

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 381-386

### Chapter 381 Hendrey Laid His Hands on Her

She lowered her gaze to the table, then to herself. There was only a piece of lingerie underneath her fluffy pajamas. This...

Veronica couldn't help but imagine some obscene images in her head, which caused her to gulp and her face to flush with redness. This b\*stard is really sanctimonious!

As the heater was turned on, the entire unit was warm and Matthew was only wearing a white shirt. His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, and his collar was unbuttoned, exposing his neckline. He appeared appealing and enticing.

Even Veronica, who had seen many mesmerizing men, was captivated by him.

Despite his cold and arrogant appearance, he behaved in another manner when in private. "It's not good for your desire to be this endless, Matthew. It is harmful to your health."

Hearing that, he smiled vaguely. He then set his utensils down. Raising her chin, he murmured, "Well, you're the one to blame. You're too attractive for me."

"What? That's your own nature; don't blame it on me!"

With a disdainful expression, Veronica continued, "Look, you can't even control yourself now. There were so many women throwing themselves on you previously, and I don't believe that you're unmoved at all."

"Because..."

Matthew paused briefly before he softly whispered beside her ear, "I've restrained myself for so many years but after meeting you, I don't want to restrain myself anymore."

His mushy words immediately gave her goosebumps.

Veronica felt numb, as if an electric current had just passed through her body.

She raised her head and met Matthew's gaze, which was filled with desire. When she realized this, she pressed herself against the table, ready to flee.

"Let me warn you, Matthew Kings. Don't ever think of doing it on the table. I'll not let you off!"

"That doesn't matter. We can do it on the sofa."

"Sofa is a no-no too!"

"Then let's get on the bed."

“I... I am still hungry. Exercising right after a meal is bad for your body!”

“You can simply lie down. I’m the only one who is moving.”

“You... You’re such a devil!”

Veronica was at a loss for words. Matthew wrapped his arms around her waist just as she was about to flee from him. “I’m just kidding. Have your meal now.”

He then placed some food on Veronica’s plate before repositioning the chair and standing up to place her on the seat. “You can sit now since it’s warm.”

“What?”

She was stunned, not understanding what he meant.

But she realized what he meant when she felt the warmth on the seat.

It was winter and she had few clothes on her. Matthew was worried that the seat would be too cold for her, so he sat on it to warm it up.

Such an insignificant action of his, but it warmed her heart, causing it to ache slightly.

Veronica couldn’t put her mixed feelings into words, but she knew she was moved and at the same time, her heart ached for him as well.

Matthew appeared to be merciless, but he treated her with such care. Her heart couldn’t help but ache for him.

“Why are you looking at me like this?”

He then turned around and took a jacket, which he draped over her. “Even if you have a heater, you must take care of yourself. Don’t get a cold.”

“Why are you so nice to me, just like a fool?”

Only a fool would be so considerate to others while neglecting himself, she reasoned.

“What did you call me?”

“A fool.”

Matthew was stumped for words.

She might very well be the only person in the world who dared to call him a fool.

But he couldn't do anything to her at all. His large palm pressed against her head and he said gently, "Have your meal fast. The food is getting cold."

"Okay." Veronica did not say anything else and started eating.

Matthew, on the other hand, walked to her opposite and placed some food on her plate, as well as some greasyback shrimp on his.

His slender fingers then began to peel the shrimp in an elegant and visually appealing manner.

Just as Veronica was staring at him, Matthew raised his hand and stuffed a peeled shrimp into her mouth. "Are you so infatuated with other men as well?"

She simply began chewing the shrimp in her mouth. It tasted great, and had fresh and tasty flesh.

Then, she laughed. "Who will be infatuated with a fool?"

"What would you be if I'm a fool?"

He did not get angry and continued to peel the shrimps.

"I am..."

Matthew cut her off just as she was about to say something. "You're my woman. You'd be no better if I was a fool."

"Tsk."

Veronica couldn't get used to his unexpected humor. After all, she was used to his solemn demeanor.

He then added a few more peeled shrimp to her plate. Following that, she also took one of it and gave it to him. "I'll feed you."

Upon hearing that, Matthew right away opened his mouth.

It was an enjoyable lunch with a pleasant atmosphere.

Veronica had never had such a peaceful relationship with another person. She now felt that every moment she spent with Matthew was wonderful and amazing.

...

Meanwhile, after two weeks of waiting, Hendrey finally obtained the injection solution from the mysterious man.

The first thing he did was to invite Tiffany out for a movie date. After the movie, they had dinner together before taking a stroll down the street.

As Tiffany was wearing a mask, no one discovered her identity.

They both entered the Hilton Hotel at 9 PM that night.

Just after they entered the room, they were like a passionate couple, allowing their burning desire to take over.

After a long while when they both had their desires satisfied, Hendrey went into the bathroom to clean himself up. He then walked out wearing a bathrobe and smiled gently at Tiffany. "It's now your turn to take a bath."

