

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 351

Chapter 351 Veronica Begins to Suspect Master Crayson

Crayson waved his hand, gesturing for them to take a seat.

Seated in front of him, Floch quickly passed him a cup of tea. "Please have some tea, Master Crayson."

He dispassionately took the cup from him and took a sip before sighing. "Thanks for your call that day. Nobody could guess what would have happened if it was just a minute later."

Floch tilted his head as he peered at Rachel next to himself and sighed as well. "That was a dangerous situation. Rachel found out about it after she accidentally overheard Tiffany's phone call."

Wham!

Suddenly, Crayson slammed the cup on the table harshly and scared the couple so much with the sound that they jumped, and they sat upright nervously, waiting in silence for his reprimand.

"Take a look at yourselves. Tiffany is right under your noses, and you could still allow her to do something like this. Did you forget your identities? Since young, Veronica has been a stubborn and proud child. If Xavier got his way with her, and she ended her own life if she took things too hard, I would like to see how you're going to explain this to the higher-ups," he chided angrily.

Crayson happened to be in Bloomstead that day, but he didn't expect to run into something like this.

With his identity, he shouldn't have appeared to save Veronica, but time waited for no man, and he had no choice but to save her.

Luckily he arrived in time. Otherwise, the consequences would be unthinkable.

Rachel bobbed her head nervously and agreed. "You're right, Master Crayson. We're the ones responsible for Tiffany's actions."

However, Crayson couldn't help but stroke his white beard and say with a frown once he noticed the looks on their faces, "What? Did you really think that Tiffany is your real daughter?"

“Master Crayson, I-I...”

He hit the bullseye with his offhand remark, and panic washed over Rachel’s face as she waved her palms frantically but didn’t know what to say.

On the other hand, Floch took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. “Tiffany has been with us for years. How can we not have any feelings for her?”

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“Nonsense!” Crayson scoffed, then lowered his head, picked up the cup leisurely, and took a sip. “Tiffany’s merely a replacement, and you’re well aware of what it means to be a replacement. So, I would advise you to give up on ideas you shouldn’t have, or else you’re going to be the ones who will be upset in the end,” he said.

Some things were just beyond their control.

Therefore, Rachel pursed her lips before she spoke up, “We understand everything you’re saying, but you should also know that feelings grow with time.”

“Yes, you’re right, Master Crayson. Both of us are humans with feelings. It’s impossible for us to be that merciless.”

“Shut up!”

The second Floch finished speaking, Crayson blew his top. “Remember, there’s only one person you two have to protect from the beginning until the end. So, don’t get the target wrong.”

Floch and his wife lowered their heads like children who had done something wrong at his tongue lashing.

Crayson couldn’t help but feel a hint of pity as he saw their reactions, and he leaned back into the seat as he scratched his silver hair. “Of course, humans have feelings and desires, but if you know that there isn’t any end to some things, you should just forget about it. If you have what it takes to turn things around, maybe Tiffany will be able to see to your retirement and end.”

The couple gave each other a solemn look, then silently lowered their heads at his words.

“What about Randy? How’s that kid doing recently?” When he saw that they seemed a little sad, he added, “Randy is a good kid and not as arrogant as Tiffany. So, it’s better if you place your attention on him.”

“Yes, Master Crayson. We know what we should do,” Floch nodded in affirmation as he answered seriously.

“Even though I’ll be in Bloomstead in the future, we have to try not to meet. The last time at the center of Mudwood Street, Veronica almost recognized me.”

It didn’t hit him that he would bump into Veronica on that street when he went out to get something done in the middle of the night, and it gave him a big shock.

Floch brought up an important subject once they shifted back to the main topic. “Veronica is smart, so we have to be careful. But recently, we heard rumors that someone from Castron will be coming, and their target is... Tiffany.”

“Follow this lead and find out who they are,” Crayson said casually, adding, “The most important thing now is Veronica and Matthew. Now that they’re together, it will cause some big trouble sooner or later.”

“What? That’s impossible. The media just revealed two days ago that Matthew Kings likes men.”

“Exactly, it created a huge ruckus.”

The couple thought that Crayson hadn’t heard of the news yet, but he merely looked at them in annoyance.

