

# Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 519-522

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 519 Matthew Is Dead

“I’ll say it one last time. I’ll kill you if you don’t let Matthew go!” Veronica said that in Chinese loud and clear to send the message across to Antheena. As expected, Antheena was unnerved when she heard that. “What are you trying to do, Veronica?”

Veronica’s red lips curved up into a smirk, and she whispered to Xavier, “It’s your choice if you want to die, but I don’t want Matthew to be hurt.”

Afterward, she looked at Antheena, who wasn’t far and ordered loudly, “Xavier has Matthew hidden somewhere. I’ll give you 30 minutes, Antheena. If you can’t give Matthew back, then be prepared to collect his dead body!”

As they were both women, Veronica could feel how deeply Antheena loved Xavier. So, Antheena would never allow Xavier to die on her watch.

Xavier was taken aback by Veronica's tactics. He did not expect her to become so bright and calculative in just half a year that he had not seen her. However, she only had Matthew in her heart. There was no place for him there.

"Move!" she instructed as she grabbed his shoulders, pressed the cold muzzle against the back of his head, and took him with her. Thomas and the other bodyguards stood around, prepared to take action if anything went wrong.

Antheena stood opposite them, fuming as she watched Veronica taking Xavier away. She could only order her subordinates, "Go. I want everyone looking for Matthew."

"Yes, Young Mistress." They answered, got in the car, and drove off to look for him.

On the other side, Veronica got Xavier into the car. When Thomas opened the car door for Xavier to get in, Xavier looked meaningfully at the northwest corner of the square.

As he expected, that small action caught Veronica's attention, and she looked over thoughtfully with furrowed brows.

When she looked in that direction, she was just in time to catch Xavier, who was entering the car, using his right hand to click on something on his left wrist.

"Wait!" she yelled as she grabbed his left wrist and pushed up the sleeve to see his digital watch in a countdown.

She shuddered as her heart leaped to her throat. The watch was counting down from six minutes.

No, it was now 5 minutes 54 seconds!

“Xavier!” She snarled through gritted teeth as her other hand holding the gun trembled.

Nevertheless, he only gave her a malicious sneer. “Kill me. I’m happy enough to know that he’ll be with me in hell.”

“You f\*cking snake,” Veronica cursed and swung the gun’s handle at the back of his head with great force.

With just one hit, Xavier was out like a light and fell to the ground unconscious.

“Thomas, search the area! Matthew is around there,” she said and sprinted toward the northwest corner while setting up the timer on her phone.

Thomas, who was beside them, knew what had transpired and immediately understood the situation. “Tie him up.” He pointed at Xavier and ordered his subordinates, then added, “You lot guard him, and the rest join the search.”

By this time, Antheena had already ordered her people to leave and look for Matthew. As everyone left, she sat alone in the car and stared at the vehicle that held Xavier captive.

Veronica bolted across the square with all her might.

The port’s cool wind whizzed past her ear and blew on her face, but her heart sank to her stomach, and she only felt the bone-chilling cold.

Matthew, you can't die. You can't die! She chanted in her mind while shouting, "Matthew! Matthew!"

Her intuition was telling her that he was nearby.

So she ran to the northwest corner and saw many containers lined up. She whizzed between them in the narrow pathway and kept yelling for Matthew desperately, "Where are you, Matthew? Answer me if you hear me!"

She kept screaming his name, and eventually, her voice even showed that she was close to losing her mind.

The strong-willed Veronica had never been so anxious about a person up until now.

She switched on the torchlight function on her phone and looked around in a frenzy with the beam of light as her guide. She kept glancing at the phone's timer as the countdown continued.

Around her were Thomas' men, who were also calling out Matthew's name.

They had been searching for a few minutes but still could not locate him. Veronica was at her wit's ends despite expending a large amount of energy running around trying to find him.

She was stunned as she saw the last row of containers after looking for so long to no avail.

She stumbled dazedly. "How could this be?"

She trembled like a leaf and phoned Thomas immediately, but she was so nervous that she clicked on the wrong number.

She didn't waste time as she hung up the phone, looked for Thomas' number again, and dialed. He picked up in seconds. "Miss Murphy?"

“Wake Xavier up. Ask... Ask him where Matthew is. Quick. Go now!”

“Okay. Alright. I’m going now.” He didn’t dare delay and went immediately.

