

# The Life of A Billionaire's Wife

## Chapter 31 Miscarriage (3)

In that instant, Matthew's heart wrenched, and this unknown feeling was something he had never felt before. Pushing aside the coffee table in front of the couch, he then walked to Veronica and crouched down to pick her up.

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The moment he touched her, she reached out and pushed him. "Don't... touch... me..."

Even when pushing him, she was weak and lifeless, and she spoke in a trembling voice which sounded weaker than a fly.

From her eyes, he saw her hatred for himself. As though she had stepped on his bottom line, he was angered.

"Fine, I won't touch you. Get up by yourself if you're able to!" Standing aside, he watched from the sideline indifferently.

Holding on to the coffee table, Veronica rolled over with great difficulty. Kneeling on both knees, she pressed her forehead on the floor, mustered the leftover strength in her body, and stood up with gritted teeth.

Her lips were white as sheet as she looked at Matthew. Even though she was in so much pain that her eyes were bloodshot, she was able to squeeze out a sarcastic smile. "I've said it before. Even if... I die, I won't... give birth to your child. I... did it."

She was smiling.

Standing with great difficulty and trembling on both legs, she was sweating all over, and her hair was sticking to her face, which made her look sorrowful and pathetic.

After speaking, she took a step forward. As though her legs were weighed down with lead, her steps were heavy, and every step was as difficult as walking in a mud puddle that reached up to her knees.

Meanwhile, blood stained the clean floor, and the parts where she walked past had blood over them.

At that moment, the fury in Matthew's chest faded away little by little. In its place was surprise as well as admiration for Veronica's unyielding attitude.

Never before had he seen such a girl who was stubborn and headstrong; it was as if she had a halo over her head, and he was impressed.

After she took a few steps, everything in front of Veronica's eyes turned black, and she fell to the floor.

Next to her, Matthew quickly lunged forward and caught her just in time.

"Young Master Matthew, she's all bloody. Let me do it," Thomas said.

Ignoring him, Matthew held Veronica in his arms and walked out of the living room. In the hallway, the neighbors on the same level woke up from the commotion and stuck their heads out to check out what was going on.

"What happened?"

"Oh, my god! Why is this woman covered in blood?"

"Who knows!"

"It's so terrifying!"

...

The neighbors on the same floor whispered as they discussed amongst themselves.

In the meantime, Matthew walked to the elevator, and when the doors slid open, the paramedics happened to be in it. "Did you call the emergency number?"

"Yes, she's more than two months pregnant and has consumed a huge amount of motherwort."

"What happened? Quickly, she's bleeding profusely," the paramedic said.

After that, Veronica was sent to a nearby hospital with Matthew going along in the same ambulance while Thomas drove behind. In the hospital, she was sent to the emergency room, where they first stopped her bleeding before pumping her stomach.

Stained with blood all over his body, Matthew stood in the hallway with a cigarette between his fingers, smoking silently.

Standing at the side, Thomas felt that his boss' face was covered with dark clouds, and he consoled, "Young Master Matthew, don't worry. She'll be fine. But it's all her own fault for taking so many tablets. She must be hoping to die."

His words sounded awful to the ears, and Matthew merely cast him an icy look instead of saying anything.

After being in the emergency room for three hours, Veronica was rolled out, and the doctor went to Matthew, saying, "We've stopped the bleeding on the patient and pumped her stomach. However, the baby... is gone."

"What about her?" Matthew asked coldly.

"She was sent here just in time. If it was any later, she might have died of blood loss even if the medication didn't kill her," the doctor lamented, sounding a little fearful.

"Thanks for your help." With nothing left to say, Matthew turned around and followed the rolling bed into the ward.

In the ward, Veronica was dressed in the patient's clothes as she lay on the hospital bed with a drip next to her. Perhaps because it was too painful, she was furrowing her brows tightly even in her dreams. On the other hand, her ordinary face, which was also a little ugly, seemed surprisingly pleasing to Matthew's eyes now.

The next day when Veronica woke up, she opened her eyes and looked around the room. Staring at the drip above her, she secretly felt relieved. Luckily, I'm still alive.

With a sigh, she twisted her head and looked out the window, feeling a little heartbroken for the lost child.

It's my own flesh and blood, and before it can even take a look at this colorful world, it's already gone...

"You're awake?"

All of a sudden, she heard someone speaking. Lifting her head a little, she then noticed that Matthew was seated on the couch on the side.

