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Chapter 535 Yvie, You're Not a Good Girl Anymore

"What about you?" Crayson asked while putting the cup of tea in front of Veronica. "Me?" Veronica smiled brightly before turning to glance at Matthew. Resting her head on his shoulder, she held his arm, saying, "I want to be with Matt, of course. You can't stop us this time, Master Crayson. You know how much he's done for me in Castron this time.

I'm touched, and I'm also grateful for that." As she spoke, she patted his knee and took his left hand before entwining her fingers with his. "So, I want to swear to you that I'll marry no one else but him." That was right; she'd marry no one else but Matthew. As long as she was still able to remain unscathed in the end, she'd definitely go to him and ask him to marry her.

Matthew looked as usual when Veronica's words reached his ears, but the look in his obsidian-like eyes was unfathomable. Turning his head slightly, he fixed her with a meaningful and probing look.

Sitting across from them, Crayson drank his tea without looking up. Then, he heaved a long sigh. "Sigh, there's nothing I can do about the affairs of young people like you. I'm too old for that." After a long while, he nodded. "Okay, I'll discuss it with your parents later."

"Alright, but you have to put in some good words for me in front of my parents. Otherwise, I'll quit being your apprentice," Veronica said like a spoiled child.

Amused by her adorable and witty demeanor, Crayson smiled from ear to ear while stretching out his hand to poke her forehead. "Look at that happy-go-lucky manner of yours! I wonder what Matthew likes about you."

Veronica bragged cheekily, "He likes me because I'm good-looking, of course. I look cute and attractive. What a sweetheart I am!"

Matthew went along with her. "Uh-huh. Roni is the prettiest woman ever."

Veronica laughed smugly. After a long time, she came to the point, asking, "Let's cut to the chase, Master Crayson. If I'm right, Floch and Rachel were supposed to take orders from you in the past. Have they gone rogue now?" If it hadn't been the case, Crayson wouldn't have warned her to stay away from the couple in Castron a few days ago.

At the mention of this, Crayson paused for a moment. After taking a sip of his tea, he plonked the teacup on the table to vent his resentment. "Sigh... Let's not talk about the couple. Just be careful of them."

As it turned out, Floch and Rachel used to address him as "Mr. Crayson" and took orders from him. However, several months ago, the mystery man behind the scenes contacted Floch and sent the couple a video, causing them to turn traitor instantly. The video was about how the child born to the couple was raised by the hidden clan before dying in an accident. Fearing that Floch and Rachel would be devastated by the death of their child, the hidden clan had kept it a secret, not daring to tell the couple about it.

When the mystery man behind the scenes found out about Tiffany and Veronica, he first devised a plan to kill Tiffany. However, after learning of Floch and Rachel's biological child, he changed his plan at the last minute, deciding to take Tiffany back to Castron and use her to his advantage. In the meantime, he had several psychiatrists brainwash the couple, eventually beguiling them into submitting to him.

Naturally, Crayson was furious at the couple's treachery, but he also sympathized with them for their loss.

"I got it." Understanding what Crayson meant, Veronica stopped fretting about it. She asked, "When should I return to the hidden clan, then? What is my purpose in doing so?"

“The original plan is that you have to return to the hidden clan in a year. But now that the situation has gotten out of control, you have to return to the hidden clan within half a year.”

She asked, “In that case, won’t they do anything to me while I’m in Bloomstead?” Since those people wanted to make Tiffany their puppet, they’d certainly hope that she’d become the real heir to the hidden clan. On the other hand, Veronica was an unnecessary hindrance that had to be gotten rid of.

“Not even a powerful outsider can overwhelm a local tyrant. This is Matthew’s territory, so they won’t try anything. And besides, if they want to substitute you with Tiffany, they still have too many things to do,” Crayson explained as he analyzed the current situation. Then, he continued, “While they’re making preparations, we have to make preparations for that, too. And you...” He looked at Veronica. “You have to put all your work aside. I’ll take you somewhere for closed training.” They had to batten down the hatches. Veronica was still lacking in many aspects. In order for everything to go even more smoothly for her in the future, he still had to train her with greater intensity. He said to Matthew, “If you want to marry Veronica, you have to wait until she’s done taking care of the hidden clan’s affairs.”

