

# The Life of A Billionaire's Wife

## Chapter 26 Tiffany's Threat

"Oh, who do we have here? What's a delivery girl doing here? The food is scattered all over the floor, and it smells pungent."

"It's Young Master Matthew and Miss Larson's wedding today. Didn't they already book the whole place? Why did someone order for a food delivery?"

"Who knows? Is she trying to sneak in?"

"Where's the security? Throw out this person quickly."

...

The wealthy people and celebrities who passed by Veronica gave her a look of disdain, criticizing and ridiculing her, and someone even called the security to throw her out.

When two security guards came over, they saw the delivery vest she was wearing and noticed how out of place she seemed, so they grabbed her by her shirt. "Get out quickly. This place is booked."

However, Veronica shook off the security guard's hand. "Let go!"

Right now, she was furious. If she wasn't pregnant, she wouldn't feel a thing to see Tiffany and Matthew getting married because it had nothing to do with her.

But now, she was already pregnant for more than two months, and Matthew had made a deal with her four days ago—if she gave birth to the child, he would help her adoptive father with his surgery and find out the truth behind the car accident.

That was why she agreed to keep the baby.

Who would have expected things to take a turn so quickly!

Veronica could almost imagine the scene after the child was born—she would be chased away, and her own child would be calling Tiffany 'Mom'.

Mom?! Ha, how ironic! she thought.

"Miss, I'm warning you now. Get out of here quickly, or else don't blame me for being rude," the security guard warned, pointing a finger at Veronica.

The people who were coming from downstairs stopped to watch. Even though they were from wealthy families or were celebrities who were always in the spotlight, there were still many amongst them who liked to watch the fun.

“You don’t have to chase me out. I can—”

“Roni, what are you doing here?”

While Veronica was speaking, Xavier squeezed out from the crowd and pulled her behind himself. Glancing at the security guard coldly, he said, “I brought her in with me. Is there a problem with that?”

Dressed in a white short-sleeved shirt and blue jeans with a necklace around his neck, Xavier was a guest of the banquet, but while his casual attire made him look bright, handsome, and energetic, he was just the same as Veronica—looking out of place next to all these people dressed in expensive clothes.

“Young Master Xavier, she’s a delivery girl,” the security guard explained, pointing at Veronica and the scattered food on the floor.

Checking out the takeaway box on the floor, he crouched down and picked it up. “Roni, what’s wrong with you?” he said, pretending to be unhappy. “I asked you to bring me some food on the way but you can’t even hold it well.”

It didn’t strike Veronica that Xavier would suddenly appear, and she was very grateful to him for helping her out. However, what happened next was a round of sarcastic remarks from the bystanders.

“My god, there must be something wrong with Young Master Xavier’s head. He’s actually friends with such an ugly delivery girl!”

“She’s so ugly that I almost threw up. Looks like Xavier is really desperate.”

“Indeed, he’s the infamous useless bum of Bloomstead. What an eye-opener today is.”

“You can’t bring her out on the streets. Such an embarrassment.”

...

The crowd kept criticizing while pointing at them as they sneered, mocked, and ridiculed them; their gazes fell on the two, as though exposing them under the spotlight.

To that, Xavier merely laughed it off. Just as he said, he was ‘invincible’ and didn’t feel any inferiority nor embarrassment in the face of these sarcastic remarks. Meanwhile, Veronica took it in stride as well, with an all-knowing look despite the people making fun of her.

More often than not, the both of them were very similar people.

“What’s going on?”

Suddenly, a husky and familiar voice echoed from behind the crowd.

“Oh, Young Master Matthew is here.”

“Congratulations, Young Master Matthew. Your engagement to Miss Larson is quite a surprise for us, but you’re a good match for each other.”

“Congratulations, Young Master Matthew and Miss Larson.”

“Goodness, you really live up to your name as the number one beauty of Bloomstead, Miss Larson. You’re stunning!”

“Both of you are a perfect match.”

“Young Master Matthew, someone is making trouble at your banquet.”

“Young Master Matthew, it’s been a while.”

...

The people greeted Matthew as they opened up a path for him, and when Veronica turned her head to look, she saw Tiffany, who was all dressed-up for the event and holding Matthew’s arm.

Her chestnut brown hair was lightly curled with airy bangs in the front. Even though she had some light makeup on, her natural beauty was still very striking, especially since she was in a long, white dress which reached the floor. The hem of the dress was decorated with sequins, and they gleamed like stars under the lights, making her seem like a beautiful fairy.

