

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 476-480

Chapter 476 Conrad's Spectacular Acting Skills

"Are you crazy, Yvonne? You're not even in contact with that b*stard anymore. So, what does he have to do with you even if he's dead?" Yvonne was talking to herself aloud.

She eventually placed her phone down and closed her eyes as she had her facial mask on. But after that little facial session, she still felt anxious. So, she couldn't help but call the number again. Beep beep...

The phone rang a few times before the other party answered. Yvonne immediately asked, "Hello, was it you who called me just now?"

"Oh, it was my colleague who called. May I ask if you are the family of the phone owner? Please come to the hospital to pay the hospital fees." "Hospital?"

"Yes. The patient fainted on the road and was taken to the hospital. The situation is bleak and needs further examination. But you'd better come over and pay the medical..."

"Doctor, the patient's situation is very unpromising. Look, here are the test results. There are signs of cancer cells spreading." "Cancer cells? Let me see."

Yvonne was conversing with the doctor when another woman's voice rang out on the phone. When she heard the other party say 'cancer cells spreading', her heart pounded in fear. How can this be?

"Hello, are you his family? Please hurry up and come to the hospital. The patient's condition is in dire straits," the doctor continued to say to Yvonne. Yvonne was frozen in place before she replied, "Okay, I'll be there right away."

Then, she hung up the phone and went to wash her face before quickly changing her clothes. She didn't hesitate as she drove straight to the hospital.

It took half an hour to reach there, and Yvonne's mind kept recalling the doctor's words. As the doctor's words echoed in her mind, the uneasiness within her swelled with each passing second.

The moment she arrived at the hospital, she inquired about the situation at the front desk and went to the ER. However, when she had just run to the corridor, she heard a commotion originating from the ER.

"Sir, your situation is very severe. Please cooperate with the treatment."

"Yes, he's right. You have liver cancer, and it has spread. You won't have much time left if you don't get treated in time." "I know you must be worried about money, but is money as important as your body?"

A few medical staff tried to stop Conrad, but he pushed them away. "Let go! I told you, I'm fine. What do you mean I have liver cancer?"

"We did a CT scan on you, and it shows clearly that you do." The doctor tugged on his arm. "You need to get treatment as soon as possible."

Suddenly, he pushed the doctor against the wall and held onto the doctor's neck with his hand. "I repeat, I am not sick. And, if this thing gets out, I'll drag the hospital's name to the mud!"

Everyone was stunned, and nobody dared to make a sound after hearing that threat.

Only then did he let go of the doctor's neck. He let out a derisive snort as he walked in the direction of the elevator.

There, he saw Yvonne, who was standing by the doors of the elevator.

This caught him by surprise as he halted in his steps momentarily. Regardless, he continued walking toward her with furrowed brows.

Yvonne had just heard the entire conversation, and it was only then that she discovered that he was ill. But...

Is he acting?

Yvonne still had some doubts about the matter.

She thought that Conrad would talk to her when he laid his gaze on her. Instead, he stopped at the elevator entrance to press the elevator button, faced the other way, and didn't say a word.

During the whole time, it was as though he didn't see Yvonne, who was just standing at the side.

If it weren't for the slight pause in his steps earlier, she would have believed that he hadn't seen her. Although they were in close proximity, it felt like there was a chasm between them.

Even though she hadn't seen him for half a year, her heart still pounded now that he was right before her.

Even the thought of him having cancer caused a burst of pain deep inside her heart.

Ding!

The elevator door opened when it reached their floor.

Conrad immediately entered the elevator. He didn't even hesitate to press the close button, so the doors closed after him, and he left, just like that.

From the beginning to the end, he didn't even glance at Yvonne; it was as if she didn't exist.

At this time, a paramedic came over. "Are you the wife of the gentleman just now?"

"Huh? Oh, yes, I am." Yvonne returned to her senses and asked anxiously, "What's wrong with him? Why was he so emotional just now?"

The doctor standing before her was the same doctor Conrad had just choked. He pointed to the CT report in his hand and said, "The patient has advanced liver cancer and now needs treatment, but I see that the patient was agitated just now. It's probably because he couldn't accept reality. As the patient's family member, you must persuade him to cooperate with the treatment. He must fight for that sliver of chance that the treatment takes, and he lives a long life. Otherwise, I'm afraid that he doesn't have long to live."

