

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 436-440

Chapter 436 Please Be My Master

Veronica could not contain her laughter and she replied in fluent French, “Enchanté, je suis Veronica Murphy.” She made a friendly gesture to shake his hand and added, “I’ve seen your movies and you’re a great actor. You’re quite agile and I enjoy your action scenes.”

“Wow, you speak great French!” Stephen shrugged in surprise and grabbed her hand before lowering his head to kiss the back of her hand. However, Veronica was not quite used to such enthusiastic customs.

Larry smacked Stephen on the shoulders and formed a fist with his right hand as he pointed with his thumb at Veronica. “I need to inform you of this. She’s good at fighting and she’s comparable to you, so why don’t the two of you go for a friendly match?” he spoke gloatingly as if he was the one good at fighting and he appeared to be quite smug.

“Why did you bring this up?” She rolled her eyes at him. “Stephen is a huge fan of martial arts and he’s always keen to find a sparring partner. I’m just fulfilling his wish,” Larry spoke to Veronica in their Collins dialect. “Are you an idiot? He’s so well-built and more than six-foot tall. Look at his muscles. You must be trying to get me killed, huh?”

“What? Are you kidding me? Even if there were two of him in front of you, you would be fine.” They bantered back and forth while Stephen watched their interaction with a dumbfounded expression. Finally, he lifted his hand. “I’m sorry to interrupt, but could you guys speak in French? I can’t catch your conversation.”

Larry smiled cheekily and lifted his brows at Stephen while fueling the flames. “Veronica mentioned that your fight moves in the movies appear to be scripted... Ouch!!!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Veronica had directed a kick in his direction and she quickly explained in French to Stephen, “Don’t listen to his nonsense. I mentioned that you are tall and well-built with well-defined muscles and I would be knocked down in one single blow.”

“Larry hardly ever praises anyone, so I would be quite keen to...” As Stephen spoke, he paused for a moment to consider the situation before pointing and explaining in his slightly stilted English, “In your language, I think it’s known as a spa... uh, I mean... sparring.”

As soon as Larry heard the word ‘spa’, he could not contain himself and burst into laughter. “Hahaha! Yes, you’re right. It is a spa. Haha! My stomach hurts from all the laughing...”

“Larry! Have some decency, alright?”

Veronica gestured to the fans waiting close by. “Your gushing fans are watching you right now.”

“Miss Veronica Murphy, that area there is quite spacious. Why don’t we have a friendly match over there?” Stephen, who was a martial arts fan, anxiously wanted to spar with her.

“Uhh... Well...” She awkwardly reached out to stroke her nose before looking at Larry. She could not help asking in a soft voice, “Does he usually behave like this?”

“Yeah. He’s a martial arts fanatic.” He relished in causing trouble for her while he watched her struggle. “Give it a go then?”

“Yeah, let’s give it a go. I’ll request some time off from the director this afternoon and I’ll treat you to a meal.”

Stephen was in his thirties and had bronze-colored skin with a mustache. He was considered to be those buff and well-toned men commonly seen in international movies. He had an enrapturing smile that looked quite therapeutic.

The movie was an international blockbuster; although they were filming in the country, the crew members were mainly foreigners.

As soon as they heard Stephen, they rushed over and surrounded the three of them, “Fight! Fight! Fight!”

“Wow! She’s such a good-looking lady. I like her.”

“Uhh... She looks quite weak. Will she be able to beat him?”

“Come on. Go for a match. Hahaha.”

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Veronica realized that some of the people here were displeased with her, especially upon seeing two handsome men crowded around her. She noticed the envious looks shot at her by the women and if looks could kill, she would be dead by now.

Since she had no other option, she was forced to agree. “Stephen, he makes me sound like I’m great, but I’m not. I’m not that good at martial arts, so please be lenient.”

“I’ll definitely take extra caution around a pretty lady like you.” He lifted his head and smiled, making him look exceptionally approachable.

Stephen was born with a fair complexion, but he did not like to play the character of a goody-two-shoes, so he enjoyed sun tanning. He had also gotten tanned by making use of tanning beds. Although his skin was tanner than usual, he was definitely a good-looking man.