"Sure."

Tiffany, who was lying on the bed, looked at him seductively and said in a coquettish tone, "After all that, I'm utterly exhausted, Hendrey. Can you carry me?"

Hearing that, he raised his brows and shook his head, his face calm.

However, a glint of scorn and mockery flashed through his eyes.

She has a rotten heart beneath her beautiful appearance. Such a sl\*t!

Tiffany was twins with Veronica, but there was a world of difference between them.

He approached Tiffany, who was wearing nothing, and carried her up to the bathroom.

Tiffany had delicate makeup on at that moment, and she leaned against his chest, her fair arms wrapped around Hendrey's neck. "Hendrey, do you love me because I resemble Veronica?"

"Yes and no," he replied calmly.

"What do you mean?"

"My attention was initially drawn to the fact that you resemble Veronica. But after that, I adore you for who you are."

He gave Tiffany a seemingly perfect answer.

Feeling relieved, she smiled when she heard that. Her arms around his neck tightened even more, and she cuddled in his chest softly.

He placed her beside the bathtub after they both entered the bathroom and turned on the hot water for her. "Holler if you need anything," he said as he exited the restroom.

Immediately after Hendrey closed the door, the warm smile on his face vanished, replaced by an eerie expression.

Then he poured a glass of warm water and when he heard the sound of water in the bathroom was still on, he took a pill and put it in the glass of water.

### **Chapter 382 Veronica's Identity Is Suspected**

The pill disintegrated instantly in the water. It vanished in an instant after being dropped into the glass. Tiffany emerged from the bathroom a short time later, wrapped in a bathrobe. "What are you looking at?" she inquired, noticing Hendrey laying on the bed and scrolling through his phone. "I'm just reading some news."

"You're so nice, Hendrey." She then walked over to the table, grabbed the glass and sipped the water.

When Hendrey noticed she had set the glass down, he tilted his head and said, "Finish it. In the future, drink a cup of warm water or milk before going to bed. It improves your sleep and is beneficial to your health."

"Sure. I'll listen to you."

She clutched the glass tightly, her gaze fixed on the water in it, and she felt sentimental.

Previously, Tiffany had assumed that she would be unable to find someone who would treat her sincerely since she had been humiliated before. But now, she met Hendrey.

Though Tiffany knew that Hendrey loved her because she resembled Veronica, it didn't bother her.

As long as he was happy, that was sufficient for Tiffany.

On one hand, she wanted to have her revenge but on the other, she had to make plans for her future as well.

Without thinking much, she took the glass and gulped the water down.

Then, she put it down and laid on the bed.

She rested her head on her arms. Tiffany smiled at Hendrey in front of her, but her mind seemed to wander.

After a while, she noticed her eyelids becoming heavier, and she fell asleep without realizing it.

Hendrey noticed that she had not been moving and called out, "Tiffany? Tiffany!"

That went on for a few times. He then extended his hand to pat her on the face to make sure she was truly asleep before taking the injection solution from the drawer beside him and injecting it into her arm.

Retracting the needle, he flipped her around and removed the blanket, waiting for the red phoenix sign to appear on her back.

However, he waited for an hour and nothing happened.

“Why is this so?” he asked, his brows furrowed.

Is there anything wrong with the solution?

But that’s impossible!

He shook his head in disbelief. While staring at Tiffany, a frightening thought came to his mind.

That was...

Was Veronica the one his boss was looking for, rather than Tiffany?

Veronica?!

He gasped when he thought of that. Chills went down his spine and he was so shocked that he didn’t react for a while.

Then, he decided to do something.

He stood up. After leaving the bedroom, Hendrey called his mysterious boss in Castron. “Boss, I am sorry. I accidentally leaked the solution. Can you provide me with another?”

“It’s volume is quite large. Even if there’s only one-fifth of it left, the person injected with it will still react to it.”

“Okay. I understand.”

Hendrey did not say anything further and ended the call immediately.

With his phone in his hand, he stood by the bedroom door and looked at Tiffany who was laying on the bed, unsure of what to do next.

He worked so hard to get close to her in order to complete his boss’ mission.

But now, he discovered that Tiffany wasn’t the one that his boss was looking for.

What should he do next?

Meanwhile, at Dragon’s Creek Villa, Floch gave Crayson, who was in the countryside, a call. And the phone in Crayson’s house rang.

The phone was only used for emergency purposes. No one would have called unless it was absolutely necessary.

A sleeping Crayson was startled awake. He rushed to the table, opened the drawer, and answered the phone. “What happened?”

“Crayson, something terrible happened. I have just been informed that people from Castron secretly arranged for someone to bring a solution to Bloomstead. The solution, once injected, would reveal the mark on the Young Lord’s back. But...”

Floch said it hesitatingly, and his nervousness was obvious.

“But what?” Crayson was anxious as well, and he felt chills run down his spine.

“According to my investigation, the person who was sent here is most likely... Hendrey.”

