

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 375-376

### Chapter 375 Feel Bad for Matthew

“Mm. I am Veronica’s friend. I am here on a trip.” Caleb was a police officer. As it was a requirement he needed to meet in order for him to solve cases, he had to be able to read commonly used sign language phrases. That was why he understood it when she first signed to him.

Oh—so you are Veronica’s friend. I heard them talking about you and the others earlier. The girl continued to sign, her smile brimming with joy.

That smile, so extraordinarily bright without any impurity, was so pure it was hard for one not to like it. He walked to her side and asked, “My name is Caleb Shaw. How should I address you?”

I am Abby Wright. She signed him a self-introduction, the smile still on her face. Right at this moment, a plump middle-age woman came stalking in their direction. Her face looked murderous as she pointed at Abby and scolded, “What are you being all wishy-washy for, Abby Wright?! Hurry up and wash these blankets!”

Caleb noticed that the woman was holding a blanket in her arms. Judging from the color alone, he could tell there were at least three blankets Abby had to wash.

It being Christmas aside, it was a freezing cold day where the temperature was more than minus 10 degrees. The villagers could only wash their clothes if they were to break the frozen ice of the reservoir.

And this middle-age woman is actually making such a young girl wash so many clothes and blankets!

Caleb, who has always been a man of few words, couldn’t help but ask, “Shouldn’t you be visiting houses during Christmas? Why are you making her do so much laundry?”

The villagers lived in self-built houses that stood alone. Everyone would usually go door-to-door to offer their wishes on Christmas every year.

In addition, there was a custom of wearing new clothes on Christmas. However, Abby’s aqua coat had probably been washed so many times the color had faded. There were also several patches on it.

Caleb didn’t know that there were still people who wore clothes like this in this time and age.

The woman proceeded to drop the blankets beside Abby before she glared at Caleb and sassed, “Busybody.”

She then pointed at Abby. “Get done with the washing quickly, you hear me?!”

Abby nodded in reply. After that, she glanced at Caleb with a look in her eyes before she lowered her head and continued to do the laundry.

He didn't say a word as he stood by smoking a cigarette while listening to the sound of water splashing as the soft mallet noisily hit the clothes.

A while later, Abby put the clothes in a big basin and started with the blankets.

However, the first blanket she washed was too thick and heavy; she couldn't even carry it after it got wet. She suddenly slipped, and she would have fallen into the water Caleb wasn't one step ahead of her.

"Be careful," he reminded her while holding her by her arm. "Are you alright?"

The girl went pale from the shock of almost falling into the water, but she soon turned around and smiled brightly at him while shaking her head.

After she put down the blanket, she signed to him. Caleb Shaw, right? Thank you, Caleb.

Her soundless greeting somehow made his heart skip a beat.

He threw the cigarette butt aside and said to her, "I'll help you with it."

It is fine. The water is too cold. She was in the middle of signing when he had rolled up his sleeves and took the wet and heavy blanket from her.

He knew the water was cold, but he only realized that it was piercingly so when he touched it himself.

Now that he was closer to her, he noticed how pitiful she was with her hands covered in chilblains and fissures.

It baffled him how there still was such a pitiful young lady in this century.

With a swoosh, Caleb wrung the blanket before putting it on the slabstone. Abby first smiled sweetly at him, and then smeared some laundry powder on the blanket before she beat it hard with the mallet. Caleb must have been standing too close when she did the chore, which was why the foam from the wash splashed all over him.

She was stunned at first, but she quickly signed. I am sorry; I didn't do that on purpose. You... She pointed at the spot he was standing a while ago. It might be better if you stood somewhere further.

He lowered his head to look at the foam all on the legs of his trousers, and he couldn't help but laugh. "It's okay."

He then stepped aside so that he wouldn't interfere with her work.

Out of his sense of responsibility as a police officer, Caleb waited for her to be done with the washing, as he was worried that she would fall from washing laundry that was too heavy for her. He was about to take his leave when he realized that the clean laundry had piled into a hill in her basin. There was no way Abby could carry the basin with her.

“Let me help you with it.”

He stepped forward to help her, only for her to put two blankets back on the slabstone, and stumbled away while carrying the basin.

Abby had to go uphill to return home from the river. Even though the path had turned icy and slippery from all the snow, she had on a pair of boots that should have prevented her from slipping.

She looked as though she was about to reach her destination when she suddenly lost her footing, and, along with her basin, slipped down all the way to where she started from.

Seeing how miserable Abby was, Caleb rushed toward her and pulled her up by the arm. “Are you okay?!” he blurted out.

Instead of looking at him, she stared at the clothes that had fallen out of the basin, which had now been stained with mud. She rather angrily and stubbornly picked up the clothes, turned around, and walked back to the slabstone by the river. She then sat down and washed them again.

