

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 301

### Chapter 301

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Matthew, who was in Spinfluence Group, was aware of the matter as well.

Troy stood in front of him and explained, "Miss Murphy was duped and she fell for someone's trick."

Matthew leaned back in his executive chair, taking a sip from the cup of tea in his hand, and asked, "Have found out you who is the mastermind behind the scenes?"

"It was done by the Leonard Family."

"The Leonards? Jackson had no grievances with Veronica. There is no compelling reason for him to do so."

"My subordinates have discovered the truth. The reason for this is that the wedding site explosion injured Jackson and his wife, Emma. Despite it being

Troy didn't finish his sentence, but Matthew understood him.

Troy then went on to say, "Miss Murphy had just gotten out of the police station. Take a look, President Kings..."

He was awaiting Matthew's decision.

With puzzled eyes, the man glanced at his phone on the table.

He seemed to have been expecting

Veronica's phone call since yesterday. A

call to seek assistance from him.

However, that d\*mned woman never contacted him!

If that was the case...

"Get out," he said, waving.

Troy was stunned for a brief moment before nodding and exiting the room.

When Veronica left the police station, Yvonne picked her up and drove her to Yvonne's house, avoiding the reporters who were following her.

However, it was not a suburban villa, but rather a city apartment.

Conrad was present when Veronica entered the apartment.

She looked around, aware that he had visited several times and that there were even indications that he had stayed here.

"Oh, why are such things happening?"

"Roni, don't worry. With Conrad here, we will definitely be able to help you find a solution," Yvonne said as she sat Veronica on the sofa, poured her a glass of water, and comforted her.

Conrad paced back and forth in the living room with his hands in his pockets, a solemn expression on his face.

After a while, he finally turned to Veronica and asked, "Little Roni, what happened between you and Matthew? How come he didn't do anything when such a big thing happened?"

Veronica took the cup of tea Yvonne handed her and placed it in her palm to warm her cold hands. She then shook her

head and bitterly smiled, "I don't know."

Conrad's eyes narrowed for a moment as Veronica spoke. He stared carefully at her face as if trying to penetrate her thoughts through her eyes.

Veronica's reaction, on the other hand, was too calm, so calm that even he couldn't figure out what was going on.

"I've caused you trouble, Uncle Conrad."

"I don't know why things have turned into what they are today, and I don't even understand who I have offended." She pursed her lips, sighed in disappointment, and lowered her head slowly.

She pretended to be upset.

"Don't worry, Roni. Everything shall pass." Yvonne patted Veronica on the back, feeling a little distressed from her ordeal.

Knock, knock

At that moment, someone knocked on the door of the apartment.

Yvonne stood up and stated, "It should be

Xavier. I told him that you're here." She stood up to open the door, and sure enough, Xavier was standing there.

He was wearing a navy-blue windbreaker and sunglasses at the time, but the corners of his mouth were still clearly purple.

He walked in. His gaze fell on Veronica, who was sitting on the sofa. His worried face manifested a hint of distress as he approached her, asking, "Are you okay?"

She hadn't expected Xavier to show up. "I'm fine," she said with a nod. "But you were seriously hurt. What are you doing here?"

Despite his injuries, Xavier came to see her on the cusp of the chaotic event, which moved her.

"If I don't come and see you, I'll continue to worry about you."

He took a seat next to Veronica and asked, "What's going on? Why are you being broadcast on television for beating up someone?"

"I can't control what they report on the news," she said, shaking her head.

Then, they sat down to discuss the current situation and how to solve it.

Veronica kept her appearance depressed and emotional throughout the discussion, looking listless like a rotten eggplant.

Finally, Yvonne noticed that Veronica wasn't feeling well and said, "You must not have slept in the detention room the night before. Hurry up and rest in my room. We'll talk about it after you've had a good night's sleep."

Veronica nodded, got up, and went to the bedroom.

After closing the door, she lay down on the bed to rest, recalling the events of the previous two days in her mind. She had the uneasy feeling that something was wrong.

She took her phone from her pocket and opened the recording app, which contained five hours of recordings.

She had it turned on since she left her apartment. After all, it was better to be prepared.

It finally came in handy, which was unexpected.

