

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife chapter 181-190

Chapter 181, Her Billionaire Husband

"Roni, I, Matthew Kings, am already brave enough to face anything and everything that comes my way. However, when it comes to you, I can't even say 'I like you'? Don't you find me pathetic?" The man felt melancholic inside as he gave a long sigh. "Goodnight and sleep tight." Touching her hair, Matthew leaned down once again and left a kiss on her lips. It was only after he caressed her cheek that he stood up and unwillingly left after a long while.

After switching off the lights, he walked out of the room. However, he had failed to notice that in the dim room, Veronica, whose eyes were closed earlier, was wide awake. She was astonished while there was an unconcealed shock in her eyes. Did he say that he liked me? As Veronica was someone with good alcohol tolerance, she was not one to easily get drunk from a few bottles of white wine. She had only fallen asleep because of the accumulated fatigue from busying herself with the decoration of the wedding venue.

However, she never thought that she would wake up just as Matthew said those words. In the midst of her horror, Veronica did not dare to make a sound. She did not dare to push Matthew away even when he kissed her lips. Now that she was in a mess, she did not know how to react to all this. Why does he like me?

Remembering the time when they were at her hometown and sending her master home after having a drink with him, Matthew said that he had a friend who discovered that he liked someone else when he was about to marry his pregnant fiancée... So, Matthew's so-called 'friend' was actually himself. What Veronica did not understand was the timing in which Matthew had fallen for her as she did not dare to think about it too.

If a scummy playboy liked someone, what did it have to do with her? Although she had comforted herself that way, she still remembered when she first came to know Matthew. He had tried multiple times to forcefully do the deed with no hint of mercy whatsoever. However, now that he said that he liked her, he never touched her thereafter. Is he... really in love with me?

... At 5:00AM. Veronica had already arranged for a wedding coordinator, Shirley Wilson, to the person heading to Dragon Creek's Villa to attend to Tiffany and anything that Tiffany needed at the wedding. Yet, the wedding coordinator was barred from entering just as she had arrived at the villa. "Hello, I am the wedding coordinator sent over by the wedding planning company. I am in charge of informing the bride of today's schedule," Shirley said.

"Miss Larson has asked us to let you wait outside," a bodyguard elaborated. Shirley could only agree to do so in resignation. At the same time, the upstairs of the villa was brightly lit with the makeup artists and dressmakers from the bridal company doing their respective duties: dressing and applying makeup on Tiffany. By the time everything was done, it was already six in the morning. At this time, Rachel and Floch walked inside.

She was dressed to the nines and had exquisite makeup. As she was in a twilight-themed dress that hugged her waist, she looked extremely youthful since the attire gave her an extremely dignified and noble aura. As she stood in front of Tiffany and regarded the beautiful Tiffany from head to toe, Rachel exclaimed, "Oh my, my daughter is the prettiest bride of them all. You are simply too stunning." "Time sure flies."

After raising you with such great care, the day has arrived where you'll be married off," Floch added, albeit with unwillingness. "Congrats, Tiff. You finally got your wish of marrying Matthew." Randy, who looked bright and dashing in a custom-made suit, walked over to Tiffany and beamed. "Tiff, as this is your wedding today, shouldn't you be giving your brother a red packet?" Sitting in front of the dressing table was the apprehensive Tiffany, who looked at the trio as she squeezed out a stiff smile.

"Thanks." Right after saying that, she took out a thick red packet before handing it over to him. "Here you go. I didn't forget." "Hahaha, thanks, Tiff." Waving the red packet around, Randy was extremely elated, after which he responded, "You guys should have a chat first. I'll head down to see whether there's anything else that needs preparing." "Go on then." Tiffany nodded. "My dear daughter, why do you look somewhat unhappy today?"

After all, Tiffany was her daughter, so Rachel could tell with just a glance that she had a lot on her mind. "Silly girl, it's the biggest day of your life today, so why are you pulling a long face?"

From today onward, you'll be Matthew's wife. Do you know how many women would kill for that?" While patting Tiffany's shoulder, Floch added, "Just be a good bride. Me and your mother will deal with anything that comes your way." Deal with anything that comes my way? Holding her hands together, Tiffany gave a bitter smile with slightly teary eyes.

"Okay, thanks Dad and Mom. It's just that I am a bit tired since I might have slept too late last night." After all, she couldn't change what had already happened. Besides herself, who could help her to take on all these things? If everything goes smoothly to the plan, she would successfully marry into the Kingses and be Matthew's wife.

Yet, it was precisely because today was such an important day that Tiffany trembled in fear as she was afraid that her dirty laundry would all be aired today. If not, why would she have been so quiet for the past few days? "Getting married is difficult. It'll be okay once the ceremony is over. Maybe you could catch up on some sleep, seeing that it is still early and Matthew will only be coming to pick you up at nine?"

"Yeah, you should listen to your mother. Lie down and try to catch some sleep." Floch, who was radiant in his suit, displayed a perky state as his slightly protruding belly hinted at his career as a businessman. "Alright, then I'll lie down for a bit." Wanting some peace and quiet, Tiffany nodded in agreement. "Be careful when you sleep. Don't ruin your look." After such a reminder, Rachel then dragged him with her to leave the bedroom.

Holding the hems of her wedding dress, Tiffany stood up and walked to the bed before lying down. Her mind kept replaying the day where she was kidnapped and brought to the old abandoned warehouse. She had faced the big, strong men who wanted her to abort the child inside her belly. The child was her ticket to marrying into a wealthy family. To keep the child, Tiffany even kneeled on the floor and begged that they allow the child in her belly to live.

However, who would have expected that not only did they want 3 million as hush money, they even added an additional term... They added, "We can let you keep the child. We'll let you off the hook provided that you can satisfy us." Tiffany collapsed, feeling a kind of despair that she had never felt before in her life.

She was afraid that she would be the laughing stock of Bloomstead if what happened that day was leaked to the public and her life would resemble that of a street mouse. The tears flowed uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. With a restless mind, she called Matthew's phone. Ring, ring, ring.

After a few rings, while sitting in his study to smoke, Matthew looked at his phone on the desk with the device showing Tiffany as the caller. His handsome face instantly darkened as he swiped across the screen to answer the call. "What happened?" he asked. Listen to this. Listen to how cold his tone is.

Tiffany's heart sank to her stomach in a flash. "Matthew, are you ready on your side?" Holding back the tears in her eyes, she asked gently. Taking a drag from his cigarette, Matthew then flicked the ashes into the ashtray. "I'm almost done." "That's so fast. We're going to get married soon. I'm... a bit nervous right now." Yet, what Matthew didn't know was that her nervousness stemmed from her fear.

Chapter 182 Blessings From Old Classmates, Her Billionaire Husband

"It's just a formality. You don't have to worry about it." "Matthew, I... wanted to ask you something. Did you ever... love me?" Tiffany suddenly asked the question that she had been dying to know in her heart. After she said those words, the other party fell into a few seconds of silence. "I have never loved you." He has never loved me! Silence followed his answer.

Although it was just five words, the feeling was more akin to someone stabbing a knife right into her heart without notice and the pain caused Tiffany to forget how to breathe. The pain of having her heart torn apart spread across every cell in her body. It was just as expected—he was never in love with her. As to why he was willing to proceed with the marriage, it was all because Matthew wanted to keep the promise of them tying the knot after 'she had saved him' and she bore 'his child'.

He thought that he should be the one responsible for it. That was all. "Grandma said that relationships can be fostered. You can also take your time to slowly learn how to love me once we are married, right?" At that moment, Tiffany looked as pathetic and pitiful as she could ever be. Even the love that she desired looked so laughable. Now

that she was facing a man who did not have a shred of feelings toward her, she even had to speak carefully.

Was this the kind of love she really wanted? Tiffany doubted herself. His answer came after a moment of silence. "I won't." When she had asked the question, all Matthew could see was the face of Veronica, whom he badly wanted. Even if they looked almost identical, there were still so many subtle differences between them, such as their personality, eyebrows, voices, body... Apart from the elegance that

Tiffany was born with, she was lacking in every aspect when compared to Veronica. However, it was Veronica's brash and honest personality that he particularly fancied. After Matthew's words, the other side of the call went dead silent. "From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.

That is all," the emotionless man added. If what Matthew had uttered earlier was like an icicle that pierced her heart, then this sentence was akin to her posthumous torture. It was pain beyond belief. With a face that was full of tears, Tiffany lacked the strength to even speak. She closed her eyes and hung up in despair. What a sentence, 'From the beginning, I have said that you are a suitable candidate to marry into the Kings Family.

