

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 421-425

Chapter 421 Is Crayson Sick?

“Why are you concerned when they won’t stop you from receiving your marriage certificate?”

“You’re as worried as a toad under a harrow. Are you afraid that I’ll fall in love with someone else?”

Matthew pursed his lips and patted Veronica on the back of her head.

“Hey! If you really fall for someone else, say the word and I’ll leave without a trace.” Veronica snorted softly and appeared arrogant on her petite face.

She was so proud of herself knowing well that Matthew loved her and was fearless because of his love for her...

Matthew’s smudged smile stiffened after hearing the sentence and his smile gradually converged until it vanished.

“Look... There’s a car! Look out!”

For a split second, Matthew involuntarily lost his focus and wandered as he stared at Veronica.

At this precise moment, she pointed to the front and yelled in horror as the car in front came to a halt.

Regaining consciousness in the next second, Matthew instantly slammed on the brakes.

Squeak. A piercing sound rang through their ears and Veronica’s body was jerked forward before the safety belt dragged her back. Her body then struck the passenger seat hard after thudding around.

“What are you doing? Keep your eyes on the road while driving!” She frowned and scolded Matthew angrily.

She was furious because he drove recklessly, which caused her concern.

“Are you okay? I was just talking to you, but I was distracted.” He gave an arbitrary excuse.

“Be careful. I was almost shocked to death.” Veronica clutched her heart, terrified.

After the red light turned green, the car began to move slowly. Matthew looked ahead and said nothing while the atmosphere in the car fell into deafening silence.

Veronica, who was sitting in the passenger seat, cocked her head to look at her man. “Are you hiding something from me?” Intuitively, she felt that he appeared to be distracted by something, “Did Crayson say something to you?”

“Huh? No. Master Crayson didn’t say much to me.”

“Oh.” Veronica sighed. “My master is always like that. He likes to ignore people, but he is genuinely nice and honest.”

“We didn’t manage to collect our marriage certificate today, so let’s get it tomorrow,” she said while clutching Matthew’s hand as they arrived at Twilight Condominium.

“It’s Saturday tomorrow.”

“Huh? Then... That’s fine. Let’s go on Monday.”

“On the ninth of May? I recall you not being fond of the number nine,” he reminded.

Realizing what he meant, she responded, “Oh, yeah. I don’t like the number nine, it feels unlucky. Let’s go on the tenth.”

Letting go of Matthew’s hand, Veronica then walked over to the couch and leaned against it while looking up at the ceiling and murmuring, “I don’t understand why they’re not giving us their blessings.”

She had a sneaking suspicion that her adoptive parents despised their marriage. They clearly liked Matthew prior to this.

As he heard her words, his eyes gleamed. After that, he went and got her a cup of warm water before saying, “It’s a marriage after all, so they will naturally be concerned. In the end, I was the one who failed to provide them with a sense of security.”

“Hmm,” she agreed with a firm nod. “You are a wealthy, attractive man who likes me. Isn’t this like Cinderella? It’s no surprise that my parents are skeptical.”

What in the world is this fairy tale? This is clearly a fabricated story intended to cloud people with wishful thinking. How many real-life examples of Prince Charming falling in love with Cinderella will there be?

“In this case, you have the upper hand.” Matthew sat next to her and hugged her. His handsome face turned solemn and a glint of loneliness and gloom flashed across his eyes.

“You’re a complete narcissist.” Veronica laughed and set the cup down before wrapping her arms around his neck. “I’m getting a little tired...”

In fact, she used to have terrible insomnia. Ever since meeting Matthew, her insomnia had been relieved and her complexion has improved noticeably.

“Come on. Rest on me.” He embraced Veronica and placed her head on his lap.

“I have a show tomorrow, so can you accompany my parents?” she inquired as she curled up on his lap and clutched his hand tightly.

She had been requesting leaves for a couple of days since signing the contract with Starshine Media Agency. This made her feel sorry for Sean, who had been taking great care of her.