“I’d like to marry Roni first.” Matthew made himself clear. From start to finish, he had never asked if Veronica would no longer return or how he was supposed to be together with her if she were to return to the hidden clan and become the next head of the clan. Even so, the fact that he never asked about it didn’t mean that he had never pondered over this.

“Didn’t Master Crayson say that I still have to undergo training? I still have to return to the hidden clan to deal with things, so I don’t have time to—” Veronica argued in an attempt to refuse him.

However, before she could finish her sentence, Matthew cut her short. Fixing her with a frosty stare, he said, “We’ll get married after your training at the latest!” He sounded like he was merely notifying Veronica instead of consulting her.

The smile on Veronica’s face froze instantly. Knitting her brows slightly, she pursed her red lips as sadness surged up within her. After squeezing Matthew’s hand, she finally forced a smile, saying, “Even so, you have to ask Master Crayson if he’s okay with it. One has to gain permission from their parents to get married, so it’s not up to me whether we can get married by then.”

“Your idea isn’t impossible.” Crayson didn’t reject the idea. “If you two are certain by then that you want to get married, Matthew has to make preparations in advance in Bloomstead. It’ll be nice since nothing will hold us up.”

Veronica was rendered speechless. Have you two asked for my opinion on this? After pondering for a moment, she agreed in resignation, “Well, I’ll do as you say.” Nobody knows how long the training will take, so everything can wait until the training is over.

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Meanwhile, at the hotel, Yvonne was sitting alone on the living room couch and watching television. Her mind was in a fog; she was so spaced-out that she had no idea what was playing on TV.

Just then, the cell phone on the table suddenly rang.

Yvonne darted a look at the phone’s screen and saw the name “Conny” displayed on it.

After seeing the name, she instantly became furious from the bottom of her heart. She sat on the couch for a long time without moving while staring at the phone’s screen, unblinking.

The phone call was automatically cut off before her phone rang again.

Only then did she answer the phone and put it on speaker. Sitting cross-legged on the couch with a cushion in her arms, she quietly waited for the caller to speak.

“Where’s Veronica?” As soon as the phone call was put through, Conrad immediately questioned Yvonne where Veronica was with no intention of explaining himself to her.

Provoked by his attitude, Yvonne flew into a rage. “Why should I tell you that?!”

“Yvie, you’re not acting like a good girl anymore.”

These words were spoken tenderly, but they took on a sinister note as they came out of Conrad's mouth.

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Yvonne Has Lost It

Yvonne couldn't help but shiver. She swallowed, pretending to be calm as she said, "Yes, I was such an idiot before. I let you fool me with a few words, and I believed everything you said. Didn't you treat me like a fool?"

She laughed at herself, her laughter filled with an indescribable bitterness. Now that she recalled the way she had been extremely distressed when she found out that Conrad had cancer and had taken great care of him, she felt like a fool. It was no wonder that Veronica called her an idiot. She was absolutely right.

"That's right. You're a fool. You're not half as smart as Veronica, and you're always so self-righteous." Conrad had completely removed his disguise and stopped playing games with Yvonne. "On the surface, you look innocent and lovely, but you're completely different in bed. I've always wondered if you've ever worked at a nightclub from the way you acted."

He had completely shed all pretenses, and every word he said was like a knife digging into Yvonne's heart.

After being insulted by him, Yvonne, who was pretending to be calm, could no longer stay calm and could not help but curse, "Conrad Kings, you f*cking b*stard. Serves you right that Roni ruined you completely with her kick. Karma, I'd say!"

After a quick pause, she hysterically roared, "Karma!"

Through the phone, Conrad could hear her heavy breathing; it was obvious that she was furious. However, he laughed instead of getting angry, but his smile did not reach his eyes, making him look extraordinarily vile and appalling.

“Karma? Ha.” His sharp eyes narrowed slightly. “Do you think I’ll let you off the hook? Yvie, you’re the one who forced my hand.”

“If you have the guts, come at me. I’m not afraid of you!”

“Is that so?” At the other end of the phone, a low and eerie laugh rang out, the sound of which made a chill run down her spine. Yvonne didn’t know what he was up to, but his laughter made her heart race slightly.

“Yvie, do you know what group intercourse is?”

Yvonne fell silent. She wasn’t a naive girl anymore, so how could she not know what it meant? However, what did he mean when he said that?

