

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 165

"No matter. Speak your mind." Xavier had never thought of Melissa as a stranger.

"Understood. I've already investigated the incident you asked me to. Tiffany was indeed the one behind last night's car accident," said the man in the suit.

Melissa stiffened. "What car accident?"

"What else could it be? Of course it was an accident meant to involve Roni." Xavier's expression chilled. "Is Tiffany taunting her because Roni doesn't have anyone to back her up? Go teach Tiffany a lesson."

"Yes, Mr. Crawford." The man in the suit dipped his head before leaving.

The gears in Melissa's head whirred quickly. She eyed the man thoughtfully before turning to face Xavier and smile. "You can continue working. Something just came up, so I need to leave."

"Go ahead. I still have work to do anyway." Xavier waved at her and pointed at the present on his desk. "Thanks for this."

"Oh come on, Xavier, why the politeness?" Melissa giggled before leaving the office with rushed steps.

When Melissa reached the elevator, she saw the man who had just left. She raised an eyebrow. "By the way, my brother told me to tell you this: he said that the baby Tiffany's pregnant with is an eyesore. You got that?"

The man stiffened for a moment. He understood what Tiffany meant. "All right, understood. Please inform Mr. Crawford on my behalf that it will be done."

Melissa pressed her lips into a smile, and she nodded. "My brother's counting on you."

That baby was indeed an obstacle. If Tiffany wasn't pregnant, Matthew might not marry her anymore. Melissa would then actually have a chance if she wanted to pursue him.

Melissa naively assumed that if she got revenge on Tiffany, Veronica would be happy when she saw Tiffany's downfall. Who wouldn't be delighted to see someone get major payback for a huge grudge?

Meanwhile, Veronica woke up after sleeping the entire night at the inn. Alier brusting her teeth and getting herself ready, she packed her things and prepared to head to the train station. When she was checking out in the lobby, her phone rang. She pulled out her phone to see that it was a call from Xavier,

Veronica's brows furrowed. After a moment of hesitation, she answered the call. "You're not thinking of sending me to the train station, are you? Since you're calling me at this hour," she teased. Veronica initially wanted to quietly leave Bloomstead without anyone sending her off. Unfortunately for her, she had forgotten to keep the exact time a secret when she told Xavier when the train would arrive.

"I'm outside your home. Come on out. I can send you to the station," Xavier said over the phone.

Veronica was moved when she heard his gentle voice. Deep down, she knew about his kindness.

“Oh, right, I forgot to tell you that my train ride got rescheduled. I went to my friend’s place at the last minute for an errand; I’ll only be leaving tomorrow.”

Veronica typically disliked partings with others. She always felt that they were sad, so she didn’t want Xavier to send her to the train station.

“Rescheduled? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“What’s the big deal about rescheduling? Go home. I’m busy right now. I’ll call you back later.” With that, she hung up, ruining Xavier’s chance to talk to her. After she checked out, she hailed a taxi and made straight for the train station.

Meanwhile, Tiffany’s face was swollen from last night’s beating. Bruises could be seen on her face.

As a talented woman with peerless beauty, Tiffany placed her looks far above everything. When she woke up and looked in the mirror to find her face swollen with cuts running across it, she was so startled that she promptly left the manor and rushed to the hospital. On her way there, however, a few vans suddenly cut in front of her, blocking her way.

Tiffany lurched forward from the back seat when the car braked suddenly to avoid the vans. Instantly, pain rushed through her nose. She angrily rubbed it. “Are you guys blind? Don’t you know that I’m pregnant with Matthew’s child? Can you even shoulder the responsibility if anything happens to the baby?”

Tiffany might be saying this for appearance’s sake, but she did indeed care about the baby in her belly. She was worried that something would happen to the baby.

“Miss Larson, these... these people here... do not seem to have any good intentions.” The chauffeur had seen his fair share of people in his day. He could tell with just a glance that these men had an ulterior motive.

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And their target seemed to be... Tiffany.

Now that the chauffeur had voiced his thoughts, Tiffany was terrified out of her wits. She nervously eyed the men walking over to her from outside.

Knock, knock, knock. The man at the head of the pack walked over to the side of the car and began to tap away

at the car window. Not only did Tiffany keep the window rolled up, but she also immediately locked the car. An inexplicable sense of danger washed over her, making her heart skip a beat in fear.

“Go! Go on! Leave this place!” She reached out to smack the chauffeur’s shoulder, unable to stop herself from raising her voice.

The chauffeur checked the situation through his mirror. He shook his head and sighed. “There’s no way out. How can we leave? Miss Larson, I think you should call Young Master Kings so that he can save you.”

Having just been reminded of Matthew, Tiffany nodded in realization. “Y— Yes, that’s right! There’s still Matthew. I should call him... yeah...” As she mumbled to herself, she pulled out her phone to dial Matthew’s number.

Beep, beep— The phone beeped after she dialed his number. Before she got through to Matthew though, the window shattered. The next moment, Tiffany found her hand empty, her phone having been snatched away. The hulking man who grabbed her phone flung it to the ground, shattering it into pieces.

Tiffany was furious. “What are you doing? Why did you break my phone? Do you know who I am? I am Matthew Kings’ girlfriend! If you so much as dare to touch a hair on my head, I will make sure that he crushes you all!”

Matthew was currently her only shield. She only hoped that he would descend from the sky and appear by her side, just like how he had saved Veronica that time.

“You’re Matthew’s girlfriend? Then we got the right one; we were looking for you.” The man outside the car gestured at the others behind him, beckoning them to come over. “Take her away.”

“What do you intend to do? Let my lady go, or I’ll call the police!” The chauffeur was supposed to drive Tiffany around, but as an employee of the Larsons, he had a responsibility to protect her. He couldn’t just sit by and watch as Tiffany got kidnapped.

“Shut your trap, you old coot!” The bald man was burly and ripped, having tanned skin. His features were rather prominent; most probably he was of mixed— blood. He walked over to the driver’s seat. There was a loud crash as he hurled a punch at the window. The glass shattered then, and he reached in to try and unlock the door.

But the chauffeur clung tightly to the man’s arm. “No, you cannot take Miss Larson away. Mr. Larson will absolutely show you no mercy.. Ah,”

The chauffeur hadn’t finished speaking yet when the muscular man grabbed hold of the chauffeur’s head and bashed it against the door. With that, the chauffeur was out cold.