Once, she even went to confront him by questioning, “Mr. Ludwig, I’ve been requesting two to three days of leave ever since I started working. Not only are you not mad at me, you even continued to provide resources to me. Is it because I am Elizabeth’s god-granddaughter?” She was irritated at the time.

With her natural strong and willful personality, she only wanted to use her own abilities to achieve her goals rather than taking advantage of her status as Elizabeth’s god-granddaughter to pave her own way.

Sean grinned upon hearing her words. “Yes. Because of your identity, I promised Ruka that I would let you join Starshine Media Agency. However, I later realized that you have a lot of potential, spirituality, and talent. You’re born to be on the stage. The temperament and nobility you display on the runway are reflective of everything God has given you, allowing you to sparkle and be eye-catching.”

Veronica fixed his gaze on him as he was speaking. She could see the light and longing in his eyes; he had high hopes for her.

Ever since then, she realized that Sean only liked her because she was a dazzling star on the stage; a girl with aura and beauty. Furthermore, the fact that she was Elizabeth’s god-granddaughter made him appreciate her even more.

As a result, Veronica became more invested in her work and she was determined to not tarnish the Kingses’ reputation.

The catwalk for tomorrow was also planned a week in advance. Despite the fact that it was not a big show, she could not bring the Kings Family down.

“Don’t worry. I’ll look after Mr. and Mrs. Murphy,” Matthew assured her.

...

After a good night’s sleep, Veronica welcomed the bright morning. She washed up and went straight to the hotel where her adoptive parents were staying.

Knock, knock! The door opened.

“Good morning, Mom,” Veronica greeted as she tilted her head and looked at Daniella. She continued upon entering, “Where has Dad gone? Is he out for breakfast? Matthew sent someone to make you breakfast. It should be here anytime soon.”

“Your father is having a conversation with Master Crayson next door.” Daniella sighed deeply as she combed Veronica’s hair. “Little Roni, you’re driving Master Crayson insane. He stated that he is feeling ill, so your father went over to accompany him.”

Veronica pursed her lips and took the comb from Daniella's grasp. "Mom, please take a seat. I'll comb your hair."

She took Daniella's hand and led her to the couch in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, where she sat and combed her mother's hair. "I really like Matt, Mom. Why can't you just let me be happy?"

"Didn't Master Crayson concur?" Daniella added while spreading her hands, "His heart wouldn't be aching from rage now had he not approved of it!"

Chapter 422 Hendrey is Leaving

The movement of Veronica's hand came to a halt. "Huh? Did Master Crayson agree? Why am I completely unaware of this? When did this happen?"

On cloud nine, she handed Daniella the comb and said, "Mom, you can comb your hair. I'm going to see my master."

"You... brat." Daniella shook her head, but her face was flushed with affection. Knocking on the door next room, Tony appeared in front of her. "Good morning, Dad." She gave him a friendly smile.

"Why are you smiling when you've upset Master Crayson?" chided Tony.

"I know I'm the one to blame. I'm now pleading for his forgiveness." She squeezed in through the gap between the doors and found Crayson lying on the bed, quilted and sleeping on his side.

"Master Crayson? Master Crayson?"

Veronica approached and appeared in front of his face. "Hey, Master Crayson. My mom told me that you have agreed to my marriage with Matt. You're the best!"

"Hmph! I don't have an apprentice like you!" Crayson growled angrily. He then snorted, rolled over and had his back facing her.

Seeing this, Veronica stood up and crossed the bed to the other side. As such, Crayson eyed her and prepared to roll over before she could say anything.

However, this time, he was stopped by her. "Hey! What are you doing, Master Crayson? You've agreed to my marriage with Matt, which is the best news I could get! I swear to God..."

Having said that, she raised her palm and solemnly declared, "I swear that Matthew and I will be happy for the rest of our lives. Otherwise, we'll..."