That is all'. At that time, she did not know whether to feel sad or fortunate about the whole thing. It was not until a long while that she recomposed herself and left the bitterness behind. It wasn't that she had good composure; it was just that she recently had too much to bear. However, no matter what, the position of the Young Mistress of the Kingses was hers for sure. On the other side, a call from Thomas came right after Matthew placed his phone down.

"Boss, it's almost time for you to get changed." "There's no hurry." After hanging up, Matthew got up and walked to the bedroom. The sight of Veronica waking up greeted him as he opened the door. When he saw that she was still asleep, the man thought that she looked adorable before his cold face was replaced by a gentle smile. "Morning." Upon seeing Matthew, Veronica was a bit shocked and felt uncomfortable since his words from last night echoed in her mind.

However, fearing that her reaction would be obvious, she could only pretend to walk in a relaxed manner to him with open arms. "Morning. As the godbrother and the groom of today's wedding, shouldn't you have prepared a big red packet for me?" She would never miss any opportunity to 'earn money'. Her words stunned Matthew as he replied, "I haven't prepared it yet. However, your share will definitely be included."

"Then, I shall thank you in advance." Lifting her wrist, Veronica looked at the time on her watch. "It's getting rather late, so I should be heading to the office now. I wish you... a happy wedding." After that, she walked past him and left in a rush. It was already 7:00AM after she headed to the office and finished freshening up. Since all of the employees had clocked in at 7:00AM sharp, everything was good to go.

At around eight o'clock or so, Veronica was already patrolling the wedding venue when she suddenly received a call. Whipping out her phone, she saw that it was Melissa calling. "Is there anything you want by calling so early in the morning?" "Veronica Murphy, you are such a heartless person.

How could you utter such cold words when I've been missing you so much?" Melissa snorted. "Why do you care whether I've hurt you when you have already said that I'm heartless?" "You..." Angered to the point of speechlessness, Melissa then continued, "You know what? Never mind.

I don't want to continue with this pointless argument. Oh, right, today is my idol's wedding. Are you attending it?" Even through the phone, Veronica could feel how relaxed and easygoing Melissa sounded. "Don't you love Matthew very much? Why are you so happy now that he's about to get married?"

This did not seem to make any sense at all. "I'm definitely sad to see him getting married, but this will not affect me attending the ceremony. When will you be coming over? There will be something truly spectacular to witness later, so make sure that you do not miss it." "What... do you mean by that?" Veronica, who had a great sixth sense for such things, had already felt that something was about to occur.

"The wedding of the century. A woman's dream coming true. You really shouldn't miss it. Anyway, I'll see you there later. Bye." After saying that, Melissa hung up. At the same time, over at Dragon's Creek Villa, all of Tiffany's close friends and associates had arrived to attend her wedding.

Caitlyn West, an old classmate, was the first to come into the room to give Tiffany her wishes. "Congratulations, Tiffany. You finally got your wish of marrying Young Master Matthew. You have really made everyone envious now." Tiffany's best friend, Reese Jorge, walked to the dressing table before giving Tiffany a big hug. "My dear friend, I hope you'll have a happy wedding." Afterward, all of her friends who were present gave their best wishes to her.

The last person who appeared in front of her was the precious daughter of the Dame Family, which was one of four great families in Bloomstead, Ruka Dame. On top of being treated like she was the real princess of the Dame Family in Bloomstead, she was also madly in love with Matthew. However, she did not anticipate that Tiffany would be a step ahead of her to tie the knot with him. Since Ruka was a natural beauty, she was dressed to kill.

Thanks to the further assistance from her makeup, she did not lose out to Tiffany in terms of beauty. Dressed in the exquisite attire by the French designer, Elise Monet, she was able to radiate a unique aura. Now that she had appeared in such a flashy way, her presence overshadowed Tiffany; it was as if she was hinting that she was here to crash the party. "You really do have good luck, Tiffany." As former classmates, Ruka

did not want to attend Tiffany's wedding, but was afraid of the gossip that might ensue if she did not.

Tiffany, who was already agitated by Matthew's words earlier that morning, did not despair any further. Instead, she picked herself up and readjusted her emotions as she sat in front of the dressing table to wait for his wedding car to pick her up. Compared to the grievance she had felt either, the appearance of all her classmates and their subsequent flattery made her feel more vain and elated.

This was especially so when she saw Ruka, who always acted so high and mighty, turning green with envy from the fact that she would soon marry Matthew. It made Tiffany feel like she had already won the game of life. "Thank you for your wishes and for attending my wedding.

Words cannot describe how happy I am right now." Shooting a glance at Ruka, Tiffany knew that she was planning to crash the party today by dressing up so extravagantly. However, she was not angry and merely gave a soft smile. "Ruka, you really do look beautiful today."

Yes, you're beautiful, but you're not the one whom Matthew chose. Then, she added, "Oh, yeah, there'll be a lot of handsome men with promising futures present today. You should make full use of this chance to look for your Prince Charming, Ruka."

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"What kind of talented young man can fulfill my standards?" Ruka had a haughty look as she asked in disdain.

Although Tiffany was secretly sarcastic, she still maintained a prim and proper facade. "Ruka, you can't give up the entire sea for just a fish. What's more, I'm going to marry Matthew, so why are you still so hung up on him?"

Whether it was a hint or an obvious jab, Tiffany was definitely being satirical toward Ruka. The classmates standing by the side nodded as they thought Tiffany's words had made sense.

"That's right, Ruka. Since Matthew is going to marry Tiffany, you should just give up on him."

"Ruka, you should believe that you can find an even better husband."

"I think that you'd have to search for such a man abroad. The most talented and youngest man with such a prospect locally has to be Young Master Matthew."

“Hey, although Young Master Matthew is also my idol, I have to admit that he and Tiffany are a match made in heaven. I really am super envious of Tiffany now.”

“Yeah, that’s right. Out of all the classmates in our year, Tiffany was always the most outstanding one. Otherwise, why would Young Master Matthew fancy her?”

As all their classmates were singing along to the same tune, Ruka was so mad that her face darkened. However, since she didn’t want to act out in public, she could only wish Tiffany hypocritically. “I only like Matthew, but if I were to really marry someone, he would not fit the standard I’m looking for. However, now that I’m here, I still wish you two a happy wedding.”

Even though Tiffany had seen through Ruka’s arrogant facade, she chose not to expose Ruka.

As it was her wedding today, Tiffany didn’t want to ruin the atmosphere.

At 9:00PM, eighteen Bentleys without license plates drove up to the villa’s entrance in a row. While there was a fireworks show at the entrance of the Larson Residence, which illuminated the beautiful fixtures of the building, a red carpet had been rolled out from outside all the way to the villa.

Matthew, who had already changed into a suit, walked out from the car. As he faced all the people who took pictures and offered their congratulations, he did not bat an eye or return their gestures with a smile. According to the local custom, when one married, they were required to obtain something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

However, since the person who came to pick up the bride was Matthew, nobody dared to mess around with him as there were eight bodyguards in formal suits behind him.

“Matthew’s here.”

“Haha, Matthew looks dashing today.”

Seeing Matthew, Floch and Rachel approached and flattered the man.

With his usual aloof manner, Matthew ignored all the lavish decor that the villa was adorned with and asked icily, “Where’s Tiffany?”

“She’s waiting for you upstairs. You should quickly head over so that we don’t miss the perfect time to get married,” Rachel reminded.

After climbing the stairs in a flash, he arrived at Tiffany’s room. When they saw Matthew’s handsome face, her classmates standing by the door all screamed and gasped.

“Oh my God, Young Master Matthew has such an imposing aura.”

“He didn’t even care to dress up in an extravagant manner, yet he still looks so handsome.”

“My idol looks a hundred times better than those actors on TV. Urgh, Tiffany is extremely lucky. I’m so envious right now.”

“Is this what they call the face that Michelangelo himself sculpted? I am so in love.”

“He really is out of our league.”

As the crowd said those words, they all had their phones out to take pictures and videos of Matthew.

On the other hand, Ruka was like a black swan in her strapless black dress making a high profile appearance; it was as if she wanted to declare to the world that *she* should be the one to shine. Now that she was face-to-face with Matthew, she only gave a cold smile. “Congratulations, Young Master Matthew.”

As the Kingses and the Dames were on good terms, he was obviously familiar with her, yet he had no feelings toward her. Gazing at her from head to toe, he replied bluntly, “Thanks,”

After saying that single word to her, he walked past her and went straight into the bedroom.

Tiffany sat in front of the dressing table in the bedroom as she quietly waited for Matthew to show up. It wasn’t until the stunning man with short hair and glossy, black suit appeared behind her that she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Tiffany could see his dashing face displaying the usual indifference without so much as a smile *from* the reflection in the mirror. Although she had a pang in her heart, she hid that emotion in an instant.

“You’re finally here, Matthew.” She stood up.