"What? He doesn't have long to live? What do you mean?"

Yvonne clutched onto her bag nervously. She unconsciously held her breath as she waited for the doctor's explanation.

"Look, the cancer cells have spread so much. It is severe." The doctor pointed to the CT report. "If it deteriorates further, he will only have about less than a year to live."

The doctor let out a long sigh. "After years of practicing medicine, I've seen too many reactions like this from patients. Most of them are not willing to accept it."

"Okay. I-I understand."

Yvonne nodded her head, but her mind was filled with white noise.

In the end, she didn't even know how she got into the elevator and left the hospital.

After she returned to the villa, Yvonne had expected that Conrad would take the initiative to contact her, but she didn't receive a single text from him even though she had waited for the entire day.

...

Veronica and Ruka had agreed to go to Castron the next day, but today she received a call from Ruka, saying that the fashion show scheduled in Castron had been canceled.

Ruka asked, "So... Do you still want to go to Castron?"

She knew that Veronica was in a bad mood, so she was cautious with her words.

"Of course, I'll go. I've already promised you that, and I won't go back on my promise."

So, the two took a plane the next day and went straight to Castron.

On the other hand, Yvonne tossed and turned. She stayed awake the whole night as her mind was preoccupied with Conrad's situation.

The check sitting on her bedside table kept reminding her of the man.

Finally, she couldn't resist it anymore as she phoned Conrad.

Beep, beep...

Someone picked up the phone.

After the call was connected, Yvonne did not wait for the other party to speak.

Both of them knew who each other was, but Conrad didn't have the intention of talking first.

"W-What are you doing right now?" Yvonne finally stammered out a question after swallowing the other questions she had for him in her heart.

"Working."

Conrad's attitude was slightly cold. "Is there something you need?"

"I... I..." Yvonne didn't know what to say. Finally, she glanced back at the check on the bedside table and asked, "I just wanted to ask, why did you give me the check?"

"Didn't Veronica explain? That check isn't for you. It's for the child."

He sounded indifferent, which made her feel as though there was a wall between them.

She was utterly unused to his cold reception, so she couldn't help but feel that there was something very wrong with the way he was acting.

Could it be... that there is something he couldn't tell me?

"I can raise the child myself. Where are you? I'll return the check to you."

"There's no need," he didn't leave room for discussion as he refused.

But Yvonne was stubborn. "I don't want your things."

"... I'm at the company."

"Okay. Then, I'll be seeing you."

Yvonne took the check and drove to Conrad's company.

Humans were innately curious creatures. Therefore, she was no different from everyone else. If anything, she was even more curious and worried since she was still deeply in love with Conrad and the mother of his child.

Now that she had learned that he had cancer, she felt very uncomfortable.

Chapter 477 The 'Truth' Is Revealed

After Yvonne arrived at Southcon Enterprise, she checked in with the receptionist, who took her to the president's office. She rapped smartly on the door, and a muffled voice permitted her to enter after a while.

Her hand hovered over the door handle. She swallowed nervously before pushing the door open and entering the office. "Ugh ..."

Conrad slouched in the executive chair and was coughing uncontrollably. Conrad looked flustered when he saw Yvonne entering the office. He hastily stowed away the medicine boxes on the table into the drawer.

In his haste, he accidentally knocked over a box of medicine, and it clattered noisily on the floor. Yvonne, who just happened to walk over, picked up the box when she spotted it.

The box was labeled 'SoraniB'. The label further explained, 'This product is used for treating inoperable or distant metastatic hepatocellular carcinoma.' "How dare you touch my things?!"

Conrad lunged over and snatched the box away from Yvonne. He stuffed it into a drawer and slammed it shut. A loud bang resounded in the office.

He shot Yvonne a glare. "Aren't you just here to hand over the check? You can leave if you've done what you came to do."

Then, he smoothly picked up a document on the table and pretended to read it. He had no intention of entertaining Yvonne.

Yvonne felt the discomfort in her heart swell when she saw his agitated outburst. She had known him for such a long time and had never seen him in the throes of such a violent temper. Furthermore, the look of panic on his face was not an act. "Does he really have ... cancer?"

