

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 179

*I knew it. Matthew is just another a*shole.*

“Oh, no, no, no. Even if we’re biological siblings, I still wouldn’t give the discount. I have tens of people under my employment and the decor of your wedding venue is all using the state-of-the-art imported materials. Do you know how expensive that is? You can slap me, but you cannot expect me to slap on a different price tag on all this!”

It’s three hundred million we’re talking about here. A ten percent discount already amounts to thirty million. My legs would be broken way before my stance on this matter ever breaks!

Matthew, who had a subtle smile on his handsome face, replied, “Slap you? Sure, but have you thought about whether it would be on the right or left cheek?”

“You choose. Whether it’s the right or left cheek, I’m fine with either one.”

A determined Veronica stuck her face out in front of him while she braced herself for the slap.

Looking at the petite woman with her short hair that framed her fair, flawless face with a pair of big, bright eyes and long, thick eyelashes at such a close distance, he felt that she looked just like a fluttering butterfly. Her clear innocent gaze made her look playful and adorable.

When she smiled, she looked like the pretty and innocent neighbor girl whom everybody liked. On the contrary, when she had the poker face, she would radiate a sense of femme fatale that fooled people into thinking she was aloof. All of these made him fall head over heels for her.

Although she had displayed a combination of being stand-offish and innocent, there was nothing out of the ordinary.

How could there be such a woman in this world? Matthew never thought that he would be charmed by a woman in that manner one fine day.

“Let’s quickly get this over with! Once you have slapped me, I won’t have to give you a discount,” Veronica reminded as she looked at him.

Listening to her, he laughed out loud. Then, after seeing him raise his hand, she immediately shut her eyes when she saw his hand coming.

Yet, the slap that she waited for never came. Instead, she could feel the man’s big and warm palm gently touching her cheek.

Veronica pushed him away with a frown. “Are you actually taking advantage of me right now, Matthew Kings?”

As he staggered backward, the man had a slightly cold look as he grabbed onto her elbow. Stepping back, he placed his thumb directly in front of her nose. “Have a whiff; what does it smell like?”

“Ew, it stinks. Did you poop in your hands or something?” Veronica covered her nostrils in disdain.

Matthew nodded seriously and wiped his hands with a tissue that he took out from under the desk. "I didn't go to the toilet earlier."

"Then, why does your hand stink so badly?"

"You have to ask yourself that question."

"Ask... myself?"

Veronica was caught in a daze before she subconsciously touched her face. To her surprise, it was moist.

Then, she sniffed her hand. *Oh my, it... really stinks... Is this my saliva? This is so embarrassing that I could die.*

"Hahaha, I was asleep earlier. My apologies for that, hahaha."

She quickly used a few tissue papers to wipe her face.

As she was in the midst of wiping her face, she noticed the undisguised smile on Matthew's face. With a stern face, she asked angrily, "What are you smiling at? Don't you drool while sleeping? Gosh!"

After retracting his smile, he instead answered in a low voice, "Properly wipe your face. You wouldn't want any sh*t to touch your hands."

Veronica had never thought that Matthew would use such a vulgar word.

"Get lost!"

"This was what you said."

As Matthew shrugged, he splayed out his arms and gestured, as if it didn't involve him.

An annoyed Veronica then laughed at herself.

Although women like her behaved in a tactless manner, they were a straightforward and honest person, which many people would struggle not to like.

Looking at her, Matthew only felt his heart racing. A thought crossed his mind in that instant and it made him want to embrace her there and then, but he did not dare to do so.

He remembered that when he first knew this woman, he had acted in an unscrupulous manner toward her, causing her to be deeply hurt.

She being hurt was something that he wanted to avoid seeing ever again. *So, this is what it feels like when love is so near yet so far.*

"Hello, Earth to Matthew? What are you thinking about? Did you hear me calling you?"

Veronica had already said a few things to him, but he merely stood there and stared at her in a daze.

Waving her hand in front of him, she then pushed him when there was no reaction from him.

This finally made the man regain his composure after being in deep thought. "So, has the wedding venue been fully decorated?"

"It's all done." Then, Veronica, who made an 'OK' gesture, continued, "Don't think about deducting even a single cent from the original amount."

"Okay, let's go for supper then."

"Sure, I'm famished."

After all, the person in front of her was a spendthrift even. Now that Matthew already knew that she had her own company as a wedding planner, Veronica did not dare to offend him.

Seeing as to how she would be receiving the balance of the payment tomorrow once the wedding had ended, it would be unwise of her to offend Matthew at this stage. When the two left the company, they boarded Matthew's car and left.

"What do you want to eat?" he asked.

After thinking for a while, a sly Veronica replied, "You're my VIP now, so I should be the one treating you. As you'll be married tomorrow, let's eat something simple since you should be resting earlier too."

"What's your opinion about me marrying her?"

Matthew, who was driving, hesitated for a while before suddenly asking the question.

Veronica was seated on the front passenger seat and snorted. "What does your marriage to her have to do with me? All you have to do is look after her well. I don't really have any opinion about this." *The scum marrying the tramp—what a match made in heaven.*

Her answer was something that he failed to predict, yet he thought that it was within reason.

A hint of disappointment then flashed across Matthew's face.

After a long while, he finally replied, "So, what plans do you have for the future? Are you going to leave Bloomstead?"

"Of course... Forget it. I don't think I will be leaving anytime soon, though."

Veronica originally wanted to leave the city since she no longer wanted to run into the Larsons, but now that she started her own wedding planner company, she had a sweet taste of success and wanted to continue managing it.

Although it was Matthew's wedding tomorrow, it was also a chance for her to promote her business. At that point, there would be more business opportunities for her.

The good days were coming, so why should she leave?

I'm not going to leave.

"I don't think Bloomstead suits you," Matthew uttered after a brief moment of silence.

Moments after he finished speaking, Veronica burst in rage. "Are you crazy, Matthew?"

You were the one who wanted me to come to Bloomstead and now, you're the one who wants me to leave. What? Is Bloomstead your home where you can order me to come and get lost as you wish?"

Bloody hell, does he think that just because he's rich, he can play God?

Although she was livid, he maintained his focus on the road ahead as if he did not hear what she had said.

However, if one had observed carefully, they would notice him tightly gripping the steering wheel and acting like he was holding himself back.

Ever since he was young, Matthew had always been a person with a clear target. Once he had something in his sights, he would stop at nothing to obtain that particular something.

Yet, now that he had everything, he discovered that all he wanted was... actually Veronica herself!

However, reality had a different path for him; Tiffany had saved his life once and now bore his child while his grandmother had contracted Alzheimer's and now wanted great-grandchildren.

The mounting pressure from everything didn't permit him to reject the wedding.

Since it was his responsibility, he had to honor his word.

No matter what one chose in life, one would always lose something in return.

For his case, was there even another option that he could choose from at this point?

There wasn't.

When someone was born into the Kings Family, they were expected to fulfill the part delegated to them.