

Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 11



Seeing Thomas, Veronica couldn't help but feel nervous and a little scared as she had yet to forget that she flooded Matthew's apartment a few hours ago. "Haha. What a coincidence, Mr. Ritter." She greeted Thomas with an amiable smile, already having pulled out her phone and speedily looking for Elizabeth's number before sending her a text. Right after she sent the text, Thomas swiftly snatched her phone away. "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Ritter?" Veronica pretended to be infuriated. Without even glancing at her phone, Thomas handed it to a bodyguard behind him before inviting her with a straight face. "Please, Miss Murphy." With that, he led Veronica away. When the sedan's door opened, Veronica bent her back and got into the vehicle, only to see an intimidating man inside resting with his eyes shut. The sight of him left her heart palpitating. Nervous, she gulped down her saliva and forced a gratifying smile. "I heard you were looking for me... Young Master Matthew." The man slightly turned his head toward her as he slowly opened his eyes, revealing his sharp gaze. "So how do you want to die?" He blurted those words with a tone as serene as a sunny day. In Veronica's ears, however, those words were the execution order of a dictator. "Hehe. Of old age, of course." Despite the beam on her face, inwardly, she was cursing and swearing at him. As the man rested his crossed hands on his abdomen, he tapped his slender finger on the back of his hand, loudly ordering, "Start the car, Thomas." "Wait what? W-Where are we going?" Veronica panicked. When she barely voiced the question, Thomas had already gotten into the car and started the sedan. Matthew once again shut his eyes without speaking any further. Helpless, she turned to Thomas. "Where are we heading to, Mr. Ritter?" "The hospital." "The hospital?" Veronica's face blanched as her heart thumped rapidly. When she recalled that Matthew said he would remove her womb, her fear grew more intense. All these years, she never had truly feared anyone, but right at that moment, she couldn't help but admit that Matthew terrorized her. *This is it. I'm done for.* Hopeless, Veronica lay against the back of her seat, having not the slightest energy to shake off the problem she was facing. All she could do now was to wait for Elizabeth's call. *Ring, ring, ring!* A ringtone thundered through the car. Seeing as Matthew picked up the phone, Veronica was pleasantly surprised. Hastily, she tilted her body toward the phone and saw it was indeed a call from Elizabeth. "Help me, madam! Matthew's gonna remove my wo—" She attempted to scream for help into the phone, but before she could finish her words, the man gripped her neck and covered her mouth. "Zip it if you want to live." Matthew shot her a piercing gaze with murderous intent surging in his eyes, to which Veronica obediently nodded. Nevertheless, since Elizabeth had called, she no longer had to be afraid. "What is it, Grandma?" Paying attention to the phone call, Matthew inquired. "Where are you, brat? Where are you bringing Veronica?" Matthew remained silent for a while. "Say something, will you? I'll have you know that if anything happens to her, I'll kill myself!" "Grandma, she's no one important." "Doesn't matter. What matters is the child inside her! How long do you think this old woman has left? I merely want a grandchild to hold. No one here asked for a marriage!" "And why do you think she has the right to enter the Kings Family?" "You don't have to marry her, but I want the baby." "We have yet to know whether there's a child." "Then, wait. Get her checked in two months. But if you dare lay a finger on her before that, I'll smash my head against the wall and go see your grandpa!" Matthew was rendered speechless. "Pass the phone to Veronica," Elizabeth instructed. Reluctant, the man frowned as he tightened his phone-holding hand. *What drug did this b*tch give Grandma?* After a moment of hesitation, he loosened his hand on Veronica and put the phone on speakerphone before handing it to her. "Veronica?" Elizabeth yelled. As Veronica wiped her mouth with her sleeve that was touched by the man, the anger on her face turned into a subtle grin. "Madam?" "Oh, Veronica. What did they do to you?" Veronica turned to Matthew with a boastful look and lifted her brows as if she had won the fight. Shortly after, she withdrew her grin and started wailing. "Boohoo! Madam, Matthew said he was going to bring me to the hospital to remove my womb. Boohoo! I'm so scared, madam!" Seeing the instantaneous change of facial expression that was even more adept than that of an elite actress, Matthew squinted his eyes, feeling even more vexed. If it weren't for Elizabeth's order, he would have strangled the woman before him to death. "Aww, don't cry... Don't you worry now. I've already taught him a lesson. He won't bully you ever again, okay?" "Okay, I trust you, madam. B-But..." "But what?" "Matthew... He confiscated my phone." "Argh, that brat! He's really growing bold. It's okay, Veronica. Stop crying, okay? Tell me if he dares pull anything stupid next time, alright?" Although Elizabeth had only spent three days with Veronica, she couldn't help but be impressed by her wit and intelligence as well as her diligence. She would have been the perfect girl. Sadly, her only flaw was her ordinary, perhaps not-so-appealing appearance. Personally, Elizabeth didn't think that she was hideous. In fact, she thought Veronica was a suitable acquaintance to live her life with. Unfortunately, her appearance wasn't able to charm Matthew's heart, which in turn became an obstacle to their marriage. "Got it. Thank you, madam." "Anytime. Can you pass the phone to Matthew now?" "Mhm!" After humming a response, Veronica returned the phone to Matthew. He then turned off the speakerphone and put the phone at his ear. "Grandma?" "Oh, here I thought you'd forgotten I was your grandma. How bold have you grown, huh? So bold you'd even disobey my words? So bold you're sending Veronica to the hospital to have her uterus removed? Who do you think you are, God?" Elizabeth furiously continued, "Return the phone back to Veronica right now! I'll be video-calling her every day from now on. If I were to sense a hint of unhappiness within her, you can start preparing a funeral!" "Grand—" *Beep, beep...* Before Matthew could say anything more, Elizabeth already hung up. Tilted, he clutched the phone so hard his fingers cracked. He was clearly outraged, so outraged that it could match the extent of the most wrathful storm. Meanwhile, Veronica was observing him, assiduously studying his every gesture. Seeing him so irate, she immediately knew that Elizabeth must have warned him not to torment her any longer. Realizing that, she felt utterly relieved. "Return her phone." "Yes, Young Master Matthew." As Thomas was driving, he pulled out Veronica's phone and gave it back to her. "Thank you." She thanked the assistant. Right when she grabbed her phone, it instantly rang, and the caller ID was 'Madam Elizabeth.' As she looked at the number on her phone, Matthew, too, had noticed it.