

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 341

Chapter 341

Chapter 341 Matthew Begins to Retaliate

Saying that, Veronica took the initiative to cover his lips with hers again, and her small hands even slipped through his shirt restlessly, her cool fingertips touching his skin. In an instant, it was as though her touch was an electric current running through his body, causing a chill to run down his spine. Influenced by her actions, he began to respond to her kiss, but he didn't do anything else until the end.

She was growing anxious. Her small hand gradually traveled down, but when she touched his belt, he grasped her hand and warned, "Roni, stop fooling around."

"Please, I want to," she whined on purpose.

"According to the contract, I'm not supposed to 'sleep with you' within three months."

Naturally, this meant that he wasn't allowed to have any kind of sexual relationship with her; he remembered it clearly. "If I break the contract and you refuse to marry me, what will I do?"

Veronica jolted in surprise and stopped kissing him. Had he been so concerned about this matter this entire time?

"Uh... Why would I? That wouldn't happen." She shook her head with a sincere expression.

Even though her eyes were practically glittering with sincerity, Matthew could still sense that something was off. "Roni, tell me, did something happen?"

Although Matthew didn't know Veronica very well, judging from her behavior in the past two days, there was definitely something wrong, but he wasn't sure what the problem was.

"What's wrong with you? I want it, but you wouldn't give it to me. Hmph!" She pretended to be annoyed and turned her back to him.

Faced by her assertiveness, Matthew was suffering as if he was in a burning fire, but he did not dare to break the agreement. It took him so much effort to come to an agreement with her to abide by the contract and secretly get married three months later, but if they broke their agreement because of a momentary impulse, nobody would lend an ear to him for his loss.

“Silly girl, stop fussing. You have a weak body, so you need to rest well.” He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his chin on the top of her head, breathing in the scent of her hair as he comforted her, “Take a rest for now. I’ll call you when lunch is ready.”

Veronica closed her eyes to ignore Matthew, while he only stayed by her side like that without saying anything else.

“I’m going to Castron tomorrow. Wanna come with me?”

At first, he planned to go to Castron a few days ago, but because of the photo incident, the trip was delayed and he didn’t make it in the end. Now that things had settled down and he was done teaching his family a lesson, he naturally had to go to Castron to deal with those troublesome matters.

“Are you leaving tomorrow?” Veronica turned around to face him. “It’s going to be Christmas in less than a month. If you leave now, you’ll only be back after Christmas, right?”

“Yeah.” Matthew nodded, his dark eyes filled with longing as he raised his hands to gently caress her soft cheeks. “I might not be able to visit your parents this year. When I come back, I’ll pay them a visit immediately.”

“It’s all right.” She smiled. “Take care of yourself when you’re there and remember to call me.”

“What are you talking about? If I don’t call you, who else would I call?”

The two looked at each other and smiled. That day, Matthew accompanied Veronica for a walk around the villa and taught her to play golf. Then, he went to sleep with her in his arms later that night. However, because of their pent-up desires, Matthew could only get up and take a shower, and then went directly to the next room to rest in order not to cross the line. He felt helpless. It was his first time finding out that his self-control was this bad.

The next day, when Matthew had to rush to the airport for his early flight, Veronica didn’t see him off and deliberately pretended to be asleep instead. For some reason, she didn’t want to watch him leave. Perhaps she had suddenly become accustomed to his presence, and after they had gotten into a romantic relationship, it became difficult for her to leave him. Matthew entered her bedroom and kissed her, gently rubbing her lips with his thumb before he turned around and left.

As soon as the bedroom door slowly closed, Veronica opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling blankly, feeling extremely depressed. After lying in bed for another hour, she finally got up to wash up and saw that the maid had already prepared breakfast. Once she finished her meal in the dining hall, the driver drove her back to the city center.

As soon as she got out of the car and went home, she turned on her phone, but it had shut down as the battery was dead. She went to charge her phone before turning it on again, only to see many notifications for missed calls as well as text messages from many people.