She leaned weakly against the railing on the square’s edge as her heart hammered in her chest. Behind her was the port while the sounds of the waves crashing and the cries of seagulls echoed in her ears.

She regretted knocking out Xavier just now. She was confident Matthew would be here, but now she had missed the golden opportunity to save him.

If she had interrogated Xavier more, maybe he would reveal Matthew’s whereabouts.

Veronica wholly regretted her rash actions as she sunk into self-deprecation.

Yet, she knew all too well that Xavier would rather die than tell her where he hid Matthew.

She was chilled to the bone as devastation overwhelmed her till she could feel her hair stand on end.

It was unclear if the sea was too cold or for a different reason, but she couldn’t stop her body from shaking like a leaf.

If Matthew died today, she would never forgive herself as long as she lived.

The containers on the square’s corner were all piled up, blocking the light. Veronica slumped on the floor in the dark and looked at the watch’s timer. She only had 58 seconds left.

She tightened her grip on her phone and watched with wide eyes as the seconds ticked by. That feeling of knowing that the person you love the most is going to die and you were helpless tormented her to no end.

A tear dropped from the corner of her eyes. She couldn't tell if it was the harsh wind blowing against her face or her utter desolate state.

She slowly closed her eyes, leaned against the railing behind her, and took a few deep breaths before snapping them open.

At this very moment, she glimpsed something out of the corner of her eye. It was a tower crane set up on the sea. As the tower crane was very far and tall, she had missed it earlier while looking through the containers.

She frowned deeply as she quickly rose to her feet and stared at the tower crane. She had a suspicion that Matthew was there, but it was so far. Would she stand a chance?

As she gazed at the timer on her phone for a final time, she saw the screen light up and display the time. It was at 5 minutes 13 seconds.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 520 I Must See Him Even if I Die

When Veronica clicked on the timer, 30 seconds had already passed. This meant that she only had 17 seconds left. She knew right then that there was nothing left she could do.

As she raised her gaze to the crane, she stared at it as tears blurred her vision. Finally, she sobbed as she murmured, "Matt, I owe you this life."

At her last syllable, a bright light emitted from within the tower crane, and a loud explosion followed. The fire lit up the night sky, and she watched helplessly as the front end of the tower crane fell and plummeted into the sea.

Even though it was a port, the crane was set up a few hundred meters away for some construction. So, the water was deep enough to absorb the impact.

“Matthew. Matthew. Matthew.” She chanted his name under her breath and didn’t even realize it when her phone dropped to the floor.

All of a sudden, she rushed to the edge like a madwoman and jumped over the railing with a hand on it for support. Then, she didn’t miss a beat as she dived into the sea.

The sea was utterly freezing this late at night. Despite this, she plunged into the water as the waves swallowed and brought her under.

She tried hard to swim up to sea level. Once she managed to fight against the current pulling her under, she swam toward the tower crane as it burned.

After she swam for a long time, she continued swimming as though 'exhaustion' wasn't something that existed in her dictionary. She only wanted to reach the spot the tower crane had fallen as soon as she could.

Even if Matthew died, she needed to see it to believe it.

Waves crashed against her as if trying to deter her from swimming forward and pushing her back.

Nonetheless, she only had one thought in her mind: to see Matthew, even if it was to find his scattered belongings. Suffice to say, she had given up any sliver of hope of seeing him alive at this point.

As anguish fueled her, she had unknowingly swam about 300 meters.

On the square, everyone heard the explosion and came to the edge, ready to investigate.

At this very moment, a person suddenly popped up from under the water.

"There's someone there. Go check it out," a person ordered as the rest quickly ran over. It was Matthew.

"It's Young Master Matthew. Quick, help him."

"Pull him up!"

"Young Master Matthew, are you alright?"

The few leaned on the railing and reached out with their hands to pull Matthew up to land.

Once he caught his breath, he stood outside the railing and jumped over it. Then, he took another deep breath as he swept his short black hair back. "Where's Xavier?"

"He's still in the car, Young Master Matthew," a bodyguard promptly answered.

Wrath engulfed Matthew as he strode toward the direction the bodyguard pointed at. It was about 200 meters from where he stood to the parked car.

Before they could get close to the car, two gunshots were heard, and they saw a car drift and stop beside another sedan.

