veronica mulled over it, she could never figure out why Tiffany wanted her dead so badly.

“Mmph\_” Tiffany shook her head, wanting to say something.

‘Shout, be my guest. Feel free to call Mommy and Daddy over if you’re not worried that your throat will be sliced open,” Veronica warned, then moved her hand away from her sister’s mouth.

Following that, she disgustedly wiped her hand on Tiffany’s sheets as though her palm was stained with Tiffany’s saliva.

Seeing Veronica had moved her hand away, Tiffany wanted to shout for help. Alas, the coldness on her neck sent a chill down her spine, petrifying her.