One of the most important messages was the one from Xavier. 'I've fixed my phone and called you, but why won't the call get through?'

He fixed his phone? When she saw this message, Veronica suddenly turned pale. How powerful was his phone to be able to be repaired after being soaked in such hot water for so long? She had deleted the photos when she submerged the phone into the pool of water and also cleared his photo album while she was at it.

However, was it possible that Xavier could still use his phone to recover the photos after this? Veronica didn't dare to consider that possibility. She raised her hand to her forehead. She had been too confident to think that as long as she soaked his phone in cold and hot water for a long time, it would definitely break and those photos would also disappear. In the end, she was careless.

She got up and went to the living room where she took a bottle of red wine from the wine cabinet and began to drink. With a glass in her hand and a pillow in her arms, she leaned on the sofa and drank silently, wondering what she should do with Xavier.

Ring, ring— Just then, her phone rang. At first, she thought that it was a call from Matthew, but after picking up her phone, she realized that it was Yvonne.

"Yvonne?" Taking a small sip of red wine, Veronica answered the phone.

"My goodness, my call finally got through. Where are you now? I went to your apartment to find you yesterday, but you didn't answer no matter how many times I knocked on the door. Don't tell me you're so depressed that you went off to hit on other guys?" Yvonne ran her mouth and didn't think too much about anything. She could only be described as being so simple and naive that she seemed a little foolish.

"What, can't I hit on other guys?" Veronica didn't refute Yvonne's words.

"Hmph, I just knew it. I told Conny that you must've gone out to play yesterday, but he said it's impossible."

"Why didn't Uncle Conrad believe you?" Conrad knew that Veronica was not at home but he didn't believe that she was going out to relax, so that must've meant that he doubted her relationship with Matthew.

"He said that you're not that kind of person."

"Right? I guess Uncle Conrad doesn't have a good eye for personality."

“Shut up. Why do you sound like you’re implying something about me?”

“It isn’t about you unless you say it is,” Veronica teased, feigning nonchalance.

“Right, I called you to ask you this. I heard from Conny that Matthew canceled all the business collaborations with Crawford Corporation. What happened?” Yvonne asked.

“When did this happen?”

“Yesterday.”

Yesterday, Veronica was still lying unconscious at home, oblivious to everything that was happening in the outside world. If it hadn’t been for Yvonne’s call, she might not have known that Matthew had started to take revenge on Xavier until now.

“There’s no use even if you tell me. I can’t help Xavier anyway.”

“Matthew is being too cruel. Xavier is such a nice person, so why does he target him all the time?” On the other end of the phone, Yvonne sighed fiercely.

Hearing that, Veronica didn’t know if she should cry or laugh, but she felt that Yvonne was pitiful and miserable at the same time.

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Chapter 342 The Despicable and Shameless Xavier

Yvonne was being toyed around in the palm of Conrad’s hand, but she didn’t even know it. When should Veronica tell her?

“Yvonne, let’s eat lunch together.” Veronica decided to tell Yvonne the truth, hoping that she would believe her. If she didn’t, there was no helping it either.

“Sure, I have something to tell you too. Let’s go to Phil’s Restaurant. I’ll book a private room there.”

“All right.”

After hanging up, Veronica contacted the private investigator again to ask for information on Xavier. She knew very well that Matthew started retaliating against him because he was despicable and shameless, so she had no reason to stop him, and she

didn't want to either. In fact, after knowing that Matthew had made his move, she felt a trace of pleasure and emotion in her heart as though she was being cared for.

That noon, at Phil's Restaurant, Veronica waited in the private room they had reserved before Yvonne quickly arrived. However, there were two others following behind her—Xavier and Conrad!

Upon seeing their arrival, she frowned subconsciously before she relaxed and greeted them with a hypocritical smile on her face. "You're here? Yvonne, why did you bring them over without saying anything? I only ordered enough for the two of us."

This woman... Is she an idiot?