Then, the sedan's door opened, and Xavier jumped into Antheena's car at lightning speed.

"S\*it! Xavier got away," the bodyguard beside him shouted.

Matthew's dark brows furrowed and his oppressive aura emerged mixed with hostility and ruthlessness.

He raised his hand and extended them to the side. The bodyguard beside him instantly gave him a gun. Matthew aimed a few shots at the sedan, but the car was fast and too far away from him. Therefore, the bullets only damaged the car's windows and did not stop it in the slightest.

"After him!" he ordered as his men rushed into their vehicles.

At that moment, Thomas came running in from the left. "Young Master Matthew? Are you alright?"

Thomas had been scouring the area and almost ran out of the square, for he feared he missed a spot until he received his subordinate's call that Matthew had returned safely. So, he returned immediately.

Anger swept across Matthew's handsome face as he glanced coldly at Thomas. "Good for nothing! You can't even watch over a person."

"Huh?" A stunned Thomas didn't understand what was happening.

A bodyguard beside him told him. "Xavier got away."

"He got away?" Thomas' eyes widened, and he ran toward the car. But after a few steps, he stopped and looked back at the rest of his colleagues to ask, "Where's Miss Murphy?"

"Roni's here?" Matthew heard Thomas and forgot about Xavier completely.

Then, one person squeezed through the bodyguards and answered Thomas, "After we heard the explosion, a person jumped into the water, but I didn't see who it was."

Thomas looked Matthew in the eye and suggested hesitantly, "Could it be... Miss Murphy?"

It was not just Veronica but Thomas was also ready to jump into the sea when he heard the explosion. Still, he was too far away and soon received a call informing him of Matthew's safety far before he reached the edge of the sea.

"F\*ck!" he cursed as he threw the gun to the bodyguard beside him and sprinted toward the sea. Then, he jumped in without hesitation.

As Thomas saw what had transpired, he started delegating tasks to the rest of the men, "Those who are strong swimmers. Get in there." At his order, quite a few of them also jumped into the sea.

Matthew swam from the shore to the tower crane and searched for her, shouting, "Veronica? Veronica!"

He was not alone, though, as the other bodyguards swam over and searched for her. Unfortunately, they did not find her despite searching for a long time.

After being in the water for a long time, some were at their limit and returned to shore. The dozen or so people in the search had dwindled to just a few.

Time ticked past, and soon half an hour had passed, but there were still no signs of Veronica.

Thomas swam up to Matthew and shook his head. "We still don't see her, Young Master Matthew. Could she—"

"Shut up! No matter what, I want to see her, alive or dead. Search!" Matthew growled angrily and continued yelling her name.

He knew that she was a good swimmer. So, nothing could happen to her.

As worry and anger filled him, he punched the tower crane's metal pillar. Suddenly, he frowned and looked up at the tower crane. His eyes glinted as her possible location formed in his head.

So, he used the tower crane's ladder and climbed up. The tower crane was tall despite part of its structure submerged in the sea. There were still a hundred meters of it above the water.

Matthew swiftly scaled all the way up to the operator's cab and vaguely saw a person sitting inside through the glass window. His heart, caught in his throat, finally settled as the tension left his body. His body swayed a little due to the sudden loss of worry plaguing his mind.

Still in the water, Thomas watched Matthew ascend the crane and didn't return after a while. So, he instantly figured out that Veronica was right there. "Let's go. She's found," he instructed the men, and they all returned to shore.

On the tower crane, Matthew pulled open the door of the operator's cab and walked in before he closed it.

In the dark, Veronica sat on the chair, her head buried in her curled-up legs. She sat there unmoving and utterly silent.

Yet, when he entered, he faintly heard some sniffing.

She knew someone was there, but she assumed it was Thomas who had found her.

### **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 521 He Is Actually Alive**

After all, she had heard them calling out to her from beneath, but she was too tired and depressed to say anything as she was overwhelmed by the news of Matthew's death.

"Please leave. I need some time alone." All Veronica wanted was to be alone as she was still in agony and didn't want anyone to be near her. The sobbing and trembling in her voice were heartbreaking for Matthew to hear.

As he heard her cry, his hands couldn't help but twitch as he stood by the side, wanting to hold her in his arms. Then, he opened his mouth and called her, "Roni." His tone was gentle and yearning as he called her by her name.