“Hendrey?”

Crayson blinked. His hand, which was clutching his phone, tightened even more, and his heart sank.

“Hendrey is dating Tiffany now. She is not back yet at this hour. According to my informant, both of them are staying in a hotel now.”

Floch told Crayson everything he had found out.

“How stupid!”

Crayson was furious upon hearing that.

Now that things had progressed to this point, it was very likely that Veronica’s identity had been found out.

Whereas Floch came up with a simple yet effective idea. “Should I send someone over to get rid of Hendrey now? I’ve already asked Rachel to pick Tiffany up, but I don’t know whether she’ll be in time to stop what Hendrey wants to do.”

“Just go.”

Crayson did not say much and straightforwardly agreed to Floch’s idea.

Meanwhile at the hotel, Hendrey had just hung up the call when someone knocked on the door.

“Who’s there?” he walked over to the door and asked.

“Mr. Johnson, I’m Tiffany’s mother.” Rachel, who was standing near the door, identified herself.

When Hendrey heard that, his eyes narrowed and lowered, as if he was thinking about something.

When Tiffany did not return home after spending the entire night with him previously, the Larsons did not have any reaction.

Why are they acting differently this time?

Unless...

Hendrey had a terrifying thought in his head.

Perhaps the Larsons had discovered the plan of his boss in Castron and probably, they had also discovered his identity and motive.

If this were true, he would be in a dangerous situation right now.

Many possibilities raced through his mind in such a short period of time. At the same time, he opened the door and looked at Rachel, who was standing in front of him, and greeted her politely. "What brings you here, Mrs. Larson?"

Rachel was dressed in a low-profiled manner, wearing a black dress with a belt and a hat that covered half of her face.

She looked calmly at him and asked, "Where's Tiffany?"

Hendrey then lowered his head and saw the bathrobe he was wearing. Pretending to be awkward, he responded, "I am sorry, Mrs. Larson, to have met you in such a manner. Tiffany is sleeping now. Perhaps tomorrow..."

"You're Hendrey, the person that Tiffany mentioned to me recently, right?"

"Yes, I am Hendrey," he admitted truthfully. I intended to pay you a visit a few days later, but... I apologize, Mrs. Larson."

"Well, it's not for me to interrupt you, young people. But Tiffany is still young, and as her mother, I am concerned. Wake her up now and ask her to return with me."

Though Rachel sounded calm, her attitude was not something easily resisted against.

Hendrey realized that resisting was pointless as well. Hence, he nodded. "Mrs. Larson, that isn't necessary. Wait for me outside for a few minutes, and I'll leave once I've changed my clothes."

Right after his words, Hendrey closed the door and dashed to the bedroom.

### **Chapter 383 Get Out, Matthew!**

Hendrey then quickly dissolved the antidote in a glass of water and forced it down Tiffany's throat. She merely had a sip of it. After changing his clothes, Hendrey washed the glass and cleared everything he had done. By then, Tiffany woke up. When she opened her eyes, she saw Hendrey standing by the bed, neatly dressed. She dazedly rubbed her eyes and asked, "Hendrey, where are you going?"

"Mrs. Larson is here for you, so I am going back now."

He raised his brows, signaling to her to put on her clothes fast. However, she was shocked. "What? My mom is here? Since when?"



“She came when you were sleeping. Now, she’s waiting by the door.” Hendrey stroked her head and continued, “I’ll ask her to come in, and I’ll leave first.”

“Is my mom really here?”

Tiffany’s face became solemn and she sat on the bed, feeling enraged. “Is she crazy? What brought her here at this hour?”

She took her clothes beside her and put them on herself, grumbling the whole while.

After she finished changing, Hendrey stood in front of her and said indifferently, “I’m leaving now.”

And with no further words, he turned around and left, without even looking at her.

His indifferent attitude was cold, seemingly drawing a distance between both of them.

It was so different from how he was before she fell asleep.

But Tiffany merely assumed he was upset with her mother for interrupting their sleep.

Just after Hendrey left, Rachel walked in.

Tiffany, who was now dressed neatly, was sitting on the sofa with her arms and legs crossed. She gave Rachel a fierce stare and said, “Why are you here when you know I’m with Hendrey? Are you trying to embarrass me?”

Tiffany was angry with Rachel for not giving her some personal space even though she was already in her twenties.

Rachel simply looked at her calmly in response. Then, much unlike her usual doting manner, she approached Tiffany and slapped her across the face without saying anything before that. “You’re a lady. I’ve already reminded you umpteen times that you have to respect yourself. Don’t you know that?”

Rachel could excuse Tiffany for some minor misbehavior but now, the latter had gone overboard.

From her reprimanding words, it was obvious that Rachel cared about Tiffany, and was feeling resentful of what Tiffany did to herself.

But Tiffany did not know what Rachel was thinking.

