

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 61

However, Veronica had received a punch when she was in the car. It had been a heavy punch that had felt so painful that she couldn't return to her senses even after a long time.

As Saint Hospital was located in a remote area, there weren't many cars around. Hence, Veronica had had no choice but to get into Yvonne's car when she happened to bump into her, to avoid being caught up by those people.

Truth was, Veronica had been afraid that the Larson Family would send people with guns to chase after her.

She probably would be lucky enough to avoid one or two gunshots but no matter how fast she was, she couldn't possibly guarantee that she could avoid every single shot when she was surrounded by bullets.

Besides, during the night when the fire had happened, although she had hidden in the bathroom, she had deliberately let the fire burn her arm, the back of her foot and something she held rather dear-her long hair.

The bathroom was connected to the underground sewers. She could have escaped, but she had purposely waited for rescue so that she could escalate the issue.

Only when the matter was escalated would she get the chance to push the Larson Family into the limelight.

Nonetheless, Veronica had never expected Yvonne to be another ‘troublesome person’ as well; it was a pure miscalculation on her part,

When they exited the room, Veronica glanced around and thought that they might be at the storage area located at the bottom of the ship.

The two of them dashed to the end of the hallway and took a look at the floor plan posted on the staircase wall before Veronica brought Yvonne upstairs.

They managed to find their way into the employees’ changing room, and Veronica dragged Yvonne in and they changed into servants’ attire.

After that, Veronica went to the washroom and found some shampoo and soap. She washed her face repeatedly to remove the layer of dark-colored makeup that she had applied on her face, restoring her original fair complexion.

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She exited the bathroom after a while and called out to Yvonne.

“Let’s go.”

“*Uh... W-Who are you?*” Startled, Yvonne poked her head into the bathroom to take a glance inside before she asked, “Where’s Veronica?”

“Cut the crap. I’m Veronica. Let’s go,” Veronica impatiently explained.

“Oh, God. How can you be Veronica?! Veronica is so ugly but you are gorgeous.”

“It was all makeup.”

“Can makeup last for ten days?”

“I used special cosmetics products.”

“Oh, my! That’s amazing! Why did you purposely make yourself look so ugly? Who exactly are you?”

Yvonne turned to stare at Veronica, appraising her from all angles with an expectant look in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Veronica’s expression fell. She glared at Yvonne with her clear eyes. “Are you a child? Why do you have so many questions?”

“I-I was just too astonished.”

In the end, Yvonne couldn’t stifle the urge to touch Veronica’s face. It felt soft and tender, and her complexion was smooth and delicate.

“Goodness, how did you maintain your complexion even after wearing makeup for ten days? You are actually more beautiful than me. That’s unbelievable.”

“Dig your eyes out if you don’t believe it!” Veronica snapped, which frightened Yvonne and shut her up.

And so, Veronica grabbed Yvonne by her collar and together they exited the room while pushing a dining cart.

As there weren't any security cameras at that level, the duo managed to leave the room easily and threw away their own clothes in different trash cans.

Veronica's sudden change in her looks had given them the courage to even show up before the mercenaries. Just like that, Veronica managed to shield Yvonne and successfully avoid a few rounds of searches.

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An hour later, the ship arrived at the port and came to a stop.

Veronica and Yvonne had already changed into another set of clothing and the former even applied a simple makeup on the latter. Then, they followed the crowd and alighted from the ship.

Meanwhile, Matthew and Thomas were standing at the dock where the cruise ship named Selvy was, to observe every single person that alighted from the ship. The cruise ship had just arrived at Castron from Destor.

“Young Master Matthew, there are 1,200 passengers on the Selvy and there are countless rooms in it. It will be difficult to find Miss Murphy,” Thomas said with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who was dressed in a suit, stood off at one side with a cigarette between his lips. “If we can't find her, we will board the ship and search for her room by room.”

“Yes, sir.” Thomas nodded, then instructed the men dressed in suits, who were standing in a line beside him, “Keep a close eye on all of them. There cannot be any mistakes.”

The men nodded and spread out to carefully observe every single passenger that alighted from the cruise ship.

At the same moment, Veronica and Yvonne alighted from the ship, and the former held an anxious Yvonne by the hand. “Stay calm. Be careful not to expose ourselves.”

When they successfully got down from the ship, they were greeted by a few men in suits at the dock

No matter how calm Veronica was, Yvonne was still flustered. She was so scared that she started running.

The moment she started running, she attracted the attention of the mercenaries, who were carefully checking the passengers. They immediately went after her.

“What an idiot!” Veronica cursed. She wanted to ignore the other woman, but she couldn’t bring herself to do so, so she went after her as well.

As her gaze was focused on Yvonne, she overlooked Matthew, who happened to brush past her.”

“Young Master Matthew, isn’t that Miss Larson? Why is she here?”

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Veronica was barely two meters away when she ran past them, but not only Thomas took notice of her, even Matthew caught sight of her.

“She’s not Tiffany.” Matthew’s expression turned dark, a slight frown between his straight brows on his dashing face. He observed the woman from her back and the way she ran—it was way different from Tiffany’s.

On the other hand, before Veronica managed to catch up with Yvonne, the latter was apprehended by a few mercenaries.

Due to time constraints, the simple makeup wasn’t able to transform Yvonne’s face completely. After all, extensive makeup that could transform one’s face into someone else’s would take a few hours, at the very least.

Therefore, Yvonne’s identity was easily exposed.

Two mercenaries grabbed Yvonne, one of them then pointing a gun at her waist. Although the mercenary had a piece of clothing draped over his wrist so that nobody could see what was underneath it, Veronica knew very well what he was holding under that clothing

Otherwise, Yvonne wouldn’t just stand quietly without struggling and wait for them to apprehend her.

And so, the few men escorted Yvonne toward the ship. When they walked past Veronica, Yvonne bit her lip and cast her a glance. However, she chose not to drag her into the situation, so they brushed past Veronica just like that.

Standing off to one side, Veronica, who took in the entire scene, felt conflicted.

In the end, she still couldn’t bear to just stand there.

“Stop right there!” she shouted.

The few mercenaries paused in their tracks. They exchanged glances with one another before the four men turned to look back at her.

Veronica was aware that the fact that they were able to enter and exit the ship freely must be due to their special relationship with those on the ship. However, there were many passengers who were still disembarking so if she enraged these men, they would definitely harm the innocents.

Hence, Veronica dared not call for external help-not until she had used up her last resort.

“Let go of Yvonne!” she yelled.

“Who the heck are you?” The mercenaries couldn’t recognize her.

“That’s not important, but you have to let go of her!” She glared at the two men coldly. Without wasting any more time, she charged at them, then she lifted her foot and kicked at the man’s face.

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Since they were at the port, Veronica knew that these men wouldn’t dare to easily fire shots no matter how bold they were.

Hence, she chose to fight them despite having to deal with two men alone.

With a couple of moves, she defeated the two men. Then, she strode forward to go after the other two. After she landed a kick on the man standing on Yvonne's right side, the other man wrapped his arm around Yvonne's waist and pressed the cloth on his wrist against her waist. "I'll kill her if you make another move," he threatened.

Underneath the cloth was a gun that could take her life.

"Go on, then! I dare you to." Veronica shrugged, looking as though she was unfazed by it.

She was aware of the fact that Yvonne was very important to these people. Otherwise, they wouldn't have gone through all the trouble of bringing Yvonne all the way to Castron.

If they wanted to kill her, they would have done so long ago instead of waiting until this moment.

"*Ha!* If that's the case, I will kill you first!" As he yelled, he aimed the gun at Veronica's face. Due to the cloth that was draped over the gun, nobody took notice of the commotion over there.

"Is that so? Let's see if your marksmanship can beat—"

As she spoke, she reached behind her back for the pistol tucked there. Just then, she heard some footsteps behind her. In a split second, she threw a back kick at the person who seemed to be trying to sneak an attack from behind.

Nonetheless, the man easily avoided her kick,

Before Veronica managed to aim the pistol that she had pulled out at that man, she was shocked to see who it actually was. “Matthew? W-Why are you here?”

She glanced at Thomas, who was standing next to Matthew, and gaped at them.

At that moment, a dozen men dressed in suits charged in their direction and surrounded the few mercenaries.