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. A secretary stepped into the office and said, "President Kings, the meeting has begun."

"All right. I'll be there in a moment."

Conrad placed the document back on the desk. Then, he stood up and said, "If you've delivered the check, please leave. As you can see, I'm very busy. I have no time to idle chatter."

He strutted out of the office and headed for the conference room.

Inside the office, Yvonne stood frozen in the same spot. She was instantly besieged by a swirl of emotions that she couldn't even begin to identify.

She was wholly frazzled as her thoughts felt like a ball of yarn. She had no idea what to make of everything that had just happened.

She was in love with Conrad, and the sudden terrible news stunned her. She was suddenly overwhelmed by a sharp flare of despair.

Her reverie was interrupted by yet another series of knocks on the door.

The door opened, and a woman peeked into the office.

Click, clack, click, clack.

Her high heels clicked on the floor tiles as she stepped into the office. "Where's President Kings?"

"Ah, h-he's gone to the meeting," sputtered Yvonne.

The woman who just stepped in was the chief secretary. Therefore, it was only natural that she recognized Yvonne. "Ah, it's you, Miss Spencer. Why don't you sit down for a while? Would you like a drink? Some coffee? Tea?"

The chief secretary arranged three thick folders on Conrad's desk.

Yvonne stole a quick glance and noticed that they were insurance documents.

Her heart pounded with trepidation, so she blurted the first drink that came to mind, "Umm ... if it's not too much trouble, do you have any grounded coffee?"

"Why, of course."

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it, Miss Spencer." The chief secretary briskly walked out of the office.

After Yvonne ensured that the door was closed shut, she hurriedly grabbed the insurance documents.

She initially thought it was the insurance Conrad had bought for her. Alas, her worst fears were confirmed when she opened the folder. It was a life insurance plan that Conrad had bought for himself, and he had listed Yvonne as the beneficiary.

In that instant, tears suddenly welled in her eyes as she began to accept the reality that he was truly ill.

She turned her attention to the second insurance contract.

It was an accident insurance. The insurance insured both Yvonne and Ian for ten million dollars.

The insurance even had both their ID numbers.

Yvonne sighed as she continued to read the third document. It was a profit-sharing policy for Ian.

The amount insured was another ten million.

Yvonne suddenly remembered something after she had read all three documents in detail. She hurriedly scanned the file and discovered that Conrad had bought it for her six months ago ...

Six months ago... Isn't that when Zac arrived in Bloomstead and kidnapped me?

She was sure of it. She had called Conrad, begging for help, but he hadn't picked up the call. Instead, it was Veronica who had rescued her and showed her footage from a surveillance camera.

In the video, Conrad was sitting in the office with a girl straddled on his lap.

Why? If I mean nothing to him, then why did he buy me an insurance policy half a year ago and make me the beneficiary?

An answer came to mind ...

Could this all be an act on Conrad's part?

He clearly had her contact information yet chose not to contact her.

He obviously knew where Ian lived. So why hadn't he visited him?

Conrad constantly threatened to take Ian away, yet he had made no concrete moves.

Yvonne mulled over the onslaught of information. At the end of the day, it was too much for her to bear as her knees wobbled, and she fell to the ground.

She clutched the contract close to her chest as her hands trembled uncontrollably. Finally, she couldn't hold back her tears and broke down in uncontrollable sobs.

Yvonne placed the documents back on the desk and sat on a couch in the lounge room.

Not long after, the chief secretary brought her a cup of coffee. "Miss Spencer, please take your time. President Kings is currently in a meeting. He'll be with you as soon as the meeting is over."

Yvonne sniffled as she tried to wipe away her tears discretely. "Okay. I'll wait."

"Miss Spencer, are you crying? Is everything okay?"

Yvonne nodded her head. "It's fine. Everything's fine."

The chief secretary clearly wanted to say something but bit her tongue out of professionalism. "All right, please let me know if you need anything else." Then, she turned and left.

As soon as the door shut, Yvonne couldn't stop bawling.

Excruciating pain tore through her heart. It didn't hurt like this the time she and Conrad had a misunderstanding. It even hurt more than the time he suggested they break up.

Why is this happening?

She sobbed as an oppressive sense of despair overwhelmed her entire being.