She raised her hand to cover her cheek, which was burning from Rachel’s slap earlier, and stared at Rachel with disbelief. “You slapped me? How could you slap me?”

Since young, both Floch and Rachel had always doted on her. Never did Tiffany expect that Rachel would slap her today.

How could she bear it?

“Ever since I was ditched by Matthew, your attitude and Dad’s toward me has changed.”

Tiffany clutched her cheek with one hand and pointed at Rachel with the other as she growled, “Do you both now think I’m just an abandoned one? So you’re relying on Veronica once more? Do you think she’s now more useful than I am?”

Despite the fact that these were not her heartfelt words, Rachel took them to heart.

Her gaze revealed a sense of guilt, and she tried to avoid Tiffany’s eyes. With her lips pursed, she responded, “Take a look at yourself right now! Both your dad and I devoted so much to establish your ‘talented girl’ reputation, and I thought you would cherish it. But you’re now giving up on yourself! Do you think we’re unaware about the things between Xavier and you?”

Tiffany, who was enraged just a few minutes ago, became speechless. She merely looked at Rachel coldly, not knowing what to say.

“You’re a moron! Calm down and think about it yourself!” Rachel reprimanded. Then, she took a look at the clock on the wall of the living room and asked, “How long have you been sleeping?”

Tiffany did not dare to talk back to Rachel after her embarrassing matters were revealed, and her arrogant demeanor vanished.

Her eyes went reddish and she answered truthfully, “It... It has been more than an hour.”

More than one hour?

Rachel knew that she was too late.

She sneered and asked intentionally, “You don’t really love Hendrey, do you?”

“Why do you say so?”

“Would you sleep so early if you really loved him, especially since you’re still in the honeymoon phase?”

“I...”

Tiffany was rendered speechless. Her brows furrowed as she raised her head and looked at the antique clock on the wall, and she began to ponder about it as well.

I guess it’s true.

Her intimate activity with Hendrey that night didn’t last for long. Furthermore, she was a night owl that always slept in the wee hours.

So, why did she fall asleep right after her bath today?

But she began to make excuses for herself, blaming it on her own exhaustion.

And she did not answer Rachel.

However, looking at Tiffany's expression, Rachel already understood what was going on.

With that, she fiercely glared at Tiffany and left right after that.

After she left, she called Floch immediately. Floch then called Crayson to update him.

After careful consideration, Crayson instructed, "Don't do anything to Hendrey for the time being. If he has someone to report to, he's most likely done it by now, and dealing with him now would be futile. Perhaps we should use this opportunity to figure out who is behind this whole thing."

"Noted, Crayson."

During Christmas, Hendrey visited Veronica's house. Even though Crayson was getting on in years, he could tell Hendrey was interested in Veronica.

Perhaps things hadn't yet reached an irreversible point.

...

The next day, Veronica, who had been tortured by Matthew all night, awoke in shock. "What's the time now?" she asked while sitting up in bed.

Her heart sank as she looked out the window at the bright sky. "Oh no! I'm running late for my first day of work! My pay will be deducted!"

It's all Matthew's fault!

Ever since Veronica returned yesterday, they had not stepped out from their condominium.

Initially, they agreed to take a stroll and do some exercise after lunch.

But Matthew's so-called exercises were the extreme 'love' exercises on the sofa!

They spent the entire afternoon going at it. She was so exhausted that she fell asleep after that and when she woke up, dinner from One Piece Restaurant had arrived.

After their dinner, she was too lazy to change her clothes, so she curled up on the sofa and watched a drama showing on the television.

And Matthew, after finishing his work, joined her in doing so.

But coincidentally, the television was showing scenes that were salacious and would excite people.

Matthew's desire was immediately aroused, and Veronica failed to escape.

The only saving grace was that she had previously informed him about her work, so he did not dare to leave any marks on her body.

After she changed into her clothes, she wanted to get out of the bed but her legs wobbled, and it almost caused her to fall to the ground.

"Sh\*t!" She couldn't control herself from spewing profanities at that point.

Suddenly, Matthew opened the bedroom door. "Are you awake?"

He was wearing an apron, and he had a spatula in his hand and a wide smile on his face.

Veronica placed one hand on her waist and she used her other hand to point at him as she yelled, "Get out, Matthew Kings! We'll break up from today onwards! I don't want to die in bed one day and turn myself into a joke!"

Though she was a lady with less physical strength than Matthew's, Veronica trained with Crayson every day. but Matthew still managed to make her legs sore and weak.

This showed how much this b\*stard had tortured her!

### **Chapter 384 Veronica Becomes an Assistant**

Matthew felt bad about what he had done once he saw how angry she was. He even felt a little guilty.

While he usually had a lot of self-control, it had begun to weaken ever since he started spending time with Veronica, especially after she agreed to be with him.

"I'll do my best to control myself next time," Matthew reassured her gently. "Breakfast's ready, so come to the table once you've washed up."