"Roni, are you saying that I'm not welcome?" Xavier stood by the door with one hand behind his back and an evil smile on his lips.

"Of course not. I just wanted to order the food with all of you together," Veronica replied.

Yvonne smiled mysteriously and pulled Conrad to stand by the side. Then, Xavier walked inside and headed straight for Veronica before he suddenly 'conjured' a bouquet of flowers from behind his back. Getting down on one knee as he held a ring box in one hand, he asked, "Roni, will you be my girlfriend?"

Speechless, Veronica couldn't help but jolt in surprise as her smile slipped off her face. She lifted her head and looked at Yvonne and Conrad by the side. The two of them looked at each other and smiled, then shifted their gazes back to Veronica.

Yvonne smiled cheekily and said, "Veronica, you have to agree."

"Veronica, Xavier is a fine man." Saying that, Conrad grabbed Yvonne's hand. "Let's go first and give them some space."

"But I want to watch."

"Watch what? Be obedient." Conrad tugged on Yvonne's hand and dragged her out.

Yvonne stumbled out with him, not forgetting to make an encouraging gesture to Veronica with a cheerful smile, as though she wished that Veronica could quickly agree to be with Xavier. Soon, the door closed.

Just then, Xavier spoke again. "Roni, I've liked you ever since I met you, and my feelings for you have never changed. Can you agree to be my woman? I'll definitely protect you and treat you well."

Hearing his confession, the only thing that came to Veronica's mind were scenes from the photos. She couldn't help but clasp her hands tightly together, her patience crumbling.

"You like me?" Veronica's red lips curled into a sarcastic smile as she sat down and picked up the glass of red wine on the table to take a sip. "Xavier, I used to trust you a lot. But, I want to ask you something. Don't you hate me for personally hurting you and Melissa when I was in the warehouse last time?"

Placing her hand that was holding the glass of red wine on the table, she tilted her head and looked at the man who was kneeling on one knee beside her with a hint of contempt in her eyes.

Hearing that, Xavier smiled. That smile was full of thousands of emotions such as indifference, ridicule, and contempt gathered together, and she couldn't understand what he was thinking.

Then, he stood up and placed the flowers and ring on the table before taking a seat directly opposite her. He picked up the jug of plain water and poured himself a glass before he took a sip and said, "Hate you? How could I not? My sister still can't walk like a normal person, and you're aware that she's the one I love the most in the entire Crawford Family."

His frankness and honesty bewildered her as she understood something. If Xavier's phone was really repaired, then it could only mean that he was able to voice his hatred because he had found out that the photos in his phone had been deleted. If he knew that the photos were erased, Xavier would inevitably think that his cell phone did not fall into the toilet, but was deliberately thrown into the water by her.

At the same time, this revealed another piece of information. It was very likely that he had already guessed that she and Matthew had joined forces, and there was also a possibility that he and Conrad had already guessed that the person in Matthew's photo was her.

Veronica's eyelids drooped slightly as she picked up the glass of wine on the table and took another sip. "So, you were the mastermind behind Jackson's wedding, and you worked together with Conrad to drug me at the Kings Family's banquet that night, right?"

Since things had come to this, there was no need to hide anymore. As soon as she spoke, Xavier only smiled faintly and raised his eyebrows as his delicate fingers wrapped around the glass cup and brought the glass of water to his lips.

A moment later, he nodded and admitted boldly, "Roni, did you know? Sometimes, smart women are not adorable at all."

“From your words, if I really were adorable, would you like me?” Veronica felt ironic.

“Not necessarily.” Xavier propped his elbows on the table and supported his chin as he looked directly at her and said, “Of course it’s true that I like you. Otherwise, why would I want to propose to you?”

For the first time, Veronica felt as though someone was doing her a favor by liking her, and it disgusted her.

“What did you do to me in the hotel that night?” She didn’t bother answering, but asked a question of her own instead. Her exquisite face with porcelain-like skin showed hints of chilliness as she awaited his answer in silence.