The office door opened, and Conrad entered the room. He stared at her. "W-Why are you still here?"

Yvonne choked back tears. Her face was red and blotchy from crying, and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

She saw the face she knew so well, as calm, dignified, and charming as ever. The instant she was reminded that the man she loved didn't have much time left, agony gripped her heart.

Conrad didn't say anything upon seeing her tears; he offered no words of consolation. Instead, he sat down at his desk and began sorting out a pile of documents.

This blatant attempt at ignoring Yvonne confirmed her suspicions.

There's no doubt about it! Conrad knew he had cancer. That's why he deliberately chose not to answer my calls. That's why he had an affair with another woman.

Both Conrad and Zac were friends. After she planted evidence on Zac to frame Conrad, Zac spared Conrad's life, knowing that his friend was fighting cancer.

This line of reasoning made too much sense.

She braced herself as she staggered towards Conrad.

She stumbled over, gripped his desk, and mumbled, "Are you hiding something from me?"

Conrad didn't look up from the documents he was reading. She immediately noticed that he had already hidden the insurance policies away.

"No." Conrad's answer was curt and matter-of-fact as if he wasn't dying from cancer.

That wasn't the answer Yvonne was looking for as she stood mutely by the desk. For a long time, she didn't know what to say; tears wordlessly rolled down her face.

Her fingers scratched against the desk in anxiety. Finally, after she watched on as Conrad signed some of the documents, she bit the bullet and muttered through gritted teeth, "I ... read the insurance documents."

Conrad's hand wavered as soon as he heard what she had said. Then, he violently slammed the pen against the table. "How dare you go through my things?"

Chapter 478 Yvonne Falls for His Trap Again

"I-I..." Yvonne couldn't bring herself to say the words. So, she pursed her lips gently together, suppressed the sadness in her heart, and said. "Answer my question."

All she wanted now was to find out why Conrad lied to her, and she needed to hear his reasons from him.

"There's nothing I need to tell you." He lowered his head and started working, taking his eyes away from her. "Get out. I'm going to work now," he said and began to read a document carefully, ignoring Yvonne.

She was distressed and annoyed when faced with his indifference. Hence, she took a step forward, snatched the document out of his hands, and tossed it aside. "Tell me, what's wrong with you?!"

This time, she raised her voice and yelled hysterically.

Conrad was shocked by her reaction as he stared at her in disbelief and was at a loss for words for a long while.

"Do you have cancer? Did you already have cancer six months ago, so you refused to pick up my calls after Zac caught me to make me lose hope in you? Is that right?"

Her heart was filled with anxiety without an answer from him, and tears rolled down her face uncontrollably from her swollen eyes, looking incredibly pitiful when she was sad and crying.

There was a split second when Conrad was shocked and touched by Yvonne's reaction upon finding out that he had 'cancer'. Despite that, his mind started replaying the things that had happened between him and Zac.

That night, he was taken away by Zac precisely because Yvonne had fibbed to Zac, and that was how he ended up being humiliated.

If it weren't because of this woman in front of him, he would have never been violated by Zac. Taken over by his self-esteem as a man, Conrad felt that he had suffered a great insult, and he directed and amplified all the abuses he had suffered from Zac on Yvonne.

Because of that, the affection and guilt that arose from her reaction disappeared in an instant.

All that was left was hate.

Even so, he had to finish his performance perfectly, and this was the moment an actor could display his skills.

“No!”

Conrad rose to his feet, reached out to pick up the document she had snatched away earlier, and returned to his seat again, continuing his work.

“That’s impossible! It’s not like that!” Yvonne shook her head repeatedly in disbelief, unable to accept the things he said. “Why? Why did you lie to me? Why?”

She choked as she sobbed, and her cries were so heartbreaking that she couldn’t handle all the emotions swirling in her. She slowly crouched down and cried helplessly with her head buried in her hands.

Conrad feigned composure as he pretended to be reading the document. When he noticed her crouched figure on the floor, he narrowed his eyes, and a smirk tinged the edges of his lips.

Yvonne Spencer, you brought this upon yourself! he thought. From now on, everything you go through will be your retribution.

After a long moment of silence, he drew a few pieces of tissue and passed them to her. “Stop crying... You’re affecting my work.”