“Veronica, just leave me alone and go now. They won’t do anything to me.”

Yvonne, who had been held hostage, was touched by Veronica’s sense of justice, so the former refused to drag her into her own mess again.

Meanwhile, Matthew raised his left hand and beckoned with his fingers, and the dozens of bodyguards immediately attacked the mercenaries.

It was only when Veronica saw Matthew’s cold expression did she remember that she had removed her makeup, which revealed her real face—a face that looked exactly the same as Tiffany’s.

Matthew stepped forward and lifted her chin. Coldly staring down into her eyes, he tilted her face to the left and right to appraise it.

His eyes were deep and unfathomable when he murmured, “Is there anything else that I don’t know about?”

Earlier, when a woman who looked exactly like Tiffany ran past Matthew, he stared at her silhouette and it suddenly dawned upon him—the woman wasn't Tiffany. It was

Veronica.

If Veronica was Tiffany's biological sister, it would explain everything that had happened.

At that moment, Matthew stood before Veronica. Looking at her tender complexion and stunning face, as well as her natural beauty that was utterly breathtaking, he continued to be flabbergasted.

It turned out that hidden under the dark complexion and freckled cheeks was an incomparably beautiful face.

The reason Veronica had disguised herself in the first place was because of the Larson Family's threat. Since it was never her intention to hide her real face from Matthew, she was unfazed by his shock. With a brow raised, she commented, "Whether you know it or not has nothing to do with me."

As she spoke, she pulled out the other gun that was hidden behind her back and skillfully unloaded it before placing them into the hands of the two mercenaries who had been taken down by Matthew's subordinates.

Meanwhile, Yvonne, who was finally free, rushed up to Veronica and hugged her. "I was so scared! Veronica, you are such a righteous person."

Yvonne hugged her tightly. It was only when she glanced to the side did she realize Matthew's presence.

Dressed in a fitted suit, the muscular man was seen standing straight. His attire was immaculate and did not have a single crease. Coupled with his well-defined features, he looked utterly dashing, as though he had just walked out of a painting.

With one glance, anyone could tell from his unconcealable noble temperament that he was someone with an extraordinary identity.

Yvonne let go of Veronica and exclaimed, “Your boyfriend loves you so much! He’s even able to find you and come to your rescue despite the long distance.”

“Boyfriend?” Veronica turned around to look at Matthew, who was standing behind her. She noted his freezing gaze, which caused her to feel the coldness that he emanated.

“You have misunderstood.” As she spoke, she walked up to Matthew’s side. Standing on her toes, she raised her arm and draped it around his shoulders. “He’s my brother,” she announced.

As a person who knew her place, Veronica definitely wouldn’t think that Matthew had taken a liking to her. She reckoned that the reason he had shown up here must have been due to Elizabeth’s insistence that made him investigate her whereabouts. Therefore, he was able to come to her rescue.

This was similar to the day when the fire had occurred. He had rushed into the fire because Elizabeth had accepted Veronica as her god-daughter. He had been worried that Elizabeth would be heartbroken if Veronica had died, which was why he had come to her rescue that day.

When Matthew heard her introducing him as her brother, he became thunderous. He darted a cold glance at the complacent woman beside him.

Although Veronica's face currently looked totally different from how it had used to be, Matthew didn't find it awkward at all.

Perhaps it was because he had long been suspicious of Veronica's relationship with the Larson Family

“Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew is—”

Upon hearing Veronica's words, Thomas naturally understood where she was coming from—she thought that Matthew had come to look for her under Elizabeth's order. Just as he was about to clarify the situation, Matthew shot him a freezing look. The warning in his gaze frightened Thomas and caused him to fall silent.

Veronica looked at Thomas and asked, “What's wrong with Matthew?”

“He—” Thomas glanced at Matthew, thinking about what the latter had done when Veronica had been missing in the past few days. Matthew had been on a business trip to Castron when they first found out about her disappearance. He had finished all his tasks within a short period of five days and rushed back to Destor. Then, he had been sending people to investigate Veronica's whereabouts. When they had finally found out about the docking location of the cruise ship, they immediately rushed over and managed to rescue her on time.

However, never in a million years would Thomas have thought that underneath Veronica's hideous face was a stunning beauty.

“I-It’s nothing,” he muttered in the end, not daring to say any more.

Thereafter, Yvonne walked up to Matthew and bowed to him.

“Although you are here to rescue your sister, I have to thank you for saving me as well.”

Matthew still wore an impassive look on his handsome face.

“There’s no need to thank me. I just happened to save you.” With that, he turned on his heel to leave.

However, as Veronica still had an arm draped over his shoulder, he took down her arm and held her hand before he moved forward with large strides. “Come with me.”

He wrapped his large, warm palm around her small, cool hand. The intimate skin-to-skin contact allowed Veronica to feel the sweat on his palm, but what she could feel more was...

“Let go of me, Matthew. I’m merely your godsister. You will make others misunderstand our relationship.”

Veronica then flung her hand around, attempting to free it.

However, no matter how hard she struggled and resisted, she couldn’t break free from Matthew’s grip.

The man paused in his tracks, darting a cold glance at her as he questioned, “What’s wrong? You were able to shoot someone with a gun, yet you are afraid of something like this?”

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Chapter 63 What surprised Matthew most was not Veronica's beautiful and delicate face, but her skill and familiarity with guns.

Once again, he was suspicious of her identity and even more curious about how mysterious she was.

“Pfft! Who's scared?” As Veronica lowered her head to glance at their tightly entwined hands, she scoffed. *“If you're not afraid of being embarrassed, what would I have to be afraid of?”*

With that, they fell silent for the rest of the trip.

As Matthew passed through security with her and Yvonne, he wondered how Thomas had negotiated with the other party. At any rate, Thomas only had to pass the mercenaries to them before Veronica was allowed to leave with him.

On the other hand, Yvonne went with Thomas.

After departing, Matthew took Veronica onto the helicopter before flying off.

As the noise was loud in the helicopter, the two of them remained silent.

A few hours later, it reached Bloomstead and landed on the rooftop of Twilight Club.

After descending the stairs, Matthew and Veronica both entered the penthouse one after the other.

The moment they were in the penthouse, he pressed her against the wall next to the door and narrowed his eyes as he looked imperiously down at her. “Why didn’t you come to me for help?”

After all, it was through Thomas’ investigation that Matthew found out she went to Xavier, and not him, for help before she was kidnapped.

The sudden action shocked Veronica, and she scowled unhappily. “I couldn’t remember your number, so how could I call you for help?”

Truly, he is being so unreasonable.

“You couldn’t remember my number, but you could remember Xavier’s?” Matthew demanded.

“1 _” As she met his dark eyes, something deep in his gaze started her. Unable to stop a chuckle from leaving her mouth, she tilted her head and lifted her eyebrows. “Are. Are you jealous? Tell me honestly, Matthew Kings—do you have feelings for me?”

Of course, it was just a shot in the dark.

Nonetheless, Matthew’s expression grew even more conflicted when he heard that, and he zeroed in on her face that looked so much like Tiffany’s.

The thing was, he felt extremely repulsed by Tiffany every time he saw her.

Yet, why was it that every time he saw Veronica’s face—which looked exactly like Tiffany’s—he gladly accepted it and even felt like looking at it for a few moments more?

Does that mean I truly have feelings for her?

“Feelings for you? You think I’d have feelings for you just because you look like Tiffany? You’re a fool if you think so!” Matthew’s eyes flashed as if he had been provoked, and he turned to walk away. However, he threw over his shoulder, “There’s only one bed here. You can sleep on the couch or in the same bed as me. I won’t kick you out by virtue of you being a future member of the Kingses.”

Feeling incredulous, Veronica stuttered, “Y–Youshould be glad I’m not kicking *you* out!”

However, as she lowered her head to glance down at the clothes on her body that smelled of another woman’s rouge, she couldn’t help feeling uncomfortable.

Thus, she asked, “Do you have any clothes for me to wear? I wish to take a shower.”

Sullenly, Matthew walked over to the cloakroom and pulled out a set of women’s clothing. He then walked up to her and threw it in her face.

After catching the clothing, Veronica glanced down at it. It was a simple, stylish dress.

