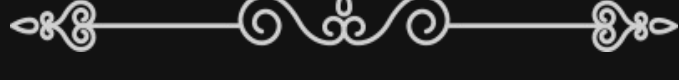


Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband

Chapter 8



“Yeah, I-I do.” Sensing the man’s chilly vibes—which were like that of a demon coming from hell—made Veronica feel so close to death for the very first time. Out of the instinct to survive, she nodded vigorously. “I want to, of course. But how can I prove it?” “Great.” The chilly expression on Matthew’s stony face eased, and his medium-sized lips curved into a barely perceptible smile. Then, he leaned close to Veronica’s ear. His breath gave a tingling sensation when it blew on the strands of hair on her neck, but on top of that, it sent a chill down her spine. Veronica waited for a few seconds before she heard the man say, “I have a way to solve this once and for all.” “W-What way is it?” “That is…” Matthew paused mid-sentence as if to tease her. It wasn’t until he noticed that she was almost freaking out that he continued, “Cutting off your womb.” “M-My womb?” Backing away in fright, Veronica blundered against the sofa behind her and slumped down onto it. She stared at Matthew blankly, saying, “No, don’t do that… I don’t want to.” *If my womb is cut off, I’ll never be able to bear children all my life. I’ll never agree to that!* “Are you a demon, Matthew?” Veronica had always been strong and determined, but she couldn’t help being terrified. She was unaware of Matthew’s identity before this, but now that she had learned of his identity, she became increasingly afraid of him, for this man had the ability to crush everything. Killing her would be as easy to him as crushing an ant. “Tsk.” Matthew dialed a number with the phone in his hand. “Thomas, contact the hospital and have them prepare for a hysterectomy—” “No, no way! You can’t do that!” Before the man could finish his sentence, Veronica jumped to her feet, snatched his cell phone away, and ended the call. Feeling angry and aggrieved, she growled, “What gives you the right to do that? Do you think you can defy the law because you’re rich?” *Well, pretending to be weak, pitiful, and innocent in front of this guy has proven to be useless, for this *sshole is essentially a cold-blooded beast!* “We’ll know whether I can do it or not once we give it a try.” Matthew snatched his phone back from Veronica. Then, he walked past her and left right away. “Wait a minute!” Veronica grabbed Matthew’s hand and knelt down with a thud. She said tearfully, “You can’t do that, Young Master Matthew. No one knows whether I’ve gotten pregnant or not, but if I do get pregnant, I’ll definitely abort it.” In order to keep her “womb,” she decided to do everything possible. *Dignity is worthless in the face of life*, she thought. She didn’t want to lose her womb at a young age. If that happened, no men would want her even if she threw herself at them. “Begging for mercy on your knees, eh? Weren’t you fuming with indignation just now?” Matthew pinched Veronica’s jaw with his large hand. “Say, which side of you should I believe?” Veronica was very angry. “We should conduct ourselves with conscience, Young Master Matthew. Your grandma’s the one who drugged you, and you forced yourself on me. I’m the victim here, so why should I bear the consequences?” Matthew found his interest aroused by Veronica’s kaleidoscopic change of emotions. She acted all pitiful just a moment ago; now, kneeling on the ground, she looked extremely furious. “Because I’m rich and thus can defy the law, that’s why,” he replied, using her words against her. Then, he continued, “Just stay here and don’t go anywhere. Somebody will pick you up later for the surgery.” He pulled out a piece of tissue and wiped the hand that had pinched Veronica’s jaw as if feeling that it was dirty. After tossing the piece of tissue into the trash can, he turned around and left. “Young Master Matthew? Young Master Matthew, let’s talk this through, okay? Hey, don’t leave, Matthew! You’re an *sshole and a jerk, Matthew!” Veronica couldn’t help but swear when she saw the man walk out of the living room without looking back. Then, she got up, sat down on the sofa, and brushed the nonexistent dust off her knees. She muttered, “Damn that shameless jerk.” The elevator door closed outside; the man was gone. Sitting on the sofa, Veronica reached for her cell phone to call Elizabeth, only to realize that her phone was gone. With the benefit of hindsight, she recalled how Matthew had gotten close to her just now. *He probably took my cell phone at the time*, she thought. “I can’t just sit back and do nothing.” A myriad of thoughts crossed her mind as she pondered how to get out of here. She stood up and looked around the floor. She found that the only way to exit the floor was through the elevator or the locked door at the end of the hallway. However, there were two burly bodyguards at the living room door. She walked around the living room. In the end, she went into the bedroom and found a lighter. After winding some tissue papers around the mop, she set fire to the tissue papers and aimed the mop at the fire sprinkler on the ceiling. In just a second, the sprinkler system was activated, and it began sprinkling water continuously. Veronica activated both the sprinkler system and the smoke alarm in the bedroom, the guest bedroom, the kitchen, and the bathroom. Upon hearing the smoke alarm ring, she immediately placed the mop in a corner and ran out of the bathroom. The two bodyguards burst in with a panicked expression on their faces. “What’s the matter? Which place is on fire?” Veronica shook her head. “I have no idea… It’s so scary…” “Go over there and take a look, Ben. I’ll go this way.” “Okay.” The two bodyguards immediately rushed inside to check the situation. Veronica was secretly delighted. Immediately, she ran out of the living room and took the 38th-floor-exclusive elevator downstairs. After escaping from Twilight Club, she hailed a taxi and left right away. “Please drive me to Saint Hospital. Uh, forget it. Please drive me to Dragon’s Creek Villa instead.” She had wanted to go to her adoptive parents at Saint Hospital, but now she decided to go to Dragon’s Creek Villa to ask the Larsons for money and then leave Bloomstead with her adoptive parents. Back when she donated her bone marrow to the Larson Family’s youngest son, her biological father had promised to pay her 50,000 when they left Bloomstead. Veronica had disdained taking his money, but now, she had no other option. She wanted to take her adoptive parents back to the countryside, but that would cost money. She had yet to receive her paycheck, and she had paid her only 5,000 upfront for Matthew’s medical treatment. Without money, she could hardly do anything. Over half an hour later, Veronica arrived at Dragon’s Creek Villa. Getting out of the taxi, she walked up to the gate and pressed the doorbell. A while later, the villa’s gate opened. Rachel, who was decked out with jewels, asked with a frown, “Why are you here?” Rachel was Veronica’s biological mother. She was nearly 50 years old and was dressed in a waisted royal blue V-neck shirt paired with high-waisted pants. As she always took very good care of her health, she looked young and refined. Getting straight to the point, Veronica replied, “Where’s Floch? I’ve got something to talk to him about.” Rachel looked at Veronica with a scornful and contemptuous expression. “Hey, watch how you speak! How could you call him by his name?” Veronica didn’t understand it sometimes. She and Tiffany were born of the same mother, so why would Rachel and Floch dislike her? “I can’t call him by his name, huh?” She snorted with laughter. “Well then, where’s your old man? I’ve got something to talk to him about.” Rachel was infuriated by her words. “You… Hmph! As expected of someone from the backwater of the country. You have no manners at all!” “Manners are taught by one’s biological parents. It’s good enough that a parentless person like me can stay alive, so why bother about manners?” Veronica had never expected her biological parents to have such an attitude when she met them again.