A smile spread across her pale lips. "The baby is already gone. So, what are you still doing here, Young Master Matthew? Are you pretending to care? That's not like you at all."

After a close shave with death, Veronica was still feeling fearful. In the days ahead, she would definitely live well, but she had no regrets for acting on impulse last night.

Not one bit at all.

"You said so much without losing a breath. Looks like you won't die soon." He stood up and walked to her before placing a document on the bed.

Supporting her weak body, she sat up. "What is this?"

As she spoke, she reached out and opened the brown paper bag to take out the document within—the information on the car accident case which she asked Matthew to investigate.

"On the way back to Bloomstead when the private investigator you hired was bringing the driver with him, the driver was taken away by his enemies and then killed. His name was Donnie Freimann, and he was a highly wanted criminal in the country who offended many people before. In this case, your parents are really innocent, but since Donnie was an orphan, you won't receive any compensation." Very simply, Matthew explained the situation to Veronica.

If it was him from before, he wouldn't say so many things in one shot. Maybe because of what happened last night, the haughty man was now feeling a little guilty.

Veronica, who was flipping the document, stopped abruptly and lifted her gaze at him, asking, "There's nothing else?"

"What else do you want?"

Snorting, she then lifted her gaze at him and passed him back the brown paper bag without finishing reading the file. "No, nothing. I suddenly remember that the child is gone now, so I have no reason to ask you to investigate anything. Take it away."

Although the Larsons had taken extra care to handle this matter, with Matthew's ability, it was definitely possible for him to find out the truth. The only reason he couldn't was because he was engaged to Tiffany and was hiding the truth for the Larsons on purpose. At the end of the day, they were a family.

Matthew's handsome face fell. "Veronica Murphy, don't take a yard when I offered you an inch."

"You must be kidding, Young Master Matthew." Raising her brows at him, she appeared especially calm as she sighed and turned her head to look out the window. "Before this, we met by chance, and it was all because..."

Because that day you were in the accident, and I saved you out of greed, she finished in her head.

However, all that was in the past, and she didn't want to bring it up anymore. Hence, she said, "I don't hate you; I just hate myself for not being powerful enough. Now that the child is gone, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. From now on, you'll walk on your path while I carry on with my life. I won't appear before your eyes again, so please don't ever show up in my world as well."

## Chapter 32 You Hate Me?

“This is what you call ‘not hating me?’”

As he listened to her speak, Matthew felt as if something that had taken root in his heart was suddenly pulled out. His throat tightened, and indescribable feelings struck his heart with a pang.

Veronica leaned against the headboard of the bed. Her complexion had yet to recover, and her body was still weak.

She looked at Matthew, feeling completely unperturbed. “You’re the richest man in Bloomstead, and you get to enjoy life every day; I, on the other hand, struggle to earn money just to survive. We are two people on parallel paths, so there shouldn’t be any intersection.”

Veronica slowly lowered her head, her fingertips scraping the quilt at a loss. “When I recover, I’ll go to Saint Hospital to settle my parents’ discharge.”

At that, Matthew’s eyebrows furrowed, and he remained silent.

Veronica continued, “I’m like an ant, the most insignificant existence in the vast sea of people. Young Master Matthew, I hope that you can give me a way out because I have to feed not only myself, but my parents too.”

“That’s all? Didn’t you go to great lengths to make me fulfill your and Xavier’s wishes?”

Ever since he met Veronica, this was the only time she had such a serious and solemn conversation with him.

For a moment, Matthew even believed her.

“Young Master Matthew, as I said, the only connection between me and you was our unformed child. Now that the baby is gone, we have nothing to do with each other anymore. Understand?”

Veronica raised her voice when she spoke the last word, then she looked up and glared at Matthew. In the end, her pale lips twitched. “Young Master Matthew, are you trying to force me to the edge? If that’s the case, why did you save me yesterday? Heh...”

Matthew simply stared at her with cold, profound eyes, trying to penetrate through her eyes into her mind.

However, he couldn’t ‘see’ anything.

Without saying anything more, he turned and left.

...

Meanwhile, Xavier, who drank heavily the previous night, woke up and rubbed his aching head. "I drank too much again."

He lay on the bed for a while, then suddenly remembered that Veronica called him several times the day before, so he returned her calls.

But no one answered.

Xavier took a look at the time Veronica called him and found that the latest call was at 11.00PM.

She called at such a late hour. Could it be that something happened?

He couldn't help being a little worried, so he immediately got up, washed up, and drove straight to Brocade Gardens.