"Go away! I don't want to look at you!" Veronica rolled her eyes and stormed into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

She went into the bathroom to get ready and had a change of clothes.

Veronica had planned to leave for the office in a huff, but as soon as she opened the bedroom door, she was hit by the mouth-watering scent of breakfast.

Her stomach began to growl. She was starving after a laborious night, and the delicious smells whet her appetite even further.

Matthew came over to her and grabbed her hand. "Come on, let's eat. I'll drop you off at the office afterward."

“Why would I let you drop me off? Isn’t that the same as announcing our relationship to the world?” Veronica glared at him and snorted before stomping off toward the dining table.

There was a bowl of prawn porridge on the table.

It seemed like porridge was the only thing Matthew knew how to cook.

Veronica got her spoon and gave it a good mix before looking up at Matthew, who was sitting across from her and staring at her with a pitiful expression.

Her anger had nearly run its course by now.

She continued mixing the porridge as she instructed Matthew, “From today onward, go back to your own house.”

Matthew did not know how to react. He wanted to say that this was his home too, but he was too afraid to actually do so.

Too afraid, huh?

He never thought that there would come a time when he would hesitate so much over a simple sentence.

“Oh, right. This house is yours too,” Veronica added in realization. “That’s fine. I’ll go back to my house tonight.”

“Just eat your breakfast. You’re going to be late if you don’t hurry,” Matthew reminded her.

She left it at that and made quick work of breakfast before grabbing her bag and heading off to work. Just before she left the house, she said to Matthew, “I’ll be going now. Bye.”

“I’ll drop you off.”

“Forget it. It’d be troublesome if anyone sees us.”

“It’ll be fine.” Matthew swiftly cleared the dishes and washed up before coming back out and wearing his shoes, then followed Veronica downstairs.

Veronica was still a little hesitant, but this changed once she saw Matthew walking over to an ordinary, nondescript sedan. This guy even got himself a cheap car.

She climbed into the front passenger seat and was about to ask him whether he could get used to driving such an ordinary car when she realized that the car’s interior was decked out like a luxury car.

“You modified the interiors?” She turned to Matthew and asked.

“Yeah.” Matthew nodded and he could not resist nudging her cheek when he saw the adorable look on her face. “Seatbelts on.”

Soon, the car was slowly making its way toward Starshine Media Agency.

After a while, they pulled up outside Veronica's office.

"I'm getting off now." Veronica unbuckled her seatbelt and was about to get out of the car when Matthew asked coolly, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"What?" She confirmed that she had both her phone and her purse with her. "I'm not missing anything."

Seeing how clueless she was, he pulled her closer and bent down to give her a kiss on the lips. He bit down gently before saying, "You forgot this. Remember it next time."

He released her and helped her to straighten her clothes before patting her on the head like she was a cute puppy.

"Ugh!" Veronica rolled her eyes at him before clambering out of the car.

However, with her back facing him, her lips curled up in satisfaction.

Her heart was filled with warmth and joy as she basked in blissful love.

She turned around and waved at Matthew before jogging into the building.

It was the first day of work after the Christmas break, so everyone had gathered for a meeting.

Once they were all in the conference room, however, they still had to wait for one last person to arrive.

Sean was seated at the head of the table. He glanced at the lone empty seat to this right before saying, "Mia isn't here yet, so let's wait a little longer."

The conference room broke out into a flurry of whispers.

"Hmph! So, just because she's the most well-known among all of us, she thinks it's fine to be late for the meeting?"

"How disrespectful of her to make all of us wait for her."

"Exactly."

"She's not even an international supermodel yet, but she's already putting on such airs. I can't believe her."

"She's so annoying."

...

Everyone in the conference room voiced their disapproval.

Rania, who was sitting beside Veronica, drew close and muttered, "Mia only started getting famous early last year. It hasn't even been a year since her rise to fame, and she's already so arrogant. You better not follow in her footsteps, Veronica."

Veronica was tickled by Rania's comment. She shifted in her seat and murmured back, "Even if I wanted to do that, I need to be as capable as her first."

The entire Starshine Media continued to wait for Mia in the conference room.

The seconds ticked by slowly, and after half an hour, she finally waltzed her way into the conference room.

"Sorry for coming late and keeping you waiting, Mr. Ludwig. I was caught in traffic."

Mia wore a tightly-fitted sweater paired with black tights and a large coat. Her makeup was immaculate, and she carried herself with an air of arrogance.

"Hmph! She should've known to leave the house sooner if there was going to be traffic."

"Everyone else was waiting for her! What gives her the right to provide such an excuse?"

"She hasn't even reached the top yet, but she sure acts like she's the best."

"Some people just like putting on airs. There's no helping it."

"Hahaha, it's alright, Miss Stuart. We've only been waiting for a little bit."

"It's good that you're here, Miss Stuart. Here, take a seat."

...

The crowd was split in two. Some of them hated Mia's guts while some of them groveled at her feet.

