

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 4

Chapter 4

"N-No, it's not necessary." The reward of 100 million was tempting, of course, but it was Matthew that Tiffany really had her eye on. She shook her head with a gentle smile, saying, "Even if it was someone else who was in danger that day, I would've saved them as well. And besides, no one would just watch from the sidelines and do nothing in that kind of situation." Matthew replied, "If you don't want the compensation, you can tell your father to contact my personal secretary directly. I'll give preference to the Floch Group when it comes to my company's projects." The Floch Group was the company owned by Tiffany's father. A polite smile crossed Tiffany's pretty, lightly made-up face. "Thanks for your kindness, Young Master Matthew, but it really isn't necessary." As soon as she finished her sentence, however, Matthew's cell phone suddenly rang. "Excuse me, I've got a call to answer." He picked up the phone and noticed that it was an incoming call from Thomas, his personal secretary. He asked, "What's the matter?" "Sorry for my incompetence, Young Master Matthew. I didn't get to do what you'd asked of me. Old Mrs. Kings has taken Miss Murphy back to the Kings Residence," replied Thomas, who then told Matthew everything that had happened over the phone. "Why would Grandma be there all of a sudden?" "I don't know about that either." Thomas also wondered how come Elizabeth would be so well-informed. At the thought of this, he immediately added, "But judging from what she said, it seems like she wants you to marry Miss Murphy." Matthew frowned slightly at Thomas' words. He replied coldly, "That's wishful thinking." Then, he hung up and stared thoughtfully at his phone's screen. On the other hand, Tiffany couldn't stop her heart from beating fast at the sight of Matthew's handsome face as she sat across from him. It took forever to calm her fluttering heart. Before she came here, Rachel had reminded her again and again to play hard to get with Matthew to arouse the man's interest. Keeping Rachel's advice in mind, she took the opportunity and said, "Young Master Matthew, I'm pleased to see that you're safe and sound." "Pleased?" "Yeah." Tiffany nodded slightly while acting like an innocent and naive young lady. "Actually, whenever I help somebody, I'll feel a little pleased." She sounded as though she liked helping people and had done so many times. In Bloomstead's upper-class circle, Tiffany was the No. 1 beauty commended by everyone for both her beauty and her talent. Even though the Larson Family was ranked at the bottom of the list of top businessmen and prominent figures in Bloomstead, Tiffany's own charisma had brought a lot of business to the family. Just then, the waiter knocked on the door and began to serve the food. Tiffany said, "Let's dig in, Young Master Matthew. I'm really sorry, but I've got to go to the orphanage on the outskirts at 1:30PM. If I'm late, the kids there will be upset." God only knew that in order to build a wonderful image for Tiffany, her parents didn't only force her into learning miscellaneous things at an early age but also had her do more charity work to create a perfect image for herself. This time, though, Tiffany only said she was going to the orphanage in order to show Matthew her "virtues" while playing hard to get. Undeniably, Tiffany was a "fine" lady, but Matthew couldn't help feeling that the woman before him wasn't as simple as she seemed. Suddenly recalling what Thomas had said just now, he asked right away, "Miss Larson, since you're so interested in helping others, I wonder if you can do me another favor." "Huh? What is it?" "Could you pose as my girlfriend?" "Girlfriend?" Tiffany's heart thumped wildly; she was overwhelmed by the unexpected surprise. *Seems like Mom's advice of*

playing hard to get really works! Swallowing a mouthful of saliva, she held her spoon and fork with fair hands for a few seconds before putting them down. Then, she asked a little crossly, "What do you mean, Young Master Matthew?" Matthew replied, "My family has arranged a marriage for me, but I don't like it, so I'd like to have you pose as my girlfriend for a while. You may ask for whatever you want when it's done." "Why me?" Tiffany asked with feigned composure while suppressing her excitement. The man cast a sidelong glance at her indifferently. "You can turn me down too," he said impassively. "I..." Tiffany hesitated. In the end, she couldn't hold herself back. "Well, now that you've said so, Young Master Matthew, how can I turn you down?" She dreamed of becoming Matthew's wife. Now that she had an opportunity to stand beside him, she feared that she wouldn't have another opportunity if she turned him down. Unbeknownst to her, the instant she agreed to Matthew's request, the man's thin lips curved up into a barely noticeable smirk. *As expected, she's no different from those women who have thrown themselves at me,* he thought. He even wondered whether Tiffany saving him that day was a sheer coincidence or a meticulously planned scheme.