

## HBH 188

### Chapter 188

Veronica glanced at Yvonne with a baffled look and smiled without saying a word.

Then, with complicated feelings, she lay back on the passenger seat, closed her eyes, and pretended to doze off.

The car drove on for half an hour before it arrived at a private small western-style building in a remote location.

After parking

the car, Yvonne patted Veronica on her shoulder. "Veronica? It's time to get off. Damn, how could you still fall asleep after what happened? I admire your calmness," she muttered as she got out of the car.

When Yvonne got out of the car, Veronica still hadn't gotten down yet.

Yvonne frowned and

walked over to the passenger seat before opening the door. "Veronica, get out of the car!"

"Oh. Where are we now?"

The groggy Veronica rubbed her eyes and walked out of the car, as if she hadn't fully woken up.

Yvonne turned back and pointed at the building. "Come in with me. This is my,"

However, before she could finish speaking, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and pulled her back, pinning her against the car, and the next moment, a sharp and cool dagger was placed against her neck.

"Tell me: Who are you?!"

Veronica, who still seemed sleepy just now, looked angry and gloomy all of a sudden. She had lost all sleepiness from moments ago.

It was obvious that she was acting just now.

Yvonne was stunned for a moment, then she smiled. "Veronica, stop playing around. I'm trying to save you. Do you normally treat your savior this way?"

"Savior? Heh."

Veronica's red lips curled slightly, and her beautiful eyes were filled with a sarcastic sneer. "Are you telling me the truth or not? I will give you five seconds to tell me; otherwise, don't blame me for being merciful!"

From the first time she met Yvonne, she had been suspicious of this woman and had always felt that she was very scheming.

After meeting in Bloomstead again, she had been observing Yvonne's every reaction.

"S—Stop it. Swords have no eyes. Nothing good is going to come out of this if you hurt me."

Yvonne waved her hand and couldn't help gulping from the nerves. "I really just wanted to save..."

"Five!"

"I'm serious. I'm really just trying to save you."

"Four!"

"Veronica Murphy, are you out of your mind? Why,"

"Three."

"I bet you won't be able to do this to me."

"Two."

"Go ahead, then."

"One!"

When Veronica finished the last count, she saw Yvonne staring at her intently while her eyes narrowed slightly. Her hand holding the dagger retracted, and in a flash, she stabbed directly at Yvonne's face.

The speed was staggering, but at the critical moment, Yvonne's pupils shrank slightly. She suddenly raised her hand, grabbed Veronica's wrist with her hands, and clenched her fist with the other hand before punching Veronica's abdomen fiercely.

Veronica was initially in pain, which caused her to stagger back a few steps, but she soon regained her footing.

Instead of being angry, she smiled. "You're revealing your skills so quickly, eh?"

Just now, she deliberately attacked her in the face with a dagger. Normally, people would subconsciously resist when they encountered extremely dangerous situations.

Veronica only wanted to give it a try, but she managed to reveal Yvonne's skills.

To be able to catch a blade bare-handed in an instant meant that her ability should not be underestimated, and her skills must be no less better than Veronica's.

Yvonne realized that she was tricked, so she pursed her lips and said nothing.

"Did what happened today have anything to do with you?"

Up till now, Veronica only felt that Yvonne's identity was strange, but there was no evidence to prove that what happened in the banquet hall today had anything to do with her.

So, she was just speculating.

"It had nothing to do with me." Yvonne shook her head.

"Since it didn't have anything to do with you, why did you save me? What is your purpose in approaching me all this while?"

Though Veronica had no deep suspicion toward Yvonne before this, Yvonne's reaction now had basically explained everything.

It was just that up till now, Veronica still didn't know why Yvonne tried to approach her so persistently.

Was it because of Matthew?

No—that would be impossible.

After all, she was the one who ruined Matthew's wedding banquet. According to the video played at the banquet, she allegedly kidnapped Tiffany and threatened to kill the child in her womb, which was said to be her revenge on the Kings Family.

Now that she was the enemy of the Kings Family, Yvonne saving her right then would mean she was making an enemy of the Kings as well.

Therefore, it could never be because of Matthew.

But if it wasn't because of Matthew, then what could be the reason for this?

"What purpose? Would you believe me if I said that the first meeting was just an accident? I just felt you were a good person, and so I saved you today. You have to believe me. I would never do anything to hurt you,"

*Thud!* Halfway through Yvonne's sentence, the dagger in Veronica's hand flew at a terrifying speed. With a *thud*, the dagger had sunk into the door frame beside her.

The strength and precision were astounding.

"Yvonne Spencer, I don't care why you approached me, but from today onward, don't appear in front of me again. Otherwise, don't blame me for being rude to you!"

Veronica snorted coldly, walked past her, and left.

Right then, she couldn't figure out if Yvonne's words were true or false, but she felt even more terrified the more she thought about it—it only sent chills down her spine.

If Yvonne's words were true, who was secretly protecting her?

However, if her words were a lie, then what was the purpose of Yvonne approaching her?

With these thoughts in mind, Veronica left.

Yvonne, who was leaning against the car, looked back at Veronica's back and sighed helplessly, at a loss for what to do.

Veronica was walking from the suburbs to the city. She was in a complicated mood and called Xavier, but no one answered.

She guessed that Xavier should be busy right around that time, so she decided to not continue calling him.

After hesitating, she found Matthew's phone number in the address book and dialed

1. it.

*“Beep, beep...”*

The phone rang twice, but there was no answer as well.

All of a sudden, a black car braked and stopped beside her.

Veronica was stunned, and she turned her head to look at the car parked beside her, only to realize that it was Matthew’s car.

The door opened, and sure enough, a familiar figure appeared in front of her.

In a suit and leather shoes, he was all dressed up today. He looked blindingly handsome and charming.

It was just that on that handsome face of his was a gloomy look, which added a sense of coldness to him.

She looked at him, and he looked at her.

The two locked eyes for a few seconds, then Matthew looked down at the phone in his hand, swiped the screen with his thumb, and answered.

As he held the phone to his ear, he looked at the woman in front of him with complex and deep eyes while his thin lips parted slightly. “What’s the matter?”

Veronica clutched the phone tightly—she never expected Matthew to answer.

She pursed her red lips lightly, hesitated, and said, “What happened today... If I said that I didn’t do it, would you believe me?”

Veronica’s voice fell, but Matthew didn’t speak.

The two just stared at each other, two meters apart, while the autumn breeze ruffled the hair on their foreheads, as if strumming each other’s heartstrings.

“Heh.” The woman sneered at her own remarks. “Why would you ever believe me? I am just being delusional—”

“I believe you.”

With such tender words being uttered from his mouth, he once again displayed an endless amount of doting care for her.

It was those two words that gave Veronica a heavy blow—she was so shocked that she was speechless for a long time.

*Did... Did he just say that he believes me?*

“H—

How could you possibly believe me? I am solely responsible for your wedding. What happened during the wedding, and the video which clearly stated that I forced her to abort the child—you have every right to believe that I did all that to avenge my child!”

