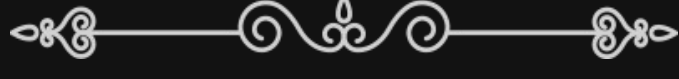


Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband



His cold gaze swept over Veronica for a moment before it shifted over to Xavier. “What is it? Have you gotten another girlfriend?” Xavier had an evil grin as he wrapped an arm around Veronica’s waist. “Let me introduce her: this is Roni, my new girlfriend.” Then he looked at Veronica. “And this is Bloomstead’s famous young, talented bachelor who’s a devil in the business world, Matthew Kings.” Although Xavier was singing Matthew’s praises, Veronica could somehow sense the insincerity behind his words, and she also sensed his distaste for Matthew. Incidentally, she also disliked Matthew, so she played along, turning to look at him and dipping her head. Then, she pretended not to know him as she greeted him. “So you’re Matthew Kings. Your name far precedes you. Now that we’ve met, you do indeed live up to your reputation.” Matthew’s flawless, handsome face visibly darkened at her words. Even his assistant behind him, Thomas, couldn’t stop the corners of his mouth from twitching madly. *Oh dear... Looks like Miss Murphy is challenging Young Master Matthew.* “Such an ugly woman is capable of catching your attention?” Matthew asked in a low voice. “Haha, beauty is in the eye of the beholder.” “Looks like Young Master Xavier’s eyesight isn’t exactly great. Why don’t I introduce you to a reputable ophthalmologist?” “After being so used to seeing all these women with cakey makeup, I feel that a lady like Roni here is easier on the eyes.” “Easier on the eyes? Or better at seduction?” Matthew’s handsome features were as frigid as could be, his powerful aura putting pressure on Veronica. Despite that, Veronica simply hid her anger. She didn’t rebuke him. “Hahaha...” Upon hearing Matthew’s words, Xavier tipped his head back and guffawed. All of a sudden, though, he pressed a hand to his chest. A wave of nausea hit him, and he bent over to try and throw up. After several moments of dry heaving, he wasn’t able to vomit anything up. He then put an arm around Veronica’s shoulder. “Roni, help me get out of here. I feel horrible.” Veronica nodded. “Let’s go.” Rearranging Xavier’s arm in a natural manner around her shoulders, she then began to help Xavier out of the washroom. Matthew and Thomas didn’t step aside from the door even when they saw her approaching. Veronica shot a cold glare at them. “Mr. Kings, please step aside.” *Great barkers are no biters!* Matthew’s sharp gaze pressed down on Veronica. For that one moment their eyes met, his icy eyes emitted a frigid aura. A few seconds later, Matthew took a few steps back, creating a path for Veronica and Xavier. “Thank you, Mr. Kings!” Veronica deliberately pitched her voice higher. She might be thanking him, but her voice was dripping with sarcasm. Xavier immediately grinned at Matthew after that and mimicked Veronica’s tone. “Thank you, Mr. Kings... urk...” Due to how close Xavier was because they had just passed him, Veronica was worried that Xavier would actually throw up all over Matthew when he dry heaved. The two of them then left. It wasn’t until they vanished past the end of the corridor leading to the washrooms that Thomas finally voiced his question. “Young Master Matthew, do you want me to get someone to teach Xavier a lesson?” Matthew’s eyes narrowed slightly, a chilly glint shining in them. “Getting up in arms over a useless dreck like him will only lower myself to his level.” “But...” Thomas wanted to continue, but Matthew had already begun to leave. Meanwhile, Veronica helped Xavier out of the Twilight Club. Xavier’s servant came over to greet them, having waited for hours for his employer. “Did he have too much to drink again?” “Hurry up and take him home. Remember to sober him up.” Veronica pushed Xavier over to his servant before raising her arm to sniff at it. The scent of alcohol on herself was pungent and unpleasant on the nose. It gave her the urge to vomit. “Many thanks, Miss Murphy.” “No need to thank me.” She waved a hand before turning to leave, only to have Xavier suddenly grab her arm. “Matthew Kings knows you?” *He’s visibly drunk, yet he was able to notice such a “small detail”?* Veronica shook her head. “What’s with that joke? He’s like a legend. All we can do is look up at him from our stations. How would he and I know each other?” “Haha, you’ve got a point there, Roni.” Xavier looked up and smiled. After waving goodbye, he got into his car. The car then left the club. Veronica stood by the entrance for a while. After getting herself back in order, she headed back inside the Twilight Club. She had just taken a few steps in when she ran into Thomas. “Miss Murphy, Young Master Matthew is asking you to come over.” Veronica swept a gaze over him in displeasure. “Go back and tell Matthew that I have nothing to do with him. Why should I meet him just because he said so? Does he really think of himself as the god of Bloomstead?” He was just a heartless b*stard. Even animals wouldn’t hurt their young, but Matthew actually wanted a fetus that hadn’t even fully formed yet aborted! “Miss Murphy, he requested your presence!” Thomas calmly eyed her and repeated himself. “Out of my way!” Veronica was irritated. Her hand was already reaching for the electric baton by her hip. “If you don’t want to do this the nice way, then so be it.” “I said, out of my way!” From the first time she met Matthew, Veronica hadn’t the slightest interest in him. In fact, she detested him. So when she saw Thomas standing there obnoxiously in front of her, she thought of Matthew’s stony face—it... repulsed her. In the next second, she grabbed her electric baton and pointed it at Thomas, her steely gaze fixed unblinkingly on him. Anger burned in her eyes. Thomas nearly acted against her then, but then he remembered that the Kingses’ future heir was still in her belly. Thus, he retreated to the side. Veronica snorted and walked further inside the club to continue her patrol. However, she never imagined that someone would suddenly pop out of Room 888 when she passed by it and pull her inside. She was pressed against the door. “Matthew? Are you insane? Release me!” At the sight of the man before her, Veronica felt rage bubbling up inside her. What a clingy man. Matthew’s large hand gripped her tightly by the cheeks. Frost hung on his chiseled features. “You came to work at a club because you’re fishing for new losers?” *This damned woman was starving enough to go for even a lecherous man like Xavier.* His grip was strong enough to make her jaw hurt, but Veronica had always been a strong person who would never give in. She frowned, her pretty eyebrows furrowing. “So what if I’m fishing for guys that I could do better than? I like Xavier! Does this have anything to do with you?” Perhaps it was due to the effect of reverse psychology, but she ended up “admitting” that she was picking up guys in her attempt to provoke Matthew. “It hasn’t been long since you slept with me, yet you’re in such a rush to writhe under another man’s touch. Just how much of a slut are you?” “Heh.” Veronica couldn’t stop herself from giving a mocking chuckle. “We’re both adults here. It’s more than normal for two adults to seek pleasure from each other. Oh, wait...” Her brows knitted tightly together then. As though a thought had struck her, an evil grin appeared on her lips. “Someone like you who doesn’t seek out women and who needs to pop a pill to get in bed naturally wouldn’t know this.” She enunciated the words “pop a pill” extra clearly, deliberately slowing down her speech as she did so, like she was mocking Matthew for being impotent—as though she didn’t know that this was the greatest humiliation for a man and the most likely thing to rile him up. A vicious look came over Matthew’s stony face then. The next moment...