“What looks are you giving me? Can’t you recognize the person in the picture?”

Hence, the three sat together and talked for quite a while before Crayson finally left.

As for what they were discussing at the end, that would remain a mystery.

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While Veronica was accompanying Elizabeth at the Kings Residence, her phone suddenly started ringing.

She got up and picked up the call outside of the living room.

“Hello, Shirley?”

“Roni, where is Mr. Crayson? I bought him some doughnuts, but I couldn’t find him when I got back.”

Recently, Shirley had been at the bridal shop and would monitor the construction from time to time, sort out previous customers' data or get busy with other tasks.

As she kept saying that she would always follow Veronica, she had given her paid leave.

Earlier in the morning, Shirley had just seen Crayson, but something cropped up at the last minute, and she left after greeting him. In the end, she had just left for a while when the other party called to inform her that she didn't need to come over anymore, saying that they had solved everything.

Therefore, she had to return to the bridal shop, worried that Crayson would be bored alone.

On the way, she saw a doughnut shop and went in to get a few for him. Who would have guessed that she couldn't find him anywhere, so it made her a little worried.

"What? Crayson is not there?"

"Yeah, I started searching from downstairs until upstairs, and I'm in your office now, but I couldn't find him," she said anxiously.

Instantly, Veronica said, "Don't panic. I'll call him now."

After she ended the call, she immediately gave Crayson a call. "Where are you, Crayson?"

"Where else can I be? Of course, I'm at the bridal shop."

"Oh," she muttered, thinking that Shirley probably missed him and didn't see him because there were a few rooms in the shop.

With that thought in mind, she asked, "What would you like to have for lunch?"

"Anything will do. An old man like me isn't a picky eater."

"Alright, I'll buy you some food after my meal."

"Yeah, I'm laying down and watching TV in the office now," Crayson lied while he was in the cab, not expecting that Veronica would call him so suddenly.

Even though the bridal shop was under renovation, the workers had just renovated the office, so it had remained untouched.

In order to avoid suspicion, Crayson had said that he was in the office.

“I got it.”

Veronica hung up and wanted to give Shirley a call, but just as she was about to dial her number, it suddenly hit her.

That’s not right! Shirley said she was in the office, and Crayson also mentioned that he was there?

But earlier, she had clearly heard the sounds of car honks. With the excellent sound insulation of the office, how could there be the sound of car honks and other noises?

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Chapter 352 Ruka Apologizes Personally

With suspicion in her heart, Veronica quickly re-dialed Crayson’s number, but nobody picked up. Then, just when she was about to call Shirley to explain the situation, Shirley called her first.

“Did you find Crayson, Shirley?”

“Yes, I found him. Maybe I didn’t look carefully earlier and missed him,” she explained.

From the other end of the line, Veronica could hear her asking Crayson, “Mr. Crayson, are the doughnuts I bought for you delicious?”

“Heh, so nice of you to have me on your mind, young lass. It’s not bad. Good,” Crayson said with a cackle, and Veronica heard everything clearly.

She couldn’t help but furrow her brows slightly. Was I too sensitive?

Finally, she shook her head as she figured she was too stressed recently, which resulted in overthinking, and she hung up.

That afternoon, Hendrey called, saying that he was finally finished with his work. He had just disembarked the aircraft in Bloomstead and wanted to ask her out for a meal.

After she had settled down Crayson, she went to the appointment, but the last thing she was expecting to see when she arrived at the teppanyaki restaurant was Hendrey and Ruka seated together.

Why is she here? Veronica wondered as she kept her gaze on Ruka, looking puzzled.

In contrast, Ruka smiled softly upon seeing her. "Don't look at me like that. I know that Hendrey asked you out for dinner, so I insisted on tagging along."

All of a sudden, she recalled that Hendrey had been working in a subsidiary of Dame Group since his return to the country. So, she could understand that he was on good terms with Ruka.

"Yeah."

Without saying much, Veronica slid into a spot next to them, but before she could say anything, Ruka's voice echoed again, "I'm here today to apologize to you."

Вас заин

"Apologize?"

What's going on? Veronica asked herself but couldn't figure out what was happening.