She was startled by his sudden attention as she glanced at his face, which carried a trace of grief. Although he had said the cruelest things, it was all for her own good, and she couldn’t help the tears that rolled down her cheeks due to his considerate nature.

She felt incredibly annoyed as she sprang up and punched his shoulders repeatedly. “You’re a meanie! A meanie! Why did you lie to me? Why... Conrad, you’re an *sshole...” she cried, sniffing between her words.

She punched him to vent her frustrations, but he didn’t resist at all. Slowly, he stood up and let her rain her punches on his chest.

Yvonne was tired from raining brows at him, so she threw herself into his chest and circled her arms around his waist, sobbing, “Conrad, why didn’t you tell me about all the things that had happened? Why?”

At this point, Conrad thought his performance was close to perfection, and he said solemnly, “That’s because it’s enough if only one person is suffering.”

When Yvonne finally heard an answer from him, she raised her head slowly, staring at him woefully through her swollen and teary eyes. “Why are you... so silly? You’re so silly...”

How could such a silly man exist? He had done so many things secretly that she knew nothing about for her sake.

If she hadn't received the call yesterday, she might never find out the truth her whole life.

"Why do I think that you're more silly than me?" He wrapped an arm around her waist, and used another hand to wipe away the tears on her cheeks with tissues. "Yvie, we've already broken up. Don't you know that you shouldn't look back after a breakup? You're still young, and a great future awaits you."

He looked at her with adoration as he said the words which tugged at her heartstrings the most, and even though he was persuading her to break up with him, it charmed her into loving him more as now she would do anything to stay with him.

"No, I don't want that. I-I... only want you." Therefore, she grabbed the hand that was wiping away her tears and placed it on her chest, where her heart was beating against it. "My heart is so small that it can fit only you. All I can think about is to love you, and I... don't want to love anyone else anymore."

As he heard her sincere confession, he was a little touched and held her tightly in his arms. "Yvie, what should I do with you? You're still so young, and I... I'll only hold up your youth."

She leaned against his chest, breathed in his scent, and felt utterly at peace. Even though he had cancer, she was content to have met such a man in her life.

"Conrad, you're... everything I want," she muttered, stood on tiptoes, and held his face with her palms as her lips met his.

This kiss was deep and passionate.

Conrad didn't turn her down; he had to admit that when it came to Yvonne, she was curvaceous and had an incredible figure. In addition, she always practiced yoga, and was the best in bed among the other women he had been with.

While they kissed each other passionately, he led her toward the lounge and pulled the door open before taking her into the small resting area. Then, he placed her gently on the bed.

When he was above her, he asked again in a husky voice, "Silly Yvie, are you... really not going to regret this? You should know that... maybe I can't be with you for a long time."

This was simply to tell her that he may not live long, and she could still choose to leave him now.

The tears in her eyes rolled down the corners of her eyes, and she shook her head. Finally, she wrapped her arms around his neck, kissed him, and said, "Conrad, I just want to be with you forever."

Where in the world am I going to find such an amazing man like him? she asked herself.

Silently, she decided in her heart that even if she had to give everything she had in this life, she would treat his cancer and stay with him until the last moment of his life.

“Yvie, you’re... so silly.”

Conrad leaned down, held her waist, and picked up the remote control next to the bed to close the curtains.

After that, merrymaking broke out in the tiny lounge. At first, it was Yvonne taking the initiative until it became Conrad who was in control.

Although they were utterly engrossed in their merriment, Yvonne was a little worried about Conrad’s health, and a few times, she couldn’t help but advise him, “Conrad, you’re unwell, so you shouldn’t overdo it.”

However, he was affectionate and loving as he said, “My physical condition is excellent. So, it’s not a problem.”

Chapter 479 Conrad’s Scheme

After their merriment, Yvonne fell asleep while Conrad leaned against the bed’s headboard, looking out the window with deep thoughts in his mind.

Even though his plan was a success, he felt no satisfaction or exhilaration from it. In contrast, he felt even more troubled.

Time passed by, and the tired Yvonne woke up. When she saw that the man was smoking beside her, she reached out and held him by the waist. “Conrad, you’re not well. Why are you still smoking?”