She was scrolling through Twitter while lying in bed.

The first trending search was, 'Veronica beats the husband of an injured employee, and the second was coincidentally about Tiffany's birthday banquet being held at the orphanage, where she brought jackets, books, and stationery for the children. Furthermore, Tiffany's donation of 3 million to an orphanage was trending.

The fifth topic in the trending search was 'The reason Veronica was abandoned.

When she clicked on the news, it was nothing more than a comparison of two pictures: one of Tiffany doing public

welfare charity and the other of her beating patients in the ward.

The insults directed at Veronica were unbearable.

'You're so evil. You deserved to be abandoned as a child, and you should be dead.

'It's no surprise that Young Master Matthew didn't intervene in this matter. She turns out to be quite vicious.

'She's the most evil woman.'

"There's a huge difference between her and her sister.'

'She deserves to be abandoned! That b\*tch belongs in hell!'

Veronica then placed her phone on the table and tucked her hand behind her ear. She gazed up at the ceiling before sinking into deep thought.

Despite the fact that she had the ability to make a comeback now, she wanted to keep things brewing so that she could find the murderer behind the scenes.

The suspect responsible for what happened at the wedding last time appeared to be Damien, who fancied Emma, but Veronica felt that things were not so simple.

People were clearly plotting to shut down her wedding business and make her the target of everyone's yelling and beatings.

To put it bluntly, someone wanted to use this opportunity to destroy her.

Who was behind all of this?

Veronica could have told Yvonne that she had evidence in her hand, but she didn't because Conrad was present.

She couldn't help but think about Matthew's and Tiffany's wedding. He shielded Melisa while framing her. Even if Xavier continued to contact her, Veronica would still keep her guard up.

At the same time, Elizabeth knew about the issue.

She dialed Matthew's number instead of Veronica's.

A phone call came in while Matthew was working in the office. "Grandma?"

He was well aware of the reason for Grandma's call.

"What are you doing? Why are you staying put when Veronica is in trouble?" As soon as the phone call was connected, Elizabeth scolded him. "You're her brother, so how can you watch her suffer from all the bullying?"

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## **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 303**

## Chapter 303

### Chapter 303 Matthew Discovered Her Identity

This new batch of private investigators were the people whom Veronica had recruited again afterward.

They were great at fighting and their work was meticulous as well.

If it weren't for Randall being Monica's husband, she would not have bothered to deal with all this hassle.

Regardless, though, she intended to interrogate Randall personally to find out who was behind all this.

She drove her car directly toward the destination.

It was past midnight, the roads were empty, so she drove at a high speed. It merely took her half an hour to arrive at the destination she was headed for.

However, before Veronica had the chance to get out of her car, she received a phone call.

She had a bluetooth headset on, so she answered the phone with it. "What's the matter?"

"It's bad news. Someone came and broke Randall out." The person on the other end spoke up.

Veronica was listening to the other person speak when she suddenly saw that there was a car hurtling in her direction with the headlights on full beam coming from the bend ahead.

Shocked, she instantly pulled her car over to the side of the road. She had a strong hunch that this was the car of the people who hijacked Randall.

"Is it a black car?" She looked through her rearview mirror and caught sight of the last two numbers on that car's registration plate. "Are the last two numbers of the registration plate 73?"

"Yes. Yeah, you're right. How did you know that?"

"I encountered the car coincidentally."

She instantly hung up her phone and made a perfect drift as she turned her car in the opposite direction, making her way toward the car ahead. The car in front was driven at a very high speed, so Veronica drove fast too.

She continued to trail after the car ahead, and they drove along the wide motorway toward the tiny country roads before finally coming to a stop at the entrance of a mechanic shop.

Veronica had a cap on as she grabbed an electric baton and got out of the car.

However, as soon as she approached the car in front of her, a sudden click went off, and the darkened entrance lit up instantly. The white lights shone through brightly. Subsequently, more than ten men surrounded her.

“Who are you?” Veronica was dressed in male attire, so she forged a deep, male voice and questioned them.

“You’ve been trailing us the entire way. I’m much more interested in finding out who you are.”