“If you like someone, what else will you do? Do the business, of course!” He sneered, “You know, I had no choice. This is the magic of love. Do you know that every time I look at Tiffany when she’s under me, I think of her as you? Tsk tsk... You two sisters really do look alike. Still, the debauched look Tiffany gives me when she’s in bed really makes me burn up.”

Saying that, Xavier shrugged. “But she isn’t you. After I’m done, she’ll still leave me with a sense of emptiness and dissatisfaction. So, Roni, will you be my woman? I will definitely spoil you and love you. No matter what you want, I will...”

Splash! Before he could finish speaking, Veronica stood up abruptly and splashed the freshly poured glass of red wine on his face before she slammed the glass on the table heavily.

“Xavier Crawford, you are so shameless!” Veronica was furious, and her hand holding the glass trembled with anger. After cursing angrily, she suddenly felt a little dizzy while standing. Her body wobbled as her hands subconsciously held onto the table, while the glass on the table fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

Veronica held her forehead with her other hand and looked at the calm and composed man opposite her. “Xavier, what... did you do to me?”

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Chapter 343 Kidnapped Veronica

Xavier raised his eyebrows and smiled as he took out a piece of tissue and wiped the wine stains on his face carelessly. He said indifferently, “Roni, how long have we known each other? Do you think I don’t understand you? Ever since you asked to borrow my phone that night, I noticed something was wrong with you. Do you really think I don’t know anything?”

Veronica only felt extremely light-headed, and Xavier's voice even made her ears ring.

"Since we've already slept together, you might as well marry me. Otherwise, if outsiders find out, tell me, who else would want to marry you in the future?" He maintained a calm smile on his face from beginning to end, like the cat who got the cream.

"You b*stard..."

Thud! As soon as Veronica finished speaking, she collapsed to the ground.

The moment before she lost consciousness, she suddenly came to a realization. The reason why Xavier appeared here was because he had begun to doubt her a long time ago. Hence, before she came to this room, he had already bribed the waiters in Phil's Restaurant to tamper with her wine. She had underestimated him. She didn't expect that this matter would be exposed so quickly. What was more, she never expected that a simple meal with Yvonne would land her into such a situation.

Veronica passed out for quite a while. When she woke up and opened her eyes, she realized that she was in a hotel. In the familiar room, the murals on the wall were exactly the same as the room she stayed in that day. Lying on the bed, she struggled to get up, but her whole body was limp. However, when she turned her head to the side, she saw Xavier's face beside her.

"Roni, are you awake?" Xavier's torso was exposed as he propped his elbow on the pillow and supported his cheek with a hand. He then stretched out the other to caress her face gently. "Tsk tsk... Your skin is so soft it makes me want to kiss it."

"Get your dirty hands off me!" Veronica gritted her teeth tightly, immediately turning furious. At that moment, she could almost feel the anger surging in her blood.

"Dirty? Haha." Xavier chuckled darkly, his smile becoming more and more hideous on his face as he exuded a chilling aura, as though he were a demon from hell. He smiled and squeezed her cheek hard with his hand, causing her face to ache in pain.

He tilted his head and said in a deep voice, "You call this dirty? I don't even mind you having been 'used' by Matthew, and you say that I'm dirty? How pure do you think you are, huh? When Tiffany and Matthew got engaged, he was talking to me on the phone while sleeping with you at the hotel. At that time, why didn't you think you were dirty?"

After his cover had been blown, Xavier stopped holding back on his words and exposed all of the filthy deeds Veronica had done in the past, ruthlessly tearing her wounds open.

Veronica frowned in pain. "Why are you doing this to me?"

She could not understand at all.

“Why? Because I like you, and I want you. I poured my heart out to you, but what about you? Just because Melissa leaked that video of Tiffany, you decided to pull the trigger and hurt me and my sister? My sister loves dancing and her beauty so much, but she can’t even walk properly now, and it’ll take a while for her to recover. Besides, she can’t even dance in the future. She can’t dance anymore, do you understand?!”