“It’s fine.” Despite what he said, he had already put out the cigarette between his fingers in an ashtray. “Don’t be so worried about me.”

“How can I not worry about you...?”

As she leaned on him, she took in his unique smell, then immersed herself in bitter sadness.

She had even forgotten that it had only been two weeks since she had given birth and was still in her maternity period.

“You should be worried about yourself and the baby. It will be best if both of you are healthy and safe.”

There wasn’t any sweet talk, but just because Conrad said these in his ‘current condition’, it moved Yvonne so much that she felt a sting in her nose again.

Tears stung her eyes, and she pursed her cherry lips. “The baby... Have you met him yet?”

Since he knew which hospital the baby was born in and also had a copy of his proof of birth, could it be that he had also met the baby before? she wondered.

“Yeah, I did,” he admitted. “The baby is very adorable, and his eyes look just like yours.”

The best lies are the ones that were built upon the truth. If it weren't because he didn't have cancer, even he would be caught up in the lie and feel touched.

For Yvonne, just the thought that Conrad purposely stayed away from her because he had cancer and even planned their breakup filled her with guilt.

“Conrad, I'm sorry...”

Previously, she had made all the preparations to guard herself against him, but who knew that he didn't have any thoughts of harming the baby, not to mention taking the baby away from her side?

“Huh? Why are you apologizing out of the blue?” A gleam flashed past his eyes, feigning ignorance even though he knew what she meant.

“I-I...” She raised her head, looked into his eyes, and whispered softly, “Before this... I kept having the wrong idea about you. That's why I don't want you to meet the baby. I-if I knew that this is what the situation is, I wouldn't have allowed Matthew to hide the baby.”

All the prep work from before was so that he could find out the baby's whereabouts from Yvonne. Nevertheless, he didn't expect that everything would progress so smoothly.

Three days, he thought. No, if I calculated everything into hours, it was only fifty hours.

Luckily Veronica wasn't in the country, or Yvonne wouldn't have taken the bait so easily.

“You...” He knitted his brows slightly and sighed. “That's just as well. It's not a bad thing to pass the baby to Matthew. He'll probably protect the child well. Otherwise, I can't imagine what will happen if Zac finds the child.”

“Conrad, aren't you enemies with Matthew the whole time?”

“Silly Yvie, no matter how we're always going against each other, we're still related by blood. On the other hand, Zac is a ruthless person you must beware of.”

“But Roni told me previously that you wanted to take the baby...” she trailed off hesitantly as she couldn't bring herself to complete her sentence.

“You wanted to say that I'm using the baby as the bargaining chip to vie for the spot as the heir?”

“Yeah.” When Conrad said it aloud, Yvonne's heart felt more at ease.

He held her in his embrace as he twirled her hair playfully and stared at her cherry lips before giving her a light kiss. "Even though I'm going to die, that is my baby after all, and I just want him to have what he deserves."

Conrad's initial intention was that since the baby was a member of the Kings Family, the Kings had to provide the benefits and inheritance he deserved.

Since he had such a perfect explanation at hand, Yvonne wholly believed his words, and she was so moved that she couldn't even express the emotions she was feeling in her heart.

Therefore, she lifted her head to look at the man in front of her and committed his handsome face into memory as her admiration and love for him overwhelmed all of her rationale.

She placed her hand on his face and stroked the stubble on his chin. Even though he had a beard now, his mature appearance made him even more attractive, making her heart skip a beat.

"Conrad..." she whispered softly.

He raised his brows. "Yeah?"

"Do you know that you're the most amazing man I've ever met in my life?" she said, and her voice started to quiver while her fingers on his face trembled. "God is simply too unfair."

Conrad felt triumphant from the success of his strategy when he saw that she had fallen so deeply into the trap that he had set for her till she could not untwine herself from him. Despite that, he didn't display those emotions on his face and continued with his passionate act. "Loving you with my whole life is God's gift to me. I'm very content, Yvie."

Right after the words left his lips, he leaned over and took her lips again.

When both parties had deep feelings for each other, it was only natural that they were unable to control the burst of hormones that followed.

Hence, from morning until afternoon until late night, they both made love with breaks in between. Their passion was overflowing, as though they were madly trying to make up for the six months they had lost.

