

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 251

Chapter 251 The Mysterious Necklace

Veronica took a few tissues from the table beside her and handed them to Caitlyn as she spoke. "Aw, don't cry. Wipe your tears away. Your eye makeup is completely gone."

A sobbing Caitlyn then reached out to accept the tissue that Veronica handed over as soon as she realized her eyeliner was smudged.

However, before her hand touched the tissue, Veronica let go and the tissue fell to the ground.

Caitlyn's hand became immobile. Veronica's actions enraged her and she yelled, "Veronica, what are you doing?!!"

This is a total humiliation to me!

Veronica, who had been holding back for a while, restrained her smile and crossed her arms over her chest. She looked coldly and arrogantly at Caitlyn, her aura oppressing. "Miss West, I'm just teaching you how to behave! You're useless, but you're still stirring up trouble everywhere. Don't go around bragging about your IQ of 250 and embarrassing the West Family! Don't pretend to be a big-tailed wolf if you're not a fox. If you don't have that IQ, just stay put. Don't act crazy and go wherever there is excitement."

"You...Veronica, h-how dare y-you?!"

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Caitlyn burst into tears after being enraged by Veronica. For a long time, the former couldn't even say a thing.

"What? You'd best go to the hospital to get rid of your stutter and ask the doctor to treat the hydrocephalus in your brain so you don't develop brain atrophy! If you truly cannot afford treatment, I will pay for your medical expenses as a courtesy," Veronica retorted, turning Caitlyn red with rage.

However, Caitlyn didn't know how to refute her even after a long time

Finally, Caitlyn responded, "I don't have hydrocephalus. Hmph! Veronica, you are too much!" She then bawled while wiping the tears off her face, and ran out the door.

Everyone laughed at her actions.

"I've learned a few things. It turns out that scolding people in this manner is possible."

“Caitlyn was thoroughly roasted. She deserves it because she usually speaks without hesitation.”

“This is so interesting!”

“Hahaha... That’s so humiliating.”

“I know right? It’s giving me intense secondhand embarrassment.”

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Caitlyn had everyone’s attention, and the atmosphere became lively as a result of her embarrassment.

“I apologize for disturbing everyone.”

Veronica grabbed a glass of champagne from the table and drank it all at once. “As an apology, I’ll punish myself by drinking this glass of champagne.”

She pursed her lips and smiled before wrapping her arms around Yvonne, who was standing beside her, and saying loudly, “I drank some wine, Yvie, and I’m a little tipsy. Could you dance with Conrad for me?”

Veronica then mercilessly pushed Yvonne toward the dance floor.

When it came to dancing, Veronica was a disaster.

Nonetheless, she didn’t want anyone to arbitrarily plot against her weakness.

And so, Yvonne had no choice but to agree. “Okay.”

Conrad, who was standing nearby, cooperated very well with Veronica. He smiled at her and then approached Yvonne. “Yvie? What a sweet name. Would you like to dance with me?”

He extended his hand like a gentleman, exuding grace the whole time.

“It’s my honor,” Yvonne said sweetly, placing her slender fingers in his palm.

Conrad and Yvonne walked to the center of the dance floor and began dancing to the melodious piano music of “Marriage d’Amour.”

Meanwhile, the bystanders dispersed as there was no more drama.

Veronica smiled as she looked at Tiffany and Ruka in front of her. Her smile was tinged with disdain. She then sat down and continued to drink champagne and play with her phone.

She pulled out her phone and saw a text message from Matthew.

'Roni, I have some urgent matters to attend to for the time being, so I will come to pick you up later.'

The text was delivered half an hour ago, according to the time stamp.

Veronica sighed discreetly at that. No wonder she hadn't seen him.

"Is Miss Larson's dance partner not around?" A wealthy young master approached Tiffany and greeted her.

Tiffany maintained her ladylike demeanor and politely nodded.

"My dance partner has unexpectedly left. I'm wondering if I have the privilege of inviting you for a dance?" The man graciously invited Tiffany to a dance.

"Alright."

Tiffany readily agreed and joined the man on the dance floor.

And so, Veronica and Ruka were left alone.

Ruka walked behind Veronica and picked up a glass of champagne. She then drank it while watching the crowd dance. Her red lips parted gently before she said, "Don't be too complacent. You can screw over Caitlyn and Tiffany all you want, but you're not my opponent!"

It was a hostile warning.

Veronica listened while trying not to laugh.

"If you're going to spend so much time plotting against me, you might as well think about how to win Matthew's heart. There are so many girls chasing after Matthew. If every girl is your fictitious enemy... Tsk! Miss Dame, I'm sure you're exhausted."

Veronica was sitting there with a smile on her face as she looked at Ruka. She then raised her glass of champagne and drank it herself.

She paused for a moment while drinking, then looked at Ruka and said, "Oh—and I've never liked Matthew."

“You... Why are you telling me this?” Ruka’s arrogant expression revealed some surprise.

“I’m telling you this because I hope you don’t have to be so hostile to me, let alone plot against me in secret. Even if you’re not exhausted, I am.”

Veronica was exhausted after such tiring days.

It would be fantastic if she could put an end to Ruka’s negative thoughts about her by telling her the truth so bluntly.

“You are quite honest.”

Ruka held a goblet in one hand and wrapped her other arm around herself. She drooped her eyelids and cast a glance at Tiffany, who was in the center of the dance floor. “At the very least, being with you is more comfortable than being with your pretentious sister.”