After all, one's looks were not affected by one's skin tone.

Veronica removed her sling bag and sunglasses before flinging them over to Larry. Subsequently, she spoke in English, "Larry, you're such a rascal! Each time we meet up, you're always creating trouble for me! Just you wait! I have been keeping tabs on everything that you've subjected me to!"

In response, Larry burst out laughing.

Meanwhile, Stephen removed the costume he had on and led Veronica to a wide space inside. "Let's have our friendly match here. This is a spacious area."

He walked over with Larry and the group of crew members with nothing to do followed them too. On the other end, filming went on as usual on set.

The originally wide space was now filled with more than twenty people and most of them were dressed in their costumes. Their presence made Veronica feel slightly awkward.

"Fierce one, good luck! Make sure not to embarrass me!"

Larry generally had a cold and indifferent image from the characters he played, but in reality, he was a clown. Still, he had a great personality and it was undeniably rare to find someone unaffected by the scandalous ways of the entertainment industry.

The only ones who truly knew Larry's true personality were those who were close to him.

"Miss Veronica Murphy, are you ready?" Stephen clenched his fist and put on an offensive stance as he waited to make his first move.

"I'm ready."

As Veronica shifted her wrist, she saw Stephen rush forward and his punch was headed right at her. She was startled and thought to herself, I've underestimated him. He's fast!

She dodged to the right and lifted her wrist to block his attack and took the chance to attack his stomach by lifting her knees.

It was an unexpected attack for Stephen, so he immediately took several retreating steps before steadying himself.

He shifted his neck and his bones cracked from that action. He nodded earnestly and praised her, "Wow! You've got great moves!"

Stephen, being a huge fan of martial arts, knew that it was rare to encounter a woman great at martial arts; someone like Veronica, who was not only pretty but great on her feet, was definitely one of a kind.

At that moment, he became very enthusiastic.

Subsequently, he came forward and directed a blow toward Veronica's face, but he stopped even before he hit her face. It was a false move and he directed a flying kick at her instead.

Although Veronica did not expect this, she reacted swiftly enough to somersault into the air and leaped behind Stephen. Next, she directed a kick at him after turning around and he stumbled from that kick.

Clap— Clap— Clap— There was a round of applause that rang out all of a sudden.

“Dope!”

“Oh my God! Martial arts can be quite impressive indeed.”

“She's so cool! I'm so keen to learn from her.”

“I'm so impressed! She's awesome!”

“She's got great moves. Her future husband will surely be in mortal danger.”

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Following that, Veronica continued the match and exchanged several blows with Stephen. He had gone from underestimating his opponent to finally putting in the utmost effort to fight and he realized that he was no match to her.

Finally, he admitted defeat graciously, “I give up. That's enough for me. Miss Murphy, you're really great at this.”

Stephen chuckled and ran in her direction. He was not upset at all about losing the fight to Veronica. On the contrary, he was delighted. “Would you be willing to accept me as your pupil?”

Chapter 437 Grandma's Missing

“My pupil?” Veronica was dumbfounded. “Yeah, that's right. Do you reckon I'm good enough to learn from you?” Stephen pointed at his nose and looked at her expectantly.

“Uhh... Well... Hahaha...” She revealed an awkward smile. She did not expect Stephen to be so obsessed with martial arts to this extent.

During the first half of last year, she had not been practicing martial arts properly; instead, for the later half of the year, Crayson had implemented a rigorous training regimen for her. Earlier this year, he had even come up with different ways to train her despite her injuries.

When she had injured her left hand, he made her train to fight by just using one hand. For the entire time, she had been forced to wake to train at about 4.00AM and she was not given a break either after she arrived home from work at night after dinner. She was thoroughly exhausted from all that training.

Thanks to her dayjob and business with Vincere Games, Veronica was able to improve leaps under the immense pressure and discipline. The extent of her improvement was impressive to the point where she was astonished too.