On this day, she realized that being with him brought her exhilarating comfort and satisfaction.

At last, she lay there completely drained, shaking her head. "Conrad, that's enough... enough..." Then, she sat up and dragged the man behind her to face him. "Please watch out for your health, okay? You're in a special period now."

"Silly Yvie." The corner of his lips curled into a smirk as he held her waist and pulled her into his embrace. "If my body will perish, girls, I will cherish. My motto in life is, life is short, so we should always live in the present."

A phrase that was filled with positive energy took on a different twist when Conrad said it.

She drew circles on his chest with her slender fingers, feeling the warmth from his skin and lusting for the madness from earlier.

“We can’t do that. Your health is more important.”

She was apprehensive about his health, and although he seemed fine now, the outbreaks of some diseases were concentrated in later stages, making it impossible for people to notice. Nonetheless, now that she knew he was sick, it would be better if she paid attention to everything.

“Once. Just once, okay?” He leaned towards her and whispered into her ear, “Do you have any idea how I made it past these six months?”

One phrase was all it took to turn her on; her ears felt hot, and she glanced at him with blushed cheeks, saying, “T-Then... just this time, okay? After this, both of us have to... control ourselves, alright?”

While he gazed at the dumb girl before him, who appeared as innocent as a rabbit, a smile spread across Conrad’s face, but his mind was filled with scenes when he was humiliated by Zac.

“Okay, I promise you. I’ll get you a glass of water.”

Then, he got up, paced to the table, and took out a glass from the cabinet. He also took out something else before pouring her a glass of water and dropping it in.

That thing melted in water immediately and went unnoticed.

“You must be tired, aren’t you? Have a drink of water.” Finally, he turned around and passed the water to Yvonne.

When she saw how attentive he still was toward her, she was very touched. “You’re so nice, Conrad.”

Chapter 480 Poor Yvonne

Yvonne didn’t have her guard up against Conrad, so she had no idea that he loathed her to the core, and all this hatred stemmed from the fact that she fibbed to Zac about him before, which landed him in such a miserable situation.

To begin with, he disliked intimate acts between men, and of all things, he had turned into the person he hated the most. With this shame deeply etched into his bones, he couldn’t bring himself to forgive—or even accept—Yvonne.

After she drank the water, he held her in bed and continued embracing her until her mind gradually became confused. Then, he pulled away and kept her occupied with something else.

Before he entered the bathroom for a shower, he made a call to a person. “Bring them here.” “Okay, Mr. Kings,” the person on the other end answered and hung up.

After a long wait, half a dozen men showed up with camera equipment in the small lounge of the president's office. Well-built and tall, these burly men looked like they had the brutish manner of a butcher.

Conrad swept his gaze past these men before him, smirked icily, and turned to leave the office without a word.

Then, he took out a bottle of wine from the wine cabinet in the office, opened it, and poured a drink. Finally, he paced to the French windows, stood there, and watched Bloomstead, the city that never sleeps.

Half of his plot was a success, but he felt no pleasure after having his revenge. In contrast, his heart felt heavier, and he wondered what he should do after he had his revenge on Yvonne. What now after this? How can I deal with Zac?

As long as Zac remained alive, his days would be dark, miserable, and hopeless. The cause of all of this was due to Yvonne; it was all her fault.

Laughter burst out from the lounge. "Everything aside, this chick is quite a stunner."

"We struck a good deal today." "That's true! Ha!"

As the door to the small lounge was kept slightly ajar, he could hear all the voices inside clearly.

Tonight, Conrad stood in front of the windows and finished three bottles of wine, listening to the ceaseless noises from the room as his face remained emotionless.

This scheme lasted for a few hours before everyone finally left. Everything was akin to a nightmare, but the person involved—Yvonne—knew nothing at all, and when she woke up, it was already afternoon the next day.

"Ouch... it hurts..."

The first thing Yvonne felt upon waking up was soreness all over her body, especially one particular part of her body was in pain.

However, when she saw Conrad, who was dressed neatly and standing at the windows, worry filled her mind, specifically regarding the fact that he had 'cancer' now, and she immediately ignored the pain she felt.

"Are you awake, Conrad? Are you... feeling okay?"

When she recalled their crazy lovemaking the day before, she was perturbed that his body couldn't take it.