As her lips pursed, she couldn’t help remembering the scene from her previous visit to the penthouse when she had seen two women leave the place. It was likely these clothes were prepared for those women.

So, she smacked her lips. “*Tsk!* No wonder you like staying at the Twilight Club.”

The comment was full of insinuation.

At this moment, Matthew, who was unbuttoning his suit jacket, paused in his actions and looked up to shoot her a lazy but somewhat cold look.

Retracing his steps, he walked up to her and asked, “What did you say?”

His gaze was so cold that it bore through her like a glacier.

Even though Veronica could sense his rage, she scoffed in response. “I’m only speaking the truth.” As she spoke, she walked around him. “I’m going to shower. I stink.”

During this period, she hadn’t taken a single proper shower. It wasn’t surprising how uncomfortable she felt especially now that she was wearing someone else’s clothing.

Meanwhile, Matthew stood rooted to the spot.

Suddenly, his lips lifted into a barely perceptible smile.

Does that mean she’s jealous?

Walking over to the bar, he pulled a bottle of red wine from the cooler and poured himself a drink, which he then carried over to the floor-to-ceiling windows. With one hand in his pants pocket, he glanced out at the Bloomstead city center, like a king overlooking his masses.

In the night, Bloomstead looked prosperous and splendid with its glittering, multicolored neon lights.

Whereas he couldn't relax the slightest bit on a usual day, he suddenly felt an inexplicable, unprecedented sense of ease at this moment.

It was as if his heart was finally leaving his throat and settling back in his chest, giving him a peace of mind and affording him the opportunity to admire Bloomstead's beautiful nightscape.

For a long time, Matthew stood in front of the window, pouring himself another glass of wine after finishing the first.

Without his realization, he had finished two glasses.

At that point, he lowered his head to look at his watch. An hour had passed.

*D*mn that woman! Has she drowned in the bathtub?*

Setting down his glass, he walked into the bedroom. The scene that met his eyes as he opened the door was one of Veronica sprawled untidily in his bed and sleeping soundly,

Flat on her back and with her limbs outstretched, she didn't look the slightest bit as demure as a woman.

Vaguely, he could hear her even breathing. It was clear that she was sound asleep.

So, he walked into the bathroom, took a shower, and went to lie down on the other side of the bed.

Yet, the moment he did so, Veronica clung to him like a limpet, throwing a leg over him and rubbing her cheek against his, much like he was a plush toy.

Since they were so close together, his breath tickled her face and seemed to make her feel uncomfortable, so she wriggled downward before resting her head on his arm and settling into sleep once more.

Quietly, Matthew studied her features, the ridges of her eyebrows, her fluttering eyelashes, and her ruby red lips underneath her small nose. Up close, her skin was creamy.

Somehow, the mole on the left side of her nose made her look even more seductive and appealing, causing him to fall even further for her.

Quietly, he lifted a hand to tousle her hair. In the past, her hair reached her waist, but she had lost quite a bit to the fire, and now it only skated across her collarbone.

“Ugh—stop that...”

His motions caused her face to itch as her hair brushed her cheek. Somewhat unhappily, she smacked his hand before snuggling further into him.

It seemed that, deep in her sleep, she assumed a mosquito had bitten her.

Yet, Veronica wriggled against Matthew like a misbehaved kitten, unintentionally stoking the fire in his body and causing him to feel somewhat aroused.

These unwitting bodily reactions were something he had never experienced before.

Once again, Thomas' words floated through Matthew's mind. "Do you have feelings for Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew?"

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Feelings for her ?Impossible!

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These 'unwitting bodily reactions' were nothing more than a grown man's physiological reactions. They didn't mean anything.

The reason he rescued her, apart from not wanting his grandmother to worry about her, was because he had a singular, selfish desire.

The simple reason was that apart from her, no other woman could make him feel so much wanting. In fact, in the face of other women's advances, he didn't have the least bit of reaction.

Even though Matthew was aware of what he meant to her, he felt so heated at this moment that it was as if he was on fire. The heat was nearly driving him crazy.

On a normal day, he would set aside his cares to ravage her and extinguish the fire.

However, it had been only 25 days since her miscarriage, so he could not touch her.

Finally, he got up and went into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

However, once he lay down next to her, it didn't take more than a few minutes for his body to burn up once again. Once again, he got up to take another cold shower.

As Matthew exited the bathroom in a towel and looked at Veronica lying in bed, he noticed that her dress had ridden up to her waist due to her sleeping position, effectively exposing her tight, shapely backside.

Frowning, he glanced down at the tent in his towel. Frustratedly, he lifted a hand to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Godd*mnit!" he swore before pulling the blanket over her and covering her entirely with it.

Once more, he returned to the bathroom and took another cold shower before directly heading to the bedroom next to the study to sleep.

Early the next morning, it stormed. Lightning split the skies and thunder rattled the windows.

Even though it was already 7 or 8 AM, the skies outside were dark and oppressive.

Large droplets of rain came pattering down, gathering into rivulets and streaming down the glass.

With the penthouse phone in hand, Veronica went around trying to call Cody and the private detective. Yet, no one picked up.

Has something unexpected happened to them or have they changed their minds?

Veronica had no way of knowing.

Finally, she could only give up and call her foster mother to check in.

Beep beep beep,

After ringing several times, someone picked up the phone.

“Hello?”

It was the familiar voice of Daniella, Veronica’s foster mother.

“It’s Veronica, Mom.” She was gratified to hear her foster mother’s voice.

Before she was kidnapped, she had made arrangements to ensure that her foster parents would be safe and sound.

However, because it was so late in the night when she returned the previous evening, she hadn’t wanted to disturb them.

“Roni! Have you finished training?” Daniella asked after her warmly.

Long ago, Veronica had told Xavier that if anything happened to her, he was to tell her foster parents she was attending a closed training class after transferring to Xavier’s company

It was precisely because she was going up against the Larson Family and deeply afraid that her foster parents would worry if something happened to her that she gave Xavier such instructions.

Sure enough, he hadn’t let her down.

“Yes, Mom, I’m back. How are you and Dad?”

All along, Veronica had been one to report the good news and not the bad, and this time was no exception.

“I’m well; I’m very well. Your dad is, too. We worked hard all day yesterday. *Ha!*” Daniella chuckled happily.

The older woman’s cheerful mood buoyed Veronica’s spirits.

“That’s good to hear.”

“*Uh*—have... have you seen the n-news, Roni?”

“*Hmm* ? What news?”

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The sudden stuttering made Veronica tense and her heart thumped uneasily.

“Your parents, they... they...” Daniella sighed. “I think you’d better read the news yourself.” With that, she hung up.

“Mom ? Hello ? Mom !”

Upon realizing that the call had been hung up, Veronica immediately put down the cell phone and rushed into Matthew’s study.

Right then, he was exiting the small bedroom, and she didn’t bother bidding him a good morning as she blurted, “I need your computer.”

Without waiting for his reply, she threw herself into his chair and turned it on. Once

it booted up, she pulled up a search engine and typed in ‘Floch Group?’

The moment the search results popped up, she saw headlines such as, ‘Floch Group’s Missing Daughter Found’, ‘Larsons’ Missing Daughter Grew Up in the Countryside’ and the like.

Headline after headline entered her gaze. There was even a video from a press conference.

As she pulled up the video, she saw Rachel sobbing into her hands at the press conference, “I let my daughter down! If I hadn’t lost my child all those years ago, she wouldn’t have needed to lead such a hard life in the countryside. I-I only hope Veronica accepts me so that I can use the rest of my life to make up for what I owe her as her mother!”

Next to Rachel, Floch had his arms around her and was comforting her, “Don’t cry. Please don’t cry. It’s a blessed thing to be able to find our child again. Besides, it’s not solely on you that we lost her all those years ago. Don’t put all of this on yourself...”

As she watched the video, Veronica clenched her fists before shutting it. And then, she began to search for news of the fire, only to find that there was no related news at

all.

After that, she searched for articles concerning the Larsons, only to find that there were no results apart from the news that they had found their missing daughter.

Angrily, she slammed her fist on the table.

Next to her, Matthew took in her stance and put everything together. To him, everything was clear now.

With a stomp, Veronica stood up and stalked out to the bar in the living room. Pulling out a bottle of red wine and a high-stemmed wine glass, she walked over to the couch, sat down, and threw back glass after glass of red wine.