It was merely a year and even if she tried hard, she knew that there would be a limit to her advancing. However, she seemed to have a nagging sense that there was still limitless potential within her to be discovered.

She had once asked Crayson about her condition, but he had merely brushed her off by saying, "Perhaps you're now blessed with some talent because of your idiocy."

His words sounded too perfunctory, so naturally Veronica did not trust a word of that. However, she did not pursue it any further.

"Wow! That was an awesome performance there, you fierce one! I can't believe that you've gained a pupil just like that from visiting me at work! You're one of a kind!"

Larry was being a jerk and he continued to tease her.

Slightly resigned, Veronica mentioned, "Stephen, you're great in martial arts and we're an equal match for each other, so there is no need for you—"

"No. No. No." Stephen shook his head and pointed at the high heels Veronica had on with his finger. "You fought me while wearing high heels nearly four inches tall. You haven't even fought with your best effort, so I know that you've been holding back. How about you just agree to be my master?"

Even though he was in his thirties, he looked rather goofy as he revealed a sincere look when he spoke and it was hard to reject him.

At that moment, the director yelled out with his foghorn, "Stephen, are you ready? It's your turn."

"I'm coming." Stephen nodded and placed both hands on Veronica's shoulders. "I'll treat you to a meal once I finish shooting this."

After saying that, he clutched Larry's hands. "Don't let your friend leave."

Subsequently, Stephen ran off in the direction of the indoor shooting scene.

The bystanders surrounding them came forward and heaped praises on Veronica.

Meanwhile, most of them were actors and actresses whom she had seen in those international blockbuster films.

She greeted them one after the other and for the first time ever, she found that it actually felt great to be praised by the others.

In the end, the crowd dispersed. Larry then brought Veronica to the rest area and continued to chat.

Shortly after that, Stephen finished shooting his scene and joined them. Stephen invited Veronica out for lunch and he mentioned that he had asked for some time off from the director.

He was very enthusiastic, so Veronica found it hard to turn down his invitation. Furthermore, Larry pestered her to accept it, so she ended up agreeing.

“Master, could I have a photo taken with you?” Stephen held up his phone and waved it in front of her as he asked.

“Sure thing.” Veronica nodded.

Consequently, the three of them took a group photo.

Veronica was in exceptionally great spirits, so she posted the photo on her social media. ‘I’ve been lucky enough to take a photo with Oscar-winning actor Mr. Stephen Armstrong. He’s a witty and charming man.’ She included a photo with her post.

Inside the photo, Stephen stood by her left side while Larry was on her right and the two guys flanked her. They had even pulled a funny face and it was a photo that left everyone dumbfounded.

She had just posted the photo on her social media minutes ago and soon enough, the comments streamed in.

Yvonne’s words were ‘You’re such a lousy friend! That’s my idol there, so you must get me an autographed photo!’

Skyler: ‘Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. He’s an international superstar and fights well. Did you two have a match?’

Ivana: ‘Aaahhh!! This is insane! He’s my favorite idol! Help me get an autographed photo, darling boss.’

Mia: ‘Tsk! There is nothing to be proud of for knowing Larry. Show-off!’

Caleb: ‘Great!’

Ruka: ‘Since when did you get to know these huge superstars? Introduce me to them.’

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As soon as these people saw Veronica's social media status, Matthew's phone beeped subsequently too.

He retrieved his phone and unlocked it to take a look. His most frequently used profile on Twitter had no notification reminder, but there was a notification reminder on the Twitter profile of his 'secret identity' instead.

He tapped into it and there was a new tweet made by his friend and he merely followed one user—Veronica.

Someone like Matthew with an exalted status usually scoffed at the thought of creating a second social media account, but because he had broken up with her, they no longer maintained contact with each other.

Somehow, he had ended up registering a second Twitter account and followed her as his friend to stalk her life silently.

This was the first time in the past three months that she had released her first status update.

However, as soon as Matthew saw the two men by her side, he frowned and there was a thunderous expression on his face.

He continued to stare at the photo for quite some time before finally placing down his phone; he leaned against his chair while he remained lost in his thoughts.

