

## Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 391-395

### Chapter 391 Abby's Fault

"Forget it again and I'll show you how domineering I can be." There was a veiled threat in that reply. Veronica relented. "Yeah, yeah. Goodbye now." She got out of the car and went to the trunk to take her stuff. She slammed the trunk shut and smacked it, telling Matthew that he could leave now.

Matthew did not leave. Instead, he stayed back and watched as she went into the company, and he only left when she was out of sight. Since he had a pair of sunglasses on and was driving a disguised car, nobody paid him any attention. He called Skyler on his way to work. "Where are you at?"

"Collins, duh. Caleb and I are trying to send Abby to Bloomstead, remember?" Skyler was sighing as he sounded a little dissatisfied.

"I got a job for you. You'll love it."

"I don't want to get my hopes up, but what job is it?"

"Someone in the Twilight Condominium just went through a break up. You're gonna stay with her until she gets over it. Oh, and she's at least a nine."

"The Twilight Condominium? Whoa, you're cheating on Roni? That's a bit—"

"It's her friend," Matthew interrupted him slowly, growling like a lion that was going to pounce on its prey.

Skyler chuckled. "Oh, sorry, sorry. I'll get there right after I come back."

"How's things going on your end?" Matthew asked again. He was concerned about his best friend.

"We talked to the HOA and local cops, but Abby's stepmom doesn't want her to be schooled. She still wants to marry the kid off, and Abby was even beaten up over that. Caleb pulled the strings and asked the cops to warn Abby's family. They had no choice but to let her go," Skyler explained briefly.

"Call me if you need any help."

"Eh, we're fine. Caleb cares about her a lot. He even enrolled her in a school. Love changes people a lot, huh? He takes care of her like she's his treasure."

Skyler kept blabbering on, but Matthew hung up without even listening. Veronica, who had gone to work, went to the airport with Mia where they obtained their tickets and boarded the flight before it took off.

A few hours later, Caleb and Skyler arrived at Bloomstead with Abby in tow. Skyler tapped Caleb's shoulder when they passed by Twilight Condominium. "This is my stop. I have something to settle." He was not going to be a third wheel while they were dating. I'd rather see that hottie right away.

"Sure." Caleb stopped the car.

Skyler said, "Na—Goodbye, Abby. I have to go now."

Abby nodded.

He got out of the car, closed the door, and left.

Then, Caleb continued their journey to a condominium near Bloomstead High and parked his car there. He alighted from the car and helped Abby with her luggage. "Come with me."

She went to the complex with him in silence. They rode the elevator up and eventually came to her new house, which was a one-bedroom unit. The house was not big, but it was beautifully decorated, and it felt like home. She stared at the house for a while when she came in, at a loss for words.

Caleb noticed her fidgeting, so he held her hand. "I'll take you to your room." He felt a cold sensation traveling up his hand when he held hers. Her hand was cold. He placed the luggage down and turned the heater on. "There's a heater here. Just turn it on if you need it. The bills are paid for. Just stay here and don't worry about anything."

Abby bit her lip, confusion gleaming in her eyes. He then took her into her bedroom and opened the closet. It was filled with the latest winter coats, down coats, sweaters, pants, and undergarments.

"These clothes fit you perfectly, and they're already cleaned, so you can just change into them whenever you want." Just like a concerned brother, he added, "Everything you need is in this room. The blanket's in this closet, and all the necessities are in there too. There's makeup on the dressing table. You're still young, so there's no need for that, but you still need to pick up a skincare routine. You don't want to get any blisters from the cold."

Caleb was usually a man of few words, but Abby was the one he wanted to keep talking to. As he continued to speak, she only stood there in silence. Since he thought she was still trying to get used to things, he advised, "You can look around. I'm going to the bathroom." He went to the bathroom and smoked.