Meanwhile, the man was wearing a royal-blue suit with a black shirt underneath and a necktie. His hair was slicked-back, showing off his deep-set features perfectly. With sharp brows and bright eyes, he looked like a stunningly beautiful man who had walked out of a manga.

When the handsome man and beautiful woman stood next to each other, the air around them turned extraordinary, and everyone turned their heads toward them.

In contrast, it made Veronica appear even uglier; it was a kind of ugliness which couldn’t be hidden even if she buried herself in mud.

“Veronica, you’re here as well?” When Tiffany saw Veronica, her eyes sparkled, and she released her grip on Matthew’s arm. Pacing up to her, she then grabbed Veronica’s hand. “I thought you were still busy with deliveries, and I wanted to give you a call later.”

“How did you know her, Miss Larson?” someone from the crowd asked curiously.

With the grace and demeanor of a demure socialite, Tiffany smiled warmly and said, “Let me introduce her. She’s a friend I made when I was experiencing life as a delivery girl, Veronica Murphy.” Then, she gave Veronica a hug and continued, “Earlier, I already arranged for a private nurse to take care of your mom and dad. So, just enjoy yourself here this afternoon.”

It was already impressive for a socialite who had always lived under the limelight to take the initiative to give an ugly and ordinary woman a hug. Moreover, she even initiated to hire a private nurse with her own money to take care of the ugly woman’s parents. It had to be said that she had a very good personality, indeed.

That was what everyone was thinking, except for Xavier and Veronica, who knew the truth.

The anger within Veronica rushed to her head, but since she knew that the Larsons were a despicable bunch, and she had learned from the car accident, she could only bear with it for now.

Locking her eyes on Matthew, she had dismal and fury in her pretty, alluring eyes.

At the same time, Matthew furrowed his dark brows and cast a look at Thomas next to him, as though he was asking with his eyes, Didn’t I tell you to keep the news away from Veronica Murphy?

Almost unnoticeably, Thomas shook his head and thought, I’ve already installed an interceptive software in Veronica Murphy’s phone, but who would have thought that she would appear here!

“Congratulations! Of course I have to be here to watch the fun at your engagement party!”

On the other hand, Veronica didn’t act impulsively because she was aware that she couldn’t handle the consequences if she did. More importantly, Xavier had said that he was the one who invited her in order to save her the embarrassment.

If she made a scene now, not only would she embarrass Xavier, a series of unpredictable events would also happen.

Moreover, the reason I appeared here today was a ploy by the Larsons so that I’d make a fool out of myself, she thought.

Even if she didn't understand the situation earlier, she already did now, and she would never let the Larsons get what they wanted!

## **Chapter 27 Veronica's Morning Sickness**

Her response impressed Xavier very much.

Holding the takeaway box in his hand, he watched Veronica intently with a deep look in his eyes. In that moment, he could feel her dismay as well as the strength in her heart, and there was even a split second when he saw himself in her because they were simply too alike.

"Alright, Roni. Let's go in." As Xavier already didn't like Tiffany from before, this matter now only deepened his dislike for her as he felt that she was a hypocrite.

He reached out, took Veronica's hand, and pulled her toward himself before placing his arm around her shoulders.

This gesture struck Tiffany and Matthew by surprise, and Tiffany gasped. "What?" Placing her hand to her lips in astonishment, she uttered, "Veronica, w-when did you get to know Young Master Xavier? H-He's..."

Everyone understood what she was trying to say from the hesitant way she was speaking; she wanted to call Xavier a Casanova, the infamous useless rich child of Bloomstead, and a dandy. But it was her engagement party today, so she didn't say the words in the end.

"Tiffany, since Miss Murphy is your friend, you should advise her to stay away from unreliable people."

Matthew's reputation was the reason Tiffany didn't say those insults, since she was afraid to cause trouble and make the situation awkward. However, who would have thought that it was Matthew who had said those words himself!

Even though he was speaking to Tiffany, his eyes were fixed on Veronica, and he didn't look away for even a second.

"Matthew, maybe they're just friends," Tiffany said, trying to smooth things over.

"Right, she's a friend—my girlfriend!"

As a man, Xavier had acutely sensed the hostility Matthew had for himself, especially from his eyes, which were fixed on Veronica.