“W-What are you planning?” Her small hands tightened around her phone anxiously.

“I’ll give you half an hour. If you don’t show up, you’ll have to face the consequences.” Saying that, he immediately hung up.

“Con—”

Beep, beep, beep...

Yvonne was full of anxiety, and she wanted to ask something else, but Conrad had already hung up the phone. His decisiveness made Yvonne even more uneasy as her mind reverberated with his abusive words, and her whole body was enveloped in fear.

After thinking about it, Yvonne left the hotel and went home to change her clothes before going to the hospital. At the inpatient department in the hospital, in one of the wards, she managed to meet with Conrad.

Dressed in a blue and white striped hospital gown, he was leaning against the bed, looking down at the computer in front of him. When he heard the door open, he didn't even raise his head, but the corners of his mouth curled up in a grin. "Not bad, you're just in time. My princess, Yvie, you're always so obedient."

It was only then that Conrad inclined his head, his sinister gaze trained on Yvonne as he smiled meaningfully.

Yvonne gulped tensely, but she still pretended to remain calm and said, "I came over just to see your miserable appearance. I heard that you thought you were impotent?"

Her red lips curled up slightly while her hands wrapped around her chest, feigning a look of calm as she looked at Conrad disdainfully.

"What's the difference? Haven't you already given birth to a son for me, Yvie?"

Neither of them was willing to back down.

"My son belongs to me. What does he have to do with you?"

"That's funny. Without me, how would you even get pregnant?"

"Why you!" Yvonne was so angry that she became speechless. "What exactly did you call me over for?"

Conrad pointed to the hospital gown he was wearing. "As you can see, I'm a patient now. Naturally, I asked you to come over to take care of me."

"Haha, keep dreaming," Yvonne said, as if she had heard the funniest joke in the world.

"Keep dreaming, you say?" Conrad raised his eyebrows and hooked his finger at her. "Come, let me show you something."

His eyes signaled for Yvonne to come over and look at his computer. Her intuition told her that there must be something on it, and she stood in place hesitatingly for a moment before she took a step toward the bed. However, as soon as she got close, he yanked her wrist and tugged it toward him, subsequently releasing his grip on her wrist and roughly pushing the back of her neck in the process, forcing her to look at the screen.

"Damn girl, why are you still acting so high and mighty in front of me? Look at how licentious you look in bed. Exciting, huh? Isn't it more thrilling than the other movies you've seen before?" Conrad asked harshly.

Yvonne looked at the video on the computer, and when she clearly saw the video of a few men surrounding a woman, she frowned, her heart racing. Just then, one of the men in the video who had been blocking the woman's face walked away, and she realized that the woman was none other than herself.

In an instant, the walls of her heart collapsed. Her eyes widened, and her mouth gaped slightly in surprise as she turned pale with fear.

"It can't be... This is impossible..." Yvonne said, shaking her head mechanically. It was clear that she was in shock and could not recover.

"Impossible? My princess, don't you recognize yourself? Tsk tsk, you're really cute when you act like a fool. Hahaha..." Conrad laughed unrestrainedly.

His laughter sounded extraordinarily harsh and piercing. In fact, it hurt so much that even breathing was painful for her. Her body went limp and she fell helplessly to the ground, completely terrified.

“Oh, what’s wrong, Yvie? The floor is too cold. Get up quickly, or I’ll be heartbroken when I look at you.” He spoke sarcastically, continuously mocking her.

The air conditioning was turned on in the ward, and she was wearing thin chiffon pants, so the floor did feel cold. However, no matter how cold it was, it was incomparable to how her heart felt.

Her empty eyes coming back into focus, she looked at Conrad before she fiercely stood up and pounced on him. “What did you do to me... Ah!”

Before she could get close to Conrad, she was instantly sent flying to the ground by one of his outstretched feet and tumbled backward, eventually hitting the wall behind her heavily. Her vision swam from the impact, and she wasn’t able to return to her senses for a long time.

Then, she heard Conrad’s merciless laughter. “Can’t you see what I’ve done? My princess, Yvie, is such a greedy woman. I had to go to great lengths just to satisfy you.”

His serious words relentlessly pierced Yvonne’s heart as she blankly sat on the ground, forgetting the pain that was coming from her head.