The condominium was right outside the school. It was only a few hundred yards away, so she did not have to travel far just to go to school. Abby was a mute, and going to school would be inconvenient

enough for her, so he let her stay in this place to protect her. He came back to the living room after having one smoke, but she was not there. He went to the bedroom, but to his surprise, she was standing right beside the bed, stark naked. Her hands were balled into fists, and she was shivering. Her face was red with embarrassment as well.

He froze for a moment, and then he frowned and turned around. "What are you doing? Cover yourself!" He was sure she was not changing into anything and had taken her clothes off on purpose.

Abby did not move for a while, and he remembered she could not talk, so he insisted, "Cover yourself up, please." He waited for a few minutes, but she was still not moving. He had no choice but to turn around only to see that she was standing inches away from him.

Caleb might be a gentleman, but he was still a man in the end. The first thing he noticed was her chest. Wow, she's young, but she's really well-developed. One look was enough to light the fire of desire within him. Goddammit. I'm not a pervert. She's still in high school. He went around her to pick her clothes up and handed them to her. "Cover yourself up."

She shook her head.

"Why?" he asked. He had seen a lot of... exciting scenes when he was on the job or hanging out with his friends, but still, Abby was a far more perfect lady than those women ever were. Her curves were perfect, and her body alluring. Her skin was as fair as a porcelain doll.

He felt a boner coming up, but he was a gentleman, so he turned around and refused to look at her. Still, she would not take the clothes from him no matter how long he was holding it. In the end, he looked at her.

She signed, You guys only want one thing out of your mistresses—sex. Thanks for taking me away from that horrid place. I'll give you what you want, but um, can you not knock me up if possible?

Huh? What the hell? He wanted to curse, but he thought she had a point.

### **Chapter 392 You Are a Jerk Too**

Nobody would do anything without expecting something in return. Abby knew her family would never accept her, so she left Cabot Town with Caleb. She thought he only wanted to sleep with her, so she had to give herself up because he helped her escape and transferred her to Bloomstead High.

She thought he wanted to keep her as his mistress. Caleb knew what she was thinking, and he felt sad for her. He pitied the girl. "Just cover yourself up. I'll come back in a minute. We need to talk." He stuffed the clothes into her arms, but he touched her breasts by accident. Even though he did not mean it, the sensation of her chest still almost made him snap. He quickly ran away.

He slammed the door shut and took a few deep breaths, then left the condominium and went to the end of the corridor to get some fresh air. The cold wind calmed his flames down and he smoked one more time to get back into gear before going back to the living room.

Abby was already sitting on the living room's couch when he came back. She was staring at the ground nervously and stood up right away when he came in.

"Sit." He closed the door and sat across from her. He told her in a brotherly manner, "I'm not the kind of man you think I am. I just wanted to help."

She stared at him with her innocent eyes. She signed, 'Why do you want to help me?'

Why? He had no answer for that question. Caleb took a moment to think about it. Ever since he saw her, he thought she was an innocent angel who fell down to the earth because of God's slip up. She went through every hardship imaginable, and he sympathized with her. "I'm a cop. Helping people is my job. I helped a lot of students before you too." He gave her an excuse.

A light of worship shone in her eyes. 'Give me a second,' she signed. Abby went to the bedroom and came back out with a pen and book a long while later. She handed them to him.

"What is this?" He took the book and looked at it.

She signed, 'Thanks for letting me stay in school. That must have cost a lot of money. Can you keep a record of it? I'll pay you back after I start working.'

He wanted to say no, but she might refuse to attend high school if he did. He said, "Remember the test papers you did back in the Women's Association's office? I gave them to the headmaster. You scored well, and the headmaster said you can go straight to senior year. I'll get you some home tutors to get you up to speed. It'll cost about seven thousand and five hundred dollars for the fees and rent."

Abby might have dropped out after freshman year, but she did not give up on herself. Instead, she asked her friends to get the sophomore and senior year textbooks for her. She even asked her friends and teachers to get her up to speed. Abby thought she could go back to school if she worked for it, but when her stepmother wanted to marry her off, she knew she could never get back to school, so she gave up. It was a good thing that her results were decent, and she was good in studies. Caleb had also used his connections and got the headmaster to agree to let Abby come in as a transfer student. She would never have had the chance otherwise. He got her into senior year and hired some private tutors just so she would not have to waste anymore time.