Just as Veronica was about to continue, Crayson pouted and slapped her on the head, exclaiming, "Shut up! I'm not even in the mood. You'll irritate me to death sooner or later."

When she saw her master, who was old and gray, she sensed his distress and love for her. Therefore, she gave him a hug across the bedding. "With the exception of my parents, you are the best in the world. You must live at least a hundred years!"

"I won't be able to move at the age of a hundred. I'm afraid you won't feed me and I'll die of starvation instead." He gave her a sidelong glance.

"What are you blabbering about? I'll have steaks while you have salads; I'll eat bananas while you eat the peel... Ouch..." She cracked a joke, just like she used to do when she was younger.

She got a slap on the head about halfway through her joke. "Stop playing with me! You rude brat!"

Veronica pouted as she yanked on Crayson's beard. "You can't ignore me, Master Crayson. I'm being bullied here!"

"You earned it! You should take a beating!" he reprimanded.

The atmosphere became livelier and more relaxed as the conversation progressed.

After a while, Matthew brought his servants along with him to have a meal together.

Crayson's condition was brought to Matthew's attention by Veronica, thus, he contacted the doctor to have Crayson examined.

It turned out that Crayson's blood pressure was elevated, but everything else was normal. As such, Veronica's anxious heart had calmed down and she left for work after bidding everyone goodbye.

At 11.00AM, she had just stepped down from the stage after the runway when she bumped into Hendrey backstage.

"Hi, Hendrey. What brings you here?" Veronica was taken aback when she saw him.

She had only seen him a few times in the last three months since her hand fracture accident.

He was dressed in a white suit and appeared as gentle as he always did. He smiled brightly as he stood in front of her. "Are you recovered now?"

"Yes."

"My arm has healed," Veronica said while moving her wrist.

"You're looking good, by the way."

"It's not so bad. So, how about you? What brings you here?" She was here for a runway show at one of Bloomstead's clothing show exhibitions, so it was unexpected to meet Hendrey here.

"I'm only here to see you."

"See me?" Veronica frowned, clearly puzzled.

He could have just given me a call. Why does he have to come in person? Is something going on?

"Let's sit and talk. There's a chair over there." She pointed at the resting chair.

"No, it's fine." Hendrey gestured with his hand and continued, "My plane is departing in an hour. I'm here to see you once more before I leave for Castron."

"What? You're going to Castron? Didn't you just return and intend to stay? Why are you leaving in such a hurry?" She was confused.

Furthermore, he really appeared rushed to depart this time.

"I've lived abroad for a long time and gotten used to it. I intended to stay, but even after six months, I couldn't adjust to the environment." Hendrey shrugged helplessly. "Perhaps my adaptability is inadequate."

He pretended to make an excuse, but in reality, he had completed his mission; Bloomstead did not need him anymore, so it was natural for him to leave.

Facing her first love, Veronica had some lingering regrets about him.

However, the past was the past and there was no need to dwell on it. Starting from then, they should let go of one another and follow their dreams.

"You must have made the decision to leave since you only told me about it now. I can't see how I can make you stay either," Veronica said while slightly pursing her lips.

She then took a step forward and offered him a hug. "Have a wonderful journey. I'll see you again."

Since the year Hendrey left Bloomstead, she had been burying the words she wished to say to him. Over the years, she had gradually forgotten the unsaid words.

She remained silent despite the fact that she had thousands of words she wanted to say.

At last, she finally let go of Hendrey and looked at him with trepidation in her eyes.

He could not help but feel his heart race and throb during their long embrace. His hands on the side of his body, however, did not lift up, most likely because he was afraid... He was afraid that after embracing Veronica, he would be unwilling to leave.

"I've got something for you." Hendrey took a delicate square gold velvet box from his pocket and handed it to her. "This is a gift for you. I hope you can wear it in the future."

“What’s this?” She accepted the box and curiously opened it in which it revealed a luxurious bracelet.

The ridges and corners of the minimalist luxury bracelet were highlighted by three blue diamonds in the center while two bows and arrows are engraved on the left and right sides of the blue diamond splint.