In a few short minutes, she polished off the entire bottle.

And then, she stood up and fetched another bottle before resuming her actions.

As she drank, she turned to give the silently smoking Matthew a slight smile, seemingly finding it unsatisfying to drink by herself. “Come and drink with me.”

Expressionlessly, he leaned against the wall behind him and stared at her without saying anything

“You said I was a future member of your family but now, you won’t even drink with me. *Pfft!*” She then scoffed before gulping down yet another glass of wine.

With his cigarette in between his fingers, Matthew walked over to sit down opposite her, his eyes on her the whole while. He saw that her

eyes were bloodshot and it was clear that she was incensed, yet she was still smiling.

However, it was a self-deprecating smile.

Finally, she glanced at him. “Good on you to grow a conscience and drink with me.”

With that, Veronica got up and walked over to the bar once again. She came back with two more bottles and an empty glass. Popping the cork, she poured him a glass and handed it to him.

“A toast to you for saving me!” She raised her glass and clinked it against the one set in front of him before throwing it back.

Through the deep, complicated gaze that he shot her, there was a faintest hint of heartache for her.

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Without asking anything, Matthew simply picked up his glass of wine and downed it. However, before he could even put down his glass, Veronica had already poured herself a second glass and was tilting her head back to gulp it down.

Dark red liquid overflowed from the corners of her mouth and trickled down her chin to her exquisite collarbone, making her look even more sensual and sultry. As she slammed down her glass, she lifted the bottle once more to pour herself yet another glass.

Her eyes bloodshot, she looked up at Matthew with a wry grin. With a wine bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, she announced, “Another toast to you! Congratulations on... *Uh...*” Halfway through, Veronica paused, seemingly losing her train of thought. And then, grunted and continued, “Congratulations on your engagement to Tiffany Larson. May you have many years of happiness and as many children as you want.”

*The b*stard of a man, marrying the b*stard of a woman. A perfect match indeed!*

Aware that she was insulting him, Matthew lifted an eyebrow but merely offered her a polite smile without saying anything. Nevertheless, as she lifted the glass to continue drinking, he reached out and snatched it away. “A 20-year-old wine collection, wasted on you just like that.”

Slam!

The moment he took the glass away, Veronica slapped the table in a rage and glowered at him. “What are you, a miser?” she shouted. “I’m only drinking two bottles!

Are you so poor that you would miss them? *Hmph!*”

If he wouldn’t let her drink, she would finish up all of his wine. And so, after yelling at him, she grabbed the bottle and began to drink directly from it.

This time, Matthew didn’t stop her. In exasperation, he watched her polish off half of the bottle, pop another, thereafter getting ready to down it in one gulp once again.

“Enough!” His face darkened, and he tore the bottle from her hands. “You cannot drink when you had a miscarriage less than a month ago!”

The word ‘miscarriage’ made her manically smiling face stiffen, and she glared at him. “And? What are you trying to say? What’s the point in acting so pretentious? Weren’t you the one who forced the child to death? You think the Kingses are so great

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and illustrious that the rest of us don’t matter, isn’t that just in your nature?”

Only after learning her true identity did Matthew understand why she had used so much medication in the hopes of miscarrying her child. Thus, when faced with her reprimand, he had no way of refuting her accusations.

Seeing that he had fallen silent, Veronica reached out to snatch the wine bottle back. “Give it to me!”

Unfortunately, before her fingertips could even graze the bottle, he leaned back and dodged her easily.

Incensed, she got up and went to take the wine bottle back, but he loosened his grip, allowing it to hit the ground and smash into a million pieces with a crash. Dark red liquid spread in all directions, staining the white floorboards.

Veronica’s expression froze. She pursed her lips and clenched her right fist, feeling so angry that she moved to shove him, wanting to

know why he would treat her that way. Yet, Matthew caught hold of her fist with his bare hand.

Snarling, she swung her left arm at him, only for him to catch hold of her other hand and pull her to him. As the momentum brought her staggering forward, he lifted her right arm over her head and spun her around like they were dancing until she was forced to sit back-to-front in his lap. “Stop fussing.”

“F*ck you!” Veronica was on the verge of breaking down from her long-suppressed emotions, and with a heavy slam of her elbow, she hit his chest.

Underestimating the force she would use, Matthew inadvertently let go. In the next moment, she had stood up and was lifting a foot to kick him. “Would any of this have happened if you hadn’t provoked me? It’s all because of you, you b*stard!”

Though her foot moved quickly, he would not be caught unprepared a second time. Dodging her leg, Matthew grabbed the armrest of the couch and leaped over the side, landing unharmed next to it and successfully evaded her attack.

Seemingly having built up steam, Veronica simply got on the couch and aimed a flying kick at his face. He ducked slightly, evading her moves once again before wrapping an arm around her ankle and pulling her forward. This time, she leaned into the momentum and did a perfect 180 degree spin in mid-air before landing a kick on his shoulder.

As Matthew staggered backward, his eyes flashed with surprise and he gave her a slight smile. “Not bad.”

However, Veronica ignored him in favor of aiming a left hook at him. Once again, he caught her fist with his bare hand and yanked her forward so that she fell into his arms. Following the motion, she wrapped her free leg around him and kicked the back of his as hard as she could so that he toppled backward to the floor.

With a thump, they fell heavily onto the ground, with her on top of him. However, before she could react, he flipped them over and pinned her underneath him. From above, he looked down at her lying on the floorboards and hooked a finger underneath her chin. “You’re skilled, but you fight too impractically.”

The statement was contemptuous and provocative.

Angered, Veronica snapped, “*You’re* the impractical one!”

Bracing a foot against the couch next to her, she aimed a fist at his face, and he moved to defend. However, it was only a feint and right as he was about to catch hold of her fist, she suddenly veered downward, punching his stomach.

As Matthew bowed over in pain, she used the foot she had braced against the couch to exert force and flip them over, throwing him off her and quickly standing up. Following that, they got into another intense bout of fighting.

Half an hour later, Veronica finally collapsed to the floor, feeling tired and sweaty. Looking up at Matthew, who was standing above her, she

waved a hand in surrender. “I’m done, you b*stard. You’re such a bully.”

She had thought she would be able to vent her anger through the half-hour fight. Only now did she realize that she was no opponent of his. To her knowledge, he likely used less than half of his strength. What she didn’t know was that she had used up only a fraction of his strength. While she was already so tired that she was panting, Matthew still retained his composure. In fact, there wasn’t even a single bead of sweat on his face.

At this moment, he lifted a hand to undo the top two of the buttons of his shirt, revealing a strong chest through the gap in the black fabric. Sitting sideways on the couch, he pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a drag before glancing down at her, his gaze inscrutable.

While he had to admit that her skills surprised him, she still wasn’t talented enough to be his opponent. The only reason he was willing to play along with her until the end was that he wanted to give her some catharsis for her bad mood.

With a cold snort, Veronica got up from the floor and went to the bar. She then opened another bottle of wine to start drinking.

3/4

Seemingly sensing that Matthew was about to stop her, she pointed at him and snapped, “Shut up. I’m only drinking a few bottles.

If you don’t let me drink, I’ll smash all of them. Not only that, but I’ll tell your grandmother you were shamelessly having an orgy.”

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 66

Chapter 66

After she finished speaking, Veronica shot Matthew a sharp, cutting look.

Still seated on the couch, he frowned tightly and looked at her intently.

An... orgy?

He had no idea why she would say such a thing, but it was clear she had misunderstood him completely.

Sitting up, he scooted to the center of the couch and tapped the butt of his cigarette against the ashtray. No longer could he be bothered to stop her from drowning her sorrows in alcohol.

And so, Veronica carried a few bottles of wine over to the table and began drinking by herself.

Glass after glass she downed.

As she drank, she cursed him out. “You’re a son of a b*tch. How could I have fallen to this point if it wasn’t for you? I hate you.”

Polishing off the glass, she poured herself another. Pointing at Matthew, she hiccuped before threatening, “I’m going to drink all of your wine and I’m going to make you go broke. You’re a d*chebag, just like Tiffany. You’re shameless and despicable capitalists who will stop at nothing to achieve your goals. I hate you. I hate you...”