As all the classmates standing outside had rushed into the bedroom, it made the huge space

suddenly seem a little cramped.

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“Let’s go,” the man said to Tiffany as he offered his arm.

At this moment, all of the classmates shouted in unison, “Kiss her Kiss her. Carry her. When the groom picks up the bride, they also have to carry the bride downstairs.”

Although there was unwillingness written all over Matthew’s face, he could only squat down and carry Tiffany in the end. At that moment, Tiffany felt a sense of happiness that she had never felt before overwhelm her now that she was in his embrace. Her smile was as beautiful as a flower while she was complacent,

As everybody present had already known about his cold attitude, they did not really care about his reaction. After picking her up from the villa, they entered the car and thereafter the motorcade slowly headed to the hotel that was hired for the wedding.

The wedding was said to be the biggest one in Bloomstead that everyone had their eyes on as Tiffany and Matthew’s wedding photos were splashed on billboards and huge monitors in shopping malls throughout the city.

Even though the wedding had cost an absolute fortune since it was exaggeratingly grand, there wasn’t no adherence to tradition of ‘blocking the entrance’, the groom brushing the bride’s hair or even helping her to wear her shoes. They did not even prepare a bouquet of flowers!

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No matter how much money had been spent on the ceremony, the only reaction it had elicited from the groom was perfunctory, as if he merely wanted to get this all over with. However, as the Larsons did not make a huge fuss out of it, the outsiders of course did not say anything either.

After the wedding ceremony at the Royal View Hotel was over, Tiffany was sent to the Presidential Suite to rest.

The ceremony was held at the first floor of the biggest reception hall in the hotel and the venue had been decorated with the theme of a fantasy princess’ castle. When one walked in, they would feel like they had entered a fantasy castle where it emanated lavishness, romance and a glorious feeling. However, at the same time, the decor also screamed of an unspeakable amount of money that was invested in it.

While Tiffany rested in one of the suites, Matthew and his close friends, namely Skyler, Caleb and Miguel, occupied the other suite.

Standing by the window, Matthew had a glass of red wine in his hand as he was immersed in his own thoughts.

The few other people looked at each other with bewilderment. Then, Skylar said, "Matt, it's not that I want to criticize you, but since you don't even like Tiffany, why did you force yourself to marry her? Isn't Veronica also an interesting character? Hahaha, but now that you are married to

Tiffany, I might consider making a move on Veronica, that sassy girl."

"Are you trying to dig your own grave here?" Miguel, who had rushed back from abroad, kicked Skylar to hint at him to stop searching for trouble.

Instead, it was Galeb, a quiet person, who commented, "Drew's right. Since you don't love her, you shouldn't have married her. Although she did save your life and is now bearing your child, these are all problems that can be talked out."

"Old Mrs. Kings was diagnosed with Alzheimer's not too long ago. Her condition is worsening with each passing day. Her only wish now is to see Matthew married and having kids," Miguel lamented

After

he spoke, all of them fell into silence. From an outsider's perspective, one would find Matthew to be a person who was cruel and devoid of emotions. However, his friends knew that he was extremely filial and kind.

He was especially filial to

Elizabeth, who doted on him ever since his mother passed away at an early age while his dad had remarried another woman and practically ignored Matthew growing up. In the big and cold Kings Family, only Elizabeth had really loved and doted on Matthew. That was why his grandmother's feelings mattered the most to him.

It was

due to this reason that Matthew couldn't bear to see Spinfluence Group, which was the result of his grandparents' blood, sweat and tears, fall in the hands of others. As a result, he cautiously and rationally managed the company.

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With the aim of stabilizing the company and the Kings Family's century-old business, Matthew often found himself tied to a lot of things with very little freedom to decide.

Matthew's archrival was his seventh

uncle, the seventh eldest of the Kings Family, Conrad Kings.

Today was Matthew's wedding day, and Conrad had returned too.

The wedding would start at 11.00AM sharp. Veronica was busy running back and forth at the wedding venue. Because her face had a strong resemblance to Tiffany's, she wore a black mask the whole time to avoid causing unnecessary trouble.

At this moment, guests and friends had filled up the grand hall. They were watching the dance performance on stage.

Veronica looked at her watch and saw it was already 10.30AM. Thus, she held the walkie-talkie and announced, "It's 10.30AM. Emcee, please make the final preparation. Make sure that everything,"

Halfway through her sentence, Veronica suddenly felt someone pat her shoulder.

As soon as

Veronica turned her head, she saw a man with a slicked back hairstyle and a short beard. He had pronounced facial features like the classic good looks of a model, especially with those pair of beautiful and mesmerizing azure eyes. With one glance, one could tell this man was biracial.

The man wore a gray suit with a black vest inside, topping his look with a necklace with a diamond-shaped Obsidian pendant around his neck.

"Are you Veronica?" the man asked as he put his hands in the pockets of his pants and stared at Veronica with his azure eyes.

Upon hearing that, Veronica frowned slightly, feeling quite surprised.

I'm wearing a mask, and I have never met this man who's currently standing in front of me before. Yet, he could recognize me at a glance.

"Mr. Conrad, is there something you need help with?" Veronica asked.

"Oh, you recognize me?"

"You're Conrad Kings, the seventh eldest of the Kings Family. Although I have never met you, I have heard much about you."

If it was not because of the Kings Family, Veronica might not be able to recognize Conrad now. However, she had seen his photos before because Elizabeth constantly wanted to introduce

Conrad to her as her partner. And thus, she was no stranger to how he looked.

“Haha... I’m honored to be remembered by such a beautiful lady like you.”

Conrad was born with a classical facial structure of a magazine-worthy model and a finely-tuned vocal chord. When he curled his lips into a smile, there was a slightly more irrepressible sinister charm added onto his handsome face.

Looking at Conrad, Veronica could not help but sigh. *Are all male members of the Kings Family this handsome? That is one strong gene pool!*

However, in Veronica’s opinion, unlike the slightly sinister-looking Conrad, Matthew’s handsomeness was considerably decent looking. Conrad was handsome, but he did not seem like someone with a good nature.

Out of courtesy, Veronica gently pulled her mask down and smiled. “Mr. Conrad, you’re too kind. I wonder... Why are you looking for me?”

“Since you’re the god-granddaughter of Old Mrs. Kings, just address me as Uncle Conrad,” Conrad said

Back then, Old Mr. Kings, Howard Kings, had an affair with a French woman when he was drunk and impregnated her. Later, that woman gave birth to Conrad. The age gap between Conrad and Matthew was only seven years, and thus that made Conrad the youngest among the elders.

Even though Veronica dared to be rash in front of Matthew, she did not dare to act recklessly in front of Conrad. So, she said politely, “Old Mrs. Kings was simply joking. You don’t have to take it seriously, Mr. Conrad.”

As she spoke, Veronica looked at the time on her watch. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll get back to work.”

“Wait.”

Just as Veronica was about to leave, Conrad took something out of his pocket and handed it to her. “Here. It’s a gift that Old Madam exhorted me repeatedly to prepare for you.”

“You mean Grandma?”

Since Conrad’s mother was Howard’s lover, he was somewhat discriminating against Elizabeth despite having a good relationship with her. Hence, just like everyone else, he addressed Elizabeth as Old Madam.

“Yes.” Conrad nodded.

Veronica looked at the thin and long blue velvet brocade box that Conrad handed over. The top of the box had bronzing Chinese letters, and with just one look, Veronica knew the item in the box must be extremely valuable.

Refusing to accept such a valuable gift, Veronica shook her head. "Thank you, Mr. Conrad, for your kindness, but I can't accept this." *It's just too good to be true. Such kindness appeared out of thin air.*

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Veronica shook the walkie-talkie in her hand. "Sorry, Mr. Conrad. I still have work to do. Let's talk later."

"Then, can you leave your number?"

"Uh..."

Seeing as she could not refuse such a reason, Veronica smiled helplessly. "Okay."

After giving Conrad her phone number, Veronica left and dived deep into her work.

Meanwhile, in the Presidential Suite, Matthew stood in front of the French casement. Suddenly, Thomas walked in and went straight to his side. Then, he handed Matthew a document. "Young Master Matthew, this is the information that you wanted me to investigate."

After returning from Cabot Town the other day, Matthew instructed Thomas to re-investigate everything about Veronica and the Larsons.

Upon receiving the instruction, Thomas immediately sent someone to investigate everything in depth. He followed the clues until he discovered that the person who had rescued Matthew was Veronica. Even so, he decided to hide the truth from Matthew after much hesitation.

After all, Thomas saw through Matthew's love for Veronica.