“Don’t underestimate this bracelet. It’s magical and it’ll come in handy at a pinch, so...”

Hendrey explained solemnly as he picked up the bracelet and placed it on Veronica’s left wrist. “You must always wear this bracelet.”

“Pfft...”

Unable to stop herself from bursting into laughter, Veronica teased, “You sound like a magician. You don’t seem like the type to say such childish things. Where did the old you go?”

Her laughter made him chuckle as well. “Promise me. You’re not allowed to remove it anytime,” he reminded her as the corner of his lips curled.

At this point, Veronica thought he was merely joking. She had no idea the bracelet had such significance and could truly protect her in times of need...

Chapter 423 Tiffany’s Dead

Veronica raised her wrist and gazed down at her bracelet; her mood oddly depressed. “It’s very beautiful. I really like it.” She could not help but sigh. In other words, she promised Hendrey that she would not take off the bracelet. However...

There were words which she still kept to herself and remained unspoken. Back then, Hendrey left abruptly without saying any goodbye; seeing that he had paid a visit to bid his farewell this time after reconnecting many years later, it was considered an improvement.

He looked Veronica in the eyes with an ambiguous expression. No matter how much he resisted leaving her, he did not show a hint of that on his face.

“Go on with your work, I... It’s time for me to leave.” He pointed at his wristwatch, indicating that boarding time was approaching and that he would miss the plane if he did not leave now.

“I’ll send you off,” Veronica added with a smile, “I just happened to be done with my work, so I’m free later.”

“Will that be okay?”

“Of course! I’m available anyway.” She smiled again before continuing, “Give me a moment. I’ll get changed.”

Having said that, she entered the dressing room and changed into a new outfit. Before leaving with Hendrey, she said her goodbyes to her boss.

With that, they left the scene in her red car and drove straight to the airport.

Veronica, on the other hand, felt inexplicable regret along the way. "Are you planning on staying in Castron and never returning to Bloomstead?"

Looking ahead, she glanced sideways at Hendrey as she asked.

"I'm... not likely to return." After responding, he leaned against the passenger seat before taking a deep breath and heaved a silent sigh; it was a sigh filled with countless regrets.

"Veronica, would we still have a chance if I hadn't left without saying goodbye back then?"

What a surprise. Hendrey actually asked the very question which had been lingering upon him throughout this encounter.

"What made you think about that?" Veronica asked, pursing her red lips. "Matt and I are about to get married."

It seemed like she was giving him an incongruous answer just to avoid answering his question.

After all, what's past is past. Bringing it up again doesn't change or do anything.

Getting married? Hendrey was aware that she had feelings for Matthew, but the two kept their relationship to themselves. Since there were never any rumors about them in Bloomstead, Hendrey assumed that they would at least make an announcement regarding their marriage.

However, Veronica made it sound like... "You're marrying in secret?"

"Yeah," she admitted in a heartbeat.

To that, he appeared a little dazed. He clenched his fists and replied with a forced smile, "Oh, wow. That is a brave thing to do. Congratulations, but I'm afraid I won't be able to make it to your wedding."

"It's a secret marriage, so I'm not planning a wedding."

"Well, congratulations on your marriage in advance! Wishing you both... a lifetime of happiness and love."

Hendrey clearly felt the pain from the sudden contraction of his heart when he uttered the words 'a lifetime of happiness and love'. It was a painful, bitter sensation that made it even more suffocating to face.

"Thanks," she thanked him for his blessing and turned to look at him next to her. Even with a quick glance while driving, she could sense the loneliness and sadness on his face.

I've never really understood why he'd suddenly fallen for Tiffany.

But now, I do.

He never had feelings for her in the first place. He either saw Tiffany as my replacement or he was using her to get a reaction out of me. Otherwise, why would he, as a boyfriend, remain silent when such a tremendous event had occurred to his girlfriend?

