

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 175

"Hmph! That's because you are an idiot. The years you have spent learning those skills from me have gone down the drain. Don't ever declare yourself as my disciple; I can't afford to be humiliated like this!" Crayson coldly snorted and responded with a look of disgust on his face while smoking a pipe.

Veronica darted a glare at him. "Master, you are so cold-hearted."

Her words caused the others to burst into laughter, and Matthew enjoyed the relaxing and joyful atmosphere a lot.

They chatted until late at night. In the end, Grayson wanted to go home, so Veronica and Matthew sent him back before they headed back to the house with a torchlight.

The soft hoots of the nightjars echoed in the old, dense and foggy forest. Veronica clung onto Matthew, holding his sleeve with one hand. Her heart was in her mouth.

"You,"

"Ah! You startled me!"

Veronica was given a fright when Matthew had barely said a word. She slapped his shoulder and muttered, "You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

"Why haven't I noticed that you are actually very timid?" As he rarely saw her trembling in fear, Matthew found her current reaction rather amusing.

"Hey, that's not my fault!" She pouted. "It's my damn Master's fault. He told me that this is the path that the grim reapers usually take. Ever since then, I have always been frightened when I pass by this area."

"Hoot!" As soon as she said that, a nightjar suddenly hooted and it startled her. In response, Veronica grabbed Matthew by his arm and buried her head against his chest, embracing him with all her strength.

At that moment, she could swear to God that this was the most pathetic day she had ever had in her life.

She wasn't afraid of enemies, height, violence-both verbally and physically-nor was she afraid of darkness when she was living in a vibrant city. Nevertheless, she was afraid of darkness when she was back in her hometown, and she was so terrified to the point of being unable to leave the house at night.

The sudden embrace of the woman warmed Matthew's chest, and the faint fragrance of her hair that lingered in the air felt familiar and nice.

Matthew froze on the spot. His arms that were hanging by his sides stiffened for a second before he raised them up to pat her on her back. "Nothing's going to happen. Don't worry."

The hand that was holding the flashlight went around her waist while the other gently pinched her earlobe. "Don't be scared, Roni. I'm here with you."

His actions felt so familiar to Veronica.

When she was startled as a child, her grandmother used to touch her ear and shout loudly, “Veronica, don’t be scared. I’m here. I’m here.”

An inexplicable sense of reassurance swept over her and her fear diminished.

It was only then did she realize that she was practically glued to Matthew; she could even feel his warmth through the thin layer of clothing between them.

Her petite face flushed crimson as she pushed him away. “Let’s go. I nearly jumped out of my skin.”

“Okay.” Matthew followed her from behind and together they traveled down the mountain.

As they walked, he suddenly asked, “I have a question. Could you help me to analyze it?”

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“What do you need me to analyze?”

“I have an... old friend. He is going to marry his pregnant fiancée very soon, but he suddenly realized that he has fallen in love with another woman. Have you ever encountered anything like this?” he asked in an indirect manner.

“Of course not. I’ll give a good beating to this sort of jerk if I ever see one. What a thrash!”

As a woman, Veronica empathized with the woman from Matthew’s story strongly. She glared at him and barked, “As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. You are not half-decent yourself. If it wasn’t for the fact that I didn’t diligently practice martial arts with my master, I would have castrated you when you touched me back then!”

Did I step on her toe? “I-I was talking about an acquaintance of mine. What do you think he should do now?” Matthew rubbed his nose guiltily.

“What should he do? This sort of man should be castrated He impregnated his fiancée and now he wants to leave all the mess behind him? Such an a*shole. Even if he were to marry his fiancée, they wouldn’t be happy after marriage but if he didn’t marry his fiancée, the child she’s carrying would only become a victim. It would also be difficult for his fiancée to have a happy marriage in the future.”

“So...”

“So he should just die! *Hmph!*”

The question reminded Veronica of her past entanglement with Matthew, which enraged her. In a fit of rage, she stomped on Matthew’s foot and twisted her foot for a few seconds before snorting coldly and leaving angrily.

At that moment, even the dark wasn’t scary to her.

Matthew hissed and he wriggled his left toe for a bit before chasing after her.

A jerk? Am I really a jerk? Maybe I am. Otherwise, I wouldn't have slept with Tiffany when I was intoxicated and impregnated her. Will I choose 'her' if Tiffany is not pregnant? By 'her', he naturally meant Veronica.

Without giving it any further thought, he went after Veronica and headed back with her.

After they returned home, Veronica directly returned to her room and slammed the door shut behind her.

Daniella naturally noticed her unusual behavior, and so she asked him, "Matthew, what's wrong with the girl?"

"Roni... fell down when she was walking just now. So, she was mad."

He randomly found an excuse that even he himself found unbelievable.

Yet, Daniella bought his lie. "Silly girl! She didn't pay attention while walking and now she's mad. Forget it, let's not mind her. Matthew, you can sleep over there; I've prepared your bed. You can take a shower in the bathroom too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Murphy."

"Drop the courtesy. It's late; you should get some rest."

"Alright. Good night, Mrs. Murphy." With that, Matthew returned to his room.

There were a pair of clean slippers and a set of pajamas in the room. The pajamas looked old-fashioned, so it probably was a new, unworn pajamas that had been bought for Tony.

He briefly washed up and returned to the room to go to bed.

The next morning, after Matthew woke up, he went to the yard, only to bump into Veronica, who was about to go for a jog.

"Good morning."

He was dressed in a tidy suit that seemed as immaculate as ever, looking bright and energetic as he stood before her. With a warm smile, he greeted her. "Good morning."

Veronica cast a cold glare at him and directly ran out of the yard to jog along the road.

Seeing that she was still pissed, he didn't follow along.

"Matthew, why are you up so early? It's only 6.00 AM. Why didn't you sleep in a bit?" Daniella, who was busy in the kitchen, walked out and saw that Matthew had gotten out of bed, so she chatted with him.

"I've had enough sleep."

"That's great, then. I've prepared your toothbrush and towel. You can go ahead and wash up," Daniella said, pointing at the toiletries on the table.

"Thank you, Mrs. Murphy."

The man was humble and polite. The amiable smile on his handsome face made him seem less intimidating and more friendly.

After his morning routine, Matthew took a walk in the yard. It was rather enjoyable to listen to the chickens chirping, dogs barking and pigs grunting. It was a relaxing country life indeed.

Veronica's house was located by the road. Within the compound, there was a small courtyard, a large yard near the main entrance and a tiny small reservoir at the side.

It was a fine autumn morning. The breeze was cool and a thin mist lingered at the water surface. Meanwhile, crystal-clear water droplets hung at the end of the branches and leaves, and soft chirping of the birds echoed in the background. It was a pleasant atmosphere that relaxed one's body and mind

Daniella, who had done her chores in the kitchen, weni to the yard. She wiped her hands on her apron as she said, "Matthew, is Veronica back? It's almost time for breakfast. Please ask that girl to come back to eat."