“Delete it, delete it...” She mechanically repeated these two words and got up from the ground again, madly lunging at Conrad before she slammed the laptop placed on the mattress onto the ground and stomped on it fiercely. “Delete it, delete it... Delete everything!”

“Go on, smash it. I can give you a hundred computers to smash as long as you want it. After all... I have unlimited copies of this video.”

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She Wants to Kill Conrad

Back then, Conrad had painstakingly arranged for this day, but it had arrived sooner than expected. He leaned against the bed with a mocking smile on his face. “You look more attractive when you’re angry compared to your pretentious look, hahaha...”

Conrad unrestrainedly humiliated Yvonne, trampling on her dignity, as if the only way to relieve the endless humiliation in his heart was to see her completely lose her mind. What happened with Zac was still fresh in his mind, and the pain she felt at this moment was the same as the pain he felt before. It was an eye for an eye—she was just getting what she deserved.

Yvonne kept stomping the laptop on the ground, her ears ringing with his words as she fell into despair. Her brain buzzed and she stared at him blankly, her face completely pale. The images in the video lingered in her mind, each of them a scene of shame and a stain on her life.

She thought that him faking a terminal illness was bad enough, but she never thought that he would do something so heinous. For a moment, her world collapsed. Her body kept trembling and her hands clenched into small fists as she had a mental breakdown.

“Why... Why did you do this to me?” After a long time, she asked in a breathless voice.

The smile on Conrad’s face gradually disappeared as a sense of humiliation surged in his heart. His eyes flashing, he snorted. “This is what happens when you make an enemy of me.”

How could he tell Yvonne about the things Zac had done? After all, he didn’t want anyone to know about the shame he felt.

“You want...” Knowing that Conrad had a purpose, Yvonne pursed her lips and quickly restrained her emotions before asking, “You want to use the video to exchange for the child, right?”

Other than that, she couldn’t think of any other reason.

Raising his eyebrows, Conrad did not refute. "Yes. Hand over the child, and I promise to delete all the videos."

"You were able to lie about having cancer. How do you expect me to trust you?"

Yvonne had already exhausted all her trust in Conrad and would not believe even one word from him anymore.

"That makes sense." He nodded and lowered his eyes, glancing at the laptop that had been trampled into two halves on the ground. "I suppose you can refuse, but... thousands of people will probably see that gorgeous body of yours tomorrow."

With just a sentence, he sent chills down her spine, as if she had been dunked into a bucket of ice.

Yvonne gritted her teeth as she shivered uncontrollably. "Do you think I won't kill you right here and now?"

"I bet... you wouldn't dare." Conrad smiled playfully. "You're smart, so you should know that even if I die, it won't stop these videos from being published."

These things could simply be handed over to someone else to handle, or he could just log into the software and publish it in advance himself; it was not a difficult task at all. Conrad's words were exactly what Yvonne was worried about.

As a woman, if the video of her being ruined spread, it would be the same as sending her to hell, leaving her spending the rest of her life in a nightmare. Indeed, she did not dare to risk that. Yvonne was completely at a loss. She didn't know what to do to solve this matter. Though she wanted to tell Veronica, she found it a difficult issue to divulge to others.

“I’ll give you 24 hours. If you can’t bring the child here, you can just wait for your video to be published.” Saying that, Conrad hummed a little tune in a leisurely manner, as if what happened to him had no effect on him.

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Somehow, Yvonne managed to leave the hospital in a daze, her mind in complete disarray. After returning to the villa, she went straight into the bathroom and soaked herself in the bathtub, where she took a bath sponge and pressed a handful of shower gel before frantically scrubbing her body. As if she were a soulless machine, she kept scrubbing herself, and even ran out of an entire bottle of body wash. Though her body had turned red, she did not stop. She felt as if the filth was coming out from her bones, fueling Yvonne and nearly driving her crazy.

After a long soak in the bathtub, the water had turned cold, and she fell asleep while leaning on the tub in the end. Unsure of how long had passed, Yvonne woke up feeling dizzy, so she pulled a bath towel and wrapped it around her body before collapsing on the bed.

She lay around doing nothing for a full day. Her phone that was placed on her bedside had long since run out of battery and turned off automatically. Yvonne, who had been sleeping for a long time, only woke up when her stomach gurgled with hunger, but she still felt weak.