Ring. Ring. Suddenly, his phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID and saw that it was a call from Mrs. Coleman, who served Elizabeth at Kings Residence.

Matthew knew that it was rare for Mrs. Coleman to call him, so something must have happened for her to contact him.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Coleman?" He answered the phone.

"Gosh, Young Master Matthew, where are you right now? Something's gone wrong. I was taking a walk with Old Mrs. Kings when she instructed me to go and get her a bottle of water. In a blink of an eye, she had gone missing." On the other end, Mrs. Coleman was frantic with worry as she spoke.

"Missing?" Matthew lifted a hand and pressed the area in between his brows. "Where did she go missing exactly?"

"It's a park near Falls Street."

"Alright, don't panic. I'll send some men over to look for her right away." He did not blame Mrs. Coleman at all and he hung up the phone after saying that.

He rose from his seat and grabbed his jacket from the coat hanger. Subsequently, he strode out of his office.

Ever since Elizabeth had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, they had been keeping a close eye on her. However, she had been behaving normally for the past few months, so that was why everyone had gradually overlooked her.

At the same time, Veronica, who was currently still located at Rocky Bay, received a phone call too.

Mrs. Coleman's number was saved on her phone, so she saw from the caller ID that it was her on the line.

"Stephen, Larry, give me a minute. I have a call to take."

She pointed at her phone and spoke to the two before walking to the side to answer the phone. "Mrs. Coleman?"

"Veronica, something's gone wrong. Old Mrs. Kings has gone missing. I... I've searched for ages, but I can't find her. What should I do?" Mrs. Coleman heaved a sigh.

"What? Grandma's missing? How did that happen? I thought she was doing quite well lately?" Veronica instantly figured that Elizabeth's Alzheimer's disease had worsened.

Mrs. Coleman slapped her thighs out of anxiety. "Gosh! I know! You're right. But then, I was well... I didn't mean to take my eyes off her."

"Alright there. Take a deep breath. Where did Grandma go missing? I'll head over there right now to look for her."

"We were at the park on Falls Street."

"Sure, Mrs. Coleman. I'll be there shortly." Veronica hung up the phone and turned around to explain the situation to Stephen and Larry. "Guys. Something urgent has popped up back home, so I won't be able to join you two for lunch. Please excuse me."

Chapter 438 Slapped by Grandma

"What's the matter?" Larry saw Veronica's serious expression. "What happened?"

Veronica looked at Stephen and explained, "I'm so sorry. There's an emergency at home. My grandma is lost, and she has Alzheimer's," she explained that deliberately.

"Oh, God! Do you want us to accompany you to find her?" Stephen spread his hands. "Many hands make light work."

“It’s okay. You should continue filming. I have a friend over there to look for her. Let’s get in touch later.” After Veronica said that, she stated to Larry, “I’ll have my leave. I can’t delay this matter any further.”

“Okay. Stay safe on your way. Let me know when you find her.” “Alright.” Veronica jogged away from the crew and drove back to the city center.

When she arrived in the city center, she contacted Yura, and they met at the agreed place. However, there was another person next to Yura—it was Matthew Kings.

Although Veronica knew she could not avoid Matthew here, fortunately, she was mentally prepared. So, she stepped forward without looking at Matthew and asked Yura, “Mrs. Coleman, have you found Grandma?”

“Yes, I just found her. She’s in the car. Phew! What a false alarm. It’s my fault for not noticing it.” Yura patted her own thighs and said with a smile.

“You little brat! It’s been a long time since I saw you, and you never visit me at Kings Residence.” When Veronica talked to Yura, the car window rolled down. Elizabeth was complaining about her dissatisfaction with Veronica from the car.

Hearing that, Veronica turned her head and walked toward Elizabeth. “Grandma, you’ve made me worry!” “Come on, get in the car,” Elizabeth said as she opened the door to let Veronica get in.

Veronica knew that the car belonged to Matthew, so she was reluctant to enter the car for a moment as she did not want to meet the man. In the end, she had to bite the bullet and get into the car as she knew Elizabeth missed her very much. “Grandma, I miss you too. However, I’ve been busy with work,” Veronica explained.