The tightly shut doors to the mechanic’s shop were opened from the inside, and a familiar person walked out. He was as cold and haughty as before, and he stood there arrogantly. He had both his hands tucked into the pocket of his pants and he stood straight. As the lights hit his face, his handsome features were much more prominent than ever.

Veronica’s eyes widened slightly upon seeing the familiar guy in front of her, and she was slightly shocked.

She had made quite a few wild guesses as she tried to figure out the person who had hijacked Randall, but never in her wildest dreams would she have expected the person to be Matthew. Why did he kidnap Randall? Could he possibly be the mastermind who sent Randall after me?

However, Veronica instantly banished that ridiculous notion from her mind.

Although Matthew had an unpredictable mood, he wasn’t a despicable man at all. Besides, if Veronica encountered any trouble, it would bring disrepute to the Kingses too.

Bring disrepute? As soon as she thought of that, realization dawned upon her.

It turned out that Matthew was just wearing a couldn’t care less attitude about the trouble she was in. On the surface, he appeared to allow the situation to unfold, but secretly, he persisted in investigating the matter.

Matthew directed a question at Veronica, but he saw her standing still without saying a word. She seemed quite impatient with an electric baton in her hands.

Matthew lowered his head and took out a cigarette from the inner pocket of his suit. He lit it before holding it in between his fingers. He lifted his fingers slightly, and Troy instantly caught on to Matthew's intention.

"Get her!" Troy instructed.

As soon as Troy yelled out his command, the men that surrounded Veronica instantly pounced on her. Veronica was just about to yell out for them to stop upon seeing their reaction, but before she could get a word in edgewise, the men had rushed forward.

At that moment, she had no other option, so she swung the electric baton at the men rushing toward her. She lifted her leg and kicked one of them onto the ground.

More than ten men rushed toward Veronica, but because she was a tiny target, they had difficulty fighting her with their bare hands and feet. They were much more likely to hurt their own men in the process.

At that moment, the man standing under the light while puffing on his cigarette narrowed his eyes slightly. He looked at the familiar fight moves used by the person in front of him and a pondering look flashed across his eyes.

Subsequently, he pulled his lips into a smile as he held the cigarette in between his lips. His smile was slightly resigned with an indulgent note.

"President Kings, what's so funny?" Troy noticed that Matthew suddenly chuckled, so the former was quite confused.

"Bring this man inside and interrogate him," Matthew instructed Troy.

As Matthew spoke, he turned around and slowly took a seat on a chair by the side. He watched calmly as Veronica remained in a frenzied fight with the ten men.

Normally, she was quite bad at fighting, but today she seemed to be performing at her peak.

Perhaps it was because she was skillful at maneuvering the electric baton, or perhaps she had too many frustrations on her mind lately, so she fought hard. In no time at all, she had defeated all of the men in front of her.

She stood there and panted hard as she looked at the men on the ground. She kept her electric baton pointed at them. "Is there anyone who wants to come at me again?"

"Gosh, it hurts so much."

“She fights so well!”

“We’ve underestimated her.”

“My head! My head is bleeding!”

“Help me! My arm... My arm hurts...”

...

Veronica had a cold and indifferent look on her face as she stared at the men howling on the ground. Subsequently, she turned her eyes to Matthew, who was seated on the chair.

Angered, she strode forcefully to stand in front of him, and then, she brandished the electric baton in front of his handsome face. “Hand over that man to me.”

Her deep male voice sounded quite normal, and no one could tell that something was amiss at first.

On the contrary, the outfit she had on—a camo suit paired with black leather shoes and a black cap worn low with a face mask on—made her look quite dashing and handsome.

Matthew ignored her and flicked the ash from his cigarette before lifting his head lazily. “You fight well. Would you like to work for me?”

Meanwhile, Veronica grimaced slightly upon hearing his words. Is he out of his mind? She was here to demand Randall’s release and yet, he attempted to recruit her right now!

“Hand over Randall or else I’ll teach you a lesson you’ll never forget.” Veronica lifted the electric baton and she flicked the cigarette in Matthew’s hand to the ground.

The cigarette fell from his hand. The lit-up cigarette butt formed a bright red arch as it fell to the ground and bounced slightly before finally ending up on the ground.