She spaced out for a moment before her eyes lit up abruptly and she sat up in a flash, reaching out to grab her phone and immediately charging it when she saw that it was out of battery.

When she anxiously turned on her phone, it kept vibrating incessantly. There were many missed calls from Veronica, as well as calls from people such as Conrad.

She tapped on Veronica’s text message. ‘Don’t turn off your phone next time. You nearly scared me to death. I hurried to your house to look for you and saw that you were asleep, so I didn’t disturb you. Have a good rest. Don’t overthink things.’

‘Call me after you wake up tomorrow.’

'Are you awake yet?'

As she listened to Veronica's voice messages, Yvonne's eyes turned red, her heart filling with guilt and remorse. When she thought about the day before yesterday when she reprimanded Veronica for Conrad's sake, she felt like a foolish clown.

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Bzzt!

Suddenly, her phone vibrated with a text message.

When Yvonne tapped on it, she saw that it was an internet link sent over by Conrad. After a moment of hesitation, she tapped on the link. A warning popped up on the page, but she continued to browse anyway. Unsurprisingly, it was indeed a foreign website that displayed various kinds of unsightly videos. Just as she was wondering to herself, she keenly noticed that the video thumbnail in the bottom right corner was somewhat familiar.

As it was a recommendations page, there were multiple videos on the screen, each having a tiny thumbnail which she didn't see at first glance. Now that she saw it clearly, her heart raced and she turned pale with fear. Yvonne's hand trembled while she held her phone, and her thumb quivered as she tapped on the video, only to find that it was in high definition. Fortunately, her eyes were blurred out.

Ring, ring!

Yvonne's phone rang all of a sudden, startling her. Upon seeing that it was a call from Conrad, she immediately answered it. "Conrad, are you trying to ruin me?"

Although the video was blurred out, those who were familiar with her could tell at a glance that it was her in the video.

“My little princess, you look so unpleasant when you’re emotional,” Conrad drawled languidly. Listening to his mocking voice, Yvonne felt furious and frantic.

Then, he continued, “I said I gave you 24 hours, and it was you who did not appreciate the chance and keep your promise. As the person who broke our deal, you have to pay the price!”

“Conrad, you scumbag! Delete it now. Delete the video immediately!” she roared, her voice even breaking at one point.

“Delete it? Not a problem. As long as you hand the child over to me.”

“Y-You... You’re delusional!”

“It seems that you won’t believe my words unless I take some drastic measures.” With that, Conrad immediately hung up.

Though Yvonne called him back, her calls kept getting declined. Five minutes later, just as she was trying to figure out who to contact to get rid of the video, she suddenly realized that the mosaic on the video was all gone. In that instant, she completely lost her mind.

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Yvonne’s Deceit for Her Child

Ring, ring. Just then, a phone call from Conrad came again. Yvonne answered the phone without hesitation and yelled, “Conrad Kings, are you not going to stop until you’ve completely ruined my life?”

“What have I ever done to you to make you... come after me like this?” Holding her phone to her ear with one hand, she covered her face with the other hand as she cried bitterly.

“Tsk, tsk. Hearing the little princess crying so miserably really makes the heart ache.” Conrad smiled coldly before he continued, “I’ve already told you that as long as you hand over the child, I’ll delete the videos. All of it. Plus, shouldn’t you know just how important that child is to me? As the child’s father, why would I try to harm him?”

Right now I’m fighting with Matthew to be the next heir of the Kings Family, so the boy must be by my side. He is my son; I will not bring harm to him. A tiger, though cruel, will not devour its cubs after all.”

Since Conrad was the seventh in line, his son was his best bargaining chip. Although Elizabeth was in favor of Matthew, Conrad had his ways to gain his brothers’ support. Moreover, with Zac’s help from behind the scenes, it would be easy for him to become a ‘Kyoland man.’

As Conrad knew he was inadequate now to properly ‘serve’ Zac, he was afraid that Zac would abandon him the moment he found out. Hence, he needed to quickly settle this affair.

Slightly hesitating, Yvonne tightened her grip on her phone as she pondered with a frown. She was actually taken in by the man's words. "If I hand the child to you, what guarantees do I have that you'll delete the videos?" She knew Conrad was still right at the end of the day, as the child was indeed his, so the child would be safe even if she handed him over.