Veronica stiffened when she heard his voice and was stunned momentarily; she was afraid that it was just her imagination. Then, she turned sharply to look at the person beside her.





The night was dark, and she couldn't clearly see the person inside the operator cab of the tower crane. "Is it you?" she asked hesitantly as she wouldn't want to be stirred awake if it was only just an illusion or a dream.

Matthew sensed her nervousness, so he stepped forward and hugged Veronica, who was sitting in the operator's seat. "Silly girl, who else can it be other than me? How can you ask such a silly question?"

As he hugged her, she felt that he was drenched. She leaned against him and asked again, "Is it... Is it really you?"

She could have sworn that she saw the front of the tower crane explode. How could he still be alive?

Veronica didn't dare to believe all of this and raised her hand to squeeze him. It was all too real—the touch and his rock-hard abs.

Her eyelashes fluttered several times in the dark before realization set in, and she burst into tears almost immediately after. It was more heartbreaking to listen to her cries than when she held back her emotions and wept alone. At that instant, she stood up and hugged Matthew by his neck, pulling him close to her. "Sobs... You scared me. Do you know how worried I was? Sobs... I thought you were dead. Have you ever thought that I would be in pain for the rest of my life if I were the reason for your death?" she cried and pushed Matthew away, hitting him ruthlessly on his chest to vent her emotions. "Why did you have to hide everything from me?"

Veronica wailed as if her feelings tore her body and soul. It had been years since she had ever been in such a state; maybe it was because nobody could feel the angst and despair she had just experienced.

The reason Matthew came to Castron was because of her. If she was the reason for his death, she couldn't imagine the torment and guilt she would live with for the rest of her life, as every day would be a living hell for her. She even had the thought of killing Xavier to avenge him and taking her own life once everything was over.

Just as this extreme thought flashed across her mind, he appeared like an angel from the sky, calling her 'silly girl' and 'Roni' as if nothing had happened. This rollercoaster of emotions he had put her through made her feel utterly out of her element.

"I'm sorry," Matthew said as he stood there, allowing her to hit him endlessly, but the punches she rained on him were light. Despite being upset with him, it was as though she still couldn't bear to inflict any pain on him.

"You can't fix anything with sorry!" she shouted.

Her words made him purse his lips into a thin line. He couldn't see Veronica's expression in the dark and could only determine her emotions and expressions by the sound of her trembling voice. Therefore, when he heard her cries, his heart shattered into pieces.

"I promise that from now on..." He paused before continuing, "I will discuss everything with you."

If there had been a dim light, Veronica would see his red-rimmed eyes and the distress on his face. But, the only thing she could only hear was him gulping as it was completely dark inside the operator cab. The next minute, he pulled her into his embrace and hugged her tightly as if she would leave when he released his grip.

Veronica leaned into his embrace greedily as she closed her eyes and hugged him back, still feeling shaken by today's events.

They stood there for a long time without moving; both remained silent as they tried to calm the storm of emotions in their heart.

To Veronica, this was the peace she had never had.

Rumble. Suddenly, her stomach growled, destroying the peaceful atmosphere as it echoed in their ears.

"Are you hungry? Let's go. I'll take you somewhere to eat." Matthew had a faint smile on his face. But, she didn't let go of him and asked, "Can I ask how you escaped the explosion?"

"If I couldn't solve such a matter, how would I be able to live until now?" His words meant that he had made countless enemies from the years he was doing business; it was a regular thing for them to plot against him. So if he couldn't resolve this matter, how would he be able to stand at the top of his game?

"You..." Although she wanted to ask further questions, she had already known a fair amount of it when she was at Crayson's place, and there was no need to dig deeper for now. So, she decided she could ask the rest of the questions when they returned home. "Forget it. I'm hungry. Let's eat first."

"Okay."

When the two came down from the tower crane, Thomas had already ordered his men to wait for them with a submarine underneath. After they were successfully taken back to the shore, he drove them back to another villa. The moment Destiny saw that Veronica was safe and sound, she also dismissed her subordinates and returned home.

This was Matthew's villa. Although it was empty for a long time, servants still cleaned this place. He held Veronica's hand and guided her to the bedroom on the second floor before closing the door. Finally, he took a good look at her and noticed she was still drenched. Thus, Matthew ruffled her hair as his heart ached at the sight. "Hurry up, take a bath, or you might catch a cold."