'Thank you. I'll repay your kindness,' she said, and Abby bowed to him.

“Don’t mention it. Stay here and study from now on.” He pointed at the surveillance camera in the living room. “I’ve installed a camera here. I’ll keep an eye on you, so don’t let me down.”

He did install a surveillance camera because he was worried about her. First, she was a young lady, and second, she was a mute. He was worried someone might bully her for that.

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Meanwhile, Skyler had entered the condominium, but there was nobody in the living room. He went to the master bedroom, but there was nobody there as well. When he came to the other bedroom, he saw a lady sitting on the window, lamenting her own fate. “Wait. Yvonne?” Oh! Matthew said I’d love this job, but this is just some babysitting. Well, maybe it’s therapy, but whatever.

She turned around and saw Skyler. “Why are you here?” She had seen Skyler before. Yvonne knew she was Matthew’s friend, but she had no idea why he came.

“Matt wants me to cheer you up. Said you’re feeling down.” He went and sat on the other side of the windowsill. He put one of his legs up and rested his elbows on his knee, then rested his chin on his hand. “So, you had a breakup. Wanna tell me what happened?”

“I don’t want to talk to you.” Yvonne put her legs up. There was a pillow on her lap, and she was resting her head on it. She stared outside the window, but it could not lift her bad mood.

“You know, there’s no point being all sad for a dumb guy. Not like he’s gonna know you’re feeling down for him. He won’t care.” He snorted. “Maybe he’s sleeping with another woman as we speak. If I were you, I’d go out and have fun. The malls, the racetrack, the karaoke, and the arcade. There’s tons of fun to be had out there. If you’d like, you can just get some gigolos, and they’ll treat you like a queen. Don’t waste your time on that b\*stard. He’s not worth it. You’re just making him seem better than he actually is by being sad.”

She could have shrugged it off, but Yvonne thought about it and felt that he had a point. That jerk hurt me. Why should I feel sad because of that? It’s not worth it. She sighed. “You have a point.”

“Duh. I’m a casanova. I—”

“So, you’re a f\*ckboy too.”

“Hey, I...” He had nothing to say to that. “I was just kidding. Come on, get washed up. We’re going out. It’s loads better than you wallowing in your breakup.”

Her phone had been dead since the day before, and nobody could get through to her. She happened to be bored as well, so she said yes. “Okay.” She washed herself up and got changed before going out with him. Matthew’s cars were in the garage, so Skyler grabbed one of the car keys and went to retrieve it. Yvonne then climbed into the car, and they rode around town to have fun.

The flight took more than half a day, but Veronica and Mia finally arrived at Castron, though they seemed exhausted. The moment they came out of the airport, Mia tossed her luggage to Veronica. "Hold this for me. And my bag too."

Veronica did not have the luxury to refuse. She pushed both of their luggage without any complaints and said nothing all the way. She would ignore Mia all the time if she could. The ladies came out of the airport and got into the cab that brought them to their hotel.

### **Chapter 393 Caught Red-Handed**

Hotel Ishton was the accommodation Sean reserved for them, and the runway was just nearby. It was a convenient place for them to stay. They came to the hotel an hour later. Veronica went to the reception and took their key cards before Mia could even complain.

Veronica spoke perfect Chinese, and Mia envied her for that. She herself graduated from a famous college, but she was not that fluent in Chinese. She could barely hold her own in daily conversations, and sometimes she would even fail to express herself. On top of that, Veronica was lithe and beautiful. She was just wearing a simple black trench coat paired with a white sweater and black pants. It was a simple combination, but it still made her look like a supermodel, much to Mia's envy.

They took the elevator to their rooms, and after they walked out of the elevator, Veronica placed Mia's luggage right in front of her. "Here's your key card. Your room's that way, and my room's this way."