"Uh, I thought of you as my imaginary enemy before this, thinking that you're my love rival, but who would have thought that Matthew actually likes men? I feel that I look like a joke now." She lifted the glass in front of her and had some water. As she spoke, she couldn't help but smile bitterly in resignation.

The muscles on Veronica's face froze, and she tilted her head to look elsewhere guiltily.

It didn't cross her mind that Ruka was here to apologize to her, and the reason was that she discovered that Matthew 'liked' men.

Although it was surprising, it was courageous of her.

Nevertheless, if Matthew announced to the public one day that the 'man' was her, would Ruka loathe her to the core?

"You don't have to apologize at all." So, she smiled awkwardly as she waved her hand to decline such a formal apology.

"Truth be told, I admire you. Back then, I thought we might have become good friends if Matthew hadn't been in the picture. It's great now because I've given up on him, so I came to look for you and to apologize. I was in the wrong for everything before," she said sincerely.

If they weren't meeting in a teppanyaki restaurant, Ruka might have wanted to get up and bow deeply in apology.

Beside them, Hendrey smiled gently. "Your personalities are very similar, and it's not a bad choice to be friends with each other."

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” Ruka went along with his words as she lifted the glass on the table. “Veronica Murphy, I’ll buy you this meal today, and I hope we can let bygones be bygones. Let’s be friends, okay?”

Speechless, Veronica wondered, Is this really a good idea? I feel like we’re ganging up to fool Ruka.

In addition, she was afraid that Ruka would kill her when she found out the truth one day.

Their burning gazes bore into Veronica, making her bow to peer pressure. Despite that, she bit the bullet, lifted the glass, and clinked glasses with Ruka.

As the saying goes, it is always best not to make enemies of those who might be your friends. Being the eldest princess of the Dame Group, Ruka had set aside her pride, apologized, and even offered to be friends with her. So, how could she turn her down?

“Even though a lot was exposed on the news, I’ll remain as Old Mrs. Kings’ god-granddaughter and will have a lot of contact with Matthew in the future. Miss Dame, are you sure you want to be friends with me?”

Veronica leaned against her seat, held the glass, and drank from it, observing Ruka’s expression as she did so.

With a sigh, she said, “I’ve already given up on Matthew, so all that doesn’t matter anymore. Just don’t bring up his name in front of me in the future.” A sad expression painted across her delicate and elegant features as she waved her hand. “He really got me disgusted.”

That day at the counter in the shopping mall, she had witnessed with her own eyes as Matthew held a ‘man’ and locked him with a kiss. She was so stunned that she was close to slapping Matthew across the face.

The whole time, Matthew was the person she admired the most, like a sort of faith. Her faith had collapsed, and it took her several days to gradually emerge from the shadows.

At that time, she felt that everything she did to Veronica was terrible, but she couldn’t set aside her pride to admit it.

Fortunately, Hendrey returned, and she could use this chance to look for Veronica.

Veronica chuckled sheepishly as she voiced, “Yeah, right?”

As she rested her left elbow on the table, she silently palmed her forehead, appearing to sigh emotionally. But, unbeknownst to the others, she was wearing an expression of exasperated amusement under her slightly lowered head.

Despite that, Veronica had to admit that Ruka was very brave, and this wasn't something an average Joe could do.

"Both of you have buried the hatchet, and I'm glad to bear witness to it." Hendrey elegantly lifted his glass. "We may not have wine now, but I suppose tea is enough. Cheers!"

"Cheers."

"Ha-ha. Sure!"

The three toasted to a drink and finished half a glass of water. Then, the server served them their dishes, sat together, and chatted amicably.

Amid a good time, Ruka turned to Veronica and asked, "Your bridal shop has closed its doors. What do you plan to do after this?"

Veronica gave it a thought. Despite the fact that she had previously signed a contract with Matthew to open up a bridal shop together and that contract was still valid, many things had happened in her bridal shop before this. If she continued the business, she had no idea what other trouble would stir up.

Rather than that, it would be better to think about doing something else and divert others' attention.

"I don't know. I'll just look for a job first."

After going through so much, one thing was clear to her. That was, she had to keep away her thunder, and the other thing was, keeping a low profile.

If she wanted to start another company, there was no need to let others know. Only then could her company run smoothly. Otherwise, she couldn't even guess what other mess would pop up.