Xavier was extremely emotional, and he squeezed Veronica’s cheek forcibly, as if he wanted to crush her bones with his bare hand. At that moment, he was like a stimulated lunatic with madness exuding out of every pore of his body.

“You and Matthew ruined my sister and turned me into the laughing stock of Bloomstead, so I’ll make you taste that same pain now.” As he spoke, he stretched out his hand and pointed to the side where there was a camcorder facing the bed and continued, “Do you know what’s the best way to make a person suffer? Hahaha, ruin the love of his heart with your own hands, of course! I’m going to record the whole process so that Matthew can see with his own eyes how I toyed with his beloved woman.”

At that moment, Xavier regretted not laying his hands on her in the hotel last time.

“Xavier, if... if you dare lay a finger on me, I’ll die right in front of you!”

Veronica wasn’t just trying to intimidate him. If he really ‘touched’ her again, she would really want to die. However, she would take him down with her before she did!

“Even if you want to die, it depends on whether I give you that opportunity.” Xavier didn’t care about what Veronica said at all as he probably didn’t believe that she would try to die just because he touched her. After all, hadn’t Matthew also laid his hands on her in the past?

Without wasting any more time, he leaned over and kissed her, but she turned her cheek slightly to the side and avoided him. This act of rejection caused his eyebrows to furrow, and he was suddenly filled with anger. He stared at Veronica steadily as his eyes narrowed, his gaze cold.

In the next second, he stretched out his hand and grabbed her neck tightly. “What, am I not worthy enough to sleep with you? When Matthew did this to you, I didn’t see you resisting!”

Xavier would never forget that during Tiffany and Matthew’s engagement banquet at Hilton Hotel, he had called Veronica at that time and vaguely felt that her voice sounded strange, but he only thought that it was his imagination. It wasn’t until he saw her emerge in a different set of clothing and sent someone to check the surveillance footage that he became certain the two of them were doing something unsightly in the lounge.

Veronica glared at him. His grip around her neck caused her to be in so much pain, as if her throat was about to break. Her face flushed as she struggled instinctively, but she suddenly noticed that her arms could move a little. With gritted teeth, she raised her arms with all her strength and slowly moved them toward her neck to pry Xavier's hand away. However, he was too strong, and she only had less than one-tenth of his strength, so how could she be his opponent?

"Ugh..." Veronica felt her mind going blank from the pain and the lack of oxygen. She couldn't shake Xavier's hand off, but she accidentally touched the sapphire necklace that had been auctioned for 60 million around her neck. She clenched the necklace tightly with her small hand, and with a strength that came out of nowhere, she tore it off with one hand, her thumb pressing against the black wings that enclosed the sapphire. With a gentle push, the wings opened up like the scissor doors of a luxury car.

As she gripped the gemstone tightly in her hand and supported the hollow wings with her thumb, Veronica suddenly drew it toward Xavier's face. With the 'weapon' in her hand, she could almost hear the subtle sound as the necklace cut through his skin.

"Hiss..." As Xavier, who had his guard down, got scratched on his cheek by Veronica with a concealed weapon, he let go of her in pain and covered his face with his hand as a gush of viscous blood suddenly rolled down his face.

The wound was very deep and was about three inches long. In just an instant, blood dripped down his cheek onto the white quilt, dyeing it red. Xavier's lips trembled slightly in pain as he glared at Veronica in disbelief.

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Chapter 344 It's You, Master Crayson

While skating on thin ice, Veronica mustered her strength and pushed Xavier away before tumbling out of bed and ran outside. However, her legs gave in after just a few steps and she fell to the ground. Thud!

An unaffected Xavier remained sitting on bed and used a paper towel to wipe the blood off his face while staring at her indifferently. "Go on and run. Aren't you good at running?"