Standing by the side of the road, Matthew looked at Veronica, who was in the car, with a dark gaze. For a moment, he didn’t know how to get along with her.

Raising his hand, he tugged at his tie. In the end, he stepped into the car, opened the door, and got into the driver’s seat. Then, he looked back at Elizabeth to ask, “Grandma, you—”

“Veronica, since you’re free today, come back to the Kings Residence to accompany this old lady.” Then, Elizabeth patted Matthew. “Start the car. Go back to the residence.”

“Huh?” Veronica hadn’t figured out how to face Matthew and get along with him either, so she couldn’t help but feel embarrassed when she heard Elizabeth’s request. She brainstormed and made an excuse. “Grandma, my car is still parked over there. I can drive over.”

“Give me your car keys. I’ll let Thomas drive your car with Mrs. Coleman.”

Matthew raised his eyes and looked at Veronica through the rearview mirror with a calm gaze.

It was three months after they had last met. In just two days, they met again. No matter what, Veronica felt awkward.

When she remembered that Matthew liked Sasha, Veronica felt disgusted at this cheater of a man.

Her heart was aching terribly at that point.

However, Veronica couldn't bear to disappoint Elizabeth when she saw the elderly woman's expectant look. "Okay."

Veronica took out the keys and handed it to Matthew.

He then threw the keys to Thomas from the car window. "Drive it back to the Kings Residence."

"Yes, Young Master Matthew," Thomas answered, after which Matthew drove away.

Along the way, Elizabeth took Veronica's hand and happily chatted with Veronica.

Elizabeth was always shrew, so she knew Veronica and Matthew were arguing. She pretended to get lost earlier because she wanted them to gather here.

Veronica was worried about Elizabeth, so she held her hand and reminded the old woman, "Grandma, you should go to the hospital for a checkup in the afternoon."

Elizabeth leaned on the seat and raised her hand, thereafter brushing the silver hair on her temple. "I'm just an old lady that no one wants to meet, so it's useless for someone like me to consult a doctor."

The words made Veronica speechless.

Hence, she pouted and said, "I'm with you."

When she spoke, another voice rang out. "I'm free this afternoon."

"Jeez! So, you two finally have time to accompany me?" Elizabeth nodded. "Okay, both of you must accompany me this afternoon."

Both of us? Veronica was reluctant. She wanted to keep a distance from Matthew to separate herself from him. "Grandma, since he's with you, I'll—"

Elizabeth swept a sharp gaze over Veronica just as she was about to say something.

After being stared at, Veronica immediately fell silent and did not speak.

"What are you hiding? I'm old but not blind." Elizabeth became fierce and she then said in a tone befitting the elder of the Kings, "What are both of you doing? You were fine, but currently, you are causing trouble. Both of you never return to the Kings Residence. You did not give me a clear reply when I asked you about what happened. Do you still respect me?"

She was angered.

Now, Matthew and Veronica understood Elizabeth's intentions.

It took Elizabeth a lot of effort to get them together.

Facing the sudden reprimand, Matthew continued to look ahead and drove silently.

On the other hand, Veronica released Elizabeth's hand and tilted her head to look out the window without speaking.

Seeing that neither of them spoke, Elizabeth felt a headache coming on. "Tell me, Matthew Kings—what happened between Veronica and you?"

He tapped the steering wheel lightly while resting his elbow on the doorframe. Then, he placed his fingers on his cheek thoughtfully.

There was a long silence in the car, and it was only after a while did he say, "I broke up with Roni."

"Broke up? Hmph! There must be a reason for it!" Elizabeth continued to pursue the matter.

A trace of pain flashed through Matthew's gaze. However, the emotion vanished in an instant. He answered, "We did not get along after spending some time together, so we naturally broke up."

"Do you not get along? Hmph! After a year, you're now only telling me that you do not get along?" Elizabeth was furious and leaned forward to slap Matthew's head, although Matthew was driving. "What the hell are you talking about?!"