"What was your profession before this? Do you want to consider coming to work at my company?" Ruka smiled brightly. "My company is lacking in talents like you."

"Me? Forget it. I should just be a delivery man."

In her mind, she thought that her time would be flexible if she delivered food. Then, if something cropped up at the last minute, she could go immediately to deal with it, and it was convenient for her to run other businesses in private.

Once she started working in a company, she wouldn't be that free.

“Hey, how much money can you make doing delivery? By the way, you amazed me with your walk on the runway that day. Coincidentally, I have a company looking for models. The working hours every day are short, and the pay is not bad. How about it?” Ruka suggested.

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Chapter 353 A Mysterious Woman

When Ruka had perceived Veronica as her potential rival, she utterly detested Veronica. However, after she discovered Matthew’s sexual orientation, there was a total change in her attitude.

“Really? Can I?” Veronica’s eyes brightened at the golden opportunity. Being a model meant working every day with a stable income. Besides, with Ruka as the middle person, Veronica might be able to clinch a contract with an agency without any problem. Hence, she would never let this chance slip through her fingers!

When she first came to Bloomstead, she did consider this job, but no company would want a nameless rookie with zero experience on runways. So, she had no choice but to work as a deliveryman and at the night market round the clock to feed her parents.

“Of course.” Ruka was confident.

Hendrey couldn’t help smiling as he added, “With your looks and capability, you might receive a chance to expand your career into entertainment, but don’t forget about us once you hit it big!”

His joke tickled Veronica’s funny bone as she let out a chuckle. “Nah, I just wanna earn money.

Despite the glitz and glamor, the entertainment industry was messy and Veronica feared she might be unable to survive until the end. Furthermore, her career is her priority. Even if she was going to be a model, her job scope stretched beyond presenting her flawless side during photo shoots and runways.

“Hendrey’s right. I think you’ve got the potential.”

“Thank you. I’ll take that.”

“Of course, you should. I have an eye for talents.” Ruka then suggested, “Since it’s the end of the year, I think we should meet the president. You should try talking to him.”

“Sure. I’ll buy you a meal after everything’s settled.”

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“Then, we got a deal.”

The trio chattered on and on, having the time of their lives. Finally, when a gleeful Veronica returned home, she played chess with Crayson, during which she received a call from Yvonne. She didn't pick up the phone after glancing at it, though. Instead, after Crayson decided to call it a day and went to bed, she walked back to her place, which was just next to the building.

Matthew had bought the neighboring residence. With such an awesome and comfortable interior design, the decoration that Veronica's house had paled by comparison.

Veronica entered the bedroom and opened the wardrobe, only to be dumbstruck. Inside of it was a bunch of winter apparel in different colors and assortments of designs. She checked out some of them and realized that all the pieces were from the latest collections. Everything was prepared solely for her.

Touched by Matthew's consideration and affection, she felt her heart soften by his gesture. Then, just as she was thinking about him, he gave her a call.

She answered it at the drop of a hat. “You're up?”

“You haven't slept yet?” The mellifluous voice was so familiar that it soothed her heart.

Her finger grazed over the fabric as she asked, “Since when did you prepare so many clothes?”

“It was these two days.” He glossed over the details, hiding that he replaced the clothes according to the change of seasons from the day he bought the house.

“I see.” Veronica flopped in bed and hugged a pillow while sharing her little stories, “I ate with Hendrey today. Guess who he brought along with him.”

Men's jealousy was easily evoked by the presence of love rivals that posed threats to their relationship. Matthew, who was no different from any other man, attempted to hide his growing dislike toward Hendrey. “His girlfriend?”

“Stop joking around. He brought Ruka along with him and she apologized for everything she had done to me in the past. She even said that she wants to befriend me.” She

sighed while twirling her hair. "If she found out that the man she met the other day was me, I bet she'll kill me because of resentment."

"Ruka's a decent person. She's a good friend." Although Matthew didn't interact with Ruka much since he was young, he knew her character well.

"Decent?" Veronica coldly snorted as she deemed that Matthew didn't know much about Ruka's true colors.