His calm movements revealed a sense of composure as if he knew that she could not escape his clutch. At that moment, she was thoroughly frightened by his embodiment of bloodthirst. Fragility ran through her entire body despite wanting to flee this place as soon as she could. To her last resort, she grabbed the necklace and violently slid it

down her wrist. As she was bundled up during the winter, the most vulnerable area to go for would be her wrist, but she was smart enough to avoid piercing her aorta.

“Rip...” As the skin on her wrist tore open, the blood was gushing out of the wound like the river flow as a pang of pain finally overwhelmed her; her organs felt like it was clenching themselves into a pile. Perhaps it was the adrenaline, she felt a lot better compared to her previous limpness. As she saw Xavier coming closer, she immediately got up on her feet and fled the scene.

“F*ck!” Xavier did not expect Veronica to be capable of getting up even after being drugged. He walked out on the carpet barefoot while chasing closely behind her. Seeing that she was about to rush out of the suite, he became anxious and stepped forward to grab her hair before yanking her backward. “Where the hell are you going? Oh, Roni, do you think I’m unworthy of you?”

As her hair was tugged strongly, she could only feel her scalp growing numb from the aching pain. She stretched out to protect her hair and roared, “Xavier, let go!”

“Hmph, ever since I brought you here, I never planned to let you out,” he replied coldly.

Veronica abruptly turned around and kicked him in the abdomen. Her strength was astounding and completely out of Xavier’s radar. He could not help but stagger a few steps back from her kick while struggling to stand upright.

He stretched out to his abdomen and revealed a hideous smile; with the scar on his right cheek, he looked so terrifyingly horrendous that he resembled a cannibal.

“I like it when you’re angry. Roni, do you think you can fight me with that feebly strength of yours? Hahaha...” Xavier raised his head and laughed out of control.

The Xavier before her felt like a completely unknown version to Veronica. She watched as his eyes turned red as he exuded a morbid aura. A sense of crisis suddenly hit her, which made her realize that she could not stay any longer. For the third time, she turned around and ran toward the door of the suite. Just as freedom felt a step closer to her, she suddenly realized that the door could not be opened.

Right then, Xavier walked toward her and approached her step by step. She turned around and leaned against the door, feeling completely powerless. Earlier, she had used up all her strength for the kick and now, it was only her pain helping her to stand on her feet. How can I save myself when I’m powerless?

Disparity—something I have yet to truly feel up until this moment.

It was different with Matthew; all he ever felt like to her was strength and superiority that attracted fear from others, but the good kind. Unlike Xavier, who was a complete one-

eighty from Matthew; not only was he hostile, but it felt like she was going to be crushed any minute while she was with him.

The camcorder in the bedroom reminded Veronica of the situation she was in; she could not stop her anxiety from growing. If Xavier was to succeed today, the thought of existing would be a living nightmare when the video was leaked. When the whole world knew that she had been assaulted, she would then be the target of scrutiny and humiliation in public. How on earth can I not be terrified? But... Despite how horrifying my reality is, I can only strike back.

As Veronica watched Xavier approaching, she instinctively made to punch him; as soon as she extended her hand, it landed easily onto his grip as he dragged her away with him. Without much to do, her body softened and surrendered to his lead. A smile appeared on his face as he leaned over her and sniffed her body. "This is it. This is what Tiffany lacks."

He clasped her head with his big palm and let her lean on his chest while whispering in her ear, "Do you know how long I've waited for this day? I thought you were different from the other girls, but I didn't expect you to be with that son of a b*tch, Matthew. Speaking of which, I've always been a big help to you since the beginning. So, tell me, Roni—is this really how you thank me?"

Xavier was clearly on the verge of outrage, but his contrasting soft tone sent a shiver down her spine. Veronica struggled hard and resisted, but that little strength did not help at all. Instead, it aroused Xavier's interest to finish her up even more.

He leaned over and picked her up in his arms. "Roni, let me love you. You can be my woman as long as we have a child together. But... you disobeyed me, so I have no choice but to trap you at home. From then on, no one else can have you but me. You're mine, forever."