When he recalled what happened that day at Twilight Club, an idea flashed across his mind, but he felt that it was very ridiculous.

“I just forgot to introduce her to everyone.”

In order to protect her, he was even willing to ‘admit’ that she was his girlfriend. She was ‘ugly’, yet he was still protecting her despite everyone’s sarcasm.

Even if Veronica had a heart made of stone, she would still be touched, so she held Xavier’s hand. “Xavier Crawford is my boyfriend.”

“Y-Your boyfriend?”

Although Tiffany knew that Xavier was a famous Casanova, he was still the young master of the Crawford Family, who was one of the four greatest families in Bloomstead. He actually fell for Veronica Murphy, who has such an ugly face? What kind of sorcery did this b\*tch resort to? she thought angrily. Nevertheless, on the surface, she uttered in concern, “Veronica, I know that your life is difficult because you have to work and do delivery jobs for your parent’s medical fees. Even though it’s difficult, you shouldn’t take the shortcut in such a silly way.”

Cleverly, she had used the word ‘shortcut’, which anyone with some brains could figure out what she actually meant by that.

“Does she have what it takes to take the shortcut?” Matthew snorted in sarcasm. “There are plenty of beautiful girls around Young Master Xavier; you should take a look at yourself in the mirror.”

“Exactly, this woman is so dumb.”

“She’s so ugly that I can’t stand the look of her, and she actually thinks that Young Master Xavier would like her for real.”

“Maybe Young Master Xavier has seen too many beautiful girls and wanted to look for something different,” someone else said and burst out in laughter.

“That makes sense!”

...

Again, another round of criticisms broke out from the crowd, and suddenly, someone chided loudly, “Xavier Crawford, why are you fooling around here? You rascal, all you do is embarrass me every day!”

Before the person even arrived, his voice could already be heard, then everyone opened up a path for a man with white hair to get through. He was dressed in a suit, and even though his hair was gray, he appeared vigorous. Every step he took was firm, and his serious face had an expression of compelling majesty.

“Isn’t that Mr. Crawford?”

“Xavier is the youngest and the most disappointing child of the Crawfords’. Mr. Crawford might go hopping mad if he finds out about this matter.”

“Of course he will. Even I would be angry, not to mention Mr. Crawford.”

...

Overhearing the whispering from the crowd, Veronica found out that the person marching over was Xavier’s father, and she took in a breath of cold air unwittingly.

Earlier, when Xavier was alone, she thought that he was the only representative from the Crawfords—after all, this was only an engagement party—but who would have guessed that Mr. Crawford would show up personally as well!

So, how would the situation end now?

“Dad.” Staring at the man in front of him, Xavier uttered the word calmly, but his arm remained on Veronica’s shoulders.

Furious, Hendric Crawford glared at Veronica and furrowed his graying brows. “It’s Matthew and Miss Larson’s engagement banquet today. What the hell are you trying to do?” Then, he pointed a finger at Veronica. “Do you think you haven’t made a fool out of yourself enough and are trying to cause more embarrassment by exhibiting an ugly thing here?”

Twitching her lips, Veronica knew that she had caused a big mess for Xavier, and she felt a little guilty over it. On the other hand, an almost unnoticeable gleeful look appeared in Tiffany’s eyes as she watched from the side while Matthew observed the situation in silence.

“Dad, you sound like you’re judging a book by its cover.” Grabbing Veronica’s hand, Xavier added, “Although Veronica has ordinary looks, she doesn’t steal or rob; instead, she works hard to make every penny so she can pay for her parents, who are hospitalized. What’s embarrassing about that? Everyone was born with the face that their parents gave them. So, are the ugly ones supposed to just end their lives because of that?”

“You!” Hendric wasn’t expecting that Xavier would talk back to him because of such an ugly girl. “You sound so profound, but you’re just enjoying your life outside with my money. This woman’s parents were hospitalized, but instead of taking care of them, she’s out here having fun with you. Don’t you know what she’s planning?”

“Yeah, Young Master Xavier. She must be after your money.”

“But he’s not lacking in money.”

“Who knows?”

“She’s able to attract Young Master Xavier with that ugly face. It goes to show she’s really talented.”

“He has such a unique taste...”

...

The onlookers burst into laughter, feeling that the trip today was totally worth it after watching the ‘show’.