"Oka—Achoo!" After she sneezed, she shivered and quickly rushed into the bathroom to take a hot shower.

It only took minutes before she was done showering as if she couldn't wait to sit beside Matthew to talk to him and look at him. There were so many questions she wanted to ask. Nonetheless, once she was finished with her shower, she realized that she didn't have any clothes to change into! There were only two towels hanging by the side.

Veronica couldn't help but pout as she wrapped herself in a towel and walked out of the bathroom with flip-flops. Finally, she called Matthew, who was standing by the balcony. "I didn't bring any... How did you bathe so quickly?"

Once she stepped out of the bathroom, he entered the room and closed the balcony door behind him as he went. As he walked closer to her, Veronica realized he was in an all-black casual outfit. His wet hair had become dry and fluffy after being blow-dried; he was back to his handsome self.

"I used the bathroom next door." Matthew smiled. Then, as he focused on the bruises on her face, he gently placed his hand by her cheek and rubbed it softly with his thumb. "Does it hurt?" he asked.

"It's fine." Veronica shook her head. In reality, she wanted to say that it hurt. But she knew that no matter how painful it was, it was nothing compared to the suffering when she learned that he had 'died'. The agony was so unbearable that it seeped through her bone and whole body. It was more gut-wrenching than death itself.

"Here, I'll dry your hair."

He held her hand tenderly and led her to the dressing table. Finally, he took a blow dryer from the drawers and began to blow dry her hair. As she sat by the dressing table, she was quiet as she stared intently at the reflection of Matthew in the mirror without averting her gaze for even a single second.

### **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 522 Little Temptress**

Even though the blow dryer's noise was rather loud, Veronica's mood was utterly unaffected. If anything, she thought the current situation was delightful.

In comparison to 30 minutes ago, when she felt a gut-wrenching heartache, this moment was so sweet that she thought that she might be dreaming.



Every stroke he made through her hair was filled with tenderness as he gently held her hair with one hand and gripped the blow dryer with the other. Only then did Matthew realize that her hair was black, straight, and there was so much of it.

After he was finally done with her hair, he started on her bangs. When he was finished, he combed her hair gently after switching off the blow dryer and setting it aside.

Then, he leaned toward her ear and said, "My dear, you're gorgeous." He placed one hand on her shoulder and the other on her head to softly caress it.

Veronica pursed her lips and smiled; her lovely cheeks were slightly flushed as she said, "I would turn conceited if you keep praising me like this." "You should be."

As he spoke, he placed one palm on her cheek to turn her face and kissed her. The kiss was rather sudden. However, no one knew that Matthew had restrained himself from doing so for a terribly long time.

Veronica gradually immersed herself under his tender and affectionate kiss as her breathing became erratic.

The man wrapped his arms around her waist, led her to her feet, and turned her around. Then, he swiftly yet carefully pushed her down onto the bed and pulled the quilt over her.

Veronica was only in a bathrobe, so as she fell, the robe came undone, which showed her slender figure. "Are you that impatient?" Matthew teased as he slightly raised his brow and flicked the tip of her nose. "Go away. I'm not. It's clear that you didn't prepare clothes for me."

Her cheeks were flaming at this point. "It's not like you haven't done this before. Why are you still so shy?" Her adorable expression tickled his heart. "I'm not as shameless as you."

"I'm only shameless to you."

Matthew gave her another kiss as those words fell from his lips. This particular night, the two spent a wholly passionate yet wild night together. Nevertheless, Matthew stopped being proactive and started to become relatively passive after an hour.

Thus, Veronica took the opportunity to strike, allowing him to witness the other side of her. "I didn't know you are such a tormenting little tempter." "Do you not like it?"

"I love it. I can't ask for more." He smiled contentedly. Veronica, who had been doing it for some time, collapsed and said, "I'm so tired... I don't want it anymore." "You just played with fire, and now you want to back out?"

“This isn’t up to you,” Matthew teased as he spanked her lightly.

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The two drove each other mad till 3.00AM before they decided to call it a night. Veronica eventually woke up around noon, utterly grumpy and ravenous.

She stretched out after opening her eyes, only to discover that Matthew was lying beside her. But, he wasn’t asleep as he was working on his laptop situated on his lap.