It was true that Ruka was nice, but she was only friendly to the one she favored. When she was facing her enemies, one could equate her behavior to the term 'I shall salt the earth behind you once I'm done ruining your life'.

"Hendrey is single, isn't he? So, they should make a good match." Matthew added another weird statement.

"Since when have you started being a matchmaker?" Veronica smiled in merriment. "You're jealous because we had a meal together? That's unlike you."

"What else can I do when the woman I like is so attractive? Even if you stay still, men will flirt with you anyway."

She rolled her eyes speechlessly because she was always the one to blame in the end. Then, after chatting for a while longer, the conversation ended as Matthew had some unfinished business.

The atmosphere fell into silence, and she leaned against the bedside, feeling the void inside her.

Veronica felt her heart become heavier because Matthew knew everything, including the night she had spent with Xavier in the hotel, thinking about what Matthew had done for her. Matthew was a proud man perching at the top of the mountain like he was god, yet he tolerated the fact that she was tainted.

The more she thought about the cruel truth, the more she perceived herself as someone unworthy of him. She could feel the gap between them was growing wider, and nothing could compensate for it. Someone better should stay by his side; that person could never be her.

On the other side, Matthew was relishing his meal while talking on the phone with Veronica at the villa in Castron. When a woman suddenly appeared in the living room, he excused himself and terminated the call.

"Matt, how could you eat alone? You should've called for me." The slim woman had long maroon hair that swayed slightly with every click of her high heels. She stood before him then she snatched the sandwich from Matthew's hand.

Instead of chewing her out, he gestured to the maid to make a new sandwich for her.

“Why are you here early in the morning?” The warmth in his eyes dissipated as he stared at the women indifferently. There was no tad of hostility in his icy tone, though.

“Of course, it’s because I missed you. The weather is fine today. Should we hang out for the first time after a long while?” she said coquettishly.

“I’m busy.” After giving a downright decline, Matthew took the documents that were set aside and began reading.

The persistent woman stood up and closed the files before him. “Matt, you’re so cruel. I missed you so much, and this is how you treat me?”

“So what?”

“You! Hmph!” She pouted in displeasure. “I really missed you a lot. It’s been a year. Can’t you accompany me for a day?”

Matthew looked at the documents before glancing at her. “Only this time.”

She grinned in triumph. “You’re the best!”

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Back in Bloomstead, Veronica’s schedule had changed with effect from today because of Crayson, who dragged her out of bed as early as 4:30AM for a jog and training in the park.

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Chapter 354 To The Modeling Agency

“You foolish brat! Have you forgotten everything that I had taught you? Can’t you even defend yourself? What a waste of my effort!” A furious Crayson did not pull back his punches during the training.

Veronica hadn’t expected him to not pull his punches, so she didn’t go full-out, resulting in suffering a punch that knocked her down to the ground. Due to the excruciating pain, she couldn’t get up on her feet instantly. “It hurts! Master Crayson, are you trying to kill me and get a new disciple for yourself?” She covered her stomach as the pain spread throughout her body.

“From now onward, my mission is to train you daily. If you’re not going to take it seriously, endure the pain then. I won’t go easy on you, but I promise I will not hurt your face.” Despite his ordinary menswear, he stood firmly with his hands behind him like a menacing mafia boss.

“My face?” Veronica didn’t feel grateful for his consideration at all, for Crayson was a man of his word. He meant everything he said, and he was serious this time around. Nervous, she rose to her feet and attempted to do her best.

Still, her determination alone was never enough because of her lack of sleep. Due to insomnia, she slept at four in the morning, and before long, she was forced to receive training. Therefore, the inadequate rest had definitely caused her to react slower, falling behind Crayson’s punches.

Although she was severely beaten up, it didn’t soothe the fire in Crayson as he growled, “Get up! Prove that my teaching hasn’t gone to waste! Do you hear me?”

Veronica lay on the cold ground while covering her right shoulder, which hurt like hell. “Master Crayson, be gentle. I’m dying here.”

“Then, I’ll beat you to death, you unworthy thing!”

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Thus, the hellish morning training went on, and Veronica felt pain in every part of her body. Finally, after a quick shower, she decided to take a short rest on the couch and fell asleep in the end.