“I don’t care what she’s planning as long as I’m happy.” Until the end, Xavier chose to protect Veronica.

Right after he said that, an irritated look appeared on Matthew’s face. Next to him, Tiffany didn’t say anything as she observed silently, wishing that Hendric would help her to get rid of Veronica.

Despite the tense situation, Matthew didn’t seem like he wanted to stand out and help Veronica. Looks like that sl\*t means nothing to him now, Tiffany thought.

To her, everything was going in her favorable direction.

“You’re creating more trouble than achieving anything. If your mother hadn’t passed away early in life and I found you pitiful, I would have chased you out of the house a long time ago.”

When Hendric mentioned Xavier’s mother, Veronica could feel his hand tightening around hers strongly.

As though he had been touched in a sore spot, he was using so much force to suppress the fury burning within him.

“Should I thank you, then?”

“You—” Just as Hendric wanted to say something more, he noticed the sullen look on Matthew’s face, and he decided to drop the matter. “I’ll continue this at home.” With a snort, he then entered the banquet hall.

Since the commotion was over, everyone followed suit into the hall as well. In the hall, Xavier dragged Veronica to a corner and hid in the crowd.



So began the engagement party. First, the host gave a speech, followed by Elizabeth, Floch, and Rachel. In addition to that, Tiffany also told a good story of how she and Matthew met through an accident, instilling everyone with envy.

After that, it was time to eat. Ever since Veronica learned that she was pregnant, she started to have morning sickness. Looking at the oily lunch on the table, she felt nauseated and covered her mouth with her hand. "Xavier, take a seat here while I go to the washroom."

She stood up and went to the washroom, but there were a lot of people on the second floor and it was very crowded, so she decided to go to the third floor instead.

"Blargh! Blargh!"

In the empty washroom on the third floor, she retched for a while before throwing up.

Taking a minute to rest, she then went over to the common basin, cupped some water in her palm, and gargled.

When she turned to walk out and passed by a lounge, the door swung open suddenly, and before she could even react, someone pulled her in and pressed her against the wall.

## **Chapter 28 Xavier Found Out About Their Relationship**

"Matthew Kings?"

As Veronica was already feeling uncomfortable, she became even more dizzy after he dragged and turned her around like that.

After Matthew locked the door, he stared at her with a grim expression. "I've warned you before to stay away from Xavier. What, now? My words are useless against you?"

Feeling better after rubbing her chest, Veronica lifted her gaze at him and smirked. "Hmph, why should I listen to you, Matthew Kings? Are you my parent who brought me up or my legal husband? You said that I'm not qualified, but what about you?"

Veronica, who had always been humble and weak, poked a slender finger on his chest, the fury in her eyes as clear as day. "It's true that you're great because you're rich and influential, but that doesn't mean that you can control my life! After you slept with me and asked me to give birth to your child, you turned around and immediately got yourself engaged to Tiffany Larson. Are you planning to let my child call her mom right after it's born?"

The more she spoke, the more worked up she became, and her eyes turned scarlet as she shoved Matthew away angrily. "Do you even f\*cking take me as a human being? This is my child! It's mine!"

Finally, despite how stubborn she was, the tears which were welled-up in her eyes flowed down, and she burst into tears as she trembled.

Matthew staggered a few steps backward before he could stabilize himself from her shoving. When he looked at her again, she was crying uncontrollably, but he had no rebuttals to her words.

"Listen carefully, Matthew Kings! Even if I die, I won't give birth to this child!" she said, spitting each word out loudly, firmly, and clearly while pointing a finger at him.

This was the first time he had seen her so furious ever since he met her. She didn't mention money nor any conditions; all she told him was, it would be impossible for her child to call someone else mommy.

"Do you think I'll give you the chance to regret it after you gave me your word?" Arrogantly, he narrowed his eyes at her. "Don't think that you have the right to shout at me just because you hooked up with Xavier!" Holding her chin with his hand, he lifted it slightly. "Remember, whether it's you or Xavier, none of you are fit to act like this with me."

Their eyes locked for a few seconds, and he added, "You wanted me to investigate your parents' accident, and I already did. The file is in my office, and I'll pass it to you any time you move into the Kings Residence. And that also includes your father's brain surgery."

In the end, Veronica shut her eyes helplessly, hiding the despair and sadness in them. "Is this fair to me?" she choked.