"Castron is no more secure than Bloomstead. So, please look after yourself. You know I'm only a phone call away," Veronica reminded him when they alighted from the car at the airport.

While carrying a backpack on his side, he smiled at her. "I'm leaving. Take care!"

"Take care!" She gave a slight nod.

With that, he turned and walked away after waving.

After entering the airport lobby, Hendrey never once looked back, but Veronica stood there as she watched his figure fade into the crowd.

She was unable to express her confusion and emotion.

After all, Hendrey was one whom she had loved wholeheartedly. Even if he was her first love, they finally had a meaningful farewell for once.

Veronica reached out to touch the bracelet on her wrist and sighed before getting into the car and driving away.

Her car vanished into the traffic; the man in the hall stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows while his starry eyes gradually dimmed, looking in the direction she drove away.

Veronica, I'm not sure when we'll be able to see each other again, so please take good care of yourself!

Hendrey despised having to leave Bloomstead, but he had no other choice.

Ten minutes later, Veronica received a phone call from Caleb while she was on the road.

She frowned in confusion as she saw his caller ID flashing across the phone screen. Why is he calling? Is there something wrong with Abby?"

After a brief hesitation, she answered the phone, "Hello, Caleb. What's the matter?"

"Uhm..."

He let out a sigh and the heaviness in his tone was audible over the phone.

“What happened?” Veronica’s chest tightened. She quickly pulled over to the side of the road and inquired eagerly.

“Tiffany... She’s dead.”

“Wait... What? Did you just say that Tiffany is... dead?”

As a result of the unexpected news, Veronica’s mind went blank. “Was it a suicide or murder?” she inquired after a while.

“The evidence suggests suicide and Randy is also missing,” Caleb immediately explained her of the situation.

“How long has Randy been missing? Where’s Floch and Rachel?”

“It took three days to confirm their disappearance. That old couple was in a bad mood and Rachel was constantly crying. Floch, on the other hand, smoked cigarette after cigarette.”

“Okay, I get it. Thank you very much, Caleb.” Veronica hung up the phone and sat in silence in the car for a long time.

Despite her hatred for Tiffany, Tiffany was still her biological sister after all. This unexpected death had struck her with more sadness than she had expected.

If Tiffany was murdered, Matthew was unlikely to be the perpetrator. He would not have waited this long to assassinate her.

Veronica was about to pick up her phone to call Matthew when she remembered Hendrey.

Regardless, he and Tiffany had been dating for quite some time, so he needed to be informed.

As a result, she dialed Hendrey’s number right away.

“Hello, the number you have dialed is unavailable...” The intercept message rang on the other end of the phone. As such, Veronica sighed as she looked at the time. He’d most likely boarded the plane by this time.

“Matt, have you heard the news about Tiffany’s death?” She phoned Matthew and asked.

“Yeah. Caleb just informed me of this,” said Matthew calmly and steadily.

“Do you think... I should go have a look?” Veronica felt conflicted about the situation.

On one hand, she despised Tiffany, but on the other, she considered Tiffany to be her sister. There’s no point in holding grudges against her now that she’s... gone.

Chapter 424 Matthew Lied to Her

“Follow your heart. You can go if you wish to.” Matthew allowed Veronica to make her own decision. “I...” She paused for a moment before saying, “Alright.” An hour after she hung up the phone...

Knock, knock—

The door opened moments after Veronica knocked. When Matthew saw her standing at the suite door, he grabbed her hand and snatched her into his arms, giving her a warm hug.

Within his embrace, she closed her eyes and snuggled into his arms.

The two remained silent as he raised his hand and gently patted her back to soothe her emotions.

“Has Roni returned? Come on in! Let’s eat.” Not hearing any response, Daniella turned around to see the two of them standing at the door while hugging in a lovey-dovey manner.

“Oh, okay.”

Only then did Veronica let go of Matthew and turn to face Daniella. She responded with a hum and signaled Matthew to keep Tiffany’s death a secret.