She flipped to the side and looked at the charming man before her.

He closed the computer and said to her before she could respond, “The chef has prepared lunch, so we’re just waiting for you.”

“I don’t want to get up.”

Veronica, who was in bed, reached out with her arms to hug his waist and rubbed her cheek against her waist like a lazy kitten.

“Then, I’ll have someone bring it up.”

“Forget it. I don’t want to cause a fuss. I’ll get up.”

When she was about to get up, he remained unmoving, so she couldn’t help but say, “Go outside. I’m going to get dressed.”

“I’ve seen it all. There’s no need to be shy.”

“I’m... not used to it yet.”

She pulled the quilt tightly over herself, exposing her little head and raven-black hair strewn across the pillow. Her cheeks were visible, and they were as fair as a porcelain doll. Coupled with her pouty red lips and pearly whites, she made an unbearably enchanting figure.

Each and every action of hers tugged at Matthew’s heartstrings.

He almost couldn’t restrain himself from wanting more, but when he thought she was hungry since she was in the cockpit of the tower crane in the early morning, it would be taking things a little too far.

“I’ll wait for you outside.”

Then, the man proceeded to lift the quilt as he wore his flip-flops and left the room.

When did he wear his clothes? Veronica thought curiously as she peered at his back.

Grumble—

Her stomach made sounds of protests yet again.

Veronica’s stomach was in pain from hunger, so she immediately scrambled off the bed and put on the clothes that Matthew had laid out. Then, she headed downstairs after using the restroom for a quick wash.

Just when she was walking down, a delicious smell assailed her senses.

She instantly quickened her pace and just about ran to the dining room. “What delectable meal did they prepare?”

“It’s all your favorites.”

When he saw her approaching from where he was standing in the dining area, Matthew moved forward to meet her. He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the forehead.

“Go away. I’m starving,” Veronica said, exasperated as she pushed him to the side.

He initially wanted to pull the chair for Veronica, but that brat shoved him away and marched right to the dining room. As soon as she sat down, she didn’t even bother waiting for him as she began devouring her food with relish.

She appeared as if she had gone more than three days without eating.

Of course, Matthew didn’t mind her rudeness. On the contrary, he was actually rather heartbroken.

What happened the day before was beyond his expectations, and he didn’t anticipate Veronica to take on so much for him.

She dove into the sea by herself and swam a couple of hundred meters but showed no signs of fear.

In the face of Xavier, she was brave, fearless, and ruthless.

Despite Matthew hearing about all of these from Thomas during his report, he could still feel the tension and anxiety that she must have gone through.

Matthew secretly sighed, thinking just how lucky he was to be able to meet such an individual in this life.

“Slow down. No one is snatching your food,” he admonished her lightly as he approached her. Then, once he was seated, he started piling up more food on her plate.

“I’m starving to death. I didn’t eat much yesterday and spent the entire night working.”

Veronica refuted as she chewed her food.

“I understand, but slow down, or you’ll choke.”

Matthew placed his cutlery down and reached out to peel a shrimp for her.

Veronica’s hunger was gradually satiated as she continued to eat. Then, when she slowed down her pace, she urged, “You should eat too.”

She served him a piece of meat and regarded Matthew. “You got skinnier.”

“I’m the same. It’s you who should eat more.”

“You wouldn’t be able to carry me if I overate.”

“It only indicates that the man is useless if he can’t carry his own woman.”

Veronica grinned widely. “You never spoke like this before.”

She suddenly stopped smiling and stated solemnly, “Matthew, listen carefully. If you hide anything from me again, I will never forgive you. You promised me that you would discuss everything with me in the future. I want us to be honest with each other, to go through all those trials and tribulations together. You shouldn’t make all the decisions for me without even consulting me, especially when these decisions involve me.”

“Do you understand?”

While he ate his food slowly, the man nodded and said, “Yeah.”

It was a rather perfunctory answer.

“You...”

Initially, Veronica was somewhat incensed when she saw that he wasn't taking her seriously. Regardless, after she reflected on what had happened recently, she realized that he had done so much for her and that she couldn't bear to force the matter now.

“So, are you still reluctant to tell me the truth?”

Veronica wiped her lips after finishing the last bit of food on her plate, kept it away, and looked at him expectantly.