Releasing her, the man then stroked the hair on her forehead as though he was petting a small animal, and a faint smile appeared on his face. "There has never been any fairness in the adult world. You can only speak about fairness when you have enough power."

Then, he patted her face as if to tell her the truth about the society, and she broke into a smile on her tear-streaked face; it was a sad, helpless and hopeless smile.

"Yeah, in the adult world, there is no fairness to speak about. Only power speaks, and you're nothing without it," she murmured with her head hanging.

"Good. Looks like you know it now." With one arm, he held her waist and pulled her toward himself. "You're pregnant with my child now, so even if you love Xavier, you have to bear with it."

Finally, he understood why she wasn't interested in him—it was because she loved a Casanova like Xavier.

“You're so bossy, Young Master Matthew.” Tears streamed down Veronica's sad face. “Not only are you forcing me to give birth to your child, you even took away my right to fall in love with someone else.”

She was not an emotional person to begin with, but too many things happened today, and it was getting too much to bear.

However, after she cried, her messed up emotions found its outlet, and she quickly readjusted her mentality, saying calmly, “You're really not afraid that you'll push me to death? If that happens, I'll haunt you as a ghost, and you'll never enjoy a single day in peace.” Having said that, she shook her head. “No, this punishment is too light. I should...”

Stopping mid sentence, she opened and moved her cherry-red lips, but no sound came out. However, Matthew read her lips—I should let you die without any descendents!

“Provoke me further and I might make a move on you right here.” There was a rather awkward look on his face, and he felt that she was somehow a little provocative.

“Really? Aren't you afraid that you'll break your fiancée's heart if you get steamy with me at your engagement party? Tsk, tsk... What a heartbreaker you are, Young Master Matthew. I suddenly feel sorry for Tiffany.”

“You should feel sorry for yourself.”

For some unknown reason, even though she had a face so mediocre that it was ugly and he should be disgusted by it, she was able to create a storm in his calm heart every time she resisted and went against him.

He couldn't help but be attracted to her and want to conquer her; his desire to conquer domineeringly was a trait of his he couldn't control.

Then, he dragged her to the couch, but he didn't tear off her clothes roughly. Meanwhile, Veronica didn't struggle either, and merely said composedly, “Downstairs is filled with the rich and famous of Bloomstead. Just do it if you're not worried about embarrassing yourself. As for me, I've already been bitten, and I don't mind a few more bites.”

Since she was unable to fight him, all she could do was talk back to him.

“With Thomas keeping watch outside, not even a fly could get to the third floor.”

“You...” All of a sudden, she was stumped for words.

Ring, ring, ring...

Just then, the cell phone in her pocket started ringing, but he said, "If you don't want to walk out in shame later, then take off your clothes by yourself!"

Ignoring him, she took out her cell phone from her pocket and saw that it was Xavier who was calling her.

Before she could answer, Matthew snatched her phone away and tossed it aside. "You were only gone for a while and he's already missing you so much, huh? Your ugly face doesn't seem to stop you from being a flirt." Narrowing his eyes, he hissed, "Veronica Murphy, you're so cheap!"

After that, he didn't give her any more chances, and his patience was wearing thin, so he ripped off her clothes while she seemed to have accepted her fate and didn't struggle a single bit. However, her soft moans were overwhelmed by the successive ringing of her cell phone.

His eyes drifted on the screen, and it hurt his eyes when he saw the name 'Xavier' flashing on it. So, he decided to pick up the phone.

"What are you doing, Matthew Kings?"

Veronica didn't want him to pick up the call and tried to snatch it back, but she was still a second too late, and he held it away from her reach as he answered the call.

On the other end of the line, Xavier asked in concern, "Roni, where are you? Why didn't you pick up my calls?"

Raising his brows, Matthew turned the call to loudspeaker mode.

"I... I'm sorry. Earlier... I felt a little... uncomfortable." She finished her sentences in pieces, but before the last syllable left her lips, Matthew had taken her unexpectedly.

## **Chapter 29 Miscarriage (1)**

In that instant, Veronica's brows furrowed together in a tight knot, and she pursed her lips shut. Her hands, which were holding Matthew, dug deep into his arms until there was blood, and only then was she able to forcibly conceal it.

"Cough, cough..." Embarrassed and furious, she glared at Matthew and used coughing as a means to hide what was happening before saying, "I received a delivery order, and I'm on my way now. I'll call you back later." Immediately, she hung up and slapped Matthew. "You're such a shameless jerk!"

