

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 164

Rachel's heart ached terribly at the sight of the sorry state Tiffany was in. Immediately, she helped Tiffany up, saying, "Don't be afraid, Tiffy. I'm here. I'm here, so you'll be fine."

Tiffany flung her arms around Rachel as if clutching at straws while crying her eyes out in Rachel's arms. "Sob, sob... I was scared to death! Mom, I'm so afraid."

The fire was spreading fiercely in the room without restraint as raging flames sent plumes of thick smoke billowing toward the ceiling. Still, Floch and the others could see the murderous expression on Veronica's stony face across the flames.

Veronica threatened, "If you do that again, I'll drag all of you Larsons to hell with me even if I'll die for that!" She was so consumed with rage that she nearly lost her head. Even so, she knew deep down that Tiffany was pregnant with Matthew's baby. If anything wrong happened to Tiffany, Elizabeth would be upset, and the Kings Family would be concerned. *Old Mrs. Kings has saved my life, so I'm gonna let Tiffany off this time for the sake of her baby. However, if Tiffany does it again, I might kill all the Larsons. Who cares if I'll go to jail because of that?*

The gushing hot air in the room hit Veronica in the face, and the burning sensation brought her back to reality. Concealing the chilliness in her eyes, she turned around and walked to the bedroom balcony before disappearing into the night.

Seeing that she had left, Rachel gave Floch a meaningful look. Both of them had a grave expression, but they kept silent.

Tiffany cried for a while before noticing that she was no longer hearing Veronica's voice. When she looked back, she realized that Veronica was gone. She couldn't help but snarl, "What are you two waiting for? Call the police! Why aren't you calling the police? Veronica has almost killed me!"

Floch shook his head with a sigh. "If we call the police right now, the police will look into this matter, and the Kings Family will definitely be alarmed. You have to think this through, Tiffy."

Just then, the servants had turned on the water system. Activated by the fire, the sprinkler system sprinkled water on the room, lowering the temperature in the room and slowly putting out the fire.

Rachel heaved a grave sigh. "That's right, Tiffy. You also know how much Old Mrs. Kings likes Veronica. Have you thought about how to explain this if the Kings Family looks into this matter as well?"

"W-What do you mean?! Am I really your daughter?" Tiffany yelled hysterically while stamping her foot in anger. Losing control of her emotions, she screamed as if she had gone insane, ranting, "You two don't love me at all! You've never loved me... Aah!"

Slap! With deep furrows in his brow, Floch raised his hand and slapped Tiffany across the face. He blasted her angrily, saying, "I've warned you repeatedly not to touch Veronica and to think twice before doing anything, but you went against my warning and laid a hand on her when you shouldn't have! Do you know that she nearly stabbed me to death just now? If anything bad happens to her right now, once

Old Mrs. Kings looks into it, you can just forget about marrying into the Kings Family. Just look at yourself-you look no different from a madwoman! Is this your current mentality after I spent so much money every year to have you learn etiquette? If you don't do anything about that temper of yours, I'd say you wouldn't even last a year in the Kings Family! Do you even understand what it means to marry into a distinguished family? Do you think it's easy to be the matriarch of the Kings Family?! You're nothing but a hopeless good-for-nothing!"

For the very first time, he furiously lambasted Tiffany, which was perhaps out of his disappointment with her. After finishing his speech, he shot Rachel a glare, saying, "Talk about spare the rod and spoil the child. Just look at how well you've brought your daughter up. Hmph!" With that, he turned around and left the bedroom.

Stunned, Tiffany stood in place, her cheek swollen and aching with a burning sensation from the slap just now. What Floch had just said reverberated in her mind. She cried bitterly, but she had to admit that Floch's words made sense.

Marrying into a distinguished family means there will be lots of trials and difficulties awaiting me. I've got to be steadier. Otherwise, when I marry into the Kings Family and face even greater danger, how am I gonna take care of things by myself without Dad and Mom's support?

Having been lashed out at despite her innocence, Rachel sighed in dejection.

Just then, Tiffany said tearfully, "Mom, I-I'm sorry. It was my fault for being impulsive. *Sob... Sob...* I just... I just couldn't stand the sight of Veronica, that b*tch, trying to steal Matthew from me. *Sob... Sob...*" Tiffany had always been spoiled rotten by her parents ever since she was little, so she had never been reprimanded like she was on this day. Although she felt wronged, after some self-examination, she felt that her parents had said that for her own good.

"*Sigh.* Alright, alright, stop crying. Look at your face. *Sigh...* Let's go. I'm gonna apply some ice to your cheek to reduce the swelling." Rachel shook her head before going downstairs while taking Tiffany's hand. As they went downstairs, she sighed repeatedly in frustration. "You're going to get married to Matthew very soon, so we

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mustn't let anything bad happen at this point. Even if you want to get back at Veronica, you should've done so after you've secured your position in the Kings Family. *Sigh*, what your dad said was right. We've spent a lot to teach you etiquette every day and did whatever we could to nurture you, but your impulsiveness is gonna land you in trouble one day."

Feeling guilty, Tiffany pursed her lips and sobbed, "Sorry, Mom. It was my fault for being too impulsive." *Mom is right that I've been too impulsive. I should've waited until I married into the Kings Family and secured my position before laying a hand on Veronica. By the way, if Veronica is really on good terms with Matthew, will she tell him about what has happened tonight? No, she won't. If she wants to tell him about it, why would she come over and take action by herself? So, even if Matthew lives with her, he only does so not because he has feelings for her but because he purely wants to sleep with her, huh?*

At the thought of this, Tiffany felt much more balanced. The next instant, though, she couldn't help feeling angry. *In what way am I inferior to Veronica, that b*tch? Why would Matthew want to sleep with her but not me? Is it because th at b*tch is good in bed?* She indulged in all kinds of conjectures before feeling that this conjecture might be the closest to the truth.

Early the next morning, Xavier came to the Konig Company to deal with his work, keeping himself busy all the way until 9:00AM. He wanted to finish the work at hand as soon as possible so that he could accompany Veronica to the train station.

"What's keeping you busy so early in the morning, Xavier?" Melissa pushed the door open and entered the office. After casting a sidelong glance at Xavier, who was sitting in the office, she couldn't help but let out a snort. "Hmph, I prepared dinner for you yesterday, but you never came back. How inconsiderate."

Seeing her coming in, Xavier put down the work at hand, smiling gently. "Thanks. I really appreciate your kindness."

"Tsk, it's so difficult to get you to go home for your birthday every single time," Melissa retorted. She had asked Xavier to come home for his birthday because she wanted to help mend Xavier's relationship with Hendric. However, Xavier refused to go back whenever she prepared a birthday dinner for him. Still, instead of getting angry, she walked up to Xavier and handed him a present. "Here's the present I prepared for you yesterday. Now you see how nice I am to you."

"Well, my sister is nice to me, of course." Xavier stood up and took the present before reaching out to ruffle Melissa's hair. "Whoever marries you in the future will be lucky."

"That's of course."

Knock, knock. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door and came in.

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Dressed in a business suit, the man looked at Xavier, then at Melissa, before falling silent with hesitation.