Besides the child conceived, the reason for Young Master Matthew to be willing to wed Tiffany was because everyone in the Kings Family thought she was the one who had rescued Young Master Matthew. Hence, in order to fulfill his promise, Young Master Matthew agreed to marry her. If the marriage was to be canceled now, then Veronica would definitely end up being the person he would marry. Business is as fierce as a war. When there's love, there's weakness. I do not

wish Young Master Matthew to be taken advantage of one day, so it's best I hide the truth from him.

However, just five minutes ago, someone passed an item to Thomas. After watching the video's content on the thumb drive, Thomas was completely taken aback. Thus, he decided to take everything and pass it to Matthew.

"Matt is going to walk up the altar soon. What information is so important that he needs to see now? Thomas, can't you read the situation?" asked Skyler, who was sitting on the sofa doing nothing. Then, he stood up quietly, turned toward them, and came over.

Skyler reached out his hand and wanted to take the document away from Thomas' grip. However, Thomas clutched the portfolio tightly and refused to let go.

Matthew, who had watched everything going on with his eyes, frowned slightly. He raised his hand and took the document. "Speak."

"Uh..." Thomas glanced at Miguel, Caleb, and Skyler. The meaning behind his glance was obvious. He wanted the three to leave the room.

The gaze in Matthew's eyes darkened slightly, and he gestured to the three guys with a look. At once, the three of them knew things were not as easy as they thought.

"F*ck! Why are you acting so mysterious?"

"Drew, stop talking nonsense. Hurry up and come out!"

"We'll leave the room for you guys to talk and stand by the door for a while."

Then, the three of them went out and closed the door behind them.

After ensuring all three of them had left, Matthew opened the document file and ordered, "Cut to the chase."

"Young Master Matthew, do you still remember Miss Murphy had asked you to investigate the truth about her parents' car accident in the first place? I'd found out the truth behind the car crash. As a matter of fact, it wasn't the accidental mistake by the late driver that caused the car accident... The Larsons were behind everything," Thomas informed.

When Matthew heard Thomas' words, his hand paused slightly, and he looked a little surprised. "Go on."

"Also... back when you were involved in a car accident, Tiffany wasn't the one who saved you. It was Veronica."

“Roni?”

Listening to Thomas telling the truth with hesitation, Matthew fell into deep thought, doubting the authenticity of the matter. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely sure. I’ve investigated Tiffany as well and found out that on the night of your car accident, she and her best friend went to the bar to get drunk. They drank until midnight.”

“Heh. Good work.”

Matthew clenched the document file in his hand tightly, and his sharp pupils suddenly burst out with a chill.

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After being silent for a moment, Matthew continued, “Pass down my order and call off this wedding at once.”

“Alright.” Thomas nodded, and his eyes flashed slightly. Then, he deliberately uttered, “By now, everyone in Bloomstead knows that today is your wedding day. If you call it off now, how will you explain it to these outsiders?”

A slight smile formed on the corner of Matthew’s lips after he heard that. Showing no sign of anger and with a relieved smile, Matthew said, “I have my own planning.”

“Young Master Matthew, are you going to makeshift your plan and propose to Miss Murphy?”

The reason Thomas asked that was because he knew Matthew better than anyone else. Hence, Thomas had already expected that Matthew would do so.

Upon hearing that, Matthew kept quiet, meaning he tacitly approved of what Thomas had asked.

Later, Thomas took out his phone and said, “There’s one more thing that I think you should take a look at.” He clicked on the video, and the video on the phone started playing slowly while accompanied by the audio.

In the video, Tiffany sat helplessly on the ground. She looked helter-skelter and pitiful. “Did Veronica send you guys here? Don’t touch me,” cried Tiffany.

“We’re paid to do this. We don’t need to know who paid us, but our paymaster said we can spare your life in exchange for the child in your womb!”

Upon hearing that, Tiffany exclaimed, “C— Child? No! No! Absolutely not!” Face turned pale with fright, she clutched her stomach and moved back a little. “It must be that b*tch, Veronica! It’s her, isn’t it!? I forced her to abort her child back then, so now, she’s going to bury my child together with hers?”

“Stop with this nonsense! Guys, hurry up and kill her child.”

Once again, Tiffany sobbed. “No, the child is innocent. S— Spare my child, please. How much did Veronica pay you? I’ll pay you twice the amount. I have the money. I’m rich. I can even pay you guys ten times the amount.”

“We have our work ethics,” said the bald guy who seemed like the group’s leader.

Still, Tiffany begged for her life and even directly kneeled on the ground and kowtowed to them. Just then, the person standing on one side said to the bald man, “Bro, if she can give us ten times the money, that will be more than that of the amount the woman paid us. And if we include this smooth-skinned woman in the payment, it looks to me like we’re on the profiting side.”

At once, terror rooted Tiffany to the ground after she heard that. However, these men constantly threatened her with the child in her womb. Therefore, in order to keep the child, Tiffany was left with no choice. In the end, she gave them a check for 2 million and was assaulted by those six men in turn.

As he watched until the end of the video, Matthew was enraged, and his facial expression turned icy cold.

At the same time, the dance performance in the grand hall on the first floor had ended. It was almost time for the opening of the wedding to begin. The video broadcast team was getting ready to display the wedding photos of Matthew and Tiffany that they had saved.

Unexpectedly, instead of wedding photos, a video started to be broadcasted on the huge screen.

In the video, Tiffany was tied up and thrown into a warehouse. As she sat helplessly on the ground, she looked helter-skelter and pitiful. “Did Veronica send you guys here? Don’t touch me,” cried Tiffany.

“We’re paid to do this. We don’t need to know who paid us, but our paymaster said we can spare your life in exchange for the child in your womb!”

All seats

were occupied in the grand hall located on the first floor. Initially, all the guests present wanted to take a glimpse of the joyful moment photos between Tiffany and Matthew. However, who would have thought that the screen broadcasted a kidnapping video for everyone to watch. In an instant, the crowd was in an uproar.

“Veronica Murphy? Isn’t she the daughter of the Larsons who got exiled?”

“F*ck! This is madness!”

“Oh, my. This person named Veronica is one dare–devil!”

Soon, everyone started whispering, and the atmosphere of the entire hall instantly boiled with buzzing sounds of discussions.

In the meantime, Veronica, who was standing in the grand hall, felt her whole mind go blank upon

witnessing this scene. The next moment, she trotted backstage while holding the walkie–talkie and shouting crazily, “V–Video! The video! Someone turn off the video immediately! Do it now! Who freaking allowed you all to broadcast this video?”

“President Murphy, I can’t. I can’t turn off the video. I don’t know what’s going on either.”

“Turn off the switch! Quick! Turn off the switch immediately. Now!”

“The screen at the wedding is connected to a power supply and a generator, and it also has an automatic power storage function. W–We are already working on it..”

The employee, who was on the other end of the walkie–talkie, burst into tears.

Veronica kept running and running, but her footsteps eventually came to a halt.

The saying, ‘Whatever you fear will come and seek you’, is true after all. I have poured in lots of effort and sacrificed my sleep by staying up day and night just to handle all the affairs regarding this wedding. Never did I expect that all my efforts would go down the drain in the end.

At this moment, Tiffany was in the Presidential Suite, and she received a call from Rachel, who was in the grand hall. She was panic–stricken, and she held the phone in a daze, looking unprecedentedly helpless..

“How could this be? M–Mom... don’t let them play the video. I beg you...” Tiffany cried.

Although today was her wedding day, Tiffany was constantly on tenterhooks. She had a premonition, and she felt that something was going to take place. However, she just did not expect her sixth sense would come true and bad things would eventually happen.

“Tiffany darling, don’t be afraid. I’m here... Ah! Old Mrs. Kings! Old Mrs. Kings! Are you okay?”

Suddenly, a scream sounded from the other end of the phone, and Tiffany could no longer hear Rachel talking. All she could hear was Rachel’s voice kept calling out to Elizabeth.

Meanwhile, everything was in chaos because of the sudden broadcast of the video’s content in the banquet hall. Elizabeth, who was sitting in the hall, was angered to the point she fainted right on the scene.

Upon receiving the news, Matthew hurried down from upstairs, When he stepped out of the elevator, he heard the buzzing discussions in the hall.

“How did she get kidnapped?”

“This isn’t the main point. The main point is it’s as clear as day that this is the enemy’s revenge toward the Kings Family by broadcasting this video at Young Master Matthew’s wedding.”

“What’s really going on?”

“O—Oh my goodness! Old Mrs. Kings fainted. Somebody go check on her”

Matthew was burning with anger, and his handsome face was as gloomy as the stormy clouds. He walked toward Elizabeth and instructed Thomas, “Immediately cancel the wedding and bring Veronica to see me!”

“Sure, Young Master Matthew.” Upon receiving the order, Thomas swiftly sent someone to cut off the power supply to the screen.