Sean remained neutral. He gestured toward the seat next to him and said, "You're here. Hurry up and sit down. We'll start our meeting now."

"Of course, Mr. Ludwig." Mia swayed her hips as she strutted over to the seat.

He finally began the meeting. "Since we're all here, let's start discussing the company's plans and direction for the new year..."

He sat at the head of the table, projected his presentation on-screen, and proceeded to talk for over half an hour. Some of the things he brought up included Starshine Media's yearlong plans and the company's focus for the new year, along with other such information.

“Alright, we’ll call it a day here. Mia, I need you to stay back for a bit. Everyone else, you can get back to work now. Meeting adjourned.”

As soon as Sean’s words fell, the conference room instantly echoed with the sound of chairs scraping the ground as everyone leaped to their feet and hurried out of the room.

Once everyone had left, Sean began instructing Mia, “Mimi, I included your name in for a bridal fashion show in Castron and I just received the news that you’ve been selected. Start preparing for the trip as you’ll be heading over to Castron tomorrow.”

“But Mr. Ludwig, you should hire an assistant for me first. It’s such a hassle to not have one.” Mia pouted.

Sean sighed. “I haven’t found anyone suitable yet. Tell you what, I’ll arrange for Veronica to follow you on this trip to help you. It’d be a good chance for her to learn and get some exposure, and you can give her some guidance as well.”

### **Chapter 385 Spotted Crayson Acting Suspiciously**

“That’s so sneaky of you, Mr. Ludwig! You’re not arranging for her to be my assistant, are you? You’re just trying to get me to mentor her.” Mia sulked and rolled her eyes.

“Veronica was made for this industry. She might have joined a little late, but based on her performance during the previous jewelry showcase event, it’s clear that she’s a natural. She’s a diamond in the rough that just needs some polishing. You’re her senior in this field, so I hope that you will guide her and get along with her.”

Having said that, Sean closed his laptop and got up. “I have something to attend to, so I’m heading out now.”

He moved toward the door while speaking, so he neglected to see the flash of intense jealousy in Mia’s eyes.

“I will. Leave it to me, Mr. Ludwig.”

Mia nodded and agreed, but her eyes were shooting daggers.

For some reason, she felt threatened, and it made her a little antsy.

Mia left the conference room and headed straight for Veronica’s desk. She rapped on the desk to get Veronica’s attention.

Veronica looked up from her magazine and asked, “Yes, Miss Stuart?”

She did not plan on staying long in this modeling agency, but she was still going to do a good job and fulfill all tasks required of her.



This included getting along with her colleagues.

“Mr. Ludwig said that he hasn’t found me an assistant yet, so you’re going to be my assistant for now. You’ll need to come with me to Castron tomorrow,” Mia commanded loftily.

Veronica was not keen on following Mia around, but since it was Sean who made the arrangements, she had to go along with it.

In any case, she was the newest rookie to join the agency.

“Since this is Mr. Ludwig’s orders, feel free to let me know what you need, Miss Stuart,” Veronica said with a confident smile.

“Uh huh. I was in a rush this morning, so I haven’t eaten yet. Go get me the famous meat ravioli on Pines Street, a bowl of pumpkin soup from Sweetie’s Diner on Westcross Street, and a slice of bacon and cheese quiche from Madam Leta’s Bakery on Crimson Lane. Oh, and help me grab my parcel from the mailroom in the back.”

Mia swiftly barked out a list of demands.

Rania felt like she had gone too far, so she piped up, “Miss Stuart, those places are all so far away. Veronica would have to travel across half the city just to get everything. Isn’t that a bit much?”

Wade had been smoking nearby, and he nodded along once he heard Rania’s comment. “Rania’s right, Miss Stuart. It’s so cold out right now too. Why don’t you just pick one spot to get breakfast from?”

Mia was already in a bad mood, but it worsened once she heard how the other two were standing up for Veronica.

“Huh. Veronica’s only been here for a few days, but you’re all jumping to her defense already.”

She sneered and added mockingly, “Is it because you’re all trying to win her favor since you found out that she’s Old Mrs. Kings’ god-granddaughter?”

“You... What utter nonsense!” Wade snorted and shook his head, but he left it at that.

It was Rania who bristled at Mia’s taunting. “You’re the one who went too far, but here you are coming up with all sorts of excuses.”

“Is that so? Well, since you pity Veronica, shall I ask Mr. Ludwig to appoint you as my assistant instead?”

“I...” Rania did not know what to say.

Veronica shot Rania a grateful smile.

She got up and stuck her palm out at Mia. “Since it’s Mr. Ludwig’s orders, I have no reason to object. However, I will need some money from you, Miss Stuart, since I forgot to bring my wallet with me today.

I also got a ride to work today, so I don't have any means of transportation either. I'll be claiming my travel expenses from you as well, Miss Stuart."

"Travel expenses?"

Mia felt like Veronica was being difficult on purpose, so she said, "You should be able to walk since it's not too far away."