Even if she didn’t speak, Caleb felt upset seeing her bring her hands up to her face to wipe away her tears from time to time.

But then again, she wasn’t the only pitiful person on earth. He couldn’t possibly have sympathy for everyone.

With his brows furrowed, he decided to head back to Veronica’s house. The ‘spectators’ had already left by the time he got there.

Matthew was still chopping wood when Veronica brought him a cup of hot tea and saw Caleb.

“Where have you been?” she asked. “I thought you were lost. I was going to go look for you.”

“I’m alright. I only went to take a walk around.”

As Caleb said that, he suddenly thought of the incident from earlier, and he pretended to casually bring it up. “I happened to see a mute girl over there.”

“Oh—you mean Abby? She is quite a pitiful girl. Her mother was often beaten up by Abby’s father after they got married. It got to the point where her mother became mentally ill. The Wright Family wanted to abandon her mother, but because her mother was pregnant with Abby at the time and the police intervened, the Wrights could only keep Abby and her mother in the family even though they were reluctant. Abby has never been able to speak from the moment she was born, and they didn’t know she was a mute until she was three years old. The Wrights were very angry about it, but they had no choice but to keep her despite how they wanted to throw her away. When her mother passed away and her father married another woman, they almost never stopped scolding her for whatever reason.”

Veronica shook her head and sighed, “What an awful life for a young girl.”

Even though her life was hard, Veronica was an outsider who had no ties with Abby. She naturally couldn't get involved in Abby's family affairs even if she wanted to.

Matthew was sweating profusely as he held his cup of hot tea. As he took slow sips of the beverage, he kept staring at Caleb with a cold gaze, and the corners of his lips looked as though they were lifted.

Caleb happened to catch that half-smile on Matthew's face, and he reacted by frowning and immediately leaving the place.

"Take a break; you have cut enough firewood to burn for a month."

Veronica couldn't help feeling guilty about this.

After all, today was Christmas. Matthew was supposed to be on a relaxing and fun trip here, but he ended up chopping wood for her family.

It just didn't sit right with her no matter what.

"It's fine." He handed her the cup. "Let me finish chopping all of this up first."

"There really is no need for you to do this, Matt—"

Veronica wanted to say something more, but the man had turned around and taken a log to put on the ground. He was about to swing the axe when he turned around and warned her, "Stand somewhere further away. It is dangerous here."

### **Chapter 376 Love Confession to Matthew**

Veronica took a few steps back and quietly watched the noble and otherworldly man chopping wood like a normal human being. Still, the noble temperament he had was not one that ordinary people would have.

She was slightly moved out of nowhere as she looked at him. This was a man who was willing to do anything, even sacrifice himself to save her. He had even humbled himself by doing chores at her house.

Veronica didn't even know what reason she had for her to keep refusing him despite how she really felt for him. Especially at that time in the kitchen when Matthew said that he would give her one billion and ten villas as bridewealth. And if he cheated in their marriage, he would take none of the possessions and leave everything to her.

Although these words might not come true, it was still unimaginable for him to want to give a staggering one billion in bridewealth.

Veronica didn't have her head in the clouds that she would think that she was worth one billion. "Matthew?" she called out.

The man immediately stopped doing his work and put the sharp end of the axe on the ground. He rested one arm on the handle of the axe, and placed the other hands on his hip as he looked back at her. "What's wrong?" he asked, so tired he had beads of sweat on his skin.

Seeing his flushed face and the fine sweat glistening on his forehead, Veronica stepped forward and took out a tissue from her pocket, thereafter gently wiping the sweat from his forehead.

The sudden move surprised the man, and with a smile on his face, he hummed, "Are you worried for me, Roni?"

He seemed to be enjoying this moment a lot.

She pursed her lips as she grabbed the tissue tight while she stared intently at the man who was right in front of her with her bright eyes. She was even more moved when she saw how his chest tiredly rose and fell from him chopping wood.

"Matthew, let's... let's date."

Wouldn't it be a pity not to cherish a man who was willing to let go of everything in order to be with her?

As soon as Veronica said that, the smile on Matthew's face suddenly disappeared.

His sharp, straight eyebrows pulled together then, and his eyes suddenly became clear. "You... Are you serious?"

"What is the matter? Do you not want to?"

She was puzzled to no end.

She didn't understand his reaction and expression after she agreed to be together with him.

"What? Of course I want to. It is just that..." Matthew paused and dragged his voice.

"What is it?"

"You cannot go back on your words after you promise me." The man reached out and pinched her delicate cheek. "Think about it properly."

Veronica pursed her red lips and nodded with a knowing smile. "Mhm. I won't regret my decision."

Only then did Matthew's handsome face beam as a smile appeared. Throwing the axe aside out of joy, he engulfed her in one big hug.