Fortunately, Matthew appeared in time. The screen only showed Tiffany begging for her child’s sake and not the part where she was r*ped.

Tiffany, who was in the Presidential Suite, did not hang up the phone. Instead, she was listening to the audio of the broadcasted video through a speaker with excellent sound effects. The audio was turned off just before the men were about to blurt out offensive words.

Realizing that, Tiffany felt that her suspenseful heart had found its peace. A while ago, she was seriously scared out of her wits, but now she secretly felt lucky that she had escaped narrowly.

At least, those filthy matters would not be made known to the public. But... how long can I hide the truth from Matthew? Can the wedding still carry out as planned?

Tiffany was extremely worried.

However, the next moment, Tiffany heard a familiar voice. It was the voice of Matthew's executive assistant, Thomas. "Sorry for troubling everyone to attend this wedding despite your busy schedules. However, half an hour ago, both Young Master

Matthew

and Miss Larson had discussed with each other and came to an agreement. They have decided to cancel this wedding peacefully. Thank you all for your time."

Thud...

Tiffany's phone fell to the ground, and tears of despair streamed down the corners of her eyes.

Peacefully call off the wedding? Should I lament Matthew's indifference, or should I be grateful that he did not make me look too bad?

In the grand banquet hall, Matthew passed through the crowd with a gloomy face. When he saw the fainted Elizabeth lying on the table, he directly picked her up without saying a word and headed straight to the hospital.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 186

Standing backstage, Veronica was still anxiously dealing with the power outage on the big screen when she saw a group of men in suits rushing toward her.

Veronica could

not help but be stunned for a moment. Looking at the group of men, she felt her temples protruding, and her heart felt unease.

Sure enough, the man who seemed like the leader of the group waved his hand the next moment. He pointed at Veronica, turned to the men behind him, and instructed, "Take her to see Young Master Matthew."

At once, Veronica felt something was terribly wrong. *I screwed up the wedding that Matthew spent 300 million to prepare. To make things worse, I was revealed to be the one who kidnapped Tiffany. All these have put the Kings Family into utter disgrace and made*

them the laughing stock of Bloomstead. Right now, it seems to me that I'm screwed either way, and only my death can compensate for the loss suffered by the Kings Family.

Suddenly, a voice sounded. "What are you doing still standing there? Run!"

The next moment, Xavier appeared out of nowhere. He grabbed Veronica's hand and fled from the back entrance like a maniac.

"Xavier, why are you here?" asked Veronica as she was dragged by him while running.

"I witnessed this chaos the moment I arrived at the wedding venue after I had finished attending to the company's affairs."

At this moment, Xavier could care less about the loss the video content would bring upon the Kings Family. He was only worried about Veronica, so he rushed backstage as soon as possible. When he saw the bodyguards were about to take Veronica away, he immediately dragged her with him.

"Stop! Don't run! Chase after her!"

"Someone, help me catch her! Hurry! Hurry!"

Both Xavier and Veronica ran at the front while several bodyguards kept chasing after them.

As they ran out from the hall's back entrance, Xavier had **spotted his car that his assistant had already parked there.**

"Quick! Get in the car!"

Xavier opened the door and hurriedly got into the car with **Veronica. They got in the car and left before the bodyguards could catch up on them.**

The car drove forward slowly. After only 100 meters, **Veronica said, "Xavier, stop the car."**

"Stop the car? Are you crazy? Do you know what Matthew would do to you once you got caught?"

At that moment, Xavier felt that Veronica was getting really besotted.

"I did nothing wrong, so why should I run away?"

“You are the planner of this wedding, and you ordered someone to kidnap Tiffany. Not to mention, they exposed the kidnapping video at the wedding. Those are enough reasons for Matthew to tear you into pieces, and it’s probably still not enough to relieve his hatred,” Xavier said to Veronica while driving.

“Even *you* think I did it?” Veronica leaned on the front passenger seat. Once she had calmed down, she started analyzing the situation carefully. For some reason, she felt that she had been set up.

Upon hearing that, Xavier felt stunned for a moment. He side-eyed Veronica, as if in disbelief. Then, he frowned slightly. “Y–You mean... someone’s trying to frame you?”

Xavier had witnessed everything that happened in the banquet hall today with his own eyes. Even he felt that Veronica’s actions were absurd and stupid.

Although the exposure of the video at the wedding could make the Larsons lose their pride and dignity, it would also lead to Veronica bringing a fatal disaster upon herself.

Judging from that, Veronica seemed to be acting a bit too reckless.

However, listening to Veronica’s analysis now, Xavier felt that things were strange too.

With a gloomy look, Veronica nodded slightly.

Screech

Suddenly, a car sped past and stopped right in front of them, blocking the way. Afterwards, several bodyguards in suits and leather shoes got down from the four cars in front and back.

“Xavier, go back and help me investigate who’s the mastermind behind this. I can handle Matthew myself,” Veronica said to Xavier as she unfastened her seat belt.

Then, she opened the door and got out of the car.

“Okay, keep in touch,” replied Xavier, not planning to join Veronica to see Matthew. Instead, he wanted to investigate the truth and return Veronica’s innocence.

After that, Veronica closed the car door and said to the bodyguards standing in front of her, “I’ll go with you. Take me to meet Matthew.”

With a serious facial demeanor, the bodyguards grabbed Veronica’s arm and rudely stuffed her into the car. Then, they left the scene.

Xavier, who was sitting in the car, immediately took out his phone. Just as he was about to order someone to investigate the matter, his phone rang, and Melissa's call came in.

With his mind prioritized on Veronica's matter, Xavier hung up the phone.

However, Melissa called again just after Xavier hung up the phone.

He hesitated for a while before answering the phone helplessly. "Melissa?"

As soon as the phone was answered, Melissa's sobbing voice came from the other end. She sounded very sad. "Xavier, where are you? I—I want to see you."

"Melissa, what's wrong?"

"Xavier, I—I'm at the Royal View Hotel's roadside. Can you come and pick me up?"

"Okay, wait for a while. I'll come right over."

Thinking Melissa was caught up in some sort of an emergency, Xavier immediately turned the car around. While driving, he called someone to investigate any incidents that happened in the Royal View Hotel.

Two minutes later, he spotted Melissa and parked the car in front of her. Yet, before Xavier could get out of the car and ask about her condition, Melissa pulled open the car door and jumped into the car. "Xavier, go! H—Hurry and let's get out of here!"

"Melissa, what happened?"

With a pair of red teary eyes, Melissa bellowed, "Xavier, just hurry up and go! I'll explain to you later. I'll be dead if those guys caught up to me."

Powerless against Melissa, Xavier started the car and drove away slowly. He was vaguely aware that something was wrong.

It was not until the car sped away for a few kilometers that Xavier suddenly turned a corner and drove into an alley. Then, he stopped the car and turned off the engine. He ordered Melissa, "Tell me what's wrong."

Melissa, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, burst into **tears and kept sobbing**. However, she did not utter a word.

Upon seeing Melissa's demeanor, Xavier narrowed his eyes slightly. A dim light flashed in his orbs, and he asked, "Today's video had something to do with you, right?"

When his voice fell, Melissa's sobbing sound stopped abruptly.

As expected! It did have something to do with Melissa!

Melissa's eyes were red from crying. Holding a tissue in her hand, Melissa shook her head like she was playing a rattle drum. "Xavier, I didn't mean it... I really didn't mean

it..."

Then, Melissa turned to her side and grabbed Xavier's arm. "I sent a group of guys over and asked them to kill the child in Tiffany's womb... I thought Tiffany definitely did not dare to let Matthew know the child she conceived was gone since she had been quiet for so long. Later, I ask the group of guys to send me the thumb drive that contained the video of Tiffany's miscarriage. I— I wanted to make Tiffany feel ashamed and embarrassed at her wedding so that she couldn't marry Young Master Matthew."

As she choked with sobs, Melissa added again, "Back then, in Dawnpol Village, Young Master Matthew personally said that they wouldn't get married if Tiffany lost the child in her womb. S—

So, that was why I did it. It's just that when I sought out the group of guys and asked them for the video recording, they refused to give it to me. I thought they wanted money, so I found a few thugs to get the video from them forcibly. I was behind schedule by the time I retrieved the video, so I didn't watch it and directly instructed someone to find a way to broadcast the video on the big screen in the wedding hall. In the end... who would have thought it was such a video... I— I sensed something wasn't right with the video when I was at the grand hall just

now. So, I called them and questioned them. Then, they told me that the video wasn't a video of Tiffany's miscarriage, but a video of Tiffany being r*ped..."

"What did you say!?! It's a video of Tiffany being assaulted!?" Xavier's heart jolted, and he glared at Melissa.