Veronica did not want to reveal too much about Tiffany’s affairs even though they did not care about Tiffany.

He nodded slightly and shut the door before entering the living room with her hand in his.

In the living room, a sumptuous meal was prepared on the dining table and they gathered to have their meal.

“Roni, your mom and I will be returning to Bloomstead with Master Crayson in the afternoon.” stated Tony in the middle of his meal.

Veronica was stunned for a brief moment. “You’ll leave in the afternoon? Didn’t you arrive here just yesterday?”

Snap—

Crayson slammed his cutlery down on the table. “Hmph. Your parents and I are getting older now. We can’t take care of you forever. You are free to make your own decision regarding your marriage.” The enraged master took a sip of alcohol from the glass with staring eyes, looking obviously displeased.

Having her meal, Daniella listened to Crayson’s words and glanced at Veronica without saying a word; she intended to maintain neutral.

Crayson’s words held some truth, but so did Veronica’s.

At that point, Veronica suddenly realized that the meat in her mouth was not appetizing. She lowered her head in thought while chewing the pork knuckle in her mouth. "Master Crayson, I know you're doing it for my own good, but my happiness is in my hands. I still want to—"

"For all you want, you can do whatever you like and let us know when the wedding is due." Crayson stroked his beard while speaking, then resumed eating.

After the meal, they all sat for a while before the three elders insisted on leaving. As a result, Veronica and Matthew drove them to the train station.

Along the way, Matthew expressed a desire to have someone drive them back to Bloomstead, but he was turned down.

At the train station, Veronica was just talking to Tony and Daniella when Crayson mentioned, "I need to go to the toilet."

"I'll take you there, Master Crayson." Matthew offered his assistance as if he was worried that the old man would get lost.

Crayson then returned his gaze to Matthew after separating himself from the group and quietly reminded, "I hope you will keep your promise."

"I'm fine with not marrying for the sake of Roni," said Matthew so casually, but the disappointment and pain in his dark pupils were visible.

"For Tiffany's death, I believe you must know who the murderer is. Am I right, Master Crayson?" he asked after a brief pause.

Matthew was confident at this point that Tony and Daniella had no idea about Veronica and Crayson's identities even till now.

Tiffany's death, on the other hand, was not an accident and Crayson should be well aware of the reason.

"Boy, you are very smart. I greatly admire you," Crayson replied as he raised his head to look at Matthew meaningfully after pausing for a moment. "I'd be very supportive of you two getting married if Veronica wasn't fated with that identity." He patted Matthew's shoulder.

In actuality, Crayson never supported Veronica and Matthew's marriage from the start; it was all an act with Matthew in front of Veronica and her adoptive parents.

That night, he informed Matthew of some critical information regarding Veronica, prompting Matthew to agree with him...

For the time being, Matthew would not register his marriage and marry Veronica.

"Sigh!"

After speaking, Crayson shook his lowered head and slowly withdrew his hand from Matthew's shoulder before heading to the bathroom.

Everyone entered the bus after Crayson emerged from the bathroom and Matthew handed them the gifts he had prepared before watching them depart.

The bus was getting farther away and Veronica finally exhaled a sigh of relief. "Phew! They've finally left. Fortunately, my parents aren't aware of Tiffany's death or they'd be overthinking it."

"Let's head back. I'm a little tired," she said while holding Matthew's hand with a lingering heaviness on her face.

After a long, hazy day at work the next day, Veronica was invited for dinner by Yvonne and Ivana at Shiro's sushi.

Once they gathered at the restaurant, they ordered their food before opening up their talk. "I heard Tiffany is dead, is that true?" Yvonne inquired, intrigued.

"Yeah. I'd heard rumors about it as well. However, due to Tiffany's previous scandals, the Larson Family did not dare to announce her death, so they planned to cover it up by claiming she had gone abroad," Ivana nodded and said.

"Yes. I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Larson are already preparing to auction the company and they appear to be leaving Bloomstead," Yvonne added.