His behavior was so outrageous that it appalled her.

“What? Are you feeling sorry for your beloved because you’re worried he’ll find out about this and feel sad?”

Even though she was disgruntled, a plan hatched in her mind. Suppressing her disgust for him, she clasped his waist and said in an unsatisfied tone, “Is this all you’ve got? Did you not eat, Young Master Matthew?” Forcing out a smile, she added, “This is really far off compared to Xavier. So, rumor amongst the people in Bloomstead has it that you are not interested in women, but it seems to me that you... might have erectile dysfunction.”

The sudden change in her attitude gave him a huge satisfaction psychologically, but he didn’t lose his mind because he knew that she was trying to provoke him on purpose.

“Keep away your useless little tricks. The doctor mentioned that the fetus is growing steadily, and I’ll protect my own child!”

The second he finished speaking, the smile disappeared from Veronica’s face. Yes, she deliberately tried to provoke him earlier in hopes that he would forget everything in his agitation and cause a miscarriage, then she wouldn’t have to give birth to his child. But unfortunately, he had seen through her trick.

Contented, the man got up and left her in a sorry state alone in the lounge. Just like the last time, before he left, he said, “Someone will bring you clothes later.”

Just like that, he left, leaving her in the lounge as though he was throwing away a piece of garbage.

Lying on the bed, she was shattered by despair, but she was strong. How could the same thing hurt her as it did the first time? However, she regretted it a little. She only made herself seem uglier through the use of makeup, so that jerk never kissed her every time he made love to her, and he didn’t even want to look at her face.

If I had known about this before, I would have made ugly the skin on my entire body! she thought.

Later, someone dropped off some clothes for her, and after changing, she threw the ripped clothes into the bin and went downstairs in a huff before leaving the scene on her motorcycle.

Unbeknownst to her, Xavier was seated in a car not far away. Knowing that she didn’t leave the scene, he drove a car she had never seen before and stopped it close to her motorbike.

When he saw that she was leaving dressed differently as when she arrived, he was a little confused. Why did she lie? he wondered.

And all of his questions would have an answer four hours later, when the engagement party of the Kings Family ended.

From the surveillance video of the Hilton Hotel he instructed someone to replay, he clearly saw Matthew dragging Veronica into a lounge on the third floor, and he only left after more than half an hour.

Xavier didn't continue watching the surveillance after that because he already knew all that happened when he connected it to the soft moaning he heard from Veronica when he called her.

...

Meanwhile, after Veronica left the Hilton Hotel, she went directly to the hospital for an abortion. Unfortunately, the scheming Matthew had already sent someone to follow her, and when they saw her walking into the hospital, she was forcibly taken into the car by some bodyguards and sent back to her rented room.

Bang!

The door closed shut, and she was placed under house arrest. Opening the door, she shouted furiously, "What are you guys doing? I want to see that jerk, Matthew Kings!

Thomas, who had rushed over, answered, "The master is very busy and doesn't have the time to see you." Then, he added, "Just rest well, Miss Murphy. If you don't want to rest, you can also move into the Kings Residence right now."

"Y-You guys are too much!" she yelled, enraged. Her cheeks flushed scarlet, and she slammed the door so hard that the room shook.

In the evening, someone delivered food to her. Looking at the delicious food, she really wanted to eat but had no appetite. Time passed by, and it was already past 11.00PM, yet she wasn't the least sleepy at all.

The reason Matthew didn't allow her to move into the Kings Residence today was mostly because it was his engagement day today, and all his relatives would be there. If she showed up there, it would only spell trouble. Therefore, he had decided to move her in tomorrow.

Veronica was very clear that once she moved into the Kings Residence, it would be almost impossible to get out again, and she would have no chance to abort the baby anymore.

Tossing and turning in bed, she desperately needed mifepristone and misoprostol tablets to help her with the miscarriage. In spite of that, those tablets could only be found in the hospital, and ordinary people couldn't get those tablets at all.

In such a critical situation, the only person who came into her mind was Xavier; with his ability, he could definitely get those pills.

Holding her cell phone in her hands, she hesitated for a long while before finally calling him. Even though she knew that she had caused him a lot of trouble already, she had no other choice now and could only call him.

“Hmm? So you’re finally calling me?” In the call, Xavier sounded tipsy, and clearly, he already had some drinks.