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Seeing as Xavier's face flushed with anger and the blue veins on his forehead were about to pop, Melissa shuddered with terror. "X— Xavier, why are you looking at me like that? I—I'm scared!" She sobbed, and her tears started raining down her cheeks nonstop

Feeling his anger rush straight to his head, Xavier raised his hand and gave a slap on Melissa's face. "Oh,

so now you know to feel terrified for your life ? Don't you know that what you did is equivalent to seeking death!?"

Then, Xavier grabbed Melissa by the collar. With a ferocious look on his face, he scolded her, "That's Matthew Kings! Even if he doesn't love Tiffany, he'd never allow anyone to create chaos at his wedding. Not to mention, the one that you'd laid hands on was his fiancée!"

It was all in fate's hand. Initially, Xavier thought that someone schemed against Veronica in regards to this matter. However, he never expected that the master mind was actually Melissa.

Seized by uncontrollable fury, Xavier slammed his fist on his car's steering wheel. His enraged look was immensely terrifying as he looked like a raging lion that would devour Melissa at any time.

After adjusting his emotions for a while, Xavier calmed down. He raised his hand and rubbed his temples. Then, he looked over at Melissa. Her eyes were red from crying, and he felt bad for her in every possible way.

Raising his hand, Xavier caressed Melissa's red cheek. "Are you alright? Sorry, I was acting a little too reckless just now."

It was probably better for Xavier to keep his mouth shut because the moment he opened his mouth to console Melissa, she cried even harder. She plunged into Xavier's arms and hugged him tightly. "Xavier, I'm scared... Will they kill me? Sob..."

Seeing this, Xavier hugged Melissa and patted her on the back. Then, he sighed. "You're really an idiot. Old Mrs. Kings has always dreamed of having a grandchild. Judging from that, anyone can see that the Kings Family put great importance on the child Tiffany conceived. You're simply asking for death!"

Still sobbing, Melissa said, "I-I love Matthew. I just didn't want Tiffany to be married to him. I didn't think so much..."

The single-minded Melissa confidently deemed that the Crawfords had a foothold in Bloomstead. In her mind, even if Matthew found out it was her who had killed the child borne by Tiffany, he would not do anything to her.

However, the current situation was that the content of the video was Tiffany being assaulted, and it even got broadcasted openly for everyone to watch at the wedding.

All the guests and friends invited to the wedding banquet today were renowned businessmen and celebrities. If someone had

not stopped the video in time, the scene of Tiffany being assaulted would have been broadcasted directly to all these upper-class socialites to see, and the Kings Family would have lost all their dignity and honor.

Fortunately, the wedding was held in a very private manner, and no entertainment reporters were allowed to participate. Otherwise, the blow suffered by the Kings Family would have been unimaginable.

Even so, if Matthew found out about Melissa's doings, he would probably think that the Crawfords wanted to take this opportunity to inflict revenge on the Kings Family out of anger and make them a laughing stock. This would cause their company's stock market to decline, which could lead to immeasurable consequences.

If there were any news reporters who sneaked into the wedding scene today and exposed the news to the public, quite frankly, they could spin it and say the Crawfords were trying to bring down the Kings Family!

"Matthew will definitely watch the whole video and find out the truth sooner or later. What you need to do now is to find those people immediately," Xavier said.

Listening to his words, Melissa stood up straight. She nodded her head while wiping her tears off with a tissue. "Yeah, Xavier. We finally agree on something," said Melissa, sobbing and sniffing. Her shoulders huddled from time to time.

"Hmm... you're not as stupid as I thought." Xavier nodded, feeling relieved. Then, he said solemnly, "After you have found those men, hand them over to me. I'll immediately buy you a plane ticket to go abroad so you can lay low before this matter is solved."

"Thanks, Xavier. But, you don't have to deal with them anymore. I have already dealt with them."

"You've dealt with them... What did you say?" Xavier was dumbfounded after he heard that.

"I've obliterated the evidence, because only if they're dead, then no one will know nor suspect it was I who had committed the crime. I had sent someone to make the person who secretly sneaked into the wedding banquet to broadcast the video and the few people who had assaulted Tiffany vanish from the surface of the Earth."

Shortly after those words escaped from her lips, Melissa had a smug smile on her tearful face.

As she kept smiling, Melissa soon realized there was something wrong with Xavier's facial expression, and the smile on her face converged inch by inch. Then, her facial expression gradually became stiff.

"X—Xavier, w—what's wrong?"

"Are you a freaking moron? You're asking me what's wrong?"

Xavier only felt that his head was congested with anger. He grabbed Melissa's shirt and raised his hand again, wanting to slap her back to her senses. However, he held back when his hand was 10 centimeters away from her cheek.

Clenching all his five fingers into a fist, Xavier smashed on the center console, and instantly, a pit appeared on it.

Melissa had never seen Xavier in such a furious state before.

Shortly after, Xavier picked up his phone and made a call. After asking the other party to send Melissa's passport to the airport, he bought the ticket for the first flight available to Castron. Then, he drove both of them to the airport. Along the way, he urged, "After you've arrived in Castron, lay low and don't call the family for now."

"Okay, I understand."

Once again, Melissa realized her mistake. Even so, she could only cry nonstop as she was too frightened to the point she did not dare to utter a word.

After a while, Melissa asked cautiously again, "Xavier, will you reveal my doings to Young Master Matthew in order to protect Veronica?"

But, her question did not receive an answer.

At the same time, Veronica was forcibly brought into the car. She sat in the car and left with several bodyguards.

However, their car did not manage to drive far when a car suddenly appeared from the side and slammed into the car Veronica was in.

"Watch out!" shouted the man in the front passenger seat as he reminded the man in the driver's seat.

Clang! Clang!

The car drove slowly on the road. Left and right, two cars were clinging and trapping the car in the middle.

Veronica, who was sitting in the back row, was dizzy from the hit. Just as she was holding onto the car seat with both hands, the cars on both sides made a sudden brake. Her eardrums were triggered by the sharp and harsh braking sound. It was a sound that was enough to drive people nuts.

Eventually, the cars were forced to come into stall modes.

After the driver had stopped the car, the two cars on the left and right, along with the four cars in the front and the back, stopped as well.

A team of foreign mercenary soldiers in camouflage uniform and beret appeared in the cars that were attacking their car. Wearing sunglasses, they got out of the car in an aggressive manner.

Meanwhile, 8 bodyguards in suits and leather shoes stepped out of the four cars dispatched by Matthew. They were going up against those 16 tough-looking foreign mercenaries.

Who sent these mercenaries?

Veronica was puzzled.

Just as Veronica was sitting in the car and silently waiting for the fierce confrontation of more than 20 people, the door of the car she was in suddenly opened.

“Why are you still in a daze? Hurry up and get out of the car.”

A familiar female voice sounded. Veronica looked sideways, and the person who came was... “Yvonne?” .

“Stop talking nonsense! Get out of the car right now!”

Dragging Veronica out of the car, Yvonne then hopped into her red sports car.

Then, Yvonne started her car. After making a u-turn in a cool manner, she blatantly drove backwards on the highway and entered the other lane at the next intersection.

Eyes looking at the group of people who were confronting each other through the rearview mirror, Veronica asked again, “Who are those people? Why did you come to save me?”

“You saved me back then, so it’s reasonable for me to save you now.”

As she said that, Yvonne tilted her head, raised her hand, and pulled down the sunglasses to her nose bridge. Then, she cocked her eyebrow and smiled at Veronica.

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Veronica glanced at Yvonne with a baffled look and smiled without saying a word.

Then, with complicated feelings, she lay back on the passenger seat, closed her eyes, and pretended to doze off.

The car drove on for half an hour before it arrived at a private small western-style building in a remote location.

After parking the car, Yvonne patted Veronica on her shoulder. "Veronica? It's time to get off. Damn, how could you still fall asleep after what happened? I admire your calmness," she muttered as she got out of the car.

When Yvonne got out of the car, Veronica still hadn't gotten down yet.

Yvonne frowned and walked over to the passenger seat before opening the door. "Veronica, get out of the car!"

"Oh. Where are we now?"

The groggy Veronica rubbed her eyes and walked out of the car, as if she hadn't fully woken up.

Yvonne turned back and pointed at the building. "Come in with me. This is my,"

However, before she could finish speaking, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and pulled her back, pinning her against the car, and the next moment, a sharp and cool dagger was placed against her neck.

"Tell me: Who are you?!"

Veronica, who still seemed sleepy just now, looked angry and gloomy all of a sudden. She had lost all sleepiness from moments ago.

It was obvious that she was acting just now.

Yvonne was stunned for a moment, then she smiled. "Veronica, stop playing around. I'm trying to save you. Do you normally treat your savior this way?"

