

## Her Billionaire Husband

### Chapter 167

Having been thrown into a disadvantageous position, Veronica toppled to the ground still holding onto the bottle of wine, she planted her free hand onto the ground and used it to gain momentum to launch a kick at Crayson's arm.

Crayson leaned back just slightly. His hand reached out to grab Veronica's other leg. Then, as he pushed her forward, he launched a sweeping kick at her.

Having lost her balance, Veronica fell to the ground in a patch of grass.

"Useless! Not even half a year and all the skills I've taught you have been thrown to the wind?" Crayson rebuked with a grave face.

"Ouch, that hurts bad." Veronica sat on the ground and regarded Crayson with a pitiful look. "I just wanted to keep that bottle of wine intact. I wouldn't have gone down so easily otherwise, okay?"

"You're still an idiot. Don't make any more excuses."

"Geez." Veronica sighed and scrambled up. She dusted off the grass burrs clinging to her and pouted. "Fine, I was sloppy in my lessons. I'll admit that."

Prior to leaving Cabot Town, Veronica had thought herself stronger than others. She had never seriously studied while under Crayson. After meeting Matthew though, she finally realized that there were others greater than her. She couldn't even beat Matthew with her current skills; how could she even go up against Crayson?

Seeing that she was dejected, Crayson swiped the wine bottle from Veronica's hand. "Talk. Who's been bullying this student of mine? Tell me and I'll help you to beat them up to teach them a lesson," he said as he uncorked it.

"If I start taking my lessons with you seriously, will I still be able to become strong?"

"Of course."

"Really?"

"That's a given. As long as you're willing to be my retirement plan, this isn't a problem."

"Heh, don't worry, Master. I shall look after you until you're finally in the dirt," Veronica said as she walked over and hugged Crayson, smiling all the while.

However, Crayson simply sniffed the contents of the bottle after uncorking it. Immediately, his face split into a grin. "Haha, that's some good stuff. Veronica, bring me a few more bottles of this in the future as thanks." With that, he left with the bottle of wine. A few steps later, he stopped in his tracks and turned back.

*Nice, Crayson still remembers me, at least, Veronica thought to herself.*

The moment after she thought that though, Crayson pushed her away. "Quit blocking the path." He walked over to the riverbank and bent down to pick up his fish trap. Grinning, he mumbled to himself, "Wine and some nice fish. What a spread, hahaha..." Crayson headed straight to his home, wine bottle in one hand and fish trap in another. He had clearly forgotten about Veronica.

"Hey, old coot, have you forgotten about your student here?" she yelled at him from where she stood.

Crayson turned his head back to glance at her. "You got legs, don't you? Can't you walk? Don't tell me you want an old man like me to carry you?"

*He's got a point there.* She stumbled her way over. Picking up the broken basket she had brought with her, Veronica entered Crayson's yard with him.

Although Veronica had known Crayson since she was little, he was a mysterious man. All Veronica knew was that he was called Crayson, and he was good at basketweaving and woodworking. He was far more skilled than the average person, and he was also a mysterious old man who knew a myriad of martial arts styles. Other than that, she knew nothing else about him.

Veronica looked at the table and chair in the yard and regarded the wooden house that Crayson lived in. She knew the table was there for his tea sessions. "You sure know how to enjoy life," she exclaimed.

"If you like this place, you can stay here with me. I could use some company."

"Sure, no problem," Veronica answered as she skipped her way into the house. She surveyed the place where she had grown up. Although it had been half a year since she last saw the inside of Crayson's house, she had to admit everything was still in its place. Nothing had changed. She then took a chair and brought it outside to the yard and sat with Crayson. There, they enjoyed the wine Veronica had brought, chatting with the pleasant breeze in the air.

Crayson took a sip of wine and nodded. "That's good wine, all right. Soft and silky down the throat, and its aroma is deliciously pleasant. The aftertaste is lovely. Good stuff. When are you going to bring me another bottle or three of this, Veronica?"

The corner of Veronica's mouth twitched madly. *You sure love your wine, you old coot. Do you know that a bottle costs a whole 10,000 bucks?*

Veronica had specially gotten someone to pick a bottle of good wine for her because she knew she would be returning to her hometown. It was so pricey that it made her doubt her life choices. Downing all of that expensive wine in a few gulps was such a waste.

"Hahaha, fine, fine. Since you like it so much, I can bring more for you." Veronica nodded and smiled knowingly. Although that particular wine was expensive, Crayson was her master; this was something she should do. Even though it was expensive, she should just grin and put up with it.

"Hey, cool, don't drink too much. My mom is cooking some chicken at home. Let's have dinner together tonight."

"Oho, dinner, and I don't have to cook. Lovely, absolutely lovely. I'll cross the mountain with you."

"Tch... you've got no principles at all if some chicken is enough to bribe you, you codger."

“Is that how a student should talk to their master?”

“Ow, Master, stop smacking my head. That hurts.”

And so, master and student crossed the mountain together. That night, Veronica’s family reunited with Crayson for a rare dinner. With some wine accompanying their meal, they chatted until the late hours of the night. Laughter reverberated throughout the Murphy Family’s living room, a warm and friendly sound.

After dinner, Tony saw Crayson off. Meanwhile, Veronica—having drunk herself silly

—fell fast asleep. The next time her eyes opened, it was already morning. She freshened herself up a little and changed into a set of workout clothes to go for a run with her cell phone.

The paths in the isolated village were deserted. Veronica jogged leisurely. Right then, a van drove in from a distance and abruptly stopped in front of her. She frowned, warning bells going off in her head.

The door of the van opened as she hesitated. Subsequently, five or six men dressed in suits emerged from the vehicle.