Mia held her bag and looked around. She arrogantly said, "You're my assistant. Shouldn't you take my luggage the whole way? You're not doing your job very well."

Veronica just smiled and placed the key card on Mia's luggage before leaving.

"Veronica! Get back here! Take my luggage to my room!" she roared at Veronica, but she got no response. Veronica went away while she stomped her foot angrily. "Sean will hear about this! You can't let me do everything myself!"

Veronica unlocked her room's door, entered her room, and slammed the door shut. She had no time to listen to Mia's babblings. The flight had left her stiff, so she stretched for a bit before lying on the bed. It was late at night in Bloomstead, but the sun was shining in Castron. She was not tired after sleeping the whole way, so she scrolled through her phone and read through the runway show's details in the company group chat.

It bored her after a while. She was going to get up and go around town, but her phone rang. "Who's even up at this hour in Bloomstead?"

Only the people back home would contact her. And it's the middle of the night now. Is it Matthew? She took her phone out, but surprisingly, the caller was Hendrey. Why is he calling me? Veronica was puzzled, and she answered the phone. "It's late, Hendrey. Why the call?"

“Are you in Larivia now?” Hendrey was working late into the night, and he did not sleep yet. Ruka had told him that Veronica had gone to Larivia for work. The thought that she might get found out worried Hendrey.

“What is it?” Hendrey skipped the formalities and went straight to business. He sounded serious as well. She knew he must have something to tell her.

“I-It’s nothing. Just saying that it’s a lawless place there, so stay indoors as much as you can.” He had called her by impulse, so Hendrey had no idea how to explain it to her. He was worried someone might see her in Castron. If they thought she was Tiffany and took her away to conduct experiments on her, they might find out who she really was. That’d be bad.

“Is that so?” Veronica did not believe it.

Hendrey said, “Tiffany got on someone’s bad side in Larivia, so you should put some makeup on if you’re going out. Don’t want anyone to catch you. That’d be bad,” he lied. It was a lousy excuse, but that was the only one he had.

“She crossed someone?” Veronica knew Tiffany had gone overseas for a while now, back when she was doing public welfare activities. She never thought that Tiffany would get on someone’s bad side, though. She was grateful that Hendrey told her that, oblivious to the fact that it was a lie. “Thanks, Hendrey. I’ll treat you to a meal when I get back.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

They made small talk and hung up. She was going to go out earlier, but she decided to stay back and game in case she got in trouble.

Mia ignored her the whole day, while Sean called her at night. He might sound like he was chiding her, but the man was actually asking her to tolerate Mia a little. “She can be temperamental,” he said. Veronica did not really care. She hung up and slept to shake off the jetlag, but she woke up only two hours later.

She was reminded of what Matthew said, and she blushed. Are you kidding me? Are you saying that I got a good night’s sleep because we had sex? No. Impossible. I just can’t get used to this bed. After that, she washed herself up and put on some makeup. She donned the foreign style getup to make going around easier.

When she met Mia, Mia kept staring at her. She thought this ‘foreign lady’ looked familiar, but she could not remember where she saw her. They got into the elevator with the other guests, and Mia’s phone suddenly rang. She picked it up. “Tiffany?”

“Yeah, don’t worry about it. That b\*tch is in the same hotel as I am. Sure. Nobody knows us here. I’ll teach her a lesson she won’t forget, but don’t forget about your promise too, Tiffany.” She laughed.

“You’re the best.” She hung up smugly and muttered, “She’s still not coming down? That b\*tch. She even wants me to wait for her? Damn her.”

She cursed and called Veronica. Coincidentally, the ‘foreign lady’ got a call as well. Her ringtone was the latest pop song back in Bloomstead. Mia frowned and glanced at her before going back to her call.

Veronica held her phone and smiled. Hendrey had called the night before and asked her to be careful, so she had put on some makeup just to stay out of trouble. Thanks to that, she overheard an interesting conversation. It was surprising that Tiffany and Mia were working together to sabotage her, though.