“Savior? Heh.”

Veronica’s red lips curled slightly, and her beautiful eyes were filled with a sarcastic sneer. “Are you telling me the truth or not? I will give you five seconds to tell me; otherwise, don’t blame me for being merciless!”

From the first time she met Yvonne, she had been suspicious of this woman and had always felt that she was very scheming.

After meeting in Bloomstead again, she had been observing Yvonne’s every reaction.

“S—Stop it. Swords have no eyes. Nothing good is going to come out of this if you hurt me.”

Yvonne waved her hand and couldn’t help gulping from the nerves. “I really just wanted to save...”

“Five!”

“I’m serious. I’m really just trying to save you.”

“Four!”

“Veronica Murphy, are you out of your mind? Why,”

“Three.”

“I bet you won’t be able to do this to me.”

“Two.”

“Go ahead, then.”

“One!”

When Veronica finished the last count, she saw Yvonne staring at her intently while her eyes narrowed slightly. Her hand holding the dagger retracted, and in a flash, she stabbed directly at Yvonne’s face.

The speed was staggering, but at the critical moment, Yvonne’s pupils shrank slightly. She suddenly raised her hand, grabbed Veronica’s wrist with her hands, and clenched her fist with the other hand before punching Veronica’s abdomen fiercely.

Veronica was initially in pain, which caused her to stagger back a few steps, but she soon regained her footing.

Instead of being angry, she smiled. "You're revealing your skills so quickly, eh?"

Just now, she deliberately attacked her in the face with a dagger. Normally, people would subconsciously resist when they encountered extremely dangerous situations.

Veronica only wanted to give it a try, but she managed to reveal Yvonne's skills.

To be able to catch a blade bare-handed in an instant meant that her ability should not be underestimated, and her skills must be no less better than Veronica's.

Yvonne realized that she was tricked, so she pursed her lips and said nothing.

"Did what happened today have anything to do with you?"

Up till now, Veronica only felt that Yvonne's identity was strange, but there was no evidence to prove that what happened in the banquet hall today had anything to do with her.

So, she was just speculating.

"It had nothing to do with me." Yvonne shook her head.

"Since it didn't have anything to do with you, why did you save me? What is your purpose in approaching me all this while?"

Though Veronica had no deep suspicion toward Yvonne before this, Yvonne's reaction now had basically explained everything.

It was just that up till now, Veronica still didn't know why Yvonne tried to approach her so persistently.

Was it because of Matthew?

No—that would be impossible.

After all, she was the one who ruined Matthew's wedding banquet. According to the video played at the banquet, she allegedly kidnapped Tiffany and threatened to kill the child in her womb, which was said to be her revenge on the Kings Family.

Now that she was the enemy of the Kings Family, Yvonne saving her right then would mean she was making an enemy of the Kings as well.

Therefore, it could never be because of Matthew.

But if it wasn't because of Matthew, then what could be the reason for this?

“What purpose? Would you believe me if I said that the first meeting was just an accident? I just felt you were a good person, and so I saved you today. You have to believe me. I would never do anything to hurt you,”

Thud! Halfway through Yvonne’s sentence, the dagger in Veronica’s hand flew at a terrifying speed. With a *thud*, the dagger had sunk into the door frame beside her.

The strength and precision were astounding.

“Yvonne Spencer, I don’t care why you approached me, but from today onward, don’t appear in front of me again. Otherwise, don’t blame me for being rude to you!”

Veronica snorted coldly, walked past her, and left.

Right then, she couldn’t figure out if Yvonne’s words were true or false, but she felt even more terrified the more she thought about it—it only sent chills down her spine.

If Yvonne’s words were true, who was secretly protecting her?

However, if her words were a lie, then what was the purpose of Yvonne approaching her?

With these thoughts in mind, Veronica left.

Yvonne, who was leaning against the car, looked back at Veronica’s back and sighed helplessly, at a loss for what to do.

Veronica was walking from the suburbs to the city. She was in a complicated mood and called Xavier, but no one answered.

She guessed that Xavier should be busy right around that time, so she decided to not continue calling him.

After hesitating, she found Matthew’s phone number in the address book and dialed

1. it.

“*Beep, beep...*”

The phone rang twice, but there was no answer as well.

All of a sudden, a black car braked and stopped beside her.

Veronica was stunned, and she turned her head to look at the car parked beside her, only to realize that it was Matthew’s car.

The door opened, and sure enough, a familiar figure appeared in front of her.

In a suit and leather shoes, he was all dressed up today. He looked blindingly handsome and charming.

It was just that on that handsome face of his was a gloomy look, which added a sense of coldness to him.

She looked at him, and he looked at her.

The two locked eyes for a few seconds, then Matthew looked down at the phone in his hand, swiped the screen with his thumb, and answered.

As he held the phone to his ear, he looked at the woman in front of him with complex and deep eyes while his thin lips parted slightly. "What's the matter?"

Veronica clutched the phone tightly—she never expected Matthew to answer.

She pursed her red lips lightly, hesitated, and said, "What happened today... If I said that I didn't do it, would you believe me?"

Veronica's voice fell, but Matthew didn't speak.

The two just stared at each other, two meters apart, while the autumn breeze ruffled the hair on their foreheads, as if strumming each other's heartstrings.

"Heh." The woman sneered at her own remarks. "Why would you ever believe me? I am just being delusional—"

"I believe you."

With such tender words being uttered from his mouth, he once again displayed an endless amount of doting care for her.

It was those two words that gave Veronica a heavy blow—she was so shocked that she was speechless for a long time.

Did... Did he just say that he believes me?

"H—

How could you possibly believe me? I am solely responsible for your wedding. What happened during the wedding, and the video which clearly stated that I forced her to abort the child—you have every right to believe that I did all that to avenge my child!"

Chapter 189

As she spoke, she hung up and kept her phone.

Matthew stared at Veronica, but the only thing he could see from her sincere face was innocence and helplessness.

He stepped forward slowly and stood in front of her. "Maybe you should watch the whole video."

"The whole video? W-What do you mean?"

Veronica didn't understand what Matthew meant.

"On the day you returned to Bloomstead, she was defiled after being taken away by them."

"A-Are you saying that she was r*ped?"

Veronica was speechless. No matter what, she didn't expect this to be the outcome.

Thinking about this, she couldn't help but feel a chill run down her spine. If the video was shown in its entirety today, the Kings Family would have become the joke in Bloomstead from then on, and Tiffany would have been utterly humiliated.

The consequences were... unimaginable.

W2

"I really didn't do this. I'm asking Xavier to help me investigate the truth. I also want to know who's pulling strings behind the scenes, trying to harm me."

Veronica was furious, and her clenched fists hung at her sides..

Her gaze was fixed on Matthew from the very beginning, and she was inexplicably worried about whether the man would doubt the authenticity of her words.

"Leave this matter to me," he said softly. "Get in the car and follow me back."

After he said that, Veronica stood motionless. Matthew frowned inexplicably, but Veronica asked, "Why did you choose to trust me?"

Does he trust me just because he fancies me?

"The Veronica I know is straightforward, honest, bold, and courageous; you even

dared to sacrifice your life to save someone else when the car was about to explode. How could you do such a despicable thing?"

Matthew didn't mince words when he praised her.

Listening to Matthew's explanation, Veronica suddenly realized that he already knew that she had saved him the night he was in a car accident.

"It seems that you're not stupid either."

She sighed and smiled helplessly, feeling that Matthew didn't disappoint her after all.

Originally, she wanted to clarify things with Matthew, because a sensible man would rationally analyze everything that happened at the wedding scene today, but she was suddenly taken away by Xavier before she could react.

When she came back to find Matthew, she was inexplicably 'rescued' by Yvonne's people.

At that time, she sensed that something was wrong with Yvonne, so she deliberately got into the car with her, wanting to know what Yvonne's identity was.

It wasn't until she arrived at the western-style building in the outskirts that she started to take action against Yvonne, and she suddenly realized that something was wrong with the building. She glanced around keenly and found that there was someone powerful hidden in it.

In order to save her life, she didn't continue to attack Yvonne and chose to leave the building

On one hand, she was trying to save her life; on the other hand, she wanted to find a suitable opportunity to investigate Yvonne's identity in depth.

"What? Do you think I would be stupid enough to think you did it?"

This damn woman. Am I that stupid to her?

As Veronica's suspended heart eased, she relaxed a whole lot, and she couldn't help laughing, "I don't. By the way, how's Grandma?"

"At the hospital. She's already awake."

"Can you... take me to the hospital to visit Grandma? I want to personally explain this to her."

“With no evidence, what are you going to use to get Grandma to trust you?” Matthew seemed a little worried. “You’ve been staying up late to plan the wedding lately; there are even dark circles under your eyes.”