Even though she reeked of alcohol and had drunk so much that her entire face was red, Veronica still persisted.

With a thunderous expression, Matthew snubbed his cigarette butt out in the ashtray before standing up and taking her wine bottle away. “I’ll take you to rest.”

Even though she hadn’t told him what on earth had happened, he knew she wasn’t in a good mood.

That was why he allowed her to vent her anger.

However, it wasn’t good for her to be drinking so much so early in the morning.

“I... *Hic!* I don’t want to.”

Ignoring her protests, he picked her up into his arms and headed toward the bedroom.

Although Veronica was leaning against his chest, she struggled restlessly, kicking her feet and smacking him in the chest relentlessly with her hands. “Put me down, you b*stard! If you touch me again, I’ll... I’ll castrate you!”

As the word ‘castrate’ hit his ears, Matthew felt his gaze darken and he narrowed his eyes at her, emanating anger seemingly even from his pores.

Yet, in the end, he still strode silently into the bedroom, not bothering to argue with a drunken woman.

“Son of a b*tch! You’re all sons of b*tches... You’re no different from the Larson Family. I hate you all... I hate you...” As he deposited her on the bed, Veronica raised a hand and mimed holding a glass. “Come, another drink! A toast to you, Matthew Kings.” Closing her eyes, she mumbled, “Cheers to you being impotent for the rest of your life. Cheers to your children and your grandchildren. *Ha!* Your children... and... grandchildren...”

Veronica finished cursing him out and her raised hand finally fell. With a flip of her body, she hugged the blanket to herself and fell asleep with a snore.

Standing next to the bed, Matthew was furious. With one hand on his waist, he tugged at the collar of his shirt with the other, all the while glaring at the woman sleeping in bed.

*D*mn her!*

It was a miracle he could tolerate her yelling at him like that.

After all, there had been a moment when he wanted to pounce on her and punish her severely by showing her whether he was truly impotent or not.

Right then, he heard the sound of sobbing.

Stiffening, Matthew glanced down at her trembling figure on the bed and listened intently, only to discover that she was crying.

Her sobs were soft.

As if her sobs carried power, he could feel the softest corner of his heart clenched, suffocating him and making his chest cavity ache hollowly.

The feeling was utterly terrible.

As Matthew rounded the bed, he discovered that Veronica was crying with her eyes shut. Thus, he pulled out a few pieces of tissue paper and sat down opposite her, thereafter helping her wipe her tears away.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, his voice extremely gentle.

As he did so, he reached out to rub her back with his other hand, comforting her.

Yet, Veronica began to sob even worse, grabbing hold of him and crying all over his shirt. “The Larsons are such bullies, Mom! The b*stard Matthew is such a bully as well...”

Mom?

Matthew knew she could no longer tell who he was because of how drunk she was.

And so, he placated patiently, “Don’t cry. There’s a good girl...”

His voice was unprecedentedly tender.

If Thomas could see this scene, he would be so shocked that his jaw would definitely open.

After all, his boss had always been a cold man who never treated any woman tenderly. Yet, Matthew was now treating Veronica with the utmost softness.

“I can’t be good. If I am, I’ll be hurt. They’ll hurt me.”

With her head burrowed in his embrace, Veronica cried like she was made of tears.

As she cried, she finally began to fall asleep while still holding onto him.

Only after she finally quieted did Matthew let out a slow breath.

Yet, from beginning to end, he hadn’t complained about her sniveling all over him. Perhaps that wasn’t what he was focused on.

For a long time, he held her as she slept.

While he held her, he played with her hair, running his slender fingers through her fine strands. As he studied her devastatingly beautiful face, he couldn’t help lifting a hand and tracing her cheek with his fingers.

Finally, his index finger landed on her mouth, and he took in the sensation of the soft, tender petals that were her lips.

Deep in her sleep, Veronica was completely unaware of this unintentional act, in which Matthew was stoking his own fire and causing his own body to become heated.

Lowering his head, he pressed a kiss to her lips.

Though he could still smell the cloying scent of alcohol as he did so, he could also taste the sweetness of her lips. It tasted like no other.

“Mmph...” Somewhat unused to his nearness, she raised her hand in sleep to smack his cheek.

Of course, this was completely by accident.

Nonetheless, Matthew paused in his tracks and glowered at her with all the darkness of the sky before a thunderstorm.

*“D*mn you!”* he scolded, finding it hard to extinguish his irritation.

And then, once again, he pressed his lips to hers. However, he was no longer as gentle this time, treating her particularly roughly and savagely instead.

With the tip of his tongue, he parted her lips and penetrated her mouth, sucking on her tongue as punishment.

Yet, in the next second...

“Ugh...”

Seemingly sensing the discomfort in her stomach in her sleep, Veronica couldn't help retching

No matter how calm Matthew was on a regular day, he had no way of being calm at this moment.

Immediately, he let go of her and rolled out of bed to stand next to it, so furious that he tossed another blanket on top of her so that he wouldn't have to be angered by looking at her face.

“Ugh... Ugh...” Underneath the blanket, she was still dry retching.

However angry he was and however much he felt like throttling her, he eventually

quelled the anger within and walked behind her to pick her up and gingerly carry her to the bathroom.

Once he deposited her over the toilet bowl, Veronica began to throw up like there was no tomorrow.

The stench that flooded the entire bathroom made him feel like he couldn't stay a moment longer.

Matthew's patience had been completely depleted by now. He flushed the toilet multiple times, wishing he could leave her alone in the bathroom.

Yet, whenever he let go of her, she began to topple toward the floor.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 67

Chapter 67

After failing several times to leave Veronica there, Matthew finally resigned himself to holding her up.

It wasn't until she had vomited so much she could no longer throw up that he wiped her mouth and carried her back to bed.

Since he found it hard to extinguish his anger after depositing her on the bed, he finally landed a heavy slap on her backside.

The snap rang loudly around the room.

In her sleep, Veronica sucked in a pained breath but continued to doze without any other reaction.

The truth was, Matthew had restrained himself during the slap.

However, upon hearing her pained breath, he paused for a second before pulling up the hem of her dress.

It might not have mattered if he hadn't looked but now, he was discovering that he had left a clear, five-fingered imprint upon her fair skin.

The marks made his heart sink and after staring at them for a few seconds, he couldn't help lifting a hand and rubbing them gently.

Only after that did he cover her back up with the blankets and leave the bedroom.

In the living room, he picked up his cell phone and gave Thomas a call. "Go and look into Veronica Murphy at once. I want to know everything about her."

"Understood, Young Master Matthew," Thomas answered before asking, "What do I do with Miss Spencer?"

"Whatever you wish."

Having no interest in anyone other than Veronica, Matthew simply said so before hanging up the phone.

After sleeping for a few hours, Veronica finally woke up in the afternoon and staggered out of bed with one hand clutched to her dizzy, aching head.

Upon opening the door of the bedroom and walking out, she found Matthew seated on the couch.

Long before she got up, he had already cleaned up and tidied the living room.

Rubbing her head and clutching onto her backside, she hobbled over to the couch where he was leaning back with his legs crossed and a laptop propped in his lap. He was hard at work.

As she stared down at him, she couldn't help asking, "Did I fall on my a*s after drinking? Why does it hurt so badly?"

Matthew's eyes flashed and he nodded guiltily. "*Mmhmm.*"

"No wonder. It hurts so much." She shuffled over to the couch opposite him and threw herself down in a lying position before studying him through squinted eyes.

Currently, he was wearing a black shirt with the collar slightly parted, exposing the muscles of his tanned chest. Even through the thin fabric, the definition of his pectorals could vaguely be seen.

Matthew's face that was framed by fluffy hair was so well-proportioned that it was as if he had been carved with precision. He was God's perfect specimen-utterly flawless and so handsome that it was hard not to fall for him.

It was said that men were at their most handsome when they were hard at work.

Sure enough, the saying was proving to be true.

Right now, as Veronica studied him, she only felt pleased and comfortable.

It was only a pity that such a stunning exterior hid such a black heart.

*Black-hearted b*stard of a man!*

“Are you done looking?” Matthew suddenly asked teasingly, lifting his eyes to sweep her a glance.

Startled, she looked away immediately. “*Pfft!* Don’t be so self-centered. Who’s looking at you? I’m only looking at the painting on the wall behind you,” she hedged.