All of a sudden, Veronica was a little hopeless. “Are you... drinking?”

“Yeah, I’m having some drinks because I feel a little down. What’s up?” His attitude toward her was a little aloof, which was very unlike him.

Impatiently, she clutched her own hair, thinking, Will it be okay to ask a favor from him at a time like this? “Are you... feeling alright? Can you please do me a favor? It’s important—very important, actually!”

Out of wits, she could only beg him for help because no matter what, she would never allow her child to be born and become Tiffany’s! Even if it meant death, she would never agree to it.

Meanwhile, Xavier took a sip of wine and snorted. “You’re rather capable on your own. Why would you need my help?” Since a long time ago, he could already tell that she had something going on with Matthew, and sure enough, she had lied to him!

“Xavier, what the hell is wrong with you?” Annoyed, Veronica raised her voice and shouted at him before he hung up on her directly. “This guy... How could he be so unreliable at such a critical moment?”

Anxiety rushed through her, and she called him a few more times, but he simply hung up on her. So, she could only give up.

“What should I do now?” Pacing around the room anxiously, she suddenly thought of Floch. He owns a hospital, so I can definitely get the pills from him.

Even though she could tell Tiffany that she was pregnant with Matthew’s child, the Larsons were a careful bunch and wouldn’t believe her. Also, they would worry that this would affect Tiffany. After all, Tiffany was already engaged to Matthew, and they wouldn’t risk it to get her the pills.

Suddenly, her eyes grew large. “Motherwort!”

With her cell phone, she searched for motherwort and read the description about it—promoting blood circulation, removing blood stasis, stimulating the contraction of the uterus, and might cause miscarriage in pregnant women if consumed!

## **Chapter 30 Miscarriage (2)**

A few days ago while watching some drama series, she happened to watch a scene mentioning motherwort. The female lead of the series almost had a miscarriage after consuming motherwort because she didn't know about it, and this medication could be bought from pharmacies.

Immediately, Veronica asked in her delivery group chat, 'Does anyone have a drone?'

A delivery guy by the name of Bells replied, 'I have one. What's up?'

The next thing Veronica did was add him as a friend and call him. "Hey, sorry for the trouble, but can you please help me to buy two boxes of motherwort from the pharmacy? I'll send you the address afterward. And is it alright if you deliver it to my window using a drone?"

"Why do I need to use a drone?" he asked.

Dumbfounded, she thought of an excuse and chuckled awkwardly. "I just wanted to experience getting a drone delivery. I'll transfer 300 to you. Can you please deliver it as soon as possible?"

"Sure, no problem," he replied.

After hanging up the call, she sent him the address, and half an hour later, he called and asked her to open her window quickly because he was already downstairs.

On the eighth floor, she poked her head from the window and looked out to see a delivery guy maneuvering a drone. Slowly, the buzzing drone flew upward until it stopped outside her window.

Taking the medication from it, she then sent a voice message to him. "I've received the item. Thanks!"

After she ripped open one of the boxes, she saw four blister packs of motherwort pills, each containing twelve pills, and three to five tablets could be consumed each time. Looking at the pills, she knew that there might not be any effect if she took too little, but she might also die if she overdosed.

Unwittingly, fear started to brew in her heart, and she clutched the tablets tightly.



She was already placed under house arrest by Matthew, and her house arrest days would only continue until the day she gave birth if she moved to the Kings Residence. Now that the situation had developed to this point, she had no other choice.

After thinking over it again and again, she removed 24 pills and poured herself a big glass of warm water.

She was so nervous that her hand which was holding the pills was shaking. Finally, she gritted her teeth and finished the 24 pills in six rounds.

“Blargh!”

The thick smell of the medication nauseated her, and despite drinking a lot of water, it still made her sick.

Suppressing the urge to throw up, she lay on the couch and waited for the reaction quietly.

In the first few minutes, she only felt nauseous, but she felt better after that. However, half an hour later, she started to have abdominal pain as well as sweating and dizziness.

Still, she could only bear with it since there was no bleeding from her lower region.

At the same time at Dragon’s Creek Villa, even though Matthew was engaged to Tiffany and had brought her back to the Kings Residence to have a meal with his family, he still brought her back here when it was late at night.

Despite her disgruntlement, Tiffany could only bear with it and ask, pretending to be composed, “Matthew, why did you still drop me home even after we’re engaged?”

