

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife

Chapter 16 She Slapped Matthew

Matthew grabbed her by the arm and yanked her over to a small booth within the room. All the rooms on the third floor of the Twilight Club were VIP rooms, and each room had smaller booths inside them for the “convenience” of its customers.

Slam! The door to the booth slammed shut. Veronica was then mercilessly thrown onto the bed by Matthew. Her heart thumped. “Matthew, what are you doing? There’s still the law. Try something funny and I’ll call the cops.”

She might be warning him, but Veronica still discreetly reached for her walkie-talkie. Before she could speak into it, her hand suddenly felt empty—Matthew had snatched her walkie-talkie away and hurled it to the ground. With a crash, it broke apart into bits and pieces.

Veronica became nervous at the chilly aura emanating from him. “W-W-What are you planning to do?”

The man was already pressing down on her just after she spoke. He preemptively grabbed her electric baton and tossed it aside. “Weren’t you feeling lonely? I’ll fulfill your wish.”

The next moment, she heard a ripping sound. Her thin, black security guard uniform that was made for the summer was already destroyed by his wanton ripping.

Veronica wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn’t come. This uniform... Why is the material so shoddy?

“H-Hey, Matthew... Calm down, will you?” She pointed at her own face. “Look at me. I’m so ugly; how are you going to bring yourself to do this to me? If you want to blow some steam off, I’ll call some of the escorts over so you can get your fill. You can do whatever...”

Matthew looked at her tanned face. Her eyebrows were thick and bushy, and freckles were dotted all over her skin. He couldn’t help but frown. “You’re ugly indeed.”

Personally, he had seen countless gorgeous ladies in his life. Even if one was sent his way or willingly threw herself at him, he would remain unfazed. However, at the memory of Veronica and Xavier making eyes at each other, all that came to his mind was her sighs and moans that night on the upper floors. The urge to cruelly “punish” her came to him.

“Yeah, that’s right. I’m so ugly that even looking at me will just turn your stomach. I’ll just get the club’s top ladies for you then.” Veronica grinned at him as she sucked up to Matthew. She tried to get up, but then he flung the ripped material of her black uniform over her face.

“If I can’t see it, then the contents of my stomach will stay down.”

Veronica was speechless. What kind of weird logic was that?

“Hey... Matthew, don’t do this...”

Veronica was about to go mad. She struggled endlessly, but unfortunately, she was no match for Matthew’s strength. Despite her skills in combat, she didn’t have the strength to fight back.

There was another ripping sound then. Her body went cold. Even as she struggled and protested, he still continued his assault on her.

Grief abruptly bubbled up inside her as she resisted. Hurt and upset, she wept as she yelled, “Matthew, you jerk, what right do you have to treat me like this... Ah... I haven’t dated anyone before... or married... You b*stard, son of a b*tch... I hate your guts, Matthew...”

Veronica’s struggles were fruitless. All she could do was yell and curse Matthew tearfully. Yet, her “scolding” just made his hormones sing. It made him enjoy this, and even fall into the pleasure. But this elating rush didn’t make Matthew lose his head. He knew very well that Veronica was already two months along, so he didn’t dare to be too rough with her.

After the deed was done, he leaned over and whispered huskily into her ear, “Remember this: even a woman that I do not want is not allowed to be tainted by another man!”

He then released her hand.

The next moment, Veronica whipped the rags off her face to glare at him with tears in her eyes. She swung her hand through the air to slap at him. “You’re a f*cking b*stard!”

What right did that despicable man have to do this to her?

If he only did that to her last time because he was drugged, then what about today?

Veronica was, after all, someone trained in taekwondo. That slap landed hard on Matthew’s face, and naturally, it hurt. His face swung to the side from the impact. The messiness of the hair sticking to his forehead hid the chilliness nestled between his brows. Matthew’s inky black eyes narrowed slightly then, his sharp gaze fixed upon

Veronica. That moment, those icy eyes of his looked as though he was contemplating how to murder her.

Veronica had slapped him on impulse earlier, so she was startled by this frigid appearance of his. All her bravado vanished in an instant. She licked her lips. Perhaps it was due to nervousness, but her hands kept clenching at the thin covers on the bed. "I... I... Why are you looking at me that way? You're the one in the wrong. Firstly, I'm not one of the escort girls. Secondly, I'm not your girlfriend. What right do you have to touch me?!"

When Matthew heard Veronica's words, the chilliness on his stony face mostly dissipated. He might be able to "do as he pleased" in Bloomstead, but treating a girl like this...

For a second, a drop of regret bubbled up inside this cold-hearted man. The next moment though, Matthew couldn't stop himself from grabbing Veronica's ripped uniform and covering her face with it as he looked at her ugly visage. "So, judging from your words, what kind of compensation are you looking for?"

"Who needs compensation from you!" Veronica yanked the rags off her face, furious and upset. Since he thought her ugly, why did he still do that to her? Even though he slept with her, he still found her repulsive.

How was she going to explain herself to anyone now?

Veronica wrapped the covers around herself. She just felt that Matthew was a jerk who wasn't picky about his targets. Yet, she couldn't afford to provoke him, because...

"I can forget about today's incident, but I hope that I can get a discount on my father's medical fees at Saint Hospital. Is that possible?"

Saint Hospital was a top class private hospital in Bloomstead. It was one of the Kingses' properties. Veronica no longer had any ties to the Kings Family. She should have gotten her parents out of Saint Hospital, but she heard from her adoptive mother that there were specialists treating her adoptive father there, and the results were visible. Thus, all Veronica could do was grit her teeth, accept the expensive hospital fees, and continue to let her adoptive father receive treatment at Saint Hospital.

At the same time, she also had her selfish motives—since her adoptive parents were staying at Saint Hospital, the Larsons wouldn't dare to do anything to her adoptive parents, owing to their fear of the Kingses.

That was how Veronica's thought process went anyway. And besides, Saint Hospital's eye-watering fees did indeed make her heart ache.

“A discount?” Matthew raised an eyebrow. An evil grin came to his lips. “If you perform well, I can consider waiving the fees entirely.”

“You...!”

Thug. F*ckboy. What was this about staying away from women? Clearly trashy media reports are not to be trusted.

Matthew got up. After putting his clothes in order, he left the booth. “Someone will bring you a change of clothes later.” After exiting the booth, Matthew immediately gave an order to Thomas, who was standing by the door. “Get someone to go to all the drugstores down the road by Regalia Gardens. Tell them to change Veronica’s order to vitamins if they see her buying Plan B pills.”

Veronica’s studio apartment was at Regalia Gardens.

“Got it, Young Master Matthew. I’ll get around to it this instant.”

Thomas was still shocked. From the way his employer phrased it, could Matthew have just slept with Veronica again?

Having been by Matthew’s side for over ten years, Thomas couldn’t quite understand how Matthew could sleep with such an ugly girl. He clearly remembered that Matthew never laid with women.

His employer was being really strange lately.

Just as expected, Veronica went into a drugstore on the way home after her shift ended at midnight. Having already gotten Thomas’ order, the pharmacist kept comparing Veronica with the picture on his computer. Once he ascertained that it was indeed her, the pharmacist then handed the “Plan B” pills with their changed packaging to Veronica.