Seeing Matthew was slapped by Elizabeth, Veronica turned a blind eye and didn't interrupt. It was because she didn't know what to say.

"You rude thing, you never do things properly!" Elizabeth reprimanded while pointing at Matthew angrily.

Veronica was worried that Elizabeth's sickness would worsen, so she persuaded, "Grandma, please calm down."

"I can't calm down. This brat has never given me peace of mind since he was a child!"

Chapter 439 Calculative Conrad

"Well..." Veronica touched her head and thought hard before explaining, "You can't blame Matthew."
"Who should I blame, then?"

"You should blame m-me." So, Veronica took all the responsibility on herself and said embarrassingly, "He didn't think we did not get along. However, when we were dating, I felt a gap between us and our values did not overlap. Moreover, our hobbies are different, and we have no common topic, so we are out of sync."

Although the affair between Matthew and Sasha made Veronica sick, Matthew had saved Veronica numerous times. Although Veronica still couldn't understand why Matthew saved her, she was grateful.

"Besides, I don't want to get into a relationship now. I am doing good in the company and working hard to further my career. My career is getting better." Veronica gave an excuse that even she herself thought was flimsy.

"You—" Elizabeth frowned and looked at Veronica with doubt as she didn't believe it. "What is this? Are you trying to use a flimsy reason to shut me up?"

Elizabeth was furious, so she gave Veronica another slap on her head. "Both of you are liars!"

"Ouch!" After receiving a slap, Veronica shrank back and chuckled guiltily. "Please don't be angry, Grandma. You can't force a relationship. Besides, although I am not with Matthew, I still love you. Could it be that you don't love me anymore because of this?"

She put her arms around Elizabeth and leaned on Elizabeth's shoulder, acting like a spoiled child. "Y-You! Jeez, the both of you are making me angry!" Elizabeth slapped her own thigh angrily.

Veronica raised her head and rested her chin on Elizabeth's shoulder. Tilting her head, she said playfully, "Grandma, please don't get involved in my relationship. Although I broke up with Matthew, we are still friends."

Matthew saw the warm scene behind him through the rearview mirror, but he felt uncomfortable by Veronica's words.

He nodded cooperatively. "Yes. We're still friends."

"Hmph! You guys are hopeless."

Seeing that they wouldn't spill out their secrets despite asking them, Elizabeth snorted and didn't speak anymore.

However, she was planning something.

Lunch had been prepared by the time they arrived at the Kings Residence.

During the meal, Conrad appeared.

"Hey, Roni, Matthew. Why are you back?" Conrad was wearing a navy-blue shirt with slicked-back hair. He still had a short beard and mature temperament, looking full of masculinity.

It was a pity that an ugly heart hid behind such a handsome face.

Although Veronica hated Conrad, she had to be polite as Elizabeth was his mother.

"Hello, Uncle Conrad," Veronica stood up and greeted.

Matthew coldly glanced at Conrad but didn't speak.

"Why didn't you tell me in advance when you returned at noon?" Elizabeth muttered and then instructed her servant, "Get another serving for Conrad."

Conrad sat down facing Elizabeth. To his left was Matthew, and to his right was Veronica.

"Roni, how is... Yvie?" Conrad suddenly mentioned Yvonne.

As Veronica heard him mention Yvonne, she subconsciously looked at Matthew, and Matthew returned the look simultaneously.

Yvonne's child is Conrad's son. In addition, Conrad addresses Grandma as Mom. Therefore, Veronica and I must address Yvonne's child as our younger brother! I'm sure Conrad must have an impure motive to mention Yvonne to Grandma now.

"She's going abroad. She'll come back a while later," Veronica lied smoothly.

After a while, Yvonne would take her child to Craston to raise him there.

There wouldn't be a problem if they were not here.

Conrad glanced meaningfully at Veronica while the servant served his servings. Finally, he took it and said, "Thank you."

"Come on, let's eat now," Elizabeth said. Only then did the rest of the family start to eat.

Conrad attentively passed some pepper to Elizabeth. "Mom, this is for you."