With a calm face, he answered, “Before we’re married, it’s better that we live apart, and it’s for your own good as well since you’re a girl.”

He had no interest in her, and he was only engaged to her because she was fitting to be the future mistress of the Kings Family from every aspect.

“But we—”

Before she could finish what she wanted to say, Matthew lifted his gaze at her and patted her head lightly. “It’s late. Go home and rest quickly. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“O-Okay, then.” Just a little tenderness from Matthew was enough to satisfy Tiffany. “Goodnight, Matthew.”

“Goodnight,” he said.

However, she didn't get out of the car immediately and sat there for a few more seconds because she was waiting for a goodnight kiss from him. However, he asked, "Is there anything else?"

"Nothing." Shaking her head, she had a look of disappointment in her eyes. Then, she opened the car door and got out before waving at him and turning around to walk into the house.

Just then, Thomas, who was the driver, instantly said to Matthew, "Young Master Matthew, the guy who was spying on Miss Murphy's phone just called earlier saying that she called someone to buy something called motherwort, and it was delivered using a drone."

"It was delivered upstairs using a drone?"

"Yes."

"How long has it been?"

"A little more than an hour ago. As you were with Mrs. Kings the whole time, I didn't have the chance to tell you."

Feeling something amiss, Matthew instructed, "Head to Brocade Gardens."

"Okay, sir."

Thomas started the car and drove in the direction of Brocade Gardens. Seated in the car, Matthew felt uneasy and urged, "Drive faster."

Hearing that, Thomas leveled the gas pedal, driving the entire way swift and fast.

"As long as she's not married into the Kings Family, she's not Mrs. Kings," Matthew said out of the blue.

Understanding what he meant, Thomas answered, "I got it." After this, I'll only address her as Miss Larson and not Mrs. Kings anymore.

Late in the night, there were not many cars on the streets of Bloomstead, and since Thomas drove very fast, they reached Brocade Gardens in half an hour.

After getting out of the car, they entered Brocade Gardens and went to the eighth floor, where six bodyguards were keeping watch outside of Veronica's door.

Upon seeing Matthew, all of them straightened their backs. "Young Master Matthew."

The man paced to Veronica's door and knocked on it. "Open the door."

At this point, one hour had already passed since Veronica had taken the tablets, and she was curled up on the couch, bearing with the excruciating pain while her lower abdomen had already started to bleed profusely.

Ten minutes ago, she already called the emergency number and was now waiting in pain for the paramedics to arrive.

All she wanted was to abort the baby, but she didn't wish to die, so she wasn't that silly that she wouldn't call the emergency line.

When she heard the knocking outside the door, she thought that the paramedics had arrived, but when she wanted to get up from the couch, she couldn't do it at all.

The knockings became more urgent. Standing outside the door, Matthew suddenly became a little nervous and furrowed his brows. "Veronica Murphy, if you don't open the door, I'm going to kick it open!"

Still, there was no response from the inside. Unable to hold back anymore, he took a step back, lifted his leg, and kicked the door strongly. A loud bang later, the door was kicked open.

Marching into the living room, he saw a figure curled up on the couch while holding her abdomen. Despite the thick makeup, the paleness on her face could not be concealed. She was sweating profusely as she moaned.

Beneath her, the off-white color couch was stained with a huge patch of blood, looking very horrifying.

Pacing over, he immediately saw the packaging of the medication with the word 'motherwort' written in big, bold letters. He picked it up and glanced at it, his eyes locking on the words 'forbidden for pregnant woman'.

Frowning, he clenched the box tightly, crushing it completely. "Damn it." Seeing the two blister packs on the table were emptied out, he asked Veronica, "You took all of them?"

"Ah... It... hurts..."

She wasn't answering Matthew's question, but was muttering unwittingly from the unbearable pain in her abdomen.

Seeing this scene, Matthew had a grim look on his face. This woman has no regard for her own life just because she doesn't want to give birth to my child!

Behind him, Thomas followed him in and immediately called the emergency number, but before he even made the call, the sounds of the ambulance sirens echoed from downstairs.

Hearing the sirens from the ambulance, Veronica held her abdomen with one hand and used the other to help herself up from the couch as her desire to survive kicked in.

Nevertheless, she had no strength to get up. Her arm turned limp, and she fell from the couch to the floor with a loud thud.