He was overwhelmed by emotions as he soon released her, and he planted a kiss on her lips.

The kiss was hot and passionate, but after recalling that they were at her home, he immediately let go of her.

“But... when can we get married?” After saying that, Matthew suddenly remembered their previous agreement. He then said again, “A hidden marriage isn’t a bad idea.”

“We can talk about that next time.”

Veronica stood on her tiptoes and lightly kissed him on the lips. She then turned around and was about to leave when she realized Hendrey, Skyler, and Miguel were standing in the doorway and staring intently at her and Matthew.

Her face instantly turned red.

What the hell? she thought, flustered.

The one time she took the initiative to confess had actually been witnessed by the lot of them.

Since when have I lowered my guard so much?

“Tsk! This is overstepping the line. It is too early to be sticking to each other.”

“Isn’t that right? Matthew somehow won her over with his unexpected behavior.”

“Veronica, have you really thought it through?”

Skyler, Miguel, and Hendrey all spoke one after the other.

Matthew’s friends would naturally be happy for him, but Hendrey’s heart quickly sank to his stomach. “Go on and have fun, you guys. I will decide with my mother what kind of yummy food we will prepare for your lunch.”

After Veronica blabbered about that, she immediately slipped into the yard.

Matthew couldn’t help but laugh when he saw her scampering away due to embarrassment.

After a while, he looked back. Pushing the axe out of the ground with the tip of his shoe, he continued to chop wood after grabbing onto it.

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At this time, Caleb had just returned from an unplanned drive to town to buy a small box of chilblain cream.

When he arrived at Veronica’s house, Miguel and the others were standing by the door while chatting.

Finally seeing Caleb, Skyler started interrogating his friend, “Where have you been the whole morning, Caleb?”

“Around.”

Caleb didn't walk into the house and instead, he stood on the side of the road as he took out his phone. "I will go make a call."

His 'call' somehow brought him away from the entrance of Veronica's house.

With the chilblain cream in his hand, he went around her house and headed to the river again.

Only this time, Abby was nowhere to be seen.

He went up the small hill and walked a distance, where he saw several houses along the way. However, he didn't know which one Abby lived in.

He eventually stopped walking and stood on the spot. As he looked down at the box in his hand, he couldn't help but let out a resigned smile.

This was the first time he did something silly like this for a young lady he didn't even know.

It was probably due to his sense of justice as a police officer that he couldn't bear seeing pitiful people.

Not wanting to spend more time looking for her, Caleb turned around and left.

Unexpectedly, just after taking two steps, he suddenly heard the sound of someone crying.

As soon as he heard the voice, his expression turned cold and he turned around immediately to go in the direction the sound came from.

As he reached a house in the east of the village, Caleb saw as he stood by the door that the cruel-looking middle-aged woman from earlier was brutally whipping a girl's legs with a thin bamboo stick.

And the girl, who was kneeling on the ground, did not dare to escape.

"Where did this courage come from, huh? I only wanted you to cook lunch, but you are telling me that your hand hurts? Are you trying to piss me off? I raised you, you useless thing! But what else have you done other than being lazy?!"

The woman pressed one hand on her hip and held a bamboo stick in the other. She then deliberately aimed at the girl's hands as she gave it another good whip. "Didn't you say that your hands hurt? I will show you what it means to 'hurt'. It won't feel painful anymore after I hit you a few times."

Ah—don't hit me. Abby sobbed while signing. I was wrong... I will cook...

"Stop it!" Caleb yelled angrily as he stepped inside. "What the hell are you doing?!"

Upon hearing him, the middle-aged woman and Abby both looked over at him.

Abby's eyes were red and brimming with tears. That tender gaze her eyes held made her look so pitiful that anyone's heart would break upon seeing that.

The woman, on the other hand, pointed at him with the stick. "Who are you to stick your nose into our family affairs?"

Caleb stood up straight and said solemnly, "This is domestic violence. Anyone has the right to 'stick their nose' into this."

"You are a friend of the lady from the Murphy Family, aren't you? Hmph! You are the same as them. You both have nothing better to do than meddle in someone else's business. If it wasn't for Veronica Murphy and her parents, this stupid girl here would have been married. I am sick of nosy people like you. Get out!"

Caleb could easily tell how much the woman despised Abby from her words alone.

And the young lady looks like she isn't even 18 years old yet! What is this marriage talk about?!

He proceeded to take out the police badge he carried with him. "I am a policeman. Do you still think I shouldn't bother myself with this?" he asked.

"You... you are a policeman?"

The woman took a look at the badge he took out, and her arrogance disappeared instantly. With her lips pursed, she looked embarrassed as she smiled and explained, "I was only teaching my girl because she was disobedient."