"Such a kind child. That's why you're my favorite." Elizabeth sighed.

Conrad smiled alluringly. "It is all thanks to you. Do you still remember what you said before? Does it still count?"

Veronica, who was eating, frowned when she heard that. She tightened her hands while holding the tableware. She had a hunch that what Conrad was going to say must be related to Yvonne.

She looked up at Matthew and saw he was calm and eating elegantly.

That calm appearance made it seem that he was isolated from the world.

"I usually talk a lot. You are testing my memory," Elizabeth answered while eating.

“Haha!”

Conrad chuckled at that. “That’s funny.”

With that, he lowered his head. After cutting up a piece of meat, he put it into his mouth and chewed slowly.

It was only after a long while that Conrad put down his cutlery and placed his hands on the table. Then, he said thoughtfully, “It is about the Spinfluence Group. Mom, you said you were optimistic about Matthew and I. You also said you would give the group to whoever had a child. Today, I will bring you good news. Yvonne—” Conrad deliberately dragged his voice while looking at Matthew. “Yvonne gave birth to a child last night. It’s my son.”

It seemed he was asserting dominance in the last sentence.

“What did you say?” Elizabeth was surprised and she looked at Conrad. “Are you sure? Didn’t you break up with Yvonne? Why did she have your child?”

It was a piece of sudden news.

Veronica had tried time and time again to persuade Yvonne to not give birth.

However, Yvonne insisted on giving birth, so Veronica stopped persuading her.

However, after listening to what Conrad had said, Veronica understood the importance of Yvonne’s son. She also understood why Conrad never interfered during Yvonne’s pregnancy.

He was plotting for the Spinfluence Group.

Veronica bit her fork, frowned, and looked at Matthew. However, he continued to eat as if he hadn’t heard anything.

His gestures were full of nobility with elegant movements.

At that point, Veronica had a thought.

Matthew is intelligent and wise, so he would have known the implication of Yvonne giving birth. However, he never interfered with Yvonne’s decision. He just asked why Yvonne insisted on giving birth. I told him Yvonne said the child in her womb is a living being. Therefore, no one has the right to kill him. After that, Matthew never talked about it again.

Chapter 440 Compete for the Spinfluence Group

“Yvie gave birth at Westcross Children Hospital. The child is about six pounds. It’s a boy.” Conrad accurately told Elizabeth about the child.

It was evident that everything was under Conrad's control. Veronica suddenly felt that Yvonne could not easily leave Bloomstead now. After Conrad said that, he turned to look at Veronica. "Roni, you're the one who sent Yvie to that hospital, right?"

Veronica said Yvonne had gone abroad a moment ago, but Conrad exposed her lies. Veronica held the fork and scooped some salad to her mouth, pretending to be calm. She wanted to avoid the subject.

However, Elizabeth looked at Veronica with a meaningful gaze. There was a rare seriousness that appeared on her wrinkled face. "Is that so?"

She did not address Veronica affectionately. Instead, Elizabeth asked this bluntly. Hearing the stately tone of Elizabeth, Veronica did not dare to hide it, so she nodded and admitted, "Yes."

Conrad must be fully prepared to tell Grandma about this. Even if I deny it, Conrad could still come up with evidence to refute me, so it's useless to lie.

When Veronica nodded and admitted to it, she keenly noticed that Elizabeth frowned, then glanced at Matthew. "Matthew, do you know about this?"

"Yes." Matthew continued to lower his head to calmly eat, as if what just happened had nothing to do with him. Not many could be calm in this situation—Conrad was a classic example.

The man thought Matthew would be furious after he said something important. However, Matthew did not react. To Conrad, Matthew was pretending.

Conrad thought that Matthew was panicking, and the latter was only trying to act calm. However, Matthew really didn't care about this. Elizabeth had her mouth agape as she tried to say something. However, when she saw Matthew calmly enjoying the meal, she said, "Let's finish the meal."