Gurgle

The moment she said that, her stomach grumbled uncooperatively.

Finishing up the last bit of his work, Matthew closed his laptop and looked down at her clutching her stomach pitifully. “Are you hungry?”

Veronica hummed as she nodded rapidly, but this caused the room to spin so much that she froze.

“Do you want to eat?”

“Yes.”

“Beg me, then. You never know; I might consider making you something to eat.”

“You,”

However, her stomach grumbled once again before she could say ‘wish?’

Finally giving in to her body, Veronica scowled before shooting him an obsequious grin. “Matthew-*no. Darling brother*, won’t you make me some food? I’m so hungry...”

That was too disgusting.

The wheedling in her voice almost caused Veronica herself to throw up.

Nonetheless, she would do anything for food.

On the other hand, Matthew was used to her stubborn temperament after having known her for so long, but had never seen her acting so... spoiled around him.

Smugly, he raised his eyebrows and smiled before inclining his head. “What do you want?”

“My stomach is in a mess. I’d like some oatmeal. Later on, I’d like to visit your grandmother to thank her for sending you across the continent to rescue me.”

Naïvely, Veronica had assumed that Matthew showed up in time to rescue her during both the fire and the kidnapping due to Elizabeth’s instructions.

Instantly, the smile on his lips vanished. Shooting her a cold glance, he got up and went toward the kitchen. Before he left, he didn’t forget to add, “You’re her god granddaughter. I only saved you because I

wanted her to be happy. You don't have to worry her now by thanking her."

"Does that mean she doesn't know what happened to me?" Veronica was somewhat surprised.

Pausing in his steps, Mathew turned his head back slightly and said, "She can't take any more excitement."

His implication was that he had gone to save Veronica the moment he found out she was kidnapped because he didn't want to add to Elizabeth's worries, since the latter couldn't take any more excitement due to her intracerebral hemorrhage. Thus, there was no need for Veronica to let Elizabeth know now.

"*Oh!*" Coming to an abrupt realization, Veronica exclaimed, "You're such a good grandson!"

It was clearly a compliment and yet, it sounded like she was mocking him, but he couldn't find any proof of it.

Fed up, he entered the kitchen and emerged not long later with a bowl of oatmeal. Putting it down in front of her, he told her, "Get up and eat, then."

"That was so quick." She was even more astonished now.

After all, it hadn't taken more than two minutes for him to enter the kitchen and come back out again. That meant that the oatmeal had been prepared long ago.

"Did you make this?" Veronica asked incredulously, not having expected that Matthew could cook.

“Are you going to eat it or not?” His voice was somewhat cold.

“Yes, I am. I’m starving, so of course I’m going to eat it.”

Holding onto the bowl of warm oatmeal, Veronica scooped up a spoonful, thereafter blowing on it and eating it.

Though the nutty banana oatmeal looked quite good, she hadn’t expected that its rich taste would explode on her tongue the moment she bit into it. It was truly delicious.

“Who made this? Why is it so delicious?”

Initially, she thought that Matthew had made it, but its taste and temperature alone could convince her that it came from somewhere else.

Without answering, he walked up to the bar and pulled out a box of medicine. Tossing it to her, he muttered, “Take your meds.” “Meds? What meds? I’m not sick,” Veronica grumbled as she picked up the box and read it. It was medicine for the stomach.

Only then did she realize Matthew must have worried that her stomach would get upset because of how much alcohol she drank the previous night.

Bursting into laughter against her better judgment, she said, “There’s no need. I have a great alcohol tolerance. You didn’t see me throw up once after drinking three or four bottles of wine, so I evidently don’t need any medicine.”

How confident of her to say that!

As the image of her fouling up his bathroom with her vomit a short few hours ago floated through his mind, Matthew felt the sudden urge to strangle this woman to death.

In the end, however, he didn't argue with her.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 68

Chapter 68

As Matthew sat opposite Veronica, he studied her face. Even though a night had passed, he wasn't used to the change in the situation.

“Why are you staring at me?” As she ate, she glanced at him and started touching her cheeks. “Is there something on my face?”

Slowly, Matthew lowered his head and looked at his phone without saying anything.

Although Veronica pouted at his lack of response, she simply continued eating. Then, she jerked her head up and stared right at him. “You... Are you planning to make a move on me?” Once again, she felt her face up. “You like Tiffany. Do you think of me as her now?” Coming to a ‘sudden understanding,’ Veronica picked up a throw pillow and covered herself with it, acting like she was guarding herself against him before feeling her body up and down. “What did you do to me last night, you b*stard? Tell me honestly—does my a*s hurt because of you?”

At that sentence, Matthew paused in his actions and looked up at her with incredulously lifted eyebrows and a scowl.

Was he someone so shameless in her eyes?

“Put down your food and get lost.”

He didn't bother explaining himself to her; he only threw a lofty sentence in her face without hiding his anger.

“What?” Completely not expecting his response, she paused before musing to herself doubtfully, *Did he really not lay a hand on me?*

Veronica didn't know whether to believe him or not.

After thinking about it for a bit and being unable to find any traces of him lying, she laughed sheepishly. “I'm only kidding. Just kidding.”

With that, she put away the pillow and was about to continue eating.

However, before she could touch the spoon again, Matthew took away her half emptied bowl.

“*Huh?* Hey, give me back my oatmeal!” She reached out for him but was only able to snag the hem of his shirt. “I was only joking. Don't take it seriously.”

Stone-faced, he turned to look at her out of the corner of his eye. “Let go of me.”

“I won't!”

“I do not wish to repeat myself.”

“... *Uh...* Matthew-no-dear brother, why are you treating me like this? You're my older brother, so shouldn't you be spoiling me?”

Haven't you seen the older brothers from other families? They spoil their sisters like crazy! Why are you being so petty?"

Stubbornly, she clung to the hem of Matthew's shirt and pleaded with him to the best of her ability.

Ever since she gained a position as his god-sister, she noticed that his behavior toward her had changed quite a bit, perhaps because he was afraid of Elizabeth or because she saved Elizabeth. At any rate, he was no longer as merciless toward her.

That was the reason Veronica was no longer as timid toward him.

It was as if she was sure he wouldn't actually do anything to her.

Used to her unwillingness to admit defeat, but not her putting down her dignity and acting like a spoiled child in front of him, Matthew felt inexplicably pleased. "Aren't you afraid I'll think of you as Tiffany?" he retorted.

"No, no, no. That would never happen. What kind of woman a man like you can't have? I have a good-looking face, but no merits apart from that. You would never be into me. Besides, if you touched a single hair on my head, I would only tell your grandmother you're into incest!" As she spoke, she stood up and rounded him to snatch the remaining half of her oatmeal back from him.

However, before she could even turn away, Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace.

Dressed in thin clothing as it was the middle of summer, they could feel each other's body heat and heartbeats through their closeness.

Frowning, Veronica looked up and met his gaze. “What are you doing?”

“Incest?” He lifted an eyebrow and suddenly leaned in to murmur hoarsely into her ear, “What about before, then?”

The so-called ‘before that he was referring to was naturally the time they had slept together.

The warm breath that left his lips blew against the fine hair in the crook of her neck, tickling her skin and making it itch. All at once, Veronica couldn’t help the rush of heat through her body.

“I’ve forgotten about everything that happened before. All of that is in the past but now, you’re my brother, and it would be unconscionable for you to touch me again.”

Even if Veronica didn’t want to be his sister,’ she had to make proper use of the shield she had been afforded.

As for before, she would consider it as him taking advantage of her.

Surely, that meant it would be foolhardy of her to respond to his advances now.

Thus, she pushed him away with a smile that she didn’t feel and went to sit down on the couch.

Acutely feeling her absence from his arms, Matthew turned to look at her where she sat. To his astonishment, he discovered there was actually a hint of redness on her fair, delicate cheeks.

No wonder he hadn't seen what she looked like when she blushed before. It was because she had been wearing makeup back then.

However, the corners of his lips couldn't help turning up at the color on her cheeks now. "Slow down." he advised her. "There's more in the kitchen."

Once again, he walked back to the couch and sat down with his legs crossed, picking up a magazine to read in the process.