“Goddammit! She hung up!” Mia’s face darkened.

Just when she was going to call her again, the ‘foreign lady’ came up to her and patted her shoulders. “You’re an orphan, aren’t you, Miss Stuart?”

The fact that the ‘foreign lady’ had the same voice as Veronica jolted Mia. “V-V-Veronica? Is that you?”

“Surprise!” She smirked. “Birds of a feather, I guess. Tiffany’s a fool for working with you. You think the two of you can trip me up? Your plan failed before it even began. One more idiot and we can film The Three Stooges woman edition.”

“I... You...” Mia stammered, and she failed to make a coherent sentence. Her face was beet red. She had no idea Veronica was around, and the fact she caught them red-handed was humiliating for her.

### **Chapter 394 Meeting**

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” she denied it and waved her phone, pointing at the time. “Don’t dawdle around. We’re gonna be late. Let’s go.” She turned around and stormed out of the hotel, hiding her nervousness with fury.

Veronica did not waste any time arguing. They left the hotel and went to the venue of the runway show. Since it was a big show, it was filled with famous models and talented people. There would be tons of people watching it live, so they needed to rehearse. Mia might be the best model back in Starshine, but she was the youngest and most inexperienced one in this show.

Veronica pretended that she was really her assistant, taking care of all the trivial matters for her. Mia told her to get bottles of mineral water, sent her off to do some trivial stuff, and ordered her around like she owned the place, but Veronica patiently finished all the tasks. The rehearsal was eventually done, and Mia finished her job. Veronica eased up a lot thanks to that. It was then she saw someone familiar among the crowd. Wait... Is that Larry Freeman? It’s Larry, isn’t it?

She had gone to Collins University for her degree, while Larry had gone to the nearby film academy. They might have studied in two different schools, but they had still managed to meet up a few times. Mia noticed Veronica staring, so she looked at where she was gazing, and she felt surprised to see Larry. Whoa, is that Larry, the award-winning actor? Why is he here?



Mia felt excited, but she still acted haughty in front of Veronica. She pretended to be calm and mocked, "What are you looking at? That's the youngest award-winning actor back home, Larry himself. Why don't you beg me and I might get his autographed photo for you. Well, it'll cost you a bit, but not much. Seven thousand and five hundred."

Veronica cocked her eyebrow and looked at Mia like she had gone mad. "Seven thousand and five hundred?"

"That's a low price. It's not easy getting his autographed photo. The scalpers are selling them for thirty grand and more, but I'm just asking for a fraction of that price, so it's a really good deal." Mia was feeling smug and proud, as if she was better than Veronica just because she was a model. "Fine. What about a discount? Forty-five hundred... Nah, fifteen hundred for one autographed photo because I know you. How many would you want?" she asked.

"What a joke."

Mia raised her voice on purpose and said in Chinese, "You're telling me that you can get Larry's autographed photo? But you're just a civilian! Fine, if you can get that photo, I'll call you Mom!" Everyone knew that Larry got in trouble once for signing something. Ever since then, autographs were off-limits, though he could still take wefies.

Mia was loud, and what she said attracted everyone's attention. They looked at Veronica.

"Who is she? I don't think she's part of us."

"She's obviously not a dedicated fan. She doesn't even know about the rules."

"Yeah. It's been forever since Larry signed anything for anyone."

"I think she's an assistant to that model."

"She looks stupid."

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Everyone looked at Veronica and started mocking her.

Mia wanted to embarrass her, so she continued, "You wanted to buy a photo for fifteen hundred, didn't you? I'll give you fifteen grand, but you'll have to pay me double if you can't get that photo." She riled things up on purpose.

Veronica noticed everyone looking at them. She nodded and spoke in fluent Chinese, "Are you sure you want ten autographed photos for fifteen grand?"

"What? You chickening out? Fine. I'll double my offer," she shouted. Mia was hyping things up just so Larry would pay attention to them.