"Fine. I'll head out right now." Mia nodded, but she continued holding her hand out.

Mia rolled her eyes in anger and handed fifty bucks over to Veronica. "Hurry up."

"Got it," Mia replied.

Wade called out to Mia, "I rode in on my motorcycle. Let me give you a ride."

"That won't be necessary."

"It's fine. It'll be more convenient if I fetch you around."

Veronica tried to protest. "I don't..."

"Stop arguing. Come on, let's go." Wade grabbed his keys and began to walk off without even waiting for Veronica's response.

Mia snorted derisively and taunted, "Wade, could it be that you have a thing for Veronica?"

"Cut that out. I'm just helping out a colleague," Wade shot back.

Veronica took the money and followed Wade out of the office feeling conflicted.

She did not want Wade to chauffeur her around while she bought breakfast. If she had gone alone, she could have checked in at Vincere Games for a bit, but now it was no longer possible for her to do that.

They left the office with Wade bringing Veronica around on his motorcycle.

When they rode past a cafe, Veronica suggested, "Hey, let's stop here. I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

"Huh? But you need to get breakfast for Mia. If you get a cup of coffee now, she'll probably complain about how long you took."

"We were caught in traffic!" Mia declared with a straight face.

Wade stared at the empty streets in a daze before chuckling. "You're right. There's a lot of traffic today."

If Mia could use traffic as an excuse, so could they.

Therefore, Veronica and Wade sat down at a table by the window and began enjoying a cup of coffee.

“Wade, how long have you been working at Starshine?”

There were quite a few male models in the agency, and Wade was one of the commercial models. He was a young man with narrow eyes and a fair complexion, and he was the charming boy-next-door type.

He was very photogenic and would light up under the camera with just a touch of makeup.

“I’ve been in the industry for two or three years now, so I’m considered fairly experienced by now. If I don’t make a name for myself in the next two years, I might have to go back home and take up farming for a living.” Wade chortled.

He was very easy to get along with as he gave the impression of being a cheerful younger brother.

“What do you mean? You’re still young and you have a bright future ahead of you,” Veronica chuckled and said reassuringly.

As they continued chatting, she glanced out the window for a moment.

It was only a cursory glance, and she withdrew her gaze to sip her coffee.

All of a sudden, her eyes widened and she whipped her head back up to look out the window.

That man...

“Master Crayson?” Veronica’s heart missed a beat.

“What did you say?” Wade had not heard Veronica clearly.

Veronica turned to Wade and said in a rush, “Wade, I have something urgent to attend to, so could you please help me get breakfast for Mia? I’ll treat you to a meal sometime. Please, and thank you.”

She leaped to her feet and scampered out of the cafe.

Once she got onto the street, she ran in the direction where she had seen Crayson. Once she spotted his silhouette in the distance, she was doubly sure that it was him.

Why would he be here?

Veronica was at a loss.

To prevent Crayson from sensing that he was being followed, she stopped at a men’s clothing store and swiftly picked out a men’s jacket, scarf and cap. After making the payment, she quickly changed into her new outfit and put her other clothes away.

She had managed to do it all in just two minutes.

After putting on a face mask, she adjusted her cap and left the store.

Veronica wore a black leather jacket and a cap pulled low enough to hide half of her face. She stuffed her hands into her jacket pockets and sped after Crayson once more.

She wanted to see who Crayson had come to meet.

Now, she found it even more plausible that the man she had seen at Mudwood Street was Crayson.

### ***Chapter 386 Zac Goes Berserk***

Veronica had been tailing Crayson for several blocks when her phone started ringing. She took her phone out and saw that Yvonne was calling her. After hesitating for a moment, Veronica decided to answer. "What is it?" Ever since Yvonne chose Conrad, Veronica had stopped contacting her. Yvonne had tried to contact her during Christmas break, but she had ignored all of Yvonne's texts and phone calls.

She was still tailing Crayson, so answering her phone was a good disguise. "Veronica..."

Yvonne's voice sounded hoarse and stuffy over the phone. Veronica frowned as her gut was telling her that Yvonne must have run into some trouble.

She still considered Yvonne her friend, and while she was disappointed by Yvonne's decisions when it came to Conrad, she did not hold it against her.

"Sob... save me... sob... Zac found out I'm pregnant and he's forcing me to get an abortion. Sob... please save me..."

Veronica's brain stalled. "You're saying that Zac..." She paused. "You should be calling Conrad at a time like this! You're carrying his child!"

"Sob... I can't reach him. You're... you're the only one I know in Bloomstead," Yvonne wailed in sorrow.

"Where are you now?"

"Norfolk Hotel, Room 90... Ahh! Zac, what are you... Smack—"

Before Yvonne had even finished her sentence, there was a loud slap, and the call was cut off.

Veronica stopped walking and immediately gave Conrad a call.