Hence, she thought that it wouldn't be a big deal to hand the child over for now to ensure the video got deleted first. Then, when the dust settled, she would find another way to get the child back from him. This way, everything would be resolved neatly for her.

"Yes, you're still the mother of my child. What good is there for me to leak the video?"

"But, t-the link you've sent..."

"That leads to a private network with very little traffic. It was just a warning from me to you." Conrad paused briefly before his tone shifted to a stern one. "There's not much time left for you to think about this."

"Alright, I'll do it. I promise. But, you have to delete the video right this instant!" Yvonne was afraid that people who knew her would see the videos. If that came to pass, all that was left for her was a path leading to hell.

"Hehe, my little princess is the best when she's well-behaved," Conrad said with a sinister smile before he ended the call.

After the call, Yvonne kept refreshing the page on her phone until the video was finally taken down three minutes later. It was only then did she feel a huge weight lifted from her shoulder. Leaning back against the head of the bed, she felt ill at ease as she started thinking of ways to get her child back. After some pondering, she dialed Veronica's number.

Currently, Veronica was nestled on the couch while watching a movie together with Matthew. With her head on his lap, she answered the phone. "Yvonne?"

"Roni, I... I..." It was difficult for Yvonne to say it out loud.

"What's wrong?" Realizing that something was wrong with Yvonne, Veronica immediately sat up and leaned against the couch instead before she continued, "Do you want me to come over?"

"N-No need. I'm fine," Yvonne stuttered, as she couldn't help but be anxious over having to do another shameful deed. With her lips pursed and one of her hands clutching the bedding, she took a moment's reprieve before she said, "Actually, I've thought about it. I want to go back to Castron."

"You want to go back?"

"Yeah. The reason I've come to Bloomstead to further my career was to prove myself to my parents. Now that I'm here... I can see that I am really lacking. S-So, I want to go back with my child." Left with no other choice, she could only lie to her friend. She knew that Matthew would not hand her back her child if she didn't do it this way.

"Are you sure?"

In truth, Veronica felt that it was a good choice for Yvonne to return to Castron. Not only were her parents there, but they were also powerful and influential enough to shelter her from harm. Thinking back on what had befallen her, Veronica couldn't help but pity her. She knew her to be a good person who didn't want to only depend on her parents, so she decided to venture out on her own. Unfortunately, she came across that scoundrel, Conrad Kings. Ultimately, the feelings she had for Yvonne were closer to penitence, as she was the one who had introduced the two of them to one another.

"Yes, I'm sure," Yvonne answered. Then, after a brief silence, she asked, "Do you mind asking Matthew when he can return my child to me? I'll need to arrange my plane ticket soon."

Veronica tilted her head and glanced at the man beside her before she answered, “Don’t worry, I’ll give him a call and ask him now. Since you’re the one who wants to go back to Castron, I’m sure he won’t stop you.”

“Thank you, Roni.”

“You don’t have to be so polite with me,” Veronica said with a smile before she ended the call after a few exchanges of pleasantries. Then, she put down her phone on the table before she turned to look at Matthew. With her head resting on her hand and her elbow propped on the couch, she said to him, “Yvonne wants to bring her child back to Castron.”

Hearing that, Matthew furrowed his brow and said, “It sounds good, if she really plans to do so.”

“Yeah, I also think it’s good for her to return to Castron.” Veronica automatically ignored the insinuation hidden in Matthew’s words.

Both Veronica and Matthew were in the dark about the video that Conrad had recorded, while Conrad was only still speculating at this time.

“Just where exactly are you keeping the child?” Veronica was slightly curious as well.

“Not far from here. He’s in Collins.”

“Collins?”

“Yes,” Matthew answered with a nod.

The most dangerous place was the safest place. Matthew had never intended to send the child away to a distant place. Hence, at Veronica’s request, he instructed his men to bring the child back. Before night fell, Veronica brought the maternity matron who was taking care of the child and the child himself to Yvonne’s villa.

After receiving Veronica's call that she was on the way, the haggard-looking Yvonne immediately put on makeup to conceal her pale face and waited for their arrival in the living room. When Veronica came with her baby in hand, she immediately went forward to greet her. The moment she laid eyes on her baby, a bead of tears came falling from her eyes.