The man merely turned around and peered at Yvonne, who was on the bed, before smiling at her. "You're awake? Go and wash up quickly."

If she didn't, he would only find her disgusting.

"Okay."

She thought that he was asking her to take a shower because they were too crazy last night, and her body was a little sticky, after all. Probably because it was too warm in the summer, there was also an uncomfortable stench coming from her body.

She got up, wrapped herself in a towel, and went to the bathroom, but every step she took sent a jolt of pain through her.

She knew that it was the 'results' of using too much force, but when she recalled how she was taking the initiative yesterday and that both were in so much pleasure, she thought this little bit of pain was nothing.

She didn't utter a sound as she was afraid it would make him feel guilty if she told him about it.

In the bathroom, she let the hot water run, and the second she felt the water, she took a deep breath in pain. "Ouch..."

Despite feeling uncomfortable, she tolerated the pain while showering and then changed into the clean clothing Conrad had prepared for her. Then, she pursed her pink lips and placed her hands behind her back, wearing a shy expression on her beautiful face. "Conrad, I'm sorry I... messed up your lounge."

Goodness, Yvonne Spencer. You've really lost your mind. You know that Conrad is unwell, but you were still so crazy. That's really irresponsible of you, she chided herself. She silently vowed I'll never ever go so 'crazy' with him again after this.

Conrad merely swept his cold gaze past the messy room, and a cruel gleam flashed past his eyes. Finally, he turned around and opened the window to air the room; all sorts of scents filled this room, and it made him feel sick.

"What are you thinking about? Let's go. I'm taking you out for a meal." He paced to her and patted her head gently. She must be famished.

Hence, they went to eat, and the next few days were the happiest days of Yvonne's life.

While she spent her time together with Conrad, basking in his affection and care, she literally felt that she had fallen into a jar of honey, and even the air tasted sweet.

However, as fate would have it, Zac came to Bloomstead for business purposes on this day, and as expected, Conrad couldn't turn down the pressure from him. He felt like a piece of meat on the chopping board and was utterly at Zac's mercy.

The fury and hatred in his heart built up little by little, but he didn't dare to speak a word about it. After Zac was gone, he brought Yvonne to his office again.

That night, Yvonne didn't leave and fell into a 'slumber' so deep that it was as though she had passed out, but she didn't know a thing about the scene that took place after she had 'fallen asleep'.

Conrad was seated on the couch with his feet on the coffee table as he swayed the wine in his glass before giving it a leisurely taste. As he listened to the noises from the bedroom, he chuckled, but there was not a hint of happiness that reached his eyes. After that, his laughs turned even more outrageous and loud.

He was akin to a person with a mental health condition who had lost his mind as he laughed maniacally.

He didn't know why he was laughing, but he thought fate was making a fool out of him, leaving him feeling that life was sad and ridiculous. While he was laughing at the unfairness in life, Yvonne was kept in the dark, ignorant of all that was happening.

So, after every time he was 'summoned' by Zac, Yvonne had to suffer the corresponding 'punishment'. Only by doing this could he bear the hatred in his heart and feel vindicated.

Days like this went on for a very long time; lost in the nightmare, Yvonne was oblivious to everything, and when she found out afterward, it was another round of thunderstorms.

Never would she imagine that the 'lie' she told Zac before would lead to the destruction of her entire life and even draw her closer to the end of her life.

But of course, this was all only going to happen later.

In Castron, Veronica and Ruka didn't have any news of Hendrey after arrival. Still, Veronica didn't have the nerve to look for Larry to contact Hendrey as that would only alert him.

So, Ruka could only use her own connections to look for Hendrey himself. Despite that, they got nothing even after staying there for a week.

By the end of it, they hung out in a bar. Ruka kept drinking and sighed. "Where the hell did Hendrey go? Could it be that he's not in Castron at all? Otherwise, why can't I find him even after pulling so many strings?"

It was as though he had evaporated into thin air, and it baffled her.

Veronica shrugged as she replied, "Maybe." Ruka's explanation seemed to make sense to her—it was possible that Hendrey wasn't in Castron at this time.

However, she didn't expect that during that one week when she wasn't home, it changed the course of Yvonne's life for the worst.