"Okay, Mom." Conrad had to obey when Elizabeth spoke. Still, he couldn't hold back his giddiness and smiled at Matthew. However, the cold man didn't even give Conrad a glance. They dined quietly, except for the crisp sound of knives and forks hitting the porcelain plates.

After the meal, Elizabeth put down her knife and fork to wipe her mouth with a tissue. Then, she said to Conrad, "Conrad, come with me."

"Yes, Mom." Conrad nodded, thereafter getting up and walking past Veronica to Elizabeth. Then, he helped the latter out of the dining room. It was then that Matthew and Veronica were left alone at the table.

Veronica retracted her gaze from Conrad and Elizabeth to look at Matthew, only to see him playing with his phone, looking indifferent and relaxed.

"Yvonne's child concerns the heir to the Spinfluence Group. Why didn't you tell me about this?"

She felt out of touch when Matthew never told her about this.

However, the one that was out of touch the most was Matthew.

Matthew turned off his phone screen and raised his head to meet Veronica's gaze with a pair of charming eyes. "It's useless telling you about this. Would you make Yvonne go through an abortion? Or would you be able to stop Uncle Conrad?"

Veronica can't do anything, so there is no need to tell her about these things.

Veronica was speechless after hearing these two questions, as she didn't know how to refute.

She frowned while holding the tissue she just used to wipe her mouth, feeling irritable.

A*shole, what do you mean?

"Matthew, although we broke up, I am still Old Mrs. Kings' god-granddaughter. Can you stop being so passive-aggressive?!"

She was in a bad mood, so she scolded Matthew.

Matthew raised his eyebrows in response. "Uncle Conrad is my uncle, and I treat him the same. You have to get used to it."

He spoke slowly, making it impossible for one to tell his feelings.

However, Veronica felt pained deep down because Matthew was acting as if they had never had an intimate relationship.

"You—" Veronica couldn't help but get annoyed. "Yeah, I can't do anything. However, I could've prepared Yvonne mentally if you told me earlier!"

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any obligation to do this."

Facing the woman he loved, Matthew said every barbed word with insult.

Although he couldn't bear it, Matthew had to distance himself from Veronica. Only in this way could he silently do more for her.

During the three months of their break up, Matthew asked himself countless times in the boundless dark.

Is it worth doing this for Veronica? Will she start a new relationship when I'm helping her? Will she hate me forever?

These questions had plagued Matthew for a long time, but he was a persistent man.

There was no going back for him once he decided something.

“You’re right.” Veronica nodded while pulling out a sarcastic smile. “You win, Matthew Kings.”

She angrily slapped the tissue on the dining table and left.

Matthew sat on his chair. He didn’t dare to look at Veronica’s angry and disappointed retreating figure.

It was because he was afraid that one glance would be seen by the spies from Conrad. In addition, Matthew was afraid he would run to Veronica and hug her into his arms to tenderly coax and comfort her.

Veronica crossed the cobblestone path and went to the small pond. Sitting in the pavilion by the pond, she sighed deeply. Then, she angrily grabbed the leaves of the lush that were growing on the pavilion railing. “B*stard!”

She cursed, then suddenly thought of something important, so she immediately called Yvonne.

After a few beeps, Yvonne answered the phone. “What’s the matter, Roni?”

“Yvonne, Conrad knows that you have given birth to a child. He wants to use your child to compete for the position of heir to the Spinfluence Group. “You must prepare yourself because Conrad will not let your child go.””

Veronica briefed Yvonne about the situation.

On the other end of the phone, Yvonne was silent.

“Hello? Yvonne, did you hear me?” Veronica shouted worriedly when she couldn’t hear anything.

“I-I heard it. Don’t worry; I will not let Conrad take my son away even if it costs me my life,” Yvonne replied decisively.

“Then you—”

Beep, beep, beep!

Before Veronica could speak again, Yvonne hung up the call.

Veronica put away her phone. Leaning against the railing, she sighed.

She broke up with Matthew, so she didn’t want Matthew to talk about Yvonne’s case.

Although Veronica didn’t want to show her weakness before Matthew, Conrad was a force to be reckoned with and she couldn’t handle him.

