

Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 3



Elizabeth turned around, her severe expression instantly easing into a benign smile as she walked up to Veronica. “You’re Veronica?” Veronica disliked Matthew, and she felt nothing toward Elizabeth. Still, she asked out of courtesy, “What can I do for you, madam?” Elizabeth’s smile broadened into a cheerful grin at the word ‘madam.’ “Your looks are average, but you’ve got quite a smooth tongue.” Veronica was born with fair skin, so she made a special effort to black her skin, thicken her eyebrows with makeup, and add a lot of freckles to her face. As a result, she did look quite plain at first glance. Elizabeth took Veronica’s hand affectionately, saying, “Young lady, I’m old, and I just want to have a great-grandson. I’ve looked into your background, so I know your parents are being hospitalized. You’re a nice kid who works part-time after work to earn money to support your family. As long as you’re willing to bear a child for our family, I’ll agree to whatever terms you wish.” Veronica’s eyes widened; she shook off Elizabeth’s hand as if she had gotten an electric shock. “No, no, no, madam. I know you want to have a great-grandson, but this is a family matter for you guys. I’ve got absolutely nothing to do with it.” *Are you kidding me? This is a bit too hasty. Don’t tell me I’m gonna have to bear a child for the Kings Family just because I have slept with Matthew. What does that make of me, huh?* Meanwhile, Tiffany arrived at Hilton Restaurant, but it wasn’t until half an hour after she arrived that Matthew turned up. “Sorry for keeping you waiting.” Matthew walked in, dressed in a black shirt paired with a silvery-gray and white striped suit. With his matchless good-looking features, he oozed seductive charm with only a slight curl of his thin lips, causing Tiffany’s heart to go pit-a-pat and her eyes to glaze over slightly. Tiffany had seen Matthew on TV before. At this very moment, however, she felt that the broad-shouldered and slender man before her was exuding the regal air of a noble prince through his every pore while giving off a chilly vibe that would keep any strangers away. Restraining herself despite her fluttering heart, she stood up and nodded gently out of courtesy. “It’s okay, Young Master Matthew. You’re punctual; I’m the one who was early.” Sitting across the table from Tiffany, Matthew shot a glance at her before withdrawing his gaze. “What would you like to eat?” Tiffany had little makeup on today and was wearing the latest dress from Dior, paired with Gucci’s limited-edition earrings and necklace. She looked very gorgeous, but Matthew, who was already used to seeing all kinds of beautiful women, found such “materialistic” beauty vulgar. “Feel free to order whatever you please, Young Master Matthew. I’m fine with anything.” “Uh-huh.” Matthew pressed the call button on the table. A waiter immediately entered the private room, upon which Matthew ordered two servings of the restaurant’s most expensive lunch set and a bottle of red wine. Sitting cross-legged with his back leaning against his chair, he fixed Tiffany with a piercing stare, asking, “Since you’re the daughter of the Floch Group’s owner, why were you in the suburbs that day?” He had done a background check on Tiffany and learned about her family background after returning to his office. Tiffany’s heart clenched at once. Clenching her fists uneasily with a bitter smile, she replied, “To tell you the truth, I was doing food delivery because my dad wanted me to see the world. He wanted to see whether I can bear hardships to decide whether or not I can take over his company.” She already had these words down pat long ago. Back when Matthew asked to meet her a week later, she had told her parents about the whole situation. Having expected Matthew to ask such a question, they went out of their way to learn about where the car accident had happened and what Veronica had done by having someone check the surveillance footage of Veronica sending Matthew to the hospital the other day. In order to avoid arousing the man’s suspicion, Tiffany really did food delivery for a week, not to mention how many grievances she had suffered during that time. Matthew quite agreed with Floch Larson’s approach. “Your dad’s idea is pretty nice. It’s a good thing to see the world.” “Yeah, I think what my dad did is great too.” “Give me your bank account number. I’ll have the finance department wire 100 million to you tomorrow.” Tiffany didn’t understand what Matthew meant by talking about money all of a sudden. “What?” “You risked your life to save me that day. The money’s your compensation.”