In response to their questions, Veronica nodded tiredly. "Yes."

"My God! How could something like this happen? She was just fine the other day and now she's gone..." Yvonne was taken aback and reached out her hand to cover her mouth.

"She's earned it. She deserved to die because she committed far too many sins during her life," Ivana grumbled angrily.

Not saying much, Veronica remained uninterested and gloomy.

Upon noticing her moodiness, Ivana and Yvonne changed the subject.

"By the way, Roni, would you mind doing me a favor? My baby is over six months old and I'd like to give birth at Westcross Children's Hospital, but I can't transfer the paperwork there. Any ideas on how I can deal with it?" Yvonne said to Veronica while extending her hand to caress her stomach.

Hearing this, Veronica, who was eating California rolls, was taken aback. "You can look for Skyler! Apparently, he has a good relationship with the hospital's president. Your problem can be resolved simply with a word from Skyler. I'm the last person you should look for."

"Hey! I'm not going to look for him." Yvonne rejected and rolled her eyes as she dipped her sushi into the soy sauce. "He's a jerk."

Perplexed, Veronica turned to Ivana, hoping for an explanation.

“Don’t look at me. I have no idea what’s going on either.” Ivana shrugged helplessly.

“What happened between you and Skyler?” Veronica had no choice but to turn to Yvonne before she became even more confused.

After all, Skyler had been there for Yvonne during her depressive period ever since she had broken up with Conrad and the two had gradually become friends after that

The last thing that Veronica would expect was that they had a fight.

“What else could it possibly be? Skyler looks down on me, saying I’m not as good as Monica and that I’m doomed to care for my child on my own. He even said that I should not have kept the child.” Yvonne poked the sauce plate with her chopsticks as if to express her displeasure.

As such, her action had drawn Veronica’s attention; her willow brow furrowed slightly and she noticed a change in the atmosphere...

Chapter 425 Attending Tiffany’s Funeral

“Skyler praised Monica?” Veronica asked in disbelief. Monica, in her desperation, came to Veronica for help once. Her mother-in-law abused her and had hurt her child badly. She phoned Skyler and asked him to admit Monica’s child into Westcross Children Hospital. Thanks to that, the child was saved.

Monica fell on her knees and thanked Skyler, but they did not really talk after that.

“Yeah.” Yvonne pouted. “He said she’s gentle, smart, understanding, knows how to make money, and takes care of children really well. Instead, he called me a spoiled princess who can’t even take care of myself, let alone a kid!” She smacked the table. “Of course, I’m mad!”

She’s complaining, but uh... That sure doesn’t sound angry to me. She looked at Ivana, but the woman only cocked her eyebrow and smirked. Oh... So that’s what this is. Okay. This is surprising.

Veronica took some time to process it and answered, “Skyler’s just concerned about you, but he doesn’t know how to show it.”

“Don’t talk about him. He’s annoying.”

“Really? What should I do then? I still have to call Skyler if you need me to get you into Westcross, and the last time Monica asked for my help, I—”

“Alright, enough! It’s Skyler this and Monica that!” She slammed her cutlery down. “You guys go on ahead without me. I need to use the restroom.” She got up and went to the ladies.

Ivana whispered, "She's had wild mood swings ever since she got pregnant. Don't take it to heart."

"Oh, I don't think it's because of the pregnancy." Veronica smiled mysteriously.

She went back to Twilight Condominium at night. Veronica had her own place, but Twilight was near Starshine and her wedding planning agency was not that far away either, so she stayed around. The agency had opened for business a month ago, but it was a relaunch with Matthew as the boss in name. Numerous clients supported it thanks to that and the business boomed. Since Monica had to make money for her kid, Veronica assigned her as a part-time wedding planner. Thanks to her talent and capability, she was one of the pillars of the company now. On the other hand, Crayson maintained his position as the security guard, but he went back home to rest up as he had not been feeling well lately.