He couldn’t help raising his hand and covering her cheek with his huge palm. Then, he pressed her cheek with his thumb, “As a girl, you should learn to take good care of your self.”

Despite his sudden gentleness, Veronica didn’t fall for his concerned act, but slapped his hand away instead. “Matthew, I’m warning you. If you dare to take advantage of me a gain, I’ll chop your hand off! Don’t think that you’re not still a scumbag just because you broke off your engagement with Tiffany. Don’t forget that the child in

is yours. You abandoned her just because she’s been r*ped. You don’t have any sense of responsibility as a man whatsoever.”

“I don’t have the responsibility of a man?”

Matthew took a step forward, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Do you think this has nothing to do with you?”

He held her wrist in his huge palm, then walked forward and said solemnly, “In the first place, I promised to marry Tiffany because she lied and claimed to have saved me. That’s why all that happened. How should I settle this score with you, huh?”

Regarding the cause and effect of this matter, there was no way it wasn’t related to Veronica.

“... ..”

Veronica was speechless. After carefully contemplating it, it seemed that this matter was indirectly related to her.

But...

Even so, she refused to admit it.

“What does it have to do with me? It was you who didn’t investigate carefully in the first place, yet you’re blaming it on me.”

“Then tell me: Why is that ring with her? Why is she so clear about what happened at the scene of the incident?”

“S—

She stole the ring from my house. Why do you think she tried to attack me so many times in the first place? It’s because she was afraid I’d reveal the truth to you!”

When Veronica recalled the previous incident, her anger flew through the roof. “Speaking of which, I remember that I saved you when you were about to die that day. You promised me a reward of 100 million, but you haven’t given it to me yet.”

Their conversation was open and honest.

Matthew looked down at the angry yelling woman in front of him. As he peered at her, he suddenly found her angry appearance cute.

They were clearly twins, but why were their personalities so different?

“If you’re willing to marry me, all my money will be yours,” Matthew said out of nowhere.

As soon as he spoke, Veronica was so shocked that she stopped mid-sentence. She was stunned, and her eyes widened in disbelief. “Marry you?”

—Is this a confession?

Veronica suddenly felt her heartbeat speed up, and she was a little nervous, astonished, and flattered all at once.

Chapter 190

“Think about it?”

A warm smile appeared on Matthew’s sexy lips.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he said that, Veronica suddenly stretched out a foot and stepped fiercely on his foot before crushing it. “In your dreams. I’m short of money, not men! Hmph!”

With that, Veronica rolled her eyes at Matthew, then turned around and proudly got into the car,

Standing in the same place, Matthew slightly raised his eyebrows, then he slightly lowered his head and glanced at the gray footprint on his dark and shiny leather shoe. He couldn’t help his lips from curling up slightly, and a touch of amusement appeared in his eyes.

His genuine smile was charming and sultry, but Matthew didn’t realize that his mood had been affected by Veronica’s every move.

Unknowingly, it seemed that all his tenderness had been given to this unique woman.

Turning

around, he got into the car and sat next to Veronica, then said to Thomas, who was sitting in the driver's seat, "Go back to Twilight Condominium."

"Okay, boss."

Thomas started the car and drove intently. From time to time, he would look through the rearview mirror to see the actions of the two people in the back seat.

Noticing this, Matthew raised the middle partition, blocking Thomas' view.

"Since you've broken off your engagement with her, then what about the child in her belly? Grandma even fainted with anger. Is she okay? She must be very disappointed."

Veronica leaned against the car door, watching the scenery outside flash past, then let out a heavy sigh. "She must be very disappointed in me."

As

The cause of everything that happened today pointed to Veronica, and everyone was suspicious of her.

Even the people who attended the banquet had a lot to say about her.

Feeling worried, she sighed, as if the burden on her shoulders had gotten a lot heavier and was suffocating her.

"Leave it to me. You just need to take care of yourself."

Matthew looked sideways at her, a lingering gloom on his face.

Veronica already had severe insomnia, so what happened today would probably bring her greater stress and worsen her condition.

"I'm worried that my—"

"I've sent someone to protect your parents around the clock. Nothing will happen." Matthew knew what she was worried about.

Everything had been settled, but there was one thing that made Veronica uneasy.

Confusion was written on her fair face. As she blinked her beautiful glistening eyes, she looked at Matthew with puzzlement. "You're not being so nice to me because you have other intentions, right? Matthew, I'm telling you. Don't think that I'll give you a discount because you treat me better now."

“A discount?”

“That’s right. The 100 million for saving you and the 300 million for the wedding. Not a penny less!”

“Based on how the wedding went, as the head of the wedding company that is solely responsible, don’t you have to be responsible for it?”

“Then... Then, you can’t blame me. Who knows how many people you usually offend? Now, your wedding is canceled, and my company is in trouble. Great! Who will hire my company next time? There are dozens of people in my company. Now, we’re done for. Ugh.”

Speaking of

which, this was her first time starting her own business. In order to earn Matthew’s money, she took over the wedding planning company and stayed up for several days and nights. She just hoped that this wedding would be disaster-proof, but in the end, it ended in a farce.

Her wedding planning company’s reputation was ruined, and no one would ever ask to work with them again in the future.

It was a huge loss!

“Thomas, go straight to the office.”

At the end of the

day, Veronica couldn’t let go of the wedding planning company she had painstakingly managed.

After such a major incident, everyone in the company was terrified, so she had to go back to preside over the situation.

Matthew didn’t make a sound, so Thomas knew that his boss had acquiesced.

He turned the car around and headed toward Encounters Bridal Store.

Half an hour later, they arrived at Veronica’s office.

She said to Matthew, “Thank you for sending me over. Bye.”

Matthew gave her a slight nod. “Call me if you need help with anything.”

“Okay.”

After Veronica responded, she got out of the car and hurried into the office. As a result, as soon as she walked into the lounge, she saw several male colleagues scuffling with each other.

“Oh, stop it.”

“The boss has already run away. There’s no use grappling with each other.”

“That’s right, that’s right. It’s bad luck.”

“We’d better hurry up and contact the boss. Otherwise, we might not even get our salaries!”

“I don’t think President Murphy is an irresponsible person.”

“She’s run away! How’s that being responsible? How naive!”

The company’s employees were divided into two factions—one chose to trust Veronica, while the other believed that Veronica ran away with the money.

The two groups of people were arguing and buzzing with noise.

When Veronica walked into the lounge, she stood there for a full minute without anyone noticing her presence.

Glancing around, she saw a glass cup on the table beside her, so she picked it up and threw it onto the ground.

The cup shattered, causing everyone to look over in surprise, and they were even more surprised to find that she was back.

“President Murphy?”

“President Murphy, you’re back.”

“Are you okay?”

“After you offended Young Master Matthew, we thought you ran away.”

“Hurry up and give us our salary. I want to resign. You’ve offended Young Master Matthew. We don’t want to get into trouble.”

“Yes. That’s right! Hurry up and return our salary!”

Dozens of employees chattered non-stop, and they were making so much noise that her head hurt.

Dressed in workwear, Veronica tied her hair into a ponytail and placed her hands into the pockets of her trousers. Her small face was slightly sunken, and she was looking coldly at them, her sharp eyes compelling.

The noise gradually softened until everyone was quiet.

Only then did she open her mouth and asked, "Why aren't you guys talking anymore? Why don't you continue arguing and fighting?"

Her voice was stern, but there was no sound.

Veronica's anger gradually subsided. "As long as I don't say that the company is dissolved, none of your salaries will be a penny less!"

"But... what are you going to do about the fact that you offended Young Master Matthew?"

"The bride is your sister, but you actually kidnapped her, and you even hired someone to kill the child in her belly. You're so vicious. How are we supposed to believe you?"

"Yeah. It's too vicious."

"I don't think it's that simple."

Listening to their arguments, Veronica furrowed her eyebrows as she glared at everyone. Her harsh gaze was rather intimidating, and all her employees quieted down once more.

She spoke slowly. "Please think the next time you speak. Our company was solely responsible for Matthew's wedding. With a budget of 300 million, a single order is enough to last ten years. Would I be an idiot and ruin my job?!"

At this moment, another voice rang out in the crowd. "Whether you did it or not, you've offended Young Master Matthew."

It was a sentence that was hard to disagree with.

Veronica had worked as a grassroots employee before too. She knew that what they were thinking was normal and reasonable, so she said, "I can understand your mood. *If* you want to resign, go to the finance department now and get your three months' salary. Get your money immediately and leave."

An employee hurried in from outside and said to Veronica, "President Murphy, President Murphy, bad news. There are suddenly a lot of reporters outside asking for an interview."

