

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 180

As the successor of the Kings Family, his wife had to be someone with both the looks and the background to compliment him.

This was an unwritten iron rule.

After being scolded by Veronica, Matthew did not say anything.

“Turn right in front, we’re going to Sam’s Food Stall,” Veronica said angrily.

Once the car came to a stop, they alighted and walked to the stall.

The stall was already rather empty at 1:00AM.

Now that they were seated outside, they ordered some braised vegetables and barbeque skewers along with two dozen beers and started to drink.

Matthew, who had never been to such a shabby roadside stall, would usually feel disgusted by this place.

However, for some unknown reason, he did not have such thoughts.

It was as if the person sitting in front of him had made everything perfect for him.

After opening two beers, Veronica handed one to Matthew while she was holding another one in her hand. Then, she proceeded to chug it.

“It’s boring to just drink beer. Hey, boss, I’ll have two bottles of white wine,” an unhappy Veronica said as she looked like she had been affected by Matthew’s words.

After receiving the order, the stall owner proceeded to serve them with a few bottles of white wine.

As Matthew accompanied her to drink, he thought that the alcohol tasted terrible since it had a rough taste and singed his tongue.

However, he wasn’t picky and continued to drink with Veronica in the silence.

“Matthew, do you know that you’re every bit as loathing as your fiancée? Just because you both have a bit of money and power, you guys think that you can control others as you wish.”

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A drunken man’s words were a sober man’s thoughts.

After a few mouthfuls of white wine, Veronica was pointing at Matthew as she scolded him.

The man reached out to take some green beans and took a bite before discovering that it had a decent taste and paired quite well with alcohol.

He was at a loss for words when he listened to Veronica speaking.

The barbecue skewers that they ordered arrived after a short while. Looking at the skewers that were peppered with spices, Matthew frowned and merely stared at it for a long time without touching it.

Noticing his face full of disdain, Veronica rolled her eyes. "What are you staring at? Eat it. It's not like the food is poisoned. Is it really *that* hard to make you eat it?"

Then, as she handed a lamb skewer to him, she added, "Here, try it. I promise you won't die from just a bite!"

For some reason, seeing Matthew act all high and mighty created a flame of rage inside her.

A hesitant Matthew's eyebrows were deeply furrowed as he was still unwilling to have a bite. Then, he finally took the proffered skewer and ate the meat.

At first, all he could taste was the spice. Then, after having more bites, he found that the taste was indeed something refreshing.

He now understood why so many people loved barbeque skewers as it really tasted quite okay in his opinion.

"So, is it tasty?" she asked as she tilted her head.

Matthew nodded. "It's alright."

"See, I told you so. It's not poisonous, so it's edible."

While holding a skewer with one hand and the white wine in the other hand, Veronica toasted, "Let us toast on occasion for... your happy wedding."

"Sure."

"Come, let's toast again. Since you're my brother and a wealthy man, remember to foot the bill tomorrow. Otherwise, our relationship will be considered forfeited."

"Sure."

"Why do you keep saying that? Don't you know how to have a conversation, Matthew? It's boring to talk with you."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"I want to talk about... nothing. This is so frustrating."

Some people would often chat until the conversation suddenly ended in awkward silence.

After being exasperated by Matthew, Veronica drank like there was no tomorrow.

It wasn't long before the two of them emptied all four bottles of white wine, after which she requested for more alcohol from the owner.

The two were caught in a rare moment where they were having a meal together as they sat in the slightly chilly spring night.

While being deep in thought, Matthew frequently gazed at Veronica and felt that his heart was weighed down by a rock, which made it feel heavy.

He had never felt so suffocated before.

Matthew never had a moment when he wanted to make the woman in front of him his than now.

Although he liked her a lot, he did not dare to act on his desire because he was like what Veronica said—just a scummy Casanova.

He did not want her to have an impression of him as a playboy.

Both of them drank until two in the morning where both were already in a drunken stupor then.

“Let’s head home,” Matthew said.

“We should. Otherwise, we might cause your wedding to be delayed.”

As she rose to her feet, she went to pick up the tab.

When they entered the car, he wanted to send her back home and asked, “Where do you live?”

As he did not know her home address, he thought that Veronica was only living in the office because of her heavy workload.

“At the company. Where else can I live?”

Sitting at the passenger side, Veronica mumbled with shut eyes.

“Tomorrow, I’ll ask Thomas to supervise the wedding venue, so you don’t have to worry too much. I’ll send you home to rest.”

“Send me home? Where? I don’t have a place to stay except at the company.”

She doesn’t have a place to stay?

Matthew decided in the end to bring her back to Twilight Condominium with a sunken heart.

After driving all the way to the condominium’s underground parking lot, he was about to exit the car when he saw that Veronica was already fast asleep in the passenger seat.

The man reached out to help her to unbuckle her seatbelt and carry her upstairs.

As the elevator slowly made its way up from the parking lot, he looked at the woman in his embrace. Her cheeks were slightly flushed as she was sound asleep while leaning against his chest-looking just like a tame kitten.

Ding.

Reaching the top floor, he exited the elevator before heading into his condominium unit and carrying her to the room.

However, the room in question was actually the master bedroom.

Placing her gently on the bed, she turned over as her legs rested on the bedding and continued to sleep after finding a comfortable position.

Standing at the side was Matthew, who silently looked on.

At that moment, every cell in his body was running rampant and disrupting his thoughts. As he leaned beside her, he reached out to hug her.

The woman moved for a bit before she turned to face Matthew and rested her legs on his body while snuggling against his chest. Then, she looked for a comfortable angle before sleeping again.

While hugging her, the faint flowery fragrance emanating from her caused his body temperature to rise even more as he desired her with madness.

Leaning over, he looked at her red lips before going for the kiss.

Her lips, which were so soft and sweet, were like poppy, serving to only make him more infatuated.

“Ugh... Go away...”

Veronica whined as she struggled for a bit before continuing with her sleep.

As he slowly released his embrace, Matthew touched her cheek and played with the messy hair on her forehead as he said uncontrollably, “Roni, if I were to send you to a faraway place after tomorrow, would that be okay?”

If Veronica agreed, he could ignore the world’s objections and still insisted on marrying her.

Yet, she had never once loved him.

If it was in the situation where he had forced her to marry him out of pure selfishness, Matthew could not bring himself to do that.

He did not want to see Veronica depressed.

Yet, at the same time, he could not bear this torrential abuse and emotional torture because he was afraid that he would subconsciously hurt her one day.

So, the best way was to send her away.

Matthew understood that his emotions would be out of control whenever he faced

Veronica!

“Ugh... I don’t want that...”

The woman, who was still in his embrace, actually replied as if she had heard his question.

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*D-Do you know that I might harm you one day if you stay here

Finally, he said those words that were hidden deep in the abyss. It was only when she was asleep that he had the courage to say it

“If... If Tiffany hadn’t saved me back then, if I hadn’t acted impulsively after being drunk in Castron where she fell pregnant because of that maybe, just maybe, I wouldn’t be *marrying her tomorrow.*”