As he recited his evil daydream, he carried her to the bedroom.

"Xavier, if you dare to touch me, I'll die with you!" She resisted and cursed at him, but her body and voice were as soft as a little cat.

"Oh, don't say that. You've always been the love of my life since the beginning, so how could I let you die? Even if you do... you will die here in my bed." He placed Veronica on the bed and pinched her chin. "Be good and not resist. I'll go easy on you."

Veronica glared at Xavier angrily knowing that no amount of words would help her.

"Xavier, how did we get here? I'm asking you from the bottom of my heart." She wanted to move him with her affection and reasoning, in hope to convince him to let her go. However, these words were useless to him.

He chuckled darkly. "Your mistake was choosing Matthew Kings."

Not putting much emphasis on his words, he leaned over and immediately kissed her. Just then, there was a loud bang! A voice sounded outside the suite, causing Xavier to turn over and walk outside. However, just as he opened the bedroom door, he could only feel an ache in his abdomen before even reacting. He flew out and smashed directly into the bedroom table before he landed on the ground. The pain was so excruciating that he could not get up for a long time.

As the scene played out before her, Veronica was taken aback. She subconsciously assumed that Matthew had come to her rescue, but just as she panned over to the person standing next to the door, emotions started to surge uncontrollably within her. It's you... Master Crayson!

Crayson was dressed in an old-fashioned green army coat that was tightly wrapped around his body. As he stood at the door and glanced at Veronica who was lying on the bed, he huffed with anger and pointed to Xavier with curses. "How dare you lay your f*cking hands on my student, you imbecile! I won't rest until I f*cking destroy you today!"

The furious Crayson walked inside and scanned his surroundings until his gaze stopped on a wooden clothes rack by the side. Then, he swept the clothes rack into his hands and smashed it toward Xavier without any hesitation.

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Chapter 345 Yvonne Is Pregnant

Xavier convulsed with pain and seeing that he was about to be whacked, he rolled around on the spot and escaped Crayson's attack. His actions only made Crayson even more upset; it was not long before Crayson removed his green army coat and rolled up his sleeves before marching toward him.

His aggressive aura made Xavier struggle to rise up from the ground, but before he could stand upright, Crayson sent a kick flying his way. He subconsciously dodged the kick, but he did not expect that it was just a feint. When his body tilted to the right, Crayson's foot was already slamming to the right and directly landed on his face.

Losing his balance, Xavier fell to the ground with a loud crash. Crayson walked over and turned Xavier's arm over. Before he could see what was going on, Crayson immediately broke his arm, then stepped on his leg without any mercy. He used all of his strength and the sound of bones breaking could be heard immediately after.

"Ahhhh!" Xavier could not bear the pain and screamed hysterically while his face distorted with pain.

Crayson scoffed coldly before kicking him in the stomach again. "Remember, Roni is my student. If you dare to lay your finger on her once again, I'll f*ck you up so badly that your mom wouldn't even recognize you!"

After all, he was an experienced fighter with extraordinary skills and Xavier was not his match at all. As he was threatened by the harsh words, Xavier could only lie helplessly on the ground. However, he gritted his teeth tightly; his red eyes glared at Crayson as a bloodthirsty killing intent suddenly radiated off him. Alas, because his leg was broken and his arm was dislocated, he was even less of a match for Crayson. Discretion is the better part of valor, Xavier thought as he was not stupid enough to voluntarily get himself killed.

Crayson turned and walked to the bed, then looked at Veronica, who was lying there, with a frown. "Idiot, don't tell anyone that you are my student. It's embarrassing for me."

He huffily turned around to pick up his army coat before tossing it onto Veronica's face. "Put it on and come with me."

Veronica pouted while she sniffled sadly to the master she had a close bond with. "I can't move."

"You... Sigh, you're so dull. How many times have I told you to train hard with me, but you refused to listen? Look at you now. It makes me angry." The exasperated master sat by the bed, clutched her arms and piggy-backed his student.