The child was fair and his skin was clear. His eyes were large like a pair of grapes and his eyelashes were long like a pretty doll. With such features, he was indeed a very cute child. "Goo goo gaga..." The baby waved his tiny hands and started grasping the air with his little fingers. When Yvonne came into the baby's sight, the baby giggled with bubbles blowing from his mouth. It was a very cute scene for those who saw it.

"Here, hold him. Such a cute little rascal. Looking at him makes me want to have one myself."

Veronica was in love with the child when she held him in her arms as she kept showering the baby with praises. "Looks like he's inherited some good genes from his parents with how good-looking he is. I'm certain he will grow up to be a handsome man. By then, many ladies will fall for his charm."

Sniffing, Yvonne took the baby from Veronica with a smile filled with joy. However, she couldn't hold back the tears from welling up in her eyes. "Mommy missed you so much." With her eyes on the baby, she gently rubbed her cheek on the baby's delicate skin while her heart ached as though it was stabbed by a knife.

"You shouldn't be crying when you've been reunited with your son." Veronica patted Yvonne's shoulder as she comforted her. "To avoid you having a long night, I've already booked a flight back to Castron for you. The flight is scheduled for three o'clock in the afternoon tomorrow."

There were only two flights per day to Castron. The first flight felt rushed as it was in the morning at eight-thirty. As Veronica was worried that Yvonne might dawdle with the child, she decided to book the afternoon flight instead.

Yvonne's eyes lit up briefly. She nodded and said, "Alright. Thank you."

Chapter 539 Treachery

Yvonne felt touched, knowing that Veronica had done everything for her sake. The two of them sat in the living room and chatted for a bit, but Yvonne was out of it. When she noticed that it was already close to eight, her eyes lit up as she thought of a plan. "Roni, I won't ask you to stay the night here since I want to sleep with the baby. I'm afraid that... the baby will disturb you."

Looking at the warm scene of Yvonne doting her baby, Veronica felt slightly envious. "Alright, then you should have some rest. I'll be back tomorrow morning." She knew that Yvonne wanted to spend some time alone with the child as she hadn't seen the child for some time, so she didn't want to disturb the mother-son bonding time. Thus, after a few more pleasantries, she left the villa.

As there were many mercenaries stationed for the villa's protection, there shouldn't be any problems as long as Yvonne stayed put. Not to mention, it would only be one night before she flew back to Castron. Even if Conrad is fast in gathering information, news of the child returning to Yvonne wouldn't reach his ears that fast, she thought.

Nonetheless, Veronica felt a vague sense of uneasiness. So, instead of going to Matthew, she decided to first stop by Vincere Games. Since she would be away from Bloomstead for a long time to undertake the Devil's training, she needed to take care of the company's affairs before leaving.

Fortunately, she had a good relationship with the partners of the company. Thus, she only needed to explain to them that she would be out of contact for some time as she would be undergoing special training in Castron and that she would arrange for someone to take care of the company's affairs in her place. As the partners made no objections, she left after spending close to two hours in the company.

When Veronica came back to Twilight Condominium, she found Matthew in the living room. Sitting on the couch while working on his laptop, he looked as though he was waiting for her return.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?" Veronica asked while she changed into her indoor shoes. Then, she walked over to Matthew and wrapped her arms around his neck before she kissed him on the cheek.

Closing his laptop and setting it aside on the table, the man then looped his left arm around Veronica's waist. "I was waiting for you."

"Matt, you're such a wonderful man." With a smile filled with desire, she rested her chin on the man's shoulder with her head slightly tilted enough for the man's face to come into her peripheral vision. Then, she lamented, "When I saw how gentle and tender Yvonne was when she had her baby in her arms, I was envious of her."

"Is that not a simple matter? Your husband can grant you your wish whenever you desire," Matthew said with a mischievous smile.

Veronica pondered with a frown before she said, "That little baby was really cute. However, I don't wish to have a child yet. Since I'm still a child, I don't want to be raising another child."

"It's no concern. I can work a little harder in raising two 'children.'"

"Wouldn't that be too hard on you?"

Although she had posed such a question, she was still touched and felt her heart melt into a puddle listening to Matthew. Though he was several years older than her, he had always taken great care of her. She enjoyed such a life where she was pampered daily by him.

