

Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 2



A ninth-degree black belt holder in Taekwondo, Veronica tried to fend Matthew off, but she couldn't hold her own against him at this very moment. "Let go of me, you *sshole!" "How dare you play hard to get with me right now after drugging me..." "What nonsense are you talking about? I'm here... for the money!" Veronica struggled against the man, but it wasn't until her fingers touched his skin that she realized how burning hot he was. *Did he just say 'drugging'?* With the benefit of hindsight, she instantly realized what had happened, but it was too late when she got up and tried to run away. Matthew kept her from moving. In the end, annoyed by her irritating cries, he stuffed his necktie into her mouth right away. "Shut up." That night, he forced himself on Veronica like mad, getting it on with her until Veronica passed out and came round in tears several times. Veronica cursed Matthew inwardly. *Damn it! Is this guy too strong, or is that f*cking drug too overpowering?* ... It was already noon the next day when Veronica woke up on her own. She shifted a little in bed, only to find herself aching all over as though she had just had the living daylights beaten out of her. Not only that, but her body felt so sticky that she almost had a meltdown. She sat up and looked all around the bedroom. Matthew was long gone; there was a set of clean clothes placed on the head of the bed. She got out of bed and took a quick shower in the bathroom. Without bothering to remove her makeup, she walked out of the bedroom, wanting to find Matthew and ask for an explanation. However, when she walked out of the bedroom, she found an unfamiliar man sitting on the living room sofa. "I'm Thomas Ritter, Young Master Matthew's personal secretary," the man said, introducing himself before Veronica spoke. Seething with anger, Veronica swore angrily, "Where's Matthew Kings, that *sshole? Is he gonna deny his responsibility after having his way with me and walking away?" *sshole? Thomas was astounded. *Those who know nothing fear nothing, huh?* Instead of arguing with her, he pointed at the box of pills on the table, saying, "My boss said you must either take the morning-after pill and get out of Bloomstead or die. Make the choice yourself, Miss Murphy." *He already knows my name! He must have done some background check,* thought Veronica. Her heart did a complete somersault. Upon feeling how ruthless and unfeeling Matthew was, she was seized with terror. In an instant, all her cockiness was gone. She pursed her lips, asking, "Uh, I-I'd like to see Matthew. I saved his life, you know? How could he return my kindness with ingratitude?" Upon hearing her words, Thomas sneered in contempt. "Even I'm tired of listening to such a bad lie. Do you think my boss is gonna believe it?" "I'm telling the truth! That day—" "Miss Murphy!" Thomas ran out of patience. "You want it the hard way? Don't blame me for being unpleasant with you, then." *Ding!* Just then, the elevator door opened. At first, Veronica thought it was Matthew, but to her surprise, the one stepping out of the elevator was a silver-haired old woman who looked regal and poised from head to toe. Not only that, but she was accompanied by two servants. Thomas bowed to the old woman. "Good day, Old Mrs. Kings." Elizabeth Hutchinson walked in and shot Thomas a glare. "What are you doing here?" "I'm just taking care of some private affairs on Young Master Matthew's behalf, Old Mrs. Kings," Thomas answered honestly. Elizabeth pointed at the box of morning-after pills on the table. "By 'private affairs,' do you mean you want to kill the Kings Family's great-grandson?" Veronica was stunned. *What? Great-grandson?* When she followed Elizabeth's gaze and saw the box of pills, she couldn't help wondering if the "great-grandson" Elizabeth referred to was the... *Wait, she's referring to what that *sshole left inside me yesterday, right?* "This is what he wanted." "Hmph! Tell that brat to come to me if he has questions."