

## HBH 181

### Chapter 181, Her Billionaire Husband

"Roni, I, Matthew Kings, am already brave enough to face anything and everything that comes my way. However, when it comes to you, I can't even say 'I like you'? Don't you find me pathetic?" The man felt melancholic inside as he gave a long sigh. "Goodnight and sleep tight." Touching her hair, Matthew leaned down once again and left a kiss on her lips. It was only after he caressed her cheek that he stood up and unwillingly left after a long while.

After switching off the lights, he walked out of the room. However, he had failed to notice that in the dim room, Veronica, whose eyes were closed earlier, was wide awake. She was astonished while there was an unconcealed shock in her eyes. Did he say that he liked me? As Veronica was someone with good alcohol tolerance, she was not one to easily get drunk from a few bottles of white wine. She had only fallen asleep because of the accumulated fatigue from busying herself with the decoration of the wedding venue.

However, she never thought that she would wake up just as Matthew said those words. In the midst of her horror, Veronica did not dare to make a sound. She did not dare to push Matthew away even when he kissed her lips. Now that she was in a mess, she did not know how to react to all this. Why does he like me?

Remembering the time when they were at her hometown and sending her master home after having a drink with him, Matthew said that he had a friend who discovered that he liked someone else when he was about to marry his pregnant fiancée... So, Matthew's so-called 'friend' was actually himself. What Veronica did not understand was the timing in which Matthew had fallen for her as she did not dare to think about it too.

If a scummy playboy liked someone, what did it have to do with her? Although she had comforted herself that way, she still remembered when she first came to know Matthew. He had tried multiple times to forcefully do the deed with no hint of mercy whatsoever. However, now that he said that he liked her, he never touched her thereafter. Is he... really in love with me?

... At 5:00AM. Veronica had already arranged for a wedding coordinator, Shirley Wilson, to the person heading to Dragon Creek's Villa to attend to Tiffany and anything that Tiffany needed at the wedding. Yet, the wedding coordinator was barred from entering just as she had arrived at the villa. "Hello, I am the wedding coordinator sent over by the wedding planning company. I am in charge of informing the bride of today's schedule," Shirley said.

"Miss Larson has asked us to let you wait outside," a bodyguard elaborated. Shirley could only agree to do so in resignation. At the same time, the upstairs of the villa was brightly lit with the makeup artists and dressmakers from the bridal company doing their respective duties: dressing and applying makeup on Tiffany. By the time everything was done, it was already six in the morning. At this time, Rachel and Floch walked inside.

She was dressed to the nines and had exquisite makeup. As she was in a twilight-themed dress that hugged her waist, she looked extremely youthful since the attire gave her an extremely dignified and noble aura. As she stood in front of Tiffany and regarded the beautiful Tiffany from head to toe, Rachel

exclaimed, "Oh my, my daughter is the prettiest bride of them all. You are simply too stunning." "Time sure flies.

After raising you with such great care, the day has arrived where you'll be married off," Floch added, albeit with unwillingness. "Congrats, Tiff. You finally got your wish of marrying Matthew." Randy, who looked bright and dashing in a custom-made suit, walked over to Tiffany and beamed. "Tiff, as this is your wedding today, shouldn't you be giving your brother a red packet?" Sitting in front of the dressing table was the apprehensive Tiffany, who looked at the trio as she squeezed out a stiff smile.

"Thanks." Right after saying that, she took out a thick red packet before handing it over to him. "Here you go. I didn't forget." "Hahaha, thanks, Tiff." Waving the red packet around, Randy was extremely elated, after which he responded, "You guys should have a chat first. I'll head down to see whether there's anything else that needs preparing." "Go on then." Tiffany nodded. "My dear daughter, why do you look somewhat unhappy today?"

After all, Tiffany was her daughter, so Rachel could tell with just a glance that she had a lot on her mind. "Silly girl, it's the biggest day of your life today, so why are you pulling a long face?"

From today onward, you'll be Matthew's wife. Do you know how many women would kill for that?" While patting Tiffany's shoulder, Floch added, "Just be a good bride. Me and your mother will deal with anything that comes your way." Deal with anything that comes my way? Holding her hands together, Tiffany gave a bitter smile with slightly teary eyes.

"Okay, thanks Dad and Mom. It's just that I am a bit tired since I might have slept too late last night." After all, she couldn't change what had already happened. Besides herself, who could help her to take on all these things? If everything goes smoothly to the plan, she would successfully marry into the Kingses and be Matthew's wife.

Yet, it was precisely because today was such an important day that Tiffany trembled in fear as she was afraid that her dirty laundry would all be aired today. If not, why would she have been so quiet for the past few days? "Getting married is difficult. It'll be okay once the ceremony is over. Maybe you could catch up on some sleep, seeing that it is still early and Matthew will only be coming to pick you up at nine?"

"Yeah, you should listen to your mother. Lie down and try to catch some sleep." Floch, who was radiant in his suit, displayed a perky state as his slightly protruding belly hinted at his career as a businessman. "Alright, then I'll lie down for a bit." Wanting some peace and quiet, Tiffany nodded in agreement. "Be careful when you sleep. Don't ruin your look." After such a reminder, Rachel then dragged him with her to leave the bedroom.

Holding the hems of her wedding dress, Tiffany stood up and walked to the bed before lying down. Her mind kept replaying the day where she was kidnapped and brought to the old abandoned warehouse. She had faced the big, strong men who wanted her to abort the child inside her belly. The child was her ticket to marrying into a wealthy family. To keep the child, Tiffany even knelt on the floor and begged that they allow the child in her belly to live.

However, who would have expected that not only did they want 3 million as hush money, they even added an additional term... They added, "We can let you keep the child. We'll let you off the hook

provided that you can satisfy us." Tiffany collapsed, feeling a kind of despair that she had never felt before in her life.

She was afraid that she would be the laughing stock of Bloomstead if what happened that day was leaked to the public and her life would resemble that of a street mouse. The tears flowed uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. With a restless mind, she called Matthew's phone. Ring, ring, ring.

After a few rings, while sitting in his study to smoke, Matthew looked at his phone on the desk with the device showing Tiffany as the caller. His handsome face instantly darkened as he swiped across the screen to answer the call. "What happened?" he asked. Listen to this. Listen to how cold his tone is.

Tiffany's heart sank to her stomach in a flash. "Matthew, are you ready on your side?" Holding back the tears in her eyes, she asked gently. Taking a drag from his cigarette, Matthew then flicked the ashes into the ashtray. "I'm almost done." "That's so fast. We're going to get married soon. I'm... a bit nervous right now." Yet, what Matthew didn't know was that her nervousness stemmed from her fear.