

## Her Billionaire Husband

### Chapter 168

A few swarthy, muscular goons with stern looks on their faces began to approach Veronica. At a glance, she could easily tell that these skilled men harbored nothing but ill intentions.

She wanted to make a run for it, but the thought of currently being in her hometown, and possibly involving Tony, Daniella, or even her master, and putting them in harm's way stopped her.

So, she decided to quickly think of the next possible thing to do. Using her quick thinking, she pretended to be unaffected by their presence. "What's up?" she calmly asked.

For them to stop the car right in front of her could only mean one thing—they already knew who she was and where she lived. Running away was futile, at this point.

"Miss Murphy," the man who seemed to be the leader of the pack called out. "We are here under Young Master Matthew's instruction. We will be escorting you back to

Bloomstead." Unlike his polite tone, his eyes were chillingly threatening as they leered at her.

It was as if he was saying Veronica would be brought back no matter what.

"Didn't he mention the reason for wanting me back?" she asked again despite fully expecting Matthew to eventually force her back. She knew that the man still wanted to have his fingers wrapped around this 'pawn' of his.

However, she had only returned home the day prior. She did keep her phone turned off from then on as she had planned to disconnect herself from the world for a few days, but she didn't think Matthew would come for her so soon.

*Why is Matthew in such a hurry? Could something have happened back at Bloomstead?* she wondered

"We are only following orders. We don't know the rest." Like a machine void of emotions and thoughts, the man replied to her dully.

"Alright. Give me a moment. Let me pack my stuff and I'll be right back."

Knowing better than to provoke the group of men and not wanting to worry her parents and master, Veronica eventually agreed to follow them back to Bloomstead.

My apologies, Miss Mu—

"The man started to object, only to be cut off by an angry roar from Veronica. She knew exactly what he was going to say.

"Let me repeat myself. I'll be right back after getting a few things from home! Where do you think I can run away to? You goons even found the way to my home! I'm warning you. My parents' health isn't at its best. They will surely be affected if they were to see you. I won't let you off if anything were to happen to them."

Immediately, the men started to hesitate when they saw pure rage burning on her face. After a while, the head of the group lifted his wrist, took a glance at his watch, and finally said, "We'll give you 10 minutes."

"Just wait!" she coldly spat before trotting back home to pack up what she needed. She then found Daniella who was currently cooking in the kitchen. "Mom, there is something that I need to take care of in Bloomstead. I have to leave now. Relay my message on to Dad too. I'll take my leave now," she uttered everything she wanted to say in one breath.

Even though it was still in the early hours of the morning, Tony was already out of the house, and habitually roaming around the fields.

Daniella immediately turned off the stove and put down the spatula in her hand. She then wiped the grease off her palms on the apron around her waist and held Veronica by her hands. "My child, you only just came back yesterday! What could the emergency be?" she asked, concerned.

"Umm... It really is nothing. It's just Xavier. He..." She sputtered out the best excuse she could come up with at the moment, "He has appendicitis and is currently in surgery. I'm worried about him, that is why I was thinking of going to pay him a visit."

Her heart, however, felt apologetic for using her friend to get herself out of the pickle. *I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! The situation calls for it. Don't kill me, Xavier!* she silently howled.

She could only blame herself for being tight with Xavier, and for making Xavier someone that Daniella could trust.

Daniella answered thoughtfully, "Oh my, is that so? You really have to go see him then! But before that, why don't you bring him one of our village chickens as a token of your sincerity?"

"No, that's not necessary, Mom. He isn't short on chickens. Okay! I really have to go now. Bye bye!" Veronica hurriedly bade her farewell.

Her skin wasn't thick enough for her to proudly bring a chicken back to Bloomstead. I was just a lie that Xavier had appendicitis after all!

Furthermore, she doubted the thugs would spare her time to catch a chicken.

"Huh? You punk, why are you rushing?" Daniella scolded. "Let me ask your dad to send you."

Veronica was already hopping out of the house then, but she didn't forget to remind Daniella. "It is okay, Mom. I already called for a cab in town. I'm off! Take care of yourself?"

The older woman followed after Veronica for a short while before halting her steps. Standing by the side of the road, she could only shake her head slowly with a melancholy smile tugging on the corners of her lips. "That brat is really concerned about Xavier, huh? She must like him a lot," she mumbled to herself before letting out a sigh. "All daughters have to leave home someday..."

Her heart then began to ache at the thought of her only daughter having to get married someday.

If only she knew that what she was currently worried about was only a lie Veronica could best come up with in the heat of the moment...

On the other hand, Veronica sprinted her way to the vehicle waiting for her, and after getting in, they went on a hurried 4-hour journey back to Bloomstead.

She was brought up to Matthew's place and locked in as soon as they reached Twilight Condominium, where a sense of familiarity immediately hit her as she stood in the middle of the room.

Then, she promptly plopped herself onto the sofa and checked her phone, only to see that she had missed a few calls from both Matthew and Xavier.

She would probably be worried if she had missed someone else's call, but to get missed calls from the two men? A pretty normal occurrence she would say.

But why would Matthew call her?

She took some time to ponder the possible reasons before finally deciding to call him back.

After giving him two calls which went straight to voicemail both times, she lay down on the sofa and started to browse Twitter on her phone.

The wait turned out to be one that went on for hours.

Her eyes watched as the hour hand of the clock hit 2, and when her tummy started making loud gurgling sounds from her hunger, she shot up from the couch and angrily banged her hand on the table. "Freaking Matthew. Is he coming or not? I'm leaving if he isn't!"

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*Ring!*

As soon as she stood up, she heard the sound of the elevator reaching outside the main door

The door then slowly opened, and there stood a familiar figure—Matthew!

Unable to hold back her anger when she saw the man, she stomped in front of him and glared. "Matthew Kings! Why did you get your goons to bring me all the way back here?"

She couldn't believe that he had gotten those thugs to get her just as soon as she was finally on her long-awaited break from Bloomstead!

Despite her outburst, the suit-clad man only stood there with an unreadable expression on his handsome face and his captivating eyes studied Veronica before he suddenly declared, "It is my birthday today."

The unexpected announcement swiftly earned a stupefied 'huh' from the woman. When she finally processed his words, however, her eyebrows knitted into a deep frown, and she eventually went off on him. "Are you crazy?! Don't you think you are after the wrong person? What has

your birthday got to do with me? I'm sure there are tons of people who are eager to celebrate the birthday of the Kingses' heir."

*This guy probably has a loose screw! What a weirdo. We aren't even close,* Veronica grumbled to herself.

Matthew's face immediately fell when he heard her words.

As his hands rested in the pockets of his suit pants, his grip on his phone tightened. Unbeknownst to Veronica, there was an image currently being displayed on the screen of Matthew's phone.

In the photo, two figures could be seen seated across each other at a table of a gazebo, enveloped by the darkness of the night. It was a photo of Veronica celebrating Xavier's birthday with him. She appeared to be singing Xavier a birthday song, whereas his eyes were closed, and his fingers were intertwined as he quietly made his

birthday wish. .

Matthew had come across the photo on social media late last night, and oddly enough, he began to feel peevish as he looked at it. In fact, that had been the sole reason he had unreasonably forced Veronica to return to Bloomstead.

"I want you to celebrate my birthday with me," he admitted.

Veronica let out a scoff as she rolled her eyes at him. "Sure," she unexpectedly agreed with a humorless smile on her face. She then raised her right hand up and began to list out, "Why don't I provide you with a one-stop service. Give me 100 thousand, and I will prepare you a birthday cake, birthday wishes, and a birthday party."