"Okay." Veronica nodded and fed another spoonful into her mouth. As she lifted her head to talk to him, she suddenly realized something. "You're holding it the wrong way up"

Her reminder made Matthew lower his head to look and sure enough, his magazine was upside down.

A hint of embarrassment flashed through his eyes, but he recovered his composure quickly and answered calmly, "I'm used to it."

"*Huh?*" She took him at his word and gave him a thumbs-up. "That's impressive. Why don't I know how to do that?"

"Because you're a fool." "You... Fine, fine, *you're* not a fool. You're the smartest person in the world. Are you happy now?" She then scoffed, lowering her head to continue eating without realizing that Matthew was closing the magazine and tossing it aside.

After eating, she took the bowl to the kitchen to wash up. When she was done, she exited the kitchen and announced, "I have something to do, so I'll be leaving now. Thank you for yesterday."

Even if Veronica could have escaped without him, things wouldn't have gone as smoothly.

After all, she was no longer in her home country. Without her passport or any other identification, she wouldn't have been able to return to Bloomstead so easily.

“Wait a minute.” Matthew stood up and muttered, “Let me send you since I'm going out as well.”

“Sure.” She accepted gladly, unable to resist flattering him as well. “You're so nice to me, darling brother!”

As if! He is a scoundrel of a hypocrite!

Yet, due to the circumstances of her life, Veronica had no choice but to resort to cheap flattery.

Taking the keys, Matthew entered the elevator with her.

“Here, take this.” He handed a card to her.

“Isn't this your penthouse's access card?”

“You can't stay at your apartment anymore, so you can stay here from now on.”

“You already said there was only one bedroom here. How can I stay? Are you expecting me to share a bed with you?” Veronica eyed him warily, feeling like he wanted to take advantage of her.

“Who said that?”

“You did. Yesterday.”

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 69

Chapter 69

Indeed, Matthew had said that the previous evening, but he had been lying.

Now that he changed his mind, he corrected, “You remembered wrongly.”

“Remembered wrongly?” Carefully, Veronica thought about it. Indeed, she could recall now that there had been more than one bed at his penthouse when she was kidnapped.

At this moment, she was penniless and had no money to rent a room. It was also unclear how the Larson Family felt about her right now, so it would be safer and more cost-efficient for her to stay at Matthew’s penthouse in Twilight Condominium.

However...

“We would be a single man and a woman sharing an apartment. Wouldn’t that be inappropriate?” she asked, her tone guarded.

After taking in her stance, Matthew simply reached out and took the access card from her hands.

Ding

As the elevator reached the second-floor basement, the doors opened and he walked out.

Immediately, she chased after him. “I’m kidding! Please don’t take it seriously. You’re my brother now. I trust your morals!”

Pah! Only a fool would trust him.

Nonetheless, given the dire straits she was in, sleeping at the penthouse was her best option.

Moreover, she had Elizabeth to protect her. That was why Veronica trusted Matthew wouldn’t do anything to her.

Otherwise, she would castrate him personally!

After tugging on his arm and pulling the access card from his grip, she looked up at him. “If I have a place to stay, do I have food to eat as well?”

“This is what you wanted, Young Master Matthew—“Waiting at the second floor basement, Thomas had gone up to greet Matthew upon seeing him walk over, only to witness Veronica holding onto Matthew’s hand and skipping alongside him as she joked and laughed.

Both of them were acting intimate without the animosity from before, when they would be filled with murderous rage whenever they set eyes on each other.

“Ah—Thomas!” Veronica exclaimed upon seeing Thomas approach. “Do you both have something to talk about? I’ll wait over there for you, then.”

With that, she made to leave.

However, Matthew kept his hold on her hand and said collectedly, “It’s okay. Let’s go.”

Holding onto her hand very naturally, he led her over to his private car.

Forsaken, Thomas looked down at the paper bag in his hands. Inside it was all of Veronica’s personal information.

Is Young Master Matthew truly not anxious about it?

In astonishment, Thomas turned to look at the pair retreating in the distance. *Since when have they been so close? What on earth happened the previous night?*

Meanwhile, Veronica climbed into the back of the sedan while Matthew got into the passenger’s seat.

“Where do you want to go?” he asked.

“To,” she stopped, her expression suddenly sinking. In truth, there were many things she wanted to attend to, but she had to go to the police station to have her identity taken care of first. “Send me to the police station. I have to reapply for an ID.”

“There’s no need,” he replied, “Thomas is taking care of it. Come back with me to the Kings Residence for now. Grandma wishes to see you.”

Meanwhile, Thomas, who was entering the car, paused. *Since when am I taking care of her identification?*

Ever since Veronica disappeared, Thomas had been busy searching for her whereabouts. Then, he was rescuing her with Matthew, only for the latter to instruct him to look into her personal information after that. In short, Thomas had had no

time to take care of her identification at all.

Nevertheless, he kept his complaints to himself and only nodded cooperatively. “Don’t worry, Miss Murphy. Your ID will be ready in two days.”

“Alright. Thank you very much.” That was all she could say since it would be much slower for her to take care of things herself.

As one of Matthew’s men, Thomas would receive special treatment and could naturally get things done much faster.

Right then, the sedan started, heading in the direction of the Kings Residence.

On the way there, Veronica asked to borrow Matthew’s cell phone. “Can you lend me your phone? I want to call my mother.”

Obligingly, he handed his phone to her.

After taking the phone, she made a call to her foster mother.

When the call connected, she said, “It’s Veronica, Mom.”

“Did you change your number again, Roni?” Daniella asked upon seeing that the number Veronica was using to call her was different from the one from this morning.

“I lost my phone. I’m using... Matthew’s phone to call you.”

No elaboration was needed since Daniella had met Matthew at Saint Hospital, and even repeatedly told Veronica to treat him to dinner as thanks.

“So this is Young Master Matthew’s phone? I say!”

“My phone was broken, so I sent it in for repair. I’m only calling you to tell you that you should rest well at home with Dad and that I’ll go back to visit you when I’m free. As for what you said this morning—don’t worry. As long as I’m alive, I’ll still be your and Dad’s daughter. I’ll *always* be your daughter.”

Veronica didn’t care what kind of fuss the Larsons were throwing. She wouldn’t let it get in the way of her family.

After she said so, the line descended into silence.

Only after a while could she hear Daniella sobbing. The noise made Veronica’s heart clench.

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“Alright, alright. I believe you. I really do,” Daniella told her in a choked, hoarse voice.

Even through the phone, Veronica could feel her mother’s worry.

“Veronica, you have to be careful of the Lars—”

“Shut up, you idiot!”

Since Daniella had answered the call in hands-free mode, Tony could hear Veronica talking as well and wanted to tell her about them being kidnapped.

However, Daniella was afraid that Veronica would worry, so the former interrupted and scolded him.

“What was that about, Mom?”

“N-Nothing. Your dad only wanted to tell you to be careful and not to trust anyone in Bloomstead. Remember, Roni—no one in this world other than us would give everything up for you, so don’t trust anyone apart from us too easily, okay?” Daniella warned, still not telling Veronica about her and Tony being kidnapped.

“I promise I’ll be wary of the Larsons, Mom. Otherwise, there’d be no one to rescue you when you’re kidnapped.”

To assuage their worry, Veronica told them about the arrangements she made.

For a moment, there was silence at the other end of the line as her parents exchanged looks of heartache.

“Silly Roni, I know you sent someone to watch out for us,” Daniella chided now. “If things get too dangerous for you to stay alone in Bloomstead, come home, okay?”

“It’s not dangerous. I forgot to tell you, Old Mrs. Kings—” At that point, Veronica glanced at Matthew before continuing, “Matthew’s grandmother, that is, has recognized me as her god-granddaughter. Nothing will happen to me under the Kingses’ protection.”

While there were some things she hadn't wished to tell her parents, Veronica was afraid they would worry about her if she didn't tell them.

Every single one of the things the Larson Family did to her family was imprinted in her mind now. Even if she left Bloomstead, she wouldn't be able to extricate herself easily.

“Good. That's *good*.”

Only after she heard her foster mother's reassured tone did Veronica's heart finally leave her throat. After some further small talk, she finally hung up the phone.

Upon hanging up the phone, she rested her forehead against her hand and sighed, still clutching onto the phone.