Matthew lowered his eyes and glanced at the electric baton in front of him. There was a slight smile on his strikingly handsome face as he lifted his hand to gently push the baton aside. “Oh? Is that so? I would like to know how you’re going to teach me a lesson.”

At that point, Veronica was speechless. She pondered in her mind, Am I too well-disguised that he hasn’t figured out my true identity? Or could it be that he has never studied me carefully enough that he doesn’t even recognize me even though I’m standing in front of him?

“Ah! Help me.” Suddenly, there was an agonized wail that rang out from inside.

Veronica frowned, and she could no longer hold back. Without considering things any further, she rushed into the house and pointed at Troy, who was currently beating up Randall. “Let go of him!”

Troy turned around to see Veronica enter the room with Matthew behind her, so Troy stopped and stood aside.

Clang—

The medium-sized door to the workshop was slowly lowered, and Veronica instantly turned around in that direction upon hearing it. She lamented in her mind, Oh no! I’ve been too careless and now I’m locked inside.

“Were you the one who sent Randall to do all that?” Matthew stood behind her and purposely brought that up, despite knowing the answer.

She shook her head. “No. I came to investigate this matter under instructions from someone else.”

“Oh. Is that so? Since you’re keen to investigate this matter too, let’s work together to find out.”

Veronica hesitated for a moment. “Would you let me leave once I’m done with interrogating him?”

## **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 304**

### **Chapter 304**

Chapter 304 So It Was Actually Xavier Behind All This?

“Perhaps so.” “Okay, I’ll trust you just this once.”

Veronica was aware that she had no other way to resolve this situation. Besides, even if she left with Randall, there was no other location that she could take him to. She might as well interrogate Randall here and leave after that. That would work out much better. Subsequently, she joined Troy in interrogating Randall.

Meanwhile, at the Crawford Residence, Xavier was wide awake as he waited to hear back from the hitman.

However, he waited for quite a while but received no news at all.

Just as Xavier was about to grab his phone to call the other party, he received a phone call at the same time. "Young Master Xavier, I've failed. Randall was hijacked by someone. I'm still investigating the matter, and I'm not sure of the identity of the other party just yet."

"What?!"

Xavier's eyes widened in shock. "You're a bunch of imbeciles! I don't care what you do, but I want Randall dead by tonight!"

If Randall remained alive and this incident became known, there would be severe consequences. As soon as Xavier thought of this, he was very uneasy.

"Yes. I'm doing all I can to investigate this," replied the other party.

As soon as Xavier hung up the phone, he was quite restless, and he quickly left the mansion.

He figured that it would be much better for him to deal with certain things personally.

Inside the workshop, Veronica held the electric baton in her hand. She used it on Randall and punished him badly. Finally, he broke down and told the truth, "Oh... Sobs... Stop hitting me. It hurts. I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you everything..."

"You should have done that earlier to avoid this punishment." Veronica's expression was somber as she placed one hand in her pocket while holding on to the baton with the other hand. She took out a recording device and switched it on to record the ensuing conversation.

"Boohoo... I don't know the person either... Sobs... A mysterious person called me and sent me to a specified location to get five hundred thousand in cash, and then in return, I was told to frame Veronica. The person gave me the contact details of the press and instructed me to frame a woman named Veronica. Boohoo... They said that no lives would be harmed, so... so I did everything according to their instructions."

Randall, who had never experienced torture before, quickly revealed everything that he knew.

"How did the other party contact you?"

"The person called me."

"What's their phone number?"

"I have no idea. Sobs... The other party called me every time they needed to give me instructions, and then the number... The number they used would always appear as an unknown number that was uncontactable. Boohoo..."

Randall sobbed hard, and he felt as if his body was shattered from the beating he had gone through. He couldn't stop shivering from the pain as he asked, "Who are you? H-How are you related to Veronica?"

Veronica was significantly angered, and she instantly swung the electric baton in her hand at him. As soon as Randall saw the incoming baton, he yelled in surprise, but before the pain hit him, he swooned, and then he fainted in a heap on the ground.

Veronica was not going to let him off lightly, though. She found a bottle of water by the side and splashed it on Randall's face. Instantly, he was hit by a wave of coldness, and he regained consciousness right there and then.