It wasn’t until her phone rang that she woke up from her deep sleep, finding herself covered with a blanket.

It must be Master Crayson, she assumed, as she had handed the spare keys to him yesterday.

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Lying on the couch, she fumbled about to grab her phone. When she realized that it was Ruka calling, she sprang up instantly. “Darn it!”

“Hi. Ruka?”

Both of them had promised to visit the president of a modeling agency today, yet she had long forgotten about the meeting due to the impromptu morning training.

“Are you ready? Where should I wait for you?”

“Yeah, I’m ready. Just text me the address. I’ll see you there.”

“Okay.”

The call ended, and Veronica texted a cute sticker to Ruka through Whatsapp. They had exchanged numbers last night.

Ruka messaged Veronica the location, where she quickly changed her clothes and put on light make-up before leaving the house.

Twenty minutes later, she finally arrived at the destination where Ruka was waiting for her. Veronica scampered and greeted, “Morning. Sorry for the long wait.”

With her hair tied up, Ruka wore a pair of sunglasses to reveal only her striking red lips that contrasted her white coat. Still, she exuded fierce elegance, which added to her ethereal visage with a luster of maturity. One could not deny the fact that she was a true beauty.

“I’ve just arrived. Come on, let’s head inside.”

The duo walked inside and immediately took center stage amongst the employees. Their stunning features alone were enough to strike one’s fancy, but having them standing abreast was different. The sight of them together was pleasing to the eyes.

“Oh my. They’re so pretty.”

“Which agency are they from?”

“Are you blind? Can’t you recognize that one of them is Miss Dame? I’ve seen her on television multiple times.”

“The one standing next to her is so beautiful! Look at that fair skin and red lips! It seems like she has only applied lipstick.”

“If only I had that face, my boyfriend wouldn’t have cheated on me.”

“Pfft. You gotta be kidding me. With that gorgeous face, you should find yourself a rich man.”

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Amidst the gushing crowd and clicking sound of cameras, Veronica strode forward with steady steps, not to mention Ruka, who had been the center of attention since she was born.

They took the elevator to the 45th floor, where Starshine Media Agency was located. Ruka thrust her hands into her pocket as she talked to the receptionist in a haughty demeanor, "We're looking for Mr. Ludwig."

The receptionist stood up in a heartbeat, "Sure, please come this way."

She escorted them to an office and knocked on the door. When someone signaled them to come in, the duo went inside.

Along their way, Veronica discreetly observed the surroundings, where there were only good-looking people. None seemed ordinary, and they had one thing in common— young. Once again, reality struck upon Veronica. Due to the cut-throat competition, the modeling industry wasn't as glamorous as it seemed.

As she entered the office, she realized that the president of this very agency was a blond foreigner. Despite being in his 30s, his aura was no joke.

"Good morning, Mr. Ludwig. I've brought a friend of mine to see you."

It was obvious that Ruka and Sean were close, given by how she put down her bag and sat on the edge of his desk before tapping on it. "Busy?"

"There's a big runway coming up soon. We're still in the middle of selecting the candidates." Sean rose from his seat. Noticing Veronica's presence, he asked Ruka, "So she is... Veronica Murphy, right? The one you had previously mentioned."

Veronica nodded. "Mr. Ludwig, it's a pleasure to meet you."

With confident steps, she approached him and offered her hand for a handshake.

"Hello, I'm Sean Ludwig," introduced the man as he gladly shook her hand.

Ruka added, "Have you seen the video of her previous runway that I sent you? What do you think? She's my best friend, so you better don't fool around."

Although Veronica had forgiven her past actions, it didn't alleviate the guilt in her in the slightest. Therefore, she had made up her mind to help Veronica as she thought it could at least repay the kindness she had received. However, little did she know that her efforts were actually a burden to Veronica. The more she tried, the more Veronica felt terrible for her.

"Just what do you take me for?" Sean smiled.

Though he was from another country, the long years spent mixing with the locals contributed to improving his fluency in English. As a result, he sounded as natural as the locals.

He sized Veronica up with eyes of scrutiny before nodding lightly. “She has the body, face, and class. Not bad.”

“Veronica, did you hear that? I’ve never heard him compliment someone like that before. You’re the first!” encouraged Ruka.