"Crayson... Master Crayson, you're too old for this. Put me down." Veronica did not know how Crayson found her here, but at that moment, she gained more respect and gratitude toward him. Actually, I am more moved than anything.

"Shut up. What are you nagging me for? You brat, all you do is embarrass me."

With her on his back, Crayson steadily headed outside without any trace of weaknesses that a man in his sixties or seventies should have. As they walked to the door of the suite, the people from the hotel rushed over after hearing the commotion and attempted to stop him. However, when they saw him carrying Veronica on his back, they exchanged looks with each other.

No longer suppressing their curiosity, they asked, "What happened earlier? Who broke the door?" The person in the lead was most likely the hotel manager as he pointed at them while interrogating.

Crayson shot him straight with a glare. "Why don't you ask the person who booked this room? Get out of my way. Can't you see that she is hurt? Move aside."

He roared angrily and his natural disposition made them feel the compelling aura radiating from him. They retreated to the side and made way for him to leave with

Veronica on his back. The two then took the elevator downstairs and left. After they were out of the hotel, Crayson called a taxi and sent Veronica to the hospital.

Along the way, Veronica asked, "Master Crayson, how did you know that I was here?"

"You foolish brat, did you forget that you asked me to come over to Bloomstead just to be your security guard? As soon as I arrived, someone contacted and told me that you were in danger at the hotel and that I should rescue you," he replied factually.

"Who called you?" Veronica's brows furrowed. She kept getting the feeling that something was fishy.

Crayson shook his head while taking out his phone from his pocket and handing it to her. His phone was the oldest model to date and even though she had bought him a smartphone before, he did not want to use it. Besides, his old phone barely had any signal in the mountains, so it was unnecessary for its use. She just did not expect that he would remember to bring his phone when he came to Bloomstead.

Veronica opened the call log on Crayson's phone and skimmed through it. Other than her, the recent calls were all from her parents. However, on the top of the list, it showed a call from an unknown number that lasted one minute. Unknown number? This kind of call can't be tracked at all... Who's helping me? She had no clue.

In order to not worry her master, she shied away from talking about today's incidents. Instead, she changed the subject and asked, "It's almost Christmas. Why didn't you decide to come after the holidays?"

Previously, he had accidentally tripped and suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. Although Veronica promised to have Crayson visit Bloomstead, she never dared to because of his injury. She had planned to let him recuperate for a while and come again in a few years, but she did not expect him to show up like he did today. What a... coincidence.

When she went to the hospital, the doctor briefly treated the wound on her wrist and inserted an IV drip. It took a while for her to recover, but she gradually regained her strength. Beside her was a nagging Crayson who glared at her with his sharp eyes; however, his nags warmed her heart.

"Yeah, yeah, you're right. I am too stupid. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone that you're my master in the future to save you some embarrassment." Veronica playfully joked around as she listened to his mumbling about his dissatisfaction toward her as a student.

"I'll break your leg if you dare to try that." The old man scoffed coldly and out of nowhere, he pulled out a huge smoking pipe and began to smoke like a magic man!

The diligent student glanced at the warning sign hanging on the wall that said 'NO SMOKING'. However, because it was a single ward, she did not care to stop him. For a long-time smoker like him, it would be unbearable to stop.

Veronica stayed in the hospital for a few hours before she took Crayson back to the apartment and arranged for him to stay in her house. In the evening, she took him out for a stroll to witness the hustle and bustle of Bloomstead. By the time they returned to the apartment, it was already 7.00PM to 8.00PM. As Crayson was used to going to bed early, he simply washed up and retired for the night.

Veronica then went out with a notebook and computer and booked a room in the hotel next to the community. She had to call Yvonne as soon as she had time. If Xavier and Conrad had already found out the majority of the truth, then Yvonne was in the most danger now.

However, just as she got through Yvonne's phone and spoke, "Where are you? I have something to tell you."

"Roni, I have something to tell you, too. Haha, I'm pregnant, Roni."