Larry glanced at them and said nothing. Veronica was sure that Mia was not friends with Larry. I bet she's just using this chance to approach him. This is the perfect opportunity to embarrass her.

The onlookers were bored out of their minds, so one of them mocked, "Thirty grand? I'll buy the photos even for forty-five grand."

"As if. Money's not the problem here. Larry won't even autograph the photos, man."

"You're right!" Someone laughed.

"I'm doubling your model friend's offer! Sixty grand for ten photos! If you can get them, of course."

"Ah, she's just trying to get his attention."

"Don't fall for her tricks."

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Veronica listened and smiled silently. "Lend me your notebook for a bit." She knew Mia had a pen and notebook in her bag.

"He won't autograph your photos no matter what you do," Mia mocked as she gave Veronica the pen and notebook.

The onlookers watched as Veronica wrote down something on the sticky note and folded it up. She then gave the pen back to Mia and went over to Larry just like that.

Larry was in traditional attire. He was wearing a black and white silk shirt inside, and that shirt was covered with a wide-sleeve coat made of tulle. His hair was slicked back, and his gorgeous face was in full view. The man looked like a god who just came down from heaven. There was a designer standing beside him, and they were talking about something.

Veronica went over to him. Larry could feel her gaze, so he looked at her, but he did not know who she was, so he looked down again.

"Hey!" She stood in front of him. The designer looked at Veronica, then at Larry, and he chose to be silent.

Larry looked at her calmly. "What do you need?"

“Can you take a look at this?” Veronica handed the slip to him.

Larry looked at the women behind Veronica. He felt like they were the center of everyone’s attention. Larry looked away and told the designer, “Do you have any special ideas for tomorrow’s runway? In terms of my style, of course.” He ignored Veronica.

Mia had been following her, and she smirked. She shouted on purpose, “Veronica, you told us you could get an autographed photo, but Larry’s ignoring you.”

For some reason, Larry looked at Mia when she said that, then he turned his sights to Veronica. Still, he could not recognize her.

Just when he was about to leave with the designer, Veronica shouted, “Hey, Crazy! Aren’t you gonna look at this?”

That came as a shocker. Everyone gasped and looked at Veronica weirdly.

“Now that’s just dirty. Calling him names just to get his attention?”

“And she called him crazy.”

“She’s dead.”

“His fans are gonna dox her if they find out what she said.”

### **Chapter 395 Messing With Mia**

Everyone was expecting a fight. They expected Veronica to get embarrassed, but for some reason, Larry stopped in his tracks and looked back in shock. He stared at Veronica and shifted his gaze to the slip in her hands. There was only one word written on it—Crazy.

He hesitated for a few moments, but eventually, he took the slip and unfolded it. The look on his face changed ten times when he read through the slip. In the end, he tucked it away and asked, “How many photos would you like?”

“Oh my god. What’s going on?” “No idea. Why does Larry suddenly want to give her the photos?”

“This is unexpected.” “What did she write? I wanna know.”

“Me too.” “And she called him crazy. Do they know each other?”

Everyone was in shock, and they were discussing the sudden change. Veronica, however, remained calm. “Ten,” she said. “Sure. Come with me.” He then chuckled. “Thirty grand for ten photos is a bad price though. Sell them to someone else.” “Oh my god, what’s going on?”

“Larry is helping her.”

“Is she his friend?”

“Odd. Did I miss something?”

“Forty-five grand for ten photos, Larry!”

“I’ll give you sixty grand!”

“Seventy grand!”

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Wow. I just wanted to get his autographed photos. I’m not trying to run an auction house here. Larry was a polymath. He had debuted as a model, but eventually everyone found out that he could sing, dance, and even act well. She did not expect so many fans of him here though.

Veronica was the center of everyone’s attention now, while Mia looked really awkward. Someone even called her out for being disrespectful to Larry. They accused her of cheapening his photos, since she would only pay thirty grand for ten of them. Embarrassed, Mia smiled sheepishly and changed her tune. “I-I was just joking around with my assistant, Larry. Um, how about I pay you s-seventy-five grand for ten photos?”

