

The Life of A Billionaire's Wife

Chapter 7 Kidnapped

Elizabeth said to Veronica, "Veronica, just stay here for the next two days and keep me company."

Veronica knew she had offended Matthew, but she didn't want to grovel to the Larsons for the sake of her adoptive parents, so she had no choice but to lean on Elizabeth right now. After all, Elizabeth didn't seem to feel any animosity toward her. "I don't understand. Why do you want me to keep you company?"

"I'm letting you stay here for a few days so that I can know more about you. After all, Matthew has 'bullied' you, so he should be taking responsibility for that," Elizabeth replied. Then, recalling Veronica's worries, she added, "I've hired the best foreign specialists to diagnose and treat your parents, so I believe they'll get better very soon."

Veronica was very grateful, but she had no way to repay Elizabeth's kindness, so she could only comfort herself with the fact that she had saved Matthew's life. I saved Matthew's life, and his grandma saved my adoptive parents' lives. That makes us even. "Thank you so much, madam," she said, thanking Elizabeth sincerely.

Over the next three days, Veronica kept Elizabeth company all the time. In the morning, they would do physical exercise and do some gardening in the garden, whereas in the afternoon, they would bake cakes or play chess together.

Time always passed quickly when one was busy.

On the fourth morning, Veronica had breakfast with Elizabeth before packing up. Coming downstairs with her luggage, she nodded slightly to Elizabeth, who was sitting on the sofa. "I'm leaving, madam. Thanks for all the hospitality you've shown me."

Elizabeth got up and walked up to Veronica with a kindly smile. "You're outspoken and open-minded, young lady. Staying with you makes me feel much younger." Elizabeth never assumed the dignity of a matriarch before Veronica. Instead, she was as affable as a grandmother.

"You should always be young at heart, madam. I'll be leaving, then. Goodbye."

"Mm-hmm. Remember to pay me a visit when you're free."

"Uh... Hehe, okay, madam," Veronica answered with embarrassment. Whether I can come to the Kings Residence again or not isn't up to me.

Elizabeth arranged for the chauffeur to drive Veronica to downtown Bloomstead after Veronica left the Kings Residence. When the chauffeur drove past a drugstore, Veronica said to the chauffeur, "Please stop the car, mister. I'll get off here."

The car stopped. Getting out of the car, Veronica said to the chauffeur, "Mister, please thank Old Mrs. Kings for me."

"Yes, Miss Murphy," the chauffeur replied. Then, he made a U-turn and headed back.

Veronica trotted into the drugstore while carrying her sling bag. The pharmacist immediately went up to her, asking, "Hi. What medicine would you like to buy?"

"Please get me a box of the best morning-after pills," Veronica said hurriedly to the pharmacist. Over the past few days, she had been staying at the Kings Residence without any chance to leave, so it was only natural that she didn't manage to buy any morning-after pills. Now that she had left the Kings Residence, she had to get the morning-after pills and take them quickly, of course. Otherwise, she'd be finished if she really got pregnant.

The pharmacist handed her a box of pills. "This has the best emergency contraceptive effects when taken within 72 hours."

Veronica took the box of pills, but she paused just as she turned around to pay for the pills. "Did you just say '72 hours'?"

"Yeah. The earlier you take the pill, the better. It'll be useless if you take the pill three days after the matter."

"So it only works if you take it within three days?"

"Yes, that's right."

Veronica was stupefied. Then, she looked down at the description on the box. As expected, the morning-after pills would only work if taken within 72 hours of intercourse; it would no longer work if taken later than that.

Veronica had never taken morning-after pills before, so she naively assumed that these pills would work if taken within a week. No wonder Old Mrs. Kings had her stay at the Kings Residence for three days. Turns out this is the reason.

Handing the box of pills back to the pharmacist, Veronica walked out of the drugstore, her eyes reddened. Wandering the streets alone, she spent a long time pulling herself together before comforting herself. What's there to be afraid of? Even if I get pregnant, I can abort the baby then! There's nothing to be afraid of. Whatever the problem will be, there'll always be a solution to it.

Just then, a car on the roadside suddenly braked and stopped in front of her with a loud Screech! Before she could come to her senses, she had been shoved into the car.

“Hey! W-W-Who are you guys? It’s illegal for you guys to kidnap someone openly in broad daylight!” She struggled a few times. Then, she warned, “Stop the car! Hurry up and let me out of the car, or I’m gonna call the police!”

Just then, a familiar voice came from the driver’s seat. “Miss Murphy, you’d better behave yourself and not get yourself into trouble.”

When Veronica tilted her head and craned her neck, she was astounded to find that it was Thomas in the driver’s seat. So it was Matthew who had me kidnapped? Just as expected, bragging would only give me momentary pleasure, but I’m gonna suffer a great deal for that. Anyway, isn’t it a bit too swift for Matthew to have me kidnapped as soon as I left the Kings Residence? “Hurry up and stop the car, Thomas. Otherwise, I’ll call Old Mrs. Kings and tell her about this.”

“I’d advise you to know yourself a little, Miss Murphy.”

Veronica was speechless. Know myself enough to die willingly, you mean? However, upon recalling that her adoptive parents were still in the Kings Family’s hospital, she dared not put up any pointless struggle again.

Over ten minutes later, Veronica was brought to Matthew’s private residence on the 38th floor of Twilight Club.

“I’ve brought Miss Murphy here, Young Master Matthew,” said Thomas as he brought Veronica to the man. “I shall take my leave.” With that, he turned around and left.

Clutching the strap of her sling bag, Veronica looked at Matthew, who was working with a laptop on his lap. His eyes were fixed on the laptop as his slender fingers danced on the keyboard. Like a god that lived high in the clouds and passed judgment on all living things, the unfeeling man exuded an innate air of superiority. In particular, with beautiful outlines and clear-cut features, his face was soul-stirringly and flawlessly good-looking like a perfect work of art crafted by God himself.

Even Veronica, who was immune to handsome guys, couldn’t help but take another look at him.

Suddenly, the man closed his laptop, placed it on the table, and said to Veronica, “Have you had enough of staring at me?”

“W-Who’s staring at you?” Veronica curled her lips. “Stop flattering yourself.”

Wearing a black shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, Matthew stood up and fixed Veronica with a sharp gaze. “Do you think you can act outrageously in front of me with my grandma backing you up?”

In the face of the overwhelming pressure, Veronica nervously swallowed a mouthful of saliva. “N-No, I never thought so.”

“Wussing out already, eh? Didn’t you say you’re gonna be pregnant with my baby and get married to me at the Kings Residence the other day?” How dare this damn woman provoke me? She must have a death wish, he thought.

“Ho ho…” Her face slightly pale, Veronica laughed bitterly at herself while stepping back involuntarily. “Please don’t get mad, Young Master Matthew. I was just joking the other day. Ho ho, I was joking.”

She kept stepping back, but Matthew seized her by the collar. “I, Matthew Kings, hate being threatened more than anything else. Congratulations on doing it.”

Despite him congratulating her, Veronica noticed Matthew’s chilly expression—he was staring at her as if she was dead. She was so frightened that her heart almost jumped out of her throat. “I meant that as a joke, Young Master Matthew.” Oh, God, this is so scary!

“Whether you were joking or not isn’t something you could prove just by words alone.”

Veronica was so terror-stricken that she stammered, “H-How could I prove it, then?”

Matthew raised his inky eyebrows. “You really want to prove that what you said at the Kings Residence was just a joke?”