After a short dialing tone, all she heard was, "Greetings. The person you are calling is currently unavailable." It was obvious that the call did go through, but the receiver had chosen to end the call.

Veronica tried again, but Conrad still did not pick up his phone.

"Damn it!" She fumed.

As she stared after Crayson's silhouette retreating into the distance, she made up her mind. She rushed over to catch a cab and headed straight to Norfolk Hotel.

Yvonne was a dummy who was blinded by love.

If it had not been for the fact that she and Matthew did not want to make their relationship public yet, she would have immediately asked him to save Yvonne.

At the same time, she was also worried that he might get dragged into this sorry mess if he helped her save Yvonne.

After mulling over all her choices, her best option was to head to Norfolk Hotel herself.

During the ride, Veronica searched online to find the number for Conrad's company's front desk, then gave them a call.

"Hello, this is Southcon Enterprise. May I know who's calling?" The receptionist greeted her respectfully.

"Hello. I wanted to ask if Uncle Conrad, oh, I mean President Kings is in the office. Old Mrs. Kings and I would like to drop by his office, but he didn't pick up his phone."

Veronica lied through her teeth.

When the receptionist heard that Elizabeth wanted to come over, she immediately replied, "Is he not picking up his phone? I just spoke to President Kings, so maybe he didn't hear the call earlier. You and Old Mrs. Kings can drop by anytime as he should be in the office the whole morning."

"Okay, thanks!"

Veronica ended the call. A notification popped up on her screen informing her that her audio recording file was saved.

...

Norfolk Hotel, Suite 906.

Zac had tied Yvonne to the bed and she could not move at all.

Meanwhile, Zac, who was wearing a white suit, sat in a chair nearby smoking a cigarette with his legs crossed.

"Zac, let me go." Yvonne struggled and protested as she cooked up a storm inside. There was a sinister look in Zac's eyes. "You're mine, but you went behind my back and got yourself knocked up by some other guy. Do you think that I won't hurt you, Yvonne?"

"I don't like you, so why are you forcing me to marry you? Zac, you're the devil incarnate!" Yvonne tried her best to break free from her restraints, but the ropes had been tied too tightly, so they did not budge at all.

She was filled with dread.

Was she really going to lose her baby?

Conrad always picked up her call before, so why was he not picking up today?

"Once I get my hands on your lover, I'll show you what being the devil truly means."

Zac stood up and strolled over to Yvonne. His blue eyes were menacing as he grabbed her by her hair and spat out through gritted teeth, "Tell me. Who's the father of your b\*stard child?"

"Ahhh! It hurts..."

Yvonne gasped in pain from having her hair nearly torn out from her scalp, but she refused to tell Zac about Conrad despite her pain and fear.

Conrad was still trying to gain a foothold in the business world, and he had fallen out with Matthew as well. If Zac found out that Conrad was in a relationship with her, it would get Conrad into even hotter waters.

Yvonne did not want to see him in such a crisis.

"It's none of your business who the father is! As long as it's not you, I'm willing to be with anyone... Ahhh!"

Before she could even finish her sentence, Zac slapped her across the face. "Why do you insist on choosing the hard way? You could've been a princess in Castron, but instead, you chose to betray me and go around sleeping with other men."

Zac was still clutching Yvonne's hair, and he yanked even harder now. "I'll fill you in on a little secret. Not only am I going to find out who that guy is, but I'm also going to castrate him and make him watch as I have my way with you. Let's see which one of you suffers the most when that happens!"

Zac did genuinely like Yvonne.

Of course, he was also pleased with her parents' influence in the business world. It was a win-win situation for them if they formed a marriage alliance.

However, Yvonne's parents were doing business in Castron, so everything would come crashing down for them if they offended Zac.

Zac wanted Yvonne for his own, and he also eyed the Spencer family fortune.

He let go of his pride and tried to woo Yvonne, but she ignored him and even blacklisted his number.

To make matters worse, she even hooked up with another man now!

Yvonne felt like her scalp was about to tear into pieces. She gasped in pain and cried out, "Zac, it... hurts... let go..."

It hurt too much. Yvonne's eyes grew red as she teared up from the pain.

The moment Zac saw her crying, he seemed to regain his senses.

He let go at once and cupped Yvonne's face in his hands. As he wiped her tears away for her with his thumb, he apologized, "I'm sorry, Yvonne. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have treated you like that."

His heart was aching as he wiped all of her tears away. He reached out with his other hand to massage her scalp. "Stop crying, okay?"

Zac gently comforted her in a soothing voice before saying, "You're mine. You're my fiancée and the future princess of Castron, but you betrayed me. You betrayed me!"

His emotions got the better of him, and he began to shout once more. "You shouldn't have betrayed me!"

Once again, he slapped Yvonne right across the face.

This time, his hand left a reddened mark on her face, and she even began to bleed.

Just then, someone knocked on the suite's door.

Zac's expression went back to neutral at once. He straightened his suit and glared at Yvonne before stepping out of the bedroom.