After arriving home and noticing Matthew's absence, Veronica went to the study and held an online meeting with Vincere Games' team members. They talked about the company's future and the plans that would lead to it. Thanks to Veronica's team, she had been enjoying great success ever since she invested in the company. They had been making profit ever since the second month. They had made four-hundred and forty thousand up until the current month; their momentum could not be stopped.

Just as Veronica logged out of the meeting and started up a game, Matthew returned home. "What are you up to?"

"Just a game. I'll finish up this match in a jiffy," she answered and went back to her game.

With that, Matthew went and poured her a cup of tea. He placed it in front of her and stood behind the chair to watch her match.

In the game, she eventually got to the high ground and destroyed the enemy team's home base tower. With that, she won the match and removed her headphones. Leaning into her chair, she stared at Matthew and asked, "You must be busy with work, huh?"

"Well, I finished it." He held her cheeks and pressed his lips against hers. "Why didn't you go to sleep? You didn't have to wait for me."

"I'm not waiting for you. I-I just don't feel like sleeping." She would not admit that she was expecting him. Suddenly, she remembered something and her eyes shone. "Dad and Mom blessed our marriage. Can we head to the Civil Affairs Bureau tomorrow and get registered?"

"Oh, about that. I need to tell you something." He went around and pulled her up from her chair. Matthew sat down and placed her on his lap. "It's Tiffany's funeral tomorrow."

"It's tomorrow?" Oh. Not a good day to get wed. She leaned against his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Did you find Randy yet?"

“Nope.”

“Weird. If Tiffany did cross someone, they’d only get back at her or her parents at most. Why did Randy get dragged into this?”

Veronica met Randy a few times before. They chatted a few times and he was a lively guy. She did not particularly like him, but she did not hate him either. “Don’t you think Tiffany’s death reeks of conspiracy, Matt?”

Though Veronica was not sure the cause of Tiffany’s death, let alone being at the scene, Veronica believed that things were not as simple as it looked.

“Not sure.” Matthew patted her head. “Just mind your own business and stay out of things you shouldn’t ask.”

“I’d like to attend her funeral.”

“I’ll go with you.”

That night, they did not take long to fall asleep and woke up early the next morning. The couple washed up and went to Tiffany’s funeral. Since her funeral was kept secret, there were not a lot of guests present.

It was drizzling and the sky was overcast. It loomed over everyone, spreading depressiveness across the air. A big group of people were standing under a tree on the northern side of Saint Cemetery; they were in black attire, holding black umbrellas and all of them were facing a gravestone.

Veronica and Matthew were each holding an umbrella and they approached the tree. She saw Floch and Rachel standing at the side, hand in hand. They had a black armband on their arm and a lily pinned to their chests. The couple looked forlorn and dejected as Floch’s hair turned gray overnight, seemingly aged ten years in just a while.

Meanwhile, Veronica also saw Ruka, Caitlyn, and Reese there. They were all Tiffany’s friends and Reese was also her best friend. Though they had gotten into an argument, Tiffany’s death still hit her hard. Moreover, Conrad and Tiffany’s friends were there as well.

“Why did you come, Veronica?” Reese placed a lily in front of the gravestone. She wiped her tears away and turned around just to see Veronica and Matthew coming closer. Infuriated, she pointed at Veronica. “You hypocrite! I bet you’re happy now that Tiffany’s dead!” she roared.

It attracted everyone’s attention.

Caitlyn had hated Veronica for a long time now. She too pointed at her and roared, “Leave! You’re not welcome here!”

“Veronica’s here? Now that’s surprising.”

“Matthew is here too.”

“Tiffany had a grudge with Veronica. She could be related to her death.”

“Hey, that’s just speculation.”

“It’s nice for Matthew to come, though. Tiffany tried to dupe him before.”

“The Larsons are gonna treat Veronica better now, won’t they? She’s their only daughter now.”

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Everyone was whispering among themselves; they kept looking at Veronica and the Larsons as they came up with all sorts of theories.