It was a good thing her parents didn't pay much attention to the entertainment news gossip on a regular day. Otherwise, once they found out about Matthew and Tiffany's engagement, they would no doubt have her be guarded against Matthew as well.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 70

Chapter 70

However, right now, Veronica had to stay in Bloomstead, so she could only use Elizabeth's identity to let them feel at ease.

Otherwise, she didn't even want to divulge too much.

Just then, she handed over her phone to Matthew. “Thank you.”

At that point, she lost her jovial expression and there was a hint of somberness in her eyes.

Meanwhile, Matthew suddenly felt quite pained to see her dejected look. She seemed so helpless as she leaned against the passenger seat with her head turned to the other direction looking outside.

“You may be Tiffany’s fiancé, but I’m not afraid that you will tell them what I said.”

Indeed, Veronica was unafraid.

Furthermore, she would have said the same words even if she was in front of Floch Larson and his wife.

She lamented as she looked at the scenery that flashed past outside the window.

“I didn’t hear a thing.”

Just then, Matthew imitated her and he leaned against his seat to take a rest with his eyes shut. He pretended to be unaware of everything.

Meanwhile, Veronica didn’t expect him to have such a reaction, so she couldn’t help turning her head to look at him. “You’re her fiancé, so I would find it understandable for you to reveal my words.”

“Is this why you agreed to be Grandma’s god-granddaughter?”

He gradually opened his eyes and there was a deep, intense look in his gaze.

Just then, Veronica nodded. “Yes.”

She was a person who accepted responsibility for her actions, so she admitted it instantly. “Feel free to tell your grandmother what I said too. I don’t mind.”

Originally, she should have avoided Matthew for certain matters, but she was fully aware that he must have investigated the kidnapping incident previously. Otherwise, there was no way that he would have known she was on that cruise ship.

Since he was aware, then there was really no point in her trying hard to hide the truth from him.

“Your issue with the Larsons does not contradict the fact that Grandma wants to adopt you as her god-granddaughter.”

Just then, Veronica remained silent. She merely regarded the current situation as Matthew’s good intentions to show his filial piety toward Elizabeth. Perhaps he was afraid that if the truth was revealed, Elizabeth would be quite sad about it, which was why he refused to tell her the truth.

At that moment, Veronica kept her eyes on Matthew and asked him outright, “What about you, then? You’re Tiffany’s fiancé, after all.”

Meanwhile, he gradually opened his narrow eyes and shot a look at her. Subsequently, he moved his thin lips. “As long as you don’t go overboard, I can choose to turn a blind eye.”

His sentence was quite straightforward. Basically, he wanted to tell her that as long as she didn’t make a huge fuss about it and affect the Kingses’ reputation, he could turn a blind eye to everything.

Though Veronica couldn't quite comprehend Matthew's train of thought, she knew that he meant what he said.

Perhaps it was because Elizabeth was exceptionally fond of Veronica, so he had no choice but to tolerate the latter.

In the future, if Elizabeth passed away, perhaps he would regard her as an enemy, just like how the Larson Family regarded her.

Nonetheless, that was something that hadn't yet happened so right now, the only thing that Veronica could do was to maintain a great relationship with Elizabeth to ensure that Matthew wouldn't be able to hurt her.

However, it was beyond Veronica's expectations that Matthew would actually be so infatuated with Tiffany. It was to the extent that he would actually choose to ignore everything despite being aware of the Larsons' despicable acts, all because of his deep love for her.

Love was indeed powerful enough to make one stop at nothing.

Suddenly, Veronica felt that her path to seeking revenge was increasingly full of difficulties and obstacles. Especially right now that Matthew was added onto the list.

The car moved at a steady pace and Veronica suddenly saw a mall up in front, so she asked, "Could you lend me some money? I want to buy something for your grandmother."

Meanwhile, Matthew remained silent but he took out a card from his wallet and handed it to her. "There's no password on it. You can use this."

“Okay.”

Just then, Veronica didn't think too much and she requested for Thomas to stop the car right away. Subsequently, she got out of the car and went into the mall.

Meanwhile, Thomas, who was sitting in the driver's seat, glanced at Matthew from the rearview mirror. “Young Master Matthew, Miss Murphy and the Larsons,”

“You'd better keep this to yourself.” Before Thomas could finish his sentence, Matthew issued a warning instantly.

At that moment, Thomas realized that his boss had a thunderous expression on his face, so the former stopped speaking. However, Thomas didn't quite understand his boss' current stance.

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Shortly after that, Veronica came out of the mall with a few bags in her hands. Thomas got out of the car to take the items off her and then he placed them in the trunk. Subsequently, they both got into the car.

As soon as Veronica entered the car and shut the door behind her, she returned the card to Matthew. At the same time, she also handed over a receipt to him. “I used a total of five hundred thirty-five and thirty-two cents. I'll pay you back after this.”

“That's not necessary. You can have it.”

“What do you mean by that?” Veronica was very confused.

Meanwhile, he shot her a cold look. “I wouldn’t want my sister to be mocked for dressing too shabbily. It would reflect badly on the Kingses.”

“*Oh—is that so ?*”

Just then, Veronica felt slightly surprised. *This is unexpected! I can’t believe that being his sister has such a great benefit!*

Suddenly, a question flashed across her mind.

She pursed her lips and held the card tightly. Then, she asked after some hesitation, “If I clash with Tiffany someday, who would you side with ?”

For some unknown reason, she suddenly came up with such a brainless question.

As soon as her words hit, Matthew turned his handsome, flawless face toward her slightly as he murmured, “Who would *you* like me to side with ?”

“*L... Ha...*”

Suddenly, she chuckled and deftly switched the topic. “I’ll make good use of this card for now. Once I’ve received my replacement identification card, I’ll sort out my own card and pay you the money after that.”

Veronica did so because a few seconds ago, she suddenly realized that the question she had asked was such a brainless one and she was just making a fool of herself by asking that

After all, Matthew could even ignore the fact that the Larsons were potentially involved in harming her, all because of his deep love for Tiffany, so there was no point in asking that question.

In the end, Veronica turned her head in the other direction to look out of the window and she no longer said another word.

Meanwhile, Matthew's eyes remained fixed on the woman. His eyes were dark and brooding, and one couldn't quite tell what was on his mind.

An hour later, their car finally arrived at the Kings Residence.

Veronica got out of the car while Thomas walked to the trunk to take out the items. Then, Veronica and Matthew walked into the house together.

“You're back, Young Master Matthew. *Oh! Miss Tiffany*, weren't you at the entrance? How did you end up here with Young Master Matthew again?”

The butler came forward to greet Matthew with a slight nod as soon as they walked into the mansion. However, when he saw Veronica, he couldn't quite contain his surprise.

Meanwhile, Veronica maintained her smile without saying anything.

They walked past the foyer and went to the back of the house. They had just placed down the items brought in the living room when Elizabeth's voice rang out from behind, “*Ah! Isn't this Veronica here?*”

Elizabeth instantly recognized Veronica just by seeing her silhouette.

As soon as Veronica heard that, she turned around and greeted Elizabeth. “Grandma?”

The former turned around and was shocked to see that Elizabeth was there, along with Tiffany by her side.

Tiffany was dressed in a silver, cinched maxi dress, and every move that she made exuded gentleness and reservation. In short, she was the epitome of a rich, young lady. That being said, she managed to completely hide the despicable side in her.

“You... Who are y-you?”

Just then, Veronica didn’t have a disguise on, and she faced the world with her actual looks, so it was natural for Elizabeth to be surprised.

“Grandma, she’s Veronica. She’s also Tiffany’s younger sister,” Matthew explained.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth’s brows remained tightly furrowed. She took a look at Veronica before glancing at Tiffany, who was by her side, before walking forward with an

incredulous look. “What’s going on exactly?” |

“I’m sorry, Grandma. I lied to you in the past. I didn’t want to reveal my actual looks because of several reasons, so I always wore a disguise whenever I met up with you,” Veronica explained.

“Well, that doesn’t make sense either. You didn’t have any makeup products during the few days that you stayed over at the Kings Residence. How did you put makeup on then?” Elizabeth

scrutinized Veronica intently, and the former was significantly shocked.

“I used a special type of makeup that doesn’t get rubbed off at all once I put it on.”