He hurried up to the eighth floor. When he got to the door of Veronica's apartment, he saw that the living room door was half opened, and the door lock was broken.

Reaching out to open the door, he walked in and saw crimson blood on the ground.

Xavier's heart dropped as he called out, "Roni? Veronica? Veronica?"

He walked from the living room to the bedroom, then to the bathroom, but there was no sign of her.

He called her once more, only to hear the phone ringing in the living room. When he walked out, he saw the phone on the sofa.

"What happened?"

Panicking, Xavier grew impatient.

He hadn't felt this feeling since the death of his mother.

He looked at the medicine on the table and found that there was an invoice for the purchase inside the bag, with the time stated as 11.30PM last night.

There were four blister packs of pills inside the medicine box, and two had been emptied.

"W-Why did she take so many pills?"

Suicide?

A thought popped into Xavier's mind, which sent chills down his spine.

He immediately rushed out of the apartment. While going downstairs, he called someone and asked them to investigate which hospital took Veronica in yesterday.

Ten minutes later, they found out that she was in People's Second Hospital.

Xavier sped all the way to the hospital. When he entered Veronica's ward, he found that she was asleep on the hospital bed.

After he saw that Veronica was still alive, his suspended heart finally eased.

Propping his hand on the bedside table, Xavier breathed a long sigh of relief, and his terrified heart gradually calmed down. However, he was still frightened by Veronica's actions.

He didn't disturb Veronica in her sleep, but instead looked for her attending doctor to ask about her situation.

Only then did he find out that Veronica was pregnant and had overdosed on motherwort the day before, causing her to suffer a miscarriage and heavy bleeding!

When she was sent to the hospital, she was already in a dangerous state.

"Who sent her here?" Xavier asked the doctor.

"Who are you again? Why are you asking so much?" the doctor asked with some displeasure.

"I'm... her boyfriend."

"Her boyfriend? Then, who was that man yesterday?" As the doctor spoke, he retrieved the risk notice signed in the operating room the previous day.

"This one."

After looking at the flamboyant scrawl for a long time, the doctor didn't recognize whose name it was, so he simply handed it to Xavier.

Xavier glanced at the name signed on the risk notice and couldn't help frowning. "It's him?"

Matthew! What on earth happened yesterday?

Xavier was clueless.

He returned to the ward, sat in the chair, and fell into deep contemplation as he watched her sleep.

After a certain period of time, Veronica woke up and saw Xavier sitting helplessly by the hospital bed as soon as she opened her eyes.

“What are you doing here?”

Veronica was a little surprised.

How did Xavier find this place?

“Yesterday... I’m sorry. I had too much to drink.”

Fortunately, Veronica was fine. Otherwise, Xavier wouldn’t be able to forgive himself.

“Were you in a bad mood yesterday after being scolded by your dad because of me?”

Naturally, as the person involved, Veronica was well aware of what happened at the Hilton Hotel.

Since she met Xavier, he drank regularly at clubs, but he didn’t usually get drunk.

Xavier shrugged and replied helplessly, “I... It’s none of your business. I just suddenly felt like drinking. I should be the one asking you: Why were you sent to the emergency room after I left you alone for one night?”

As he spoke, he took an apple from the fruit basket and helped her peel it.

He had purposely gone down to buy the fruits for Veronica when he saw that she was still asleep just now.

Moreover, this was the first time Xavier cut fruits for others.

“You already know, so why bother asking?”

Veronica was clever, so she knew that since Xavier was sitting quietly by her bed, he must already know what happened the day before. Otherwise, he would be grabbing her and shooting questions at her.

Xavier stilled, and his expression was indiscernible, but he simply said, “How did you know him?”

Veronica didn’t want to talk about anything regarding Matthew.



Ever since the day she saved Matthew, too many things had happened continuously, all of which had brought great impact and burden to her life.

“Oh, right, I have something to trouble you with.”

Veronica deliberately changed the subject. “The doctor said I need to be hospitalized for a few days, so I can’t go to Saint Hospital to visit my parents these two days. Can you help me go there and tell them... that I went for field training and will be coming back in two days?”

Since she couldn’t go to Saint Hospital to see them, she was afraid that her parents would be worried if she didn’t send Xavier over to give an excuse to her adoptive mother.

Xavier paused his movements of peeling the apple and slightly looked up to fix Veronica with a cold gaze.

After a moment of silence, he nodded. “All right.”