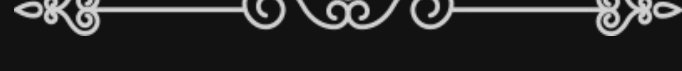


# Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 14



Other than the Larsons, Veronica couldn't think of anyone else who would willingly save a murderer. But who would have imagined that the driver they rescued would end up silenced and dead? Veronica should have already known that silencing a potential witness would be the best choice possible, considering the Larsons' poisonous tendencies. Now, she was done for. Not only had she lost her last lead, but the Larsons were also made aware of her investigation into the murderer. If the Larsons were to find out that Veronica already knew the truth, would she be the next one to die? This sudden piece of news made her heart pound madly, unable to calm down. Despite everything coming her way, all she could do was quietly put up with it. She certainly could not allow her adoptive parents to know. After her three-day break was up, Veronica returned to work. In order to not alert the Larsons, the only other thing Veronica did other than work was visit her adoptive mother in the hospital. She did her best not to show up in front of the Larsons. At the same time, she stuck closely to her "doctor's orders"—for the next month, she was not allowed to consume any alcohol, and she was to get sufficient rest. Meanwhile, she secretly spent a huge sum of money to find another private detective agency to discreetly look into her adoptive parents' car accident. Just like that, a month slipped by. Veronica took some time out of her schedule to go to the hospital for a "checkup." The results showed that she was in good health. After Veronica left the hospital, Matthew received a call from the hospital. "Young Master Matthews, Miss Murphy has already undergone an ultrasound. The fetus is over two months-old and is developing well." "Didn't she show signs of a miscarriage? She's been delivering takeout every day recently; won't it have an effect on her?" Matthew asked. "Miss Murphy was raised in a farming village. She is fit; she isn't as frail as the average expecting mother." "Got it." He had initially thought that Veronica's daily traveling would affect the baby growing in her belly, but to his surprise, it was the opposite of what he thought. As night fell, people began to congregate at the Twilight Club. All these young men and women, rendered exhausted by the tedium and monotony at work, indulged themselves with alcohol under the neon lights. They danced and writhed on the dance floor, or slumped at the counter of the bar, passed out in a dead sleep. Veronica couldn't stop herself from wondering about the what-ifs at this sight: if the Larsons hadn't deliberately hurt her adoptive parents, she would most likely have gone back to her hometown and opened a bar with the money she had. Or maybe she would open a grocery store and live a quiet and simple life. Sometime past ten when Veronica skulked in a corner for a moment of quiet, her walkie-talkie buzzed to life. "Come in, Big Ron. Head to the men's washroom, quick." "The men's washroom? Cut it out. Why should I go there when I'm a woman?" Veronica answered through her walkie-talkie in disgruntlement. "Oh come on, Big Ron, just come over. Young Master Xavier was the one who asked for you. Gave your name and all that. Relax, there's no one here in the men's washroom," Cody said, knowing about Veronica's concerns. "Xavier again! Fine, I'll be there in a moment." With that, Veronica hung her walkie-talkie back at her hip and headed straight for the public washrooms. The security guards promptly greeted her when she approached the men's washroom. "Please hurry inside. Young Master Xavier is slumped by the toilet bowl and won't get up." "He asked for you specifically." "Hehe, Big Ron, you're going to have to hold on tight to him. Maybe this is your chance to climb up the totem pole after being a wage slave." Veronica kicked Cody after hearing the guards tease her. "Who are you calling a wage slave?" "Oof, me and my big mouth." Cody grinned in embarrassment. "You're going to go places." "Quit your yapping. You all should do your job. Management is going to whinge about you guys slacking off if they see you." She waved a hand, gesturing for her colleagues to go patrol the club. The door to the first stall was open when Veronica stepped inside the men's washroom. She turned her head to see Xavier sitting on the toilet bowl, puking his guts up into the bin. Xavier Crawford, the second son of the Crawford Family in Bloomstead. He might be a dashing man, but he was a useless loser, infamous for his love for the hedonistic and his amorous ways. Just the mention of his name alone was enough to make him a laughingstock. As for how Veronica knew him? It would be more apt to say it was through an "altercation." Not long after Veronica started working at Twilight Club, she ran into Xavier, who had been terrorizing Cody. She hadn't been able to stomach the sight, so she immediately grabbed a bottle off the table and smashed it, shattering its bottom. Then, she aimed the broken bottle with its jagged edges at Xavier and said to him like a madwoman, "Cody here is one of mine. Why don't you try laying another finger on him?" However, Xavier pointed at a bottle on the table. "If you can down that bottle of vodka in one go, I'll let him go." Veronica could hold her liquor well from all the years she spent drinking with her adoptive father, so she gulped down the vodka with no trouble. Ever since then, the guards looked at her in a new light; even Xavier as well. He would frequently drag her over for drinking contests, and that was how they ended up becoming friends after a few rounds. The guards found her actions bold and gutsy, and they were deeply taken by this. Thus, they all began calling her Big Ron. "Urk..." Xavier began to throw up again. Veronica was disgusted. With a hand clamped over her nose, she tapped him on his shoulder with her electric baton. "Hey, if you're so drunk that you're puking, then get your butt back home. Isn't it disgusting to sit inside a toilet?" Upon hearing Veronica's voice, Xavier pulled out a wad of tissue and wiped his mouth. A smile bloomed on his handsome, boyish face as he stretched out an arm at her. "Help me up." "I'm worried that I'll end up dirtying my hands if I do that." She waved her electric baton, a look of repulsion on her face. "Grab this." Xavier obediently pulled himself up with the baton and walked over to the sink. After rinsing out his mouth, he splashed some water on his face. Veronica leaned against a wall with her arms folded over her chest as she watched him. "So, which fair lady ditched you this time? Just look at you." Xavier planted his hands by the sides of the sink. As he stared at his disheveled self in the mirror, he suddenly gave a laugh and turned to look at Veronica. "Does everyone think I'm a loser?" That smile of his was filled with bitterness and helplessness. Veronica was unused to his sudden seriousness. She yanked some tissues from the dispenser and handed them to him. "If you're not drunk, then beat it! Uh... hey, Xavier, what are you doing?" Xavier grabbed Veronica by her arms and pressed her against the wall before she could finish. "Roni, do you know that you're the only one who treats me differently even after all this time?" He was heavily drunk. The stench of alcohol clung to him, making Veronica very much uncomfortable. "Roni, date me, will you?" Veronica was unamused. She completely disregarded Xavier's drunken joke. Instead, she answered him with a glare. "Have you forgotten yourself because I haven't given you a shiner in a while?" "You... You... Just look at how ugly you are. I don't think you look half-bad. Why don't you just date me?" "Xavier, are you still drunk out of your mind? Do you want me to sober you up?" Veronica couldn't stop herself from rebuking him. "Ahem..." Right at that moment, a series of coughs could be heard from the entrance of the washroom. Both Xavier and Veronica turned their heads to look at the source of the coughing. At the sight, however, Veronica unconsciously went rigid. Her eyes widened slightly. *Matthew? Why him? Why is he here?* The next moment, though, she remembered that she no longer "had" Matthew's baby in her belly. She was no longer tied to him, so she resumed her apathetic demeanor. "Oh hey, what a coincidence. Here to use the washroom too?" Xavier kept a hand on the wall while he shoved his other hand into the pocket. He turned his head to look at Matthew and greet him. The Twilight Club was part of Matthew's assets. Although he usually lived in the suite on the upper floors, he rarely came down to check the club unless it was to see his fellow company partners. But he never expected to find this woman hanging out with this useless dreck during the one time he came down to check on the club.