

# Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 17



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When she finally arrived home at night, Veronica washed up and poured herself a cup of hot water to drink her medicine with. Her previous accident had caused her to become pregnant. This time, she would never let the same mistake happen to her again.

However, that b\*stard, Matthew, was not even human.

After she finished tidying up, Veronica lay on bed and went on her phone for a while before she succumbed to her exhaustion and fell asleep.

Early the next morning, she got up and made a bowl of porridge with some vegetables and packed them into a lunchbox before heading to Saint Hospital. Normally, she could only prepare and deliver her adoptive mother's meals during noon, but now that her work ended at midnight, she had a lot of free time, and could prepare her adoptive mother's meals in the morning as well.

With the lunchbox, Veronica took her scooter and headed for Saint Hospital.

Upon entering one of the wards at the inpatient department, she saw her adoptive mother, clad in a navy printed top and blue jeans, washing her adoptive father's face for him.

Her adoptive mother's hair was already turning white, and the years had mercilessly left traces on her wrinkled face.

"Sigh, Tony, why aren't you waking up yet? You're lucky enough to lie around in bed, but our daughter has to work and prepare three meals for me a day, come rain or shine. It pains me to look at her," Daniella muttered while wiping Tony's face.

Upon hearing that, Veronica felt her heart ache, but she walked in with a smile. "Mom, you don't have to worry. I'm free anyway. Come and eat." She put the insulated lunch box on the table, took the face towel from Daniella, and went to the bathroom with the basin.

"Veronica, you don't have to cook for me in the future. I'll just eat some bread in the morning."

Saint Hospital was a high-class private hospital, and the food was naturally expensive. In order to save money, Daniella basically only ate bread for every meal.

Of course, Veronica couldn't bear to see her adoptive mother work so hard every day.

"Mom, hurry up and eat before the food gets cold." Veronica walked out from the bathroom with a huge smile as if nothing had happened and asked, "How's Dad doing these days?"

"He moves his fingers from time to time, but I don't know when he will wake up. Sigh..." Daniella heaved a huge sigh, opened the lunch box, and started eating the porridge.

Veronica didn't just laze around either. Instead, she sat by the bed and gave Tony a massage.

"Look, your dad is somewhat responsive now. I've been thinking about it for a while, but I decided to take him back to our hometown in the next two days."

Halfway through her meal, Daniella looked at Veronica. "Look at your face. You used to be such a beautiful girl, but just because you had to treat me and your father, you had to compromise with the Larson Family and pretend to look ugly. I... I feel sorry for you."

Although they were transferred to Saint Hospital, Veronica's adoptive parents still thought that this hospital belonged to the Larson Family.

"If you make yourself look like this, how can you find someone to date?" Daniella added, her eyes reddening with tears.

"Gosh, Mom, why do you keep bringing that up? I've already said many times that the Larson Family doesn't want outsiders to know that I look like Tiffany. I pretend to look ugly because it's convenient for work. If I do that, it saves me plenty of time and effort. Hahaha..." Veronica laughed cheekily.

"That isn't any better!" Daniella feigned anger. "Your dad lies around all day. I'm about to die from frustration here. In two days, I'm going to drag him home." How could she not want Tony to stay in the hospital and receive treatment? After all, he was already old, and all they had was each other. Besides, she was really afraid that he would not wake up this time. However, Daniella couldn't bear to watch her daughter suffer.

"Mom, you can go home and rest if you want to. As for Dad, I can look for a caregiver."

"Gosh, why are you so stubborn, you brat? Let's just settle on this."

"Mom..."

"Stop whining. If you have so much time, you should look for a boyfriend instead."

"Then, if I get a boyfriend, are you willing to continue letting Dad stay in the hospital?"

Suddenly, Veronica realized that Daniella was worried that if she was too busy and had a "hideous" face, she would not be able to find herself a boyfriend.

Compared to people from the city, elderly people from the countryside were less open-minded. Hence, Daniella hoped that Veronica could get a boyfriend sooner and find a good home.

"That's right. Aren't you single?"

"Who said that? I've been dating someone for a long time. I just haven't told you yet."

"You're trying to fool me again, aren't you? If even I can't stand to look at your face, who can?"

"Fine. I'll bring my boyfriend over tomorrow and let you meet him." As she smiled at Daniella, Veronica was inwardly troubled. How was she going to conjure a boyfriend out of nowhere for her adoptive mother?

After leaving the hospital, Veronica continued to deliver takeouts. At exactly five o'clock in the evening, she went to Twilight Club to work.

After changing into their security uniforms, the security team started patrolling their posts after a meeting with the security department.

Upon seeing Cody, Veronica nudged him and asked, "Hey, Cody, can I discuss something with you?"

"What's wrong, Big Ron?" Cody implored.

"Um... Are you free in two days? I need your help."

"Oops, I can't make it. I asked my manager for a leave because my godfather is hospitalized, and I'll be going home tomorrow."

"Oh, then it's fine."

Veronica curled her lips before looking for the two other colleagues whom she had a good relationship with. However, one of them had a daughter-in-law who had just given birth and was not available, while the other was in an argument with his

girlfriend and did not dare to agree to solve Veronica's dilemma.

She couldn't help but complain to the three of them, "If none of you are free, who else can pretend to be my boyfriend and visit my mother?"

As soon as she finished speaking, someone suddenly walked up to her and put an arm around her shoulder. "Pretend to be your boyfriend? A man like me is perfect for this job."

Xavier had emerged out of nowhere.

"Oh, Young Master Xavier is a good choice."

"That's right, Big Ron. Look at Young Master Xavier. Not only is he talented, but he's also handsome. If you bring someone like him to your mother, you would definitely look good."

"Young Master Xavier, please help Big Ron. All of us happen to have something to do these two days." The three security guards who had a good relationship with her implored Xavier.

Veronica knew that once she took her boyfriend to the hospital, she would have to bring him to meet her adoptive mother a few more times afterward, so they really couldn't get away easily.

Xavier glanced at Veronica with a frown before clicking his tongue. "Are you looking down on me? I am the best at pretending to be a boyfriend. However, what will I gain from this?"

Veronica really couldn't find a suitable candidate, so she could only agree to Xavier who had volunteered. After giving it some thought, she said, "I'll treat you to a barbecue afterward."

"Deal."

"All right, then. I'll give you a call tomorrow afternoon."

After she had achieved an agreement with Xavier, Veronica started to work, while Xavier and his loser friends booked a room to party as usual.

The next day, in the afternoon, once Veronica had finished preparing lunch for Daniella and was getting ready to leave, she gave Xavier a call. "I'm ready to leave now. I'll be waiting for you at Saint Hospital."

When Veronica arrived at the entrance of Saint Hospital half an hour later, she found Xavier, who was dressed in a suit, with slicked back hair and a pair of sunglasses. He was leaning against a sports car and smoking a cigarette, waiting for her.

She parked her scooter and walked toward Xavier, unable to resist making a jab at him. "If you dress up so flashily, my mom will be able to tell that you're a fake at a *glance*."