

Her Biliionaire Husband

Chapter 540



Chapter 540 'Yvonne's' Returned to the Country

Yvonne looked back at Conrad, and upon seeing how he calmly and gracefully sat on the couch, she immediately knew that the

two men behind her had stabbed her in the back. "You... I treat you both well. Why have you betrayed me?"

Her eyes were wide and red from anger. Hearing that, Jerry and Eric looked at each other before the yellow-haired Jerry said, "In

your people's words, 'human beings die in pursuit of wealth, and birds die in pursuit of food'. Mr. Conrad pays us dozens of times more than you do."

"Tell me how much he is paying you." She then added with a roar, "I will double that!"

The brothers smiled at each other and shook their heads.

"We have already betrayed you anyway. We will be marching into

death if we go back on our words now." Eric sighed.

They knew there was no turning back from the moment they made their choice as they could already imagine the consequences

of going back to Yvonne's side after betraying her. Seemingly on the verge of losing her mind, she turned back and looked at Conrad as she hissed, "You despicable man!"

"I am despicable? No. You are the one who went back on your word." He tapped the ash off the cigarette between his fingers. "I

gave you your chance. You were the one who didn't appreciate it."

After he finished saying that, he threw a speaking look to the man behind Yvonne.

All she felt was a pain in her neck before her vision went black, and she fell to the floor.

Another bodyguard had gotten himself ready to catch the child in her arms right when she went limp.

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The next day at Twilight Condominium, by the time Veronica woke up, Matthew had already prepared her some prawn porridge.

It still brought her immense joy even though he always made porridge or simple sandwiches for their breakfast every day.

These days, however, she had not been eating much because of her loss of appetite.

"Come. Eat the prawn porridge I cooked for you. I will bring you a glass of hot milk."

Dressed in casual clothes and an apron, Matthew had rolled his sleeves up to his elbow, and was holding a spatula in his hand.

He looked like a chef who prepared state banquets. However, he was way more handsome than a real chef who prepared state banquets. His current outfit especially gave him that extra touch that made Veronica drool.

“You are so handsome today, Matt,” she generously complimented him, only for Matthew to peek at her from the corner of his eye. “Fine. I will let you take a few more looks.”

“Gee whiz, what a stuck-up fellow.” Elbows on the table, Veronica propped her chin with her hands as she beamed.

After seeing him enter the kitchen, she took a spoonful of prawn porridge and blew at it. She was about to eat when she

suddenly felt her stomach turn, and she gagged.

She then put down the spoon and ran to the washroom.

“Ugh...”

She began to retch with one hand pressing onto her chest, but the next moment, she immediately covered her mouth.

Something is wrong! she suddenly realized. I haven't had my period in over a month, and now I am dry-heaving? What is going on?

Veronica was hit by a feeling of doom all of a sudden. Many seconds had passed, but still she hadn't come back to her senses.

It had been more than a month since she forgot to take a pill after she rolled in the sheets with Matthew on Qurra Mountain.

Not only did her period not come, she had a loss of appetite, and would occasionally suffer from acid reflux. She had thought that it was her gastritis that relapsed, but now...

It seemed like she might be... pregnant.

Matthew stood outside the bathroom and knocked on the door. "Roni? What is wrong?"

"Huh? Oh. My stomach hurts all of a sudden."

In order to hide it better, she took off her pants and sat on the toilet.

"Hurry it up, okay? The porridge is going to go cold," he reminded her.

"Mhm. Okay."

She quietly breathed a sigh of relief after that. She couldn't help feeling glad that he didn't hear her retch earlier. I am doomed

otherwise.

She continued to stay in the washroom for a while before she finally shuffled to the dining room.

Feelings of uncertainty began to arise when she saw him sitting there eating.

“You won’t have anything to eat if you continue being all wishy-washy.” He was telling her to hurry over and eat.

Resigned, she sat in front of him and scooped a spoonful of porridge. She then forced herself to eat it, but she

didn’t thoroughly

chew in fear of throwing up.

“Does it taste bad?” Matthew asked all of a sudden.

Sitting across from her, he noticed that her eyebrows were pulled together, and she was eating with her head lowered, as though

she had something on her mind. It looked like it was hard for her to swallow that spoonful of porridge.

He swiftly took a spoon of porridge and tasted it. “It tastes fine.”

“Huh?” When Veronica snapped back to reality, she quickly shook her head. “N-No. It is probably due to something else. My

throat doesn’t feel too good.”

She decided to put down her spoon when she finally couldn’t force herself any longer. “I’m done,” she stated.

“My throat hurts.”

Another spoonful of this and she would be projecting everything out.

Matthew was a clever man. She would be doomed if he found out the truth.

“Don’t eat if you don’t want to. I will take you to the hospital for a quick check-up,” he suggested after he stood up to clean up the table.

Veronica got up as well, and she shook her head while she helped him with the cleaning. “No need for that. I will get medicine to

lower my body temperature when I pass by the pharmacy later. I need to go to Yvonne’s anyway.”

Right after she said that, the phone in her pocket began to ring.

After setting the table cloth aside, she took out a tissue to wipe her hand with. She then took her phone out and saw that she

was getting a call from Yvonne.

“Yvonne, I am on my way to you,” Veronica informed Yvonne after accepting the call.

“No. It is fine. I called you to tell you that I am getting on a plane soon.”

“You are boarding now? Isn’t the flight I booked for you this afternoon? Where are you getting on a plane now?”

Her question was met by momentary silence. “Um...” Yvonne tried again, “I am in Lothen. I came to Lothen last night because I was worried about my baby being brought here. I am taking a flight from here.”

“Why didn’t you tell me before you left?” Veronica complained, to which Yvonne only sighed. “I was worried.”

“Lothen is so far away from here. I can’t make it there right now. Go ahead and board your plane. Remember to video call me when you arrive in Castron.”

“I have already contacted my parents. They will be picking me up from the airport. Don’t worry about me. After ‘Yvonne’ said that, she added, “I am boarding now. Talk to you later. Bye.”

Veronica couldn’t say anything more after she heard the boarding announcement broadcast on the other end of the phone.

“Hurry up and get on the plane, then. Safe travels.”

“Mhm.” The call was cut after ‘Yvonne’ hummed in reply. As Veronica held her phone and recalled her conversation with Yvonne, she couldn’t help feeling something was wrong.

However, she couldn’t exactly point out what the problem was.

Sitting on the chair, she let out a long sigh.

Matthew happened to come out of the kitchen then.

“Should we move back to the villa?” he suggested,

thinking Veronica was

worn out.

After all, there wasn't much space in this condominium unit. It would make it even more inconvenient if there were servants here.

She shook her head and rejected his idea. “I don't want to. I like it here. It feels like home.”

Even though the villa was glamorous and magnificent, a place of that size always felt extremely cold because of how empty it

was.

All Veronica wanted was to live a harmonious life alone with Matthew; not having anyone to disturb them did feel pretty good.

Otherwise, she would never feel truly relaxed.

Thinking of this, she couldn't help but lament, “You are the one who has to suffer because of me. Do you find it hard to cope with

having to do everything by yourself when you used to live in an enormous villa and had tons of servants waiting on your hand

and foot?”

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