“It’s your business. You can do whatever you want.” He shrugged, choosing to stay out of this.

“Fine. Seventy-five grand it is. I’m your assistant, after all.” She heaved a sigh and took her phone out to text Mia her account number. “Now give me the money, please.” People like them could make transactions amounting to a few hundred grand per day, so seventy-five grand going into Veronica’s account was no problem.

Mia did not expect her to demand payment that soon. She trembled and blanched. “We’re not in a hurry, are we? I’ll pay you once we get the photos.”

“But Larry promised to give us the photos. Would he lie to us? Or do you not trust him?” Veronica pushed her into a corner, refusing to let her off the hook that easily.

Mia held her phone, thinking, I spent a boatload of money yesterday, so I don’t even have seventy-five grand right now. How on earth am I supposed to pay her? “No, of course not. I trust Larry.”

“So you don’t have any money then,” Veronica said. It hit her where it hurt most. “I don’t mind though. Someone else can buy it off me.”

Well, this is unexpected. I just made seventy-five grand from this trip.

“Hah. You can’t buy his photos without money. What a joke.”

“Wow, she’s super poor.”

"I don't think there are poor models on this runway, are there?"

"Who knows?"

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The crowd discussed among themselves, and Mia felt humiliated. However, she would never allow herself to look bad in front of her idol, so she bit the bullet and said, "I only have my card on me. I'll give you sixty grand first. You'll get the remaining fifteen grand later."

"Well, okay then. We are colleagues after all. You won't go back on your word," Veronica agreed.

Mia gave her sixty grand. It was a big sum for her, but she had to do it.

Veronica then told Larry, "Thanks, Larry." She then left like nobody's business.

Everyone was shocked. Holy shit. What's going on? She made seventy-five grand off Larry and asked him to finish the job for her. Um, wow. She's... one heck of a girl.

Veronica went straight back to the hotel from the runway, and she was removing her makeup when someone called her. It was a Destor number, but she had no idea who the caller was. "Who is it?"

"Demoness? Is that you?"

Veronica recognized that voice, and she roared in laughter. "And I thought you forgot about me."

"Are you free? Wanna grab something to eat?"

"No prob."

"Kay. Meet me at..."

Larry told her the address, and she hung up. After freshening up, she left the hotel. It would be weird to meet Larry looking like a totally different person, so she had removed her foreign-style makeup.

She arrived at a restaurant in Bregonia Street half an hour later. Veronica knocked on the door of the room Larry was in, and she went inside. There was only Larry within. She closed the door and turned around, then tilted her head to the side. "Hi, Crazy!" She smiled.

He stood up and stared at her in silence, then he smiled. "Hey, Demoness."

They chuckled and hugged each other.

"I can't call you Crazy now, can I? Gotta call you Larry now." They parted and took their seats.

"It's not like you to say that, Demoness." He shook his head, smiling.

“Demoness, huh? Didn’t think much about it, but honestly, it’s such an ugly name.” She picked the cup of coffee up and sipped from it. “What a coincidence. I wouldn’t have run into you if I hadn’t come to Castron with Mia.”

“I asked Hendrey if he had your number, but he didn’t.” He shrugged and sighed. “And I didn’t follow up on that.”

“He went back to Destor. I ran into him a few months ago.” She put her elbow on the table and rested her chin in her hand. She said, “It’s been years, and you’re a lot hotter now. You’re not that same lackey who I used to tease anymore. Time flies.” She could still remember everything like it was yesterday.

“Yeah, it’s been years, and the first thing you did was make a seventy-five grand off me. I had to break my own rules for you. I’m still the same lackey, Demoness.”

Larry leaned against his seat and pointed at Veronica. “Still a slave to money like ever. You didn’t change.”

“Then you’ll have to eat all you can. The more you eat, the more you make.”