She continued to persist in her interrogation, and it was then that she found out the location where Randall went to collect the cash. It was also at this point that she realized the cash of five hundred thousand was stored at his house.

After the interrogation ended, she turned around to glance at Matthew. "I'm done with interrogating him. Could you hand this man over to me?"

After all, Randall was Monica's husband. Although he was a money-minded man and deserved to lose his life over this, she was mindful that he was Monica's husband.

Monica had just given birth, so she needed her husband, and their baby needed him, the father, too.

Matthew lifted his brows and replied, "Why do you want him? Don't you want to get rid of him?"

He purposely behaved as if he didn't recognize her, and he mentioned it coldly.

"Although he's money-minded, ultimately, he didn't harm any lives, so he doesn't deserve to die for his crimes."

"Okay. You're quite right."

Matthew nodded his head slightly, "Since that's the case, just take him with you."

"Thanks."

Veronica clearly didn't expect that Matthew would give in so easily, but she didn't comment too much about that. She carted Randall, who was injured, off with her and dragged him out of the workshop with much difficulty.



Finally, she succeeded in stuffing him into the trunk, and subsequently, she started her car and drove off in haste. By then, Troy had come forward and stood in front of Matthew. "President Kings, do you know him?"

He stood straight, and his deep eyes were focused on the car that had gradually driven off in the distance. He kept his eyes on the car until it finally disappeared into the dark horizon, before he curled his lips into a smile. "Of course not."

Undeniably, her disguise was perfect. Even Troy was fooled by her, so she was definitely skillful.

...

Veronica left with Randall, and she dumped him at a secluded warehouse before leaving.

This location was definitely the safest spot for Randall because... Since they had found Randall, the mastermind behind this incident would definitely want to get rid of Randall too.

Randall was not the only one with his life in danger; Monica and their newborn baby in the hospital were in the same predicament too.

Just then, Veronica was quite frustrated. She contacted the private investigator to get the surveillance camera footage around the location where the five hundred thousand was placed so that she could find out the actual identity of the mastermind.

After Veronica had given her instructions, she headed directly to the Women's and Children's Hospital.

She was slightly worried about Monica, so she wanted to pop over for a visit.

However, as soon as Veronica parked her car and got out of it, she bumped straight into Xavier.

From the moment Veronica got out of her car, she focused her eyes on Xavier from under her cap. Xavier shot a look at her too.

Perhaps it was because she had intentionally changed her posture and appearance, so Xavier didn't manage to identify her at first glance.

He headed out of the hospital as she walked into the place, and they both shot a look at each other, but neither slowed down. They continued on their ways and brushed past each other.

Bam—

Shortly after that, there was the sound of a car door slamming shut from behind her. Subsequently, there was a noise of a car's ignition being started, and then the car gradually disappeared into the horizon.

At that point, Veronica paused in her tracks. She had both hands tucked in her pocket as she turned around to look at the car's lit-up tail lights as they gradually disappeared from her sight. Her heart sank subsequently. She narrowed her eyes and clenched her fist tightly as she kept her eyes on the direction the car drove off in. Suddenly, she felt a chill run down her spine.

It was late at night, so was it a coincidence that Xavier suddenly appeared at the hospital, or could it be because he was here to investigate her matter? As soon as Veronica thought of this, she ran into the hospital and entered Monica's room immediately. Her anxiety was instantly alleviated upon seeing Monica and Mrs. Watson deep in slumber while the baby in the cot licked his lips as he slept soundly.

However, the next moment after that, she recalled something, so she turned around and rushed out of the room to leave the hospital. She started her car and drove directly in the direction of Monica's house.

She had visited Monica at her house before, so she knew the exact location. Coincidentally or not, as Veronica drove along the road toward Monica's house, she encountered the black car once again. It was the car that Xavier had entered when she bumped into him at the hospital entrance.

After quite some time, she finally arrived at an old township on the outskirts of the city, and she found Monica's house at a glance amongst the row of old houses. The reason for that was that Monica's house was on fire.

Veronica had gotten out of the car at that point, and she was standing by the sidewalk when she saw the scene in front of her. She stumbled and nearly fell to the ground.

