

## Her Billionaire Husband

### Chapter 163

Especially now that she was bearing Matthew's child, she had to protect it at all cost before she got into the Kings Family. Hence, she couldn't afford to be reckless.

"You deserved it, Veronica. Tell me you don't. You knew I was engaged to Matthew yet you're still living with him in Twilight Condominium. What are you if not a b\*tch? You don't have what it takes to get into the Kings Family, so you'd resort to becoming a shame— Ah!" As Tiffany was venting the frustration in her heart, she was stopped by Veronica's slap on her face."

"I'll give you a chance. Choose your words carefully."

Oh, was the smack vehement and agonizingly stinging!

Tiffany gritted her teeth and glared at Veronica who was in the dark. "You're a slut, a slut who's always trying to seduce Mat—*Slap!*"

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"One more chance."

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"You're still a b\*tch no matter how many chances you give me, you shame—*Slap!*"

"Again!"

"You shame—*Slap!*"

"Try again."

"Don't you..." After receiving a series of smacks, Tiffany, despite her desire to go on insulting Veronica, did not want her perfect face marred, so she consequently stopped lashing out with her venomous tongue. Vexed and upset, she ranted, "I warned you to stay away from Matthew a long time ago, and you're just asking for death."

Hearing that, Veronica was enraged as her knife—holding hand uncontrollably shuddered. In a brief moment, the devil within her was goading her to finish Tiffany off as revenge for her family.

*Tap, tap...* Out of nowhere, faint footsteps were heard closing in.

In response, Veronica glowered and slightly raised her brows, staring at the bedroom door. The next moment, the door was pushed open, followed by a click, and the lights were turned on, illuminating the entire bedroom.

Floch and Rachel thought they heard something from their room and noticed something was odd before storming downstairs. Unsurprisingly, Veronica came. When they saw Veronica—

her foot on the bed, her left arm supported on her knee, and her right hand holding a dagger against Tiffany's neck—Rachel was thoroughly dismayed.

“What do you think you’re doing, Veronica?!” Floch, who was utterly shocked as well, shakingly pointed his finger at Veronica. “Put down the knife. You’re trespassing private property. All it takes is a call to the cops and you’ll earn yourself a life sentence!”

“Waa... Dad, Mom, you’re finally here. Waa... H—Help me! Call the c—Ah!”

Before Tiffany could finish her sentence, Veronica gave her a couple more swings on her face, left and right. Two splendid slaps.

“What did I say about shutting the f\*ck up?! What are you, f\*cking deaf?” Veronica furiously rebuked. She raised her stony eyes and shot the Larson couple, who were standing by the door, a piercing, icy gaze. “I have truly underestimated each of you. The lowly Larsons, doing anything they want, even hired thugs to butcher me. Aren’t you so disheartened to find me still breathing?”

Resentment—

all there was in her mind. Veronica severely thought she must have been the unluckiest woman in the world to have been born as the biological daughter of the Larson couple.

“B—

Butcher you?” The couple were dumbfounded as they peered at each other. They faced each other and tacitly turned to Tiffany, realizing what had happened.

“Ever since Randy’s bone marrow donation, you’ve been coming at me a great deal of times, so I’m gonna be deeply sorry for you if I don’t return the favor tonight.”

Tonight, Veronica came to the Larson Residence without any plans of leaving Bloomstead in peace. If she left without giving the Larsons a lesson, she would really be seen as a wimp, a coward.

“W—What are you trying to do?” Floch pointed at her. “I’m warning you, don’t do anything stupid!”

“Waa... I’m scared, Mom...”

Although Veronica had once gone all psycho on Tiffany and roughened her up, she had never been this **acrimonious**,

Tiffany panicked, fearing that Veronica just might take her life as the result of her emotional outburst.

“Huh, finally learning to fear?” Veronica belittlingly scoffed. Her red, grinning lips were uncannily unnerving. With that, she searched her pocket and pulled out a lighter, raising the lighter in her hand and flicking it.

“What are you doing?”

“Don’t be rash, Veronica! Tiffany is your own sister!”

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“V—Veronica! Are you crazy? What are you trying to do?”

The three Larsons' faces blanched. At no point in their lives were they this affrighted.

Regardless, Veronica was still intimidatingly glaring at them. She then bent down and lit up the sheets that were enveloping Tiffany. The sheets—made of hundred percent genuine goose feathers—instantly flared by the insignificant flame.

“Fire, Floch! Q—Quick, ask for help!”

“Mom, help me... Waa... I don't wanna die...” Realizing Veronica meant business,

Tiffany was scared sh\*tless and almost pissed her pants. How could she, who was pampered all her life, ever had to encounter such an abominable situation?

“Don't move!” Veronica intensely yelled, “Well, I dare you to. One flinch and I'll slit her throat. What, scared of this puny flame? What about the fire you set on my house that day? Have you ever considered sparing my life back then?”

### **IRY**

“Waa... Mom, help me! I'm scared!” Watching as the sheets burned, Tiffany speedily kicked her goose feather sheets to the ground, but dared not to move her upper body, knowing an accident could lead to a major injury. She bawled her eyes out, muttering, “Why aren't the smoke detectors working?”

“Don't worry. Even if your house burns down today, the smoke detectors aren't going to go off, because...” Veronica revealed an apathetic, spine-chilling grin. “...I turned off your water system.” Since she had come all the way here, she had no desire to let them off easily. No matter what happened, these vicious Larsons had to be taught a lesson.

The goose feather sheets rapidly incinerated, and the carpet on the floor, made of sheep wools, ignited along. In the blink of an eye, the fire promptly blazed.

Floch and Rachel, on the other hand, were scared to death. The latter started

screaming out of the room. “Harris! H—Hurry up and go turn the water system on! There's a fire! Hurry!”

“Waa... No...” Tiffany

was absolutely terrorized. With her eyes extremely reddened, she bit her lips. Feeling as if Death was coming to get her, she speedily dropped all of her pride and pettily pleaded, “I'm sorry, Veronica. I've been so wrong! I shouldn't have done all those things to you. I'm really sorry!” As if her soul had left her body, Tiffany aggressively apologized, “I was jealous. I was jealous you're able to be so close with Matthew. Waa... Please don't kill me. I have Matthew's child in me. If I die now, he'll surely come for you.”

At once, Veronica sneered. She lifted the dagger in her hand and tossed it away. *Thump!* It was nailed into the wardrobe right beside Floch. In that instant, as her movement was so swift, the dagger flew straight toward the man, who broke out in a cold sweat.

*Thud—* The dagger wasn't deeply struck into the wardrobe, yet rumbles could be heard.

With the threat of the dagger gone, Tiffany sprung out of bed and strongly fell onto the ground before crawling miserably toward the door. "Boo... I'm cursed..."