"Taking care of my wife and child is not only my obligation but also my duty, so it won't be hard on me. On the contrary, it would be... my honor." Matthew pinched her cheeks. "Grandma has always wanted a grandchild. Don't you want to fulfill her wishes?"

"You're saying it as though I can make a baby on my own."

“Does it? Listening to you, do you think that I am not up to the task?”

Noticing the hints of craftiness flashing in the man’s deep black eyes, Veronica immediately waved the white flag in her heart. “No, no, no. I truly did not mean that...”

“No need to explain. I understand.” The next second, Matthew lifted her up like she was a child and made a beeline for the bedroom.

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

Holding her baby in her arms, Yvonne entered the hospital after getting out of the car. On the way to meet the person, the baby was in deep sleep while she felt a sharp ache in her heart with every step she took. I’m sorry, my child. I’m the one at fault here, she thought as she held back her grief. Escorted by two bodyguards for her protection, she made her way to the inpatient department with the baby in tow. And so, she went upstairs and headed straight for Conrad’s ward.

Leaning on the bed, Conrad was watching the news when Yvonne entered his ward. Upon the sight of her appearance with the child in her arms, he smiled, a glimpse of light zipping across his eyes. “Today’s Yves is truly obedient.” Then, he lifted the bedding and got up. Although he still felt pain in his injuries whenever he moved, it was still within the range of his tolerance. After he walked up to her, he fixed his gaze on the child in her arms while paying extra attention to the birthmark behind the child’s ear. Looks like the irregular birthmark of the size of a small thumb is indeed present, he thought to himself.

Disliking how close Conrad was, Yvonne took a step back and said, “I’ve already brought the child here, so you can delete the videos now, right?”

With a frown, Conrad replied, “Although you did bring the child here, a DNA test needs to be done.” Then, the man went to the table and took a cotton swab before returning to the mother-son pair. After he dabbed the drool coming out from the corner of the baby’s mouth with the cotton swab and pulled a few strands of his hair, he handed them to his bodyguard standing outside the door and instructed him to send them to a designated place to expedite the process.

“Have a seat,” Conrad said as he pointed at the couch. “If you had handed over the child earlier, then I wouldn’t have had to resort to such dire measures.” He then poured a glass of warm water for her and placed it on the table.

As Yvonne did not trust Conrad, she was afraid to accept a drink from him. “I don’t want to talk to you that much.” And so, she ignored the man as she only fiddled with her phone with the child in her arms. In truth, she wasn’t in the mood to be fiddling with her phone right now. None of the videos she played on the phone were even on her mind, as she could only think of the baby in her arms. Must I really hand my child over? She was still hesitating.

Half an hour later, the result of the expedited test was out. After comparing the DNA of the two samples, it was confirmed that the child was indeed Conrad’s. Thus, he put down his phone and walked up to Yvonne. “Now then, give me the child. Let me see just what a child of my genes looks like.”

“Delete the videos first!” Yvonne raised her voice as she hugged the child tightly, unwilling to hand the child over.

“Alright, alright. I’ll delete them.” With his phone in hand, Conrad sat beside Yvonne as he deleted each and every one of the videos from his phone. “There, all deleted.”

After Conrad deleted the videos, Yvonne went through the recycle bin on the phone and the file application on the phone. When she had confirmed that there were no longer traces of the videos, she heaved a sigh of relief. However, she immediately felt a sense of regret the moment she cast her eyes downward at the child in her arms. “Jerry, Eric!”

Upon Yvonne’s words, the two bodyguards outside instantly entered the ward. As Conrad’s attention shifted to the two bodyguards, she immediately stood up and made her way out of the ward with her baby. Since Jerry and Eric were the strongest among the mercenaries stationed in the villa, they would, at the very least, be able to handle ten men on their own, so she held hope that she would be able to make a getaway here.

“Block his path while I leave with the child,” Yvonne instructed the two men and was about to leave the ward, but was stopped by Jerry and Eric. “Hey, what are you doing? Move aside! I told you to block that man!” she yelled while trying to drag them away from her path. However, the two of them remained still as they continued to block the ward exit.

“Hahahaha...” Behind Yvonne, Conrad let out a laugh. Leaning on the couch, he took out a cigarette and placed it in his mouth. After lighting the cigarette and taking a drag, he asked, “Just where does the little princess think she’s going? Hmm?”