It was then that she realized she had actually uncovered the truth. She had seen the truth with her own eyes. The truth was covered by lies, and it pained her to realize that.

If she had been blissfully ignorant previously and thought that Xavier was at the hospital late at night to help her uncover the truth, then at the moment, with Monica's house ablaze and Xavier's abrupt departure, everything was quite obvious and it went without saying.

The truth was... He was not there to seek evidence; he had come to destroy it.

The fire at Monica's house burned intensely, and every resident in the old township was alerted to the fire. Some men grabbed megaphones and hollered as they quickly evacuated the crowd. Some of them dialed the number for the local fire station.

Veronica stood by the sidewalk and watched the unfolding scene for a few minutes before turning around to enter her car. Subsequently, she left the place.

## **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 305**

### Chapter 305

#### Chapter 305 Thinks That Veronica Is a Decent Person

Veronica drove back to the town center and removed her makeup in the car. Subsequently, she changed her clothes and parked the car at the location she had agreed upon with Shirley.

After she had done all that, she got out of the car and hailed a cab from the sidewalk.

The cab arrived not too far from Yvonne's apartment when she discovered that there was a street cart on the sidewalk, so she got out of the cab before arriving at her destination. She sat by the street cart and enjoyed some food and beer.

She had spent the whole night dealing with the hassle, and she had assumed that it would take quite a while for her to find out who the mastermind behind all this was.

However, it seemed she was wrong and she didn't even need that much time because the truth was right in front of her.

She had thought about this countless times and the suspects in her mind were Ruka, Tiffany, and even Conrad, but she never expected Xavier to be the perpetrator.

She drank one glass after the other, and the burning sensation in her throat cleared her mind.

She had thought that Xavier could comprehend the decision she was forced to make in that situation for harming him and Melissa in the warehouse, but she was perhaps too naive.

As she thought of this, she couldn't help recalling the episode at the Kings Residence when she had ended up drunk and Conrad had handed her over to Xavier. He took her to a hotel and spent the night there. She was fearful upon realizing the danger she was in that night. Fortunately, nothing happened; otherwise, it would be too late for any regrets.

She sat and continued to drink by herself as she sat by the street cart. After paying her bill, she stumbled back to Yvonne's house.

Yvonne was fast asleep when Veronica got home, so Veronica freshened up quickly and went to bed after that.

The next morning, Veronica woke up at six o'clock as usual. However, she did not get out of bed. Instead, she lay there as she used her phone in bed.

Shortly after that, Yvonne woke up, and she flipped over in bed as she stretched her body. "Phew. It feels so comfortable to wake up from a good night's sleep."

"Good morning, Roni."

Yvonne clutched the quilt, and her eyes weren't fully open as she greeted Veronica lazily.

Veronica responded, "Hey, good morning."

"What would you like for breakfast?" Yvonne asked.

Veronica shot her a look. "Are you planning to make me breakfast?"

"In your dreams. Conrad will buy us something when he comes over."

"Okay, I don't mind anything."

Veronica put down her phone and snuggled in bed. "I want to get more sleep." In actual fact, she had no urge to sleep at all. However, she found Conrad's behavior overly enthusiastic and it seemed to have blinded her to his true self. She couldn't help wondering that perhaps Conrad was in collusion with Xavier.

One hour later, Veronica got out of bed and sat on the couch in the living room.

At that moment, Conrad arrived with breakfast.

As soon as Conrad entered the house, Xavier turned up with breakfast as well, right after that.

"Roni, did you sleep well last night?"

Last night, she had brushed past an aloof and elegant-looking Xavier, and there was a haughty aura that surrounded him. Right now, though, there was a slightly wicked smile on his handsome face, which made him seem much friendlier and approachable. It was such a stark difference in the personality of the same person.

"What's wrong? What's on your mind?"

Conrad noticed that she seemed to be preoccupied with her thoughts, so he reached over and waved his hand in front of her with a concerned expression.

“Hmm? It’s n-nothing.”

Veronica shook her head and glanced at the spread on the table. “I’m hungry. I was waiting for you guys to come over with breakfast.”

She then grabbed some cutlery and started the meal.

Meanwhile, Xavier came over and took a seat next to her. He expressed concern and comforted her. “I’ve arranged for some men to investigate the matter, so I’m quite sure that there will be an outcome soon enough. Don’t feel burdened or stressed unnecessarily. For the time being, just stay here and relax with Yvonne.”

In the past, she had regarded Xavier as a friend as close as family, but right now, Xavier was a thorn in her side and she couldn’t help being consciously wary of him. However, she had to keep things to herself, and she couldn’t show her true feelings because she didn’t have enough evidence to back herself up. Most importantly, there was no benefit at all in exposing the matter as there would be serious repercussions.

“Alright. I’ll heed your advice.”

Veronica nodded while she munched on some oatmeal. Suddenly, she lifted her head and asked solemnly, “What’s the progress of the investigation?”

Xavier, who was seated across the table from Veronica, shook his head. “I don’t have much information for now.”

“You haven’t found out much yet?”

Veronica gripped her cutlery tightly, and she purposely put on a preoccupied look as she stirred her oatmeal. Suddenly, she mentioned, “Start an investigation on Randall then. Clearly, I’m the target, so as long as we conduct an investigation on Randall, we should be able to uncover some clues there.”

“Randall’s gone,” Xavier revealed, quite frankly to Veronica.

“He’s gone?” Veronica lifted her head and stared unblinkingly at Xavier with a pair of clear eyes. She seemed to be trying to see through to his innermost thoughts from his handsome looks and to see how despicable and dark his heart actually was.

Could this be Xavier’s first step in exacting revenge? Veronica was clueless about this.

“How long do I have to stay with Yvonne?” Veronica heaved a sad sigh, and there was clearly a dejected look on her face.

Yvonne couldn't help feeling sorry for Veronica upon seeing that. The former moved next to the latter and wrapped her arms around the latter's neck to comfort her. "Don't worry. Everything will be fine with Conrad and Young Master Xavier around."

"That's right, Little Roni. Don't worry."

Conrad kept both hands tucked in the pocket of his pants, and he looked down at Veronica from an elevated position. "You just have to be mindful not to go out for the time being. Stay here with Yvonne and don't go anywhere else."

"Why though?" Veronica asked perplexedly.

"There are a lot of nasty comments from the public about you and the words are extremely derogatory. Although you're innocent in this and you don't care about public opinion, it's still hard to contain the speculation from the public, so the best way to keep you protected is for you to avoid going out as much as possible." Conrad solemnly analyzed the situation for Veronica.

"Yeah, you should heed Conrad's advice. By the way, Veronica. Can I use your phone for a moment?"

"Sure."

She handed over her cell phone to Xavier, and he did something on it for quite some time before returning it to her.

Curious, she asked, "Xavier, what did you do on my phone?"

"I've set up a tracking system just in case we need to use it."

"Oh, okay. Thanks."

She held her phone and nodded at him before continuing her meal. Tracking system? Hah!

After breakfast, Conrad and Xavier left together. Yvonne had some work to deal with at the company, so she went to the office. As such, Veronica was the only one left in the large apartment.

She lay in bed and played on her phone. She looked at the virus that Xavier had installed on her phone. Not only was it able to track her exact location, but it was also able to tap into all of the phone calls she received.

Veronica looked at the link he had used to install the virus, and she snorted mockingly.

This is childish stuff. I got bored of it ages ago, but he flaunted this in front of me right now? He must not have realized that I studied computer programming at university.

She remained in bed and browsed through some news on her phone. There were several other trending topics other than the news report on the incident yesterday.

'Randall Watson, who was beaten up by Veronica for no reason, has disappeared', 'The share prices for Spinfluence Group have dropped drastically and traded to a halt after Veronica's incident', 'Tiffany wants the public to trust her sister, Veronica.'

There were some comments by the people on the internet, 'She has beaten Randall up and now she has kidnapped him too. She must be desperate to have a criminal conviction, huh?'

'Old Mrs. Kings shouldn't have taken this woman as her god-granddaughter!'

'I agree!'

'She brings misfortune to anyone who gets too close to her!'

'Tiffany's the kindest. She has actually come forward and implored us to trust Veronica despite the current situation!'

'She's too naive. How can she still think that Veronica's a decent person.'