Veronica sneered quietly.

What does it have to do with me if you’re feeling uncomfortable?

You never showed mercy when it was time to attack me.

Veronica did not bother to respond. As a result, Ruka stood there for a moment, no longer bringing contempt upon herself, before turning to leave.

Soon after, a hostess approached Veronica and placed a tray in front of her. The woman then said, “This is the sapphire necklace of the ‘Angel’s Tears’ that you bid on, President Murphy. President Kings has already paid for it, and he has asked me to deliver it to you.”

On the tray was an exquisite necklace box, as well as a credit card bill for sixty million and one.

“I bid on it, so why should I accept Matthew’s payment?” Veronica was a little dissatisfied with the staff’s action.

“President Kings said he will deduct the money from what he owes you,” the hostess replied respectfully with a smile.

“Alright.”

In that case, Veronica had nothing to say.

She picked up the black carved wooden box and the bill before thanking the hostess.

She was bored while sitting at the table, so she proceeded to open the carved wooden box. The box revealed the necklace of 'Angel's Tears' nestled upon delicate golden silk.

The necklace was made of platinum, and the pendant was a tear-shaped sapphire.

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Chapter 252 Someone Wants to Frame Matthew

It would be more accurate to call the necklace 'Dream of the Night' rather than 'Angel's Tears'.

This was because the pendant of this necklace was unusual in shape, even a little vintage, which was incompatible with the necklace's post-modern design.

Veronica clutched the necklace and rubbed the pendant gently with her thumb. Her brain was buzzing at the time, as if someone was pulling on a nerve, and she gasped in pain.

Some images flashed through her mind in an instant, but they were so brief that she couldn't retain any information.

However, this strange physical reaction lasted only a split second before dissipating.

"Ouch! It hurts."

Veronica reached out and rubbed her temples "What's going on? Didn't I get enough sleep the night before? Is that why I'm having a migraine?"

Migraine used to be a problem for older women but as Veronica got older, she experienced migraine symptoms occasionally, particularly whenever she pulled an all-nighter.

For this reason, she didn't think much about it and put the necklace back in the box.

"Forget it. Let's just wear it since it's so expensive."

She was distressed about the necklace she had purchased for 60 million, so she simply removed the four-leaf clover necklace that Xavier had given her from her neck and replaced it with the pricey necklace.

"You look great in blue."

Xavier appeared out of nowhere and took a seat next to Veronica.

She immediately closed the box upon seeing him. After all, it was the necklace that he had given her, and taking it down in front of him was somewhat inappropriate.

“How... How is your body recovering?” Veronica looked at his legs subconsciously, guilt visible in her eyes.

“It’s okay,” he patted his leg as he breathed a sigh of relief.

A bartender passed by at this point, and Xavier snapped and crooked his fingers, motioning for the bartender to come over.

When the bartender approached, Xavier grabbed two glasses of red wine from the tray and handed one of them to Veronica. “I heard your wedding business is doing well right now.”

She then clinked glasses with him before taking a sip and sighing. “It’s fine. What about you? How do you feel about returning to work at the Crawford Corporation? Are you getting used to it?”

“People must go through an adaptation process, after all.”

Xavier laughed at himself, then extended his hand and asked, “Would you like to dance?”

“No, I really don’t know how to dance.”

“Since you can’t dance, why don’t we sit for a while on the top floor terrace? We can have a coffee and enjoy the view.”

Veronica’s head felt heavy, so she waved her hand and said, “No, I’ve been busy all day and I really want to rest.”

She had lost her calm since the last incident when she was confronted with Xavier again, and she now felt a lot of pressure.

Xavier, too, could clearly feel the distance and strangeness between them after her direct refusal.

His cold eyes narrowed slightly, and a complex expression flashed across his face.

“I’ve been dancing a long time and I’m exhausted.”

Yvonne exited the dance floor and walked directly to Veronica’s side. She leaned on Veronica’s shoulders lazily before turning her head to greet Xavier. “Hello, Young Master Xavier! Allow me to introduce myself—my name is Yvonne Spencer and you can call me Yvie.”

Xavier had some impression of Yvonne as he had seen her before.

“Do you get along well with Roni?”

He was taken aback by how well the two of them complemented each other.

Yvonne wrapped her arms around Veronica’s shoulders and smiled before answering, “She is, of course, one of my new sisters. Look, she’s my sister and you’re her brother, so that makes you my brother. That’s perfectly fine, yes?”

Yvonne appeared to be an extrovert, and her personality was very similar to Veronica’s.

Veronica frowned as she looked at Yvonne, and it was as if she was looking at some alien. “You have to widen your perspective and be more open-minded. Everyone in Destor is family, and with the exception of your own family, any guy can be your brother.”

Her playful words made Xavier laugh.

Yvonne, on the other hand, gave Victoria a blank stare. She stretched out her hand and pinched Veronica’s arm, thereafter muttering, “Am I that shameless?”

Yvonne then smiled at Xavier as she spoke. “Bro, your family also produces raw materials for makeup. Would you be willing to collaborate and offer me a discounted price?”

“How can I refuse when Yvie calls me her brother?”

“Right, bro? You really are righteous.”

Both of them then chatted pleasantly.

After some time, Xavier abruptly stated, “I’ll go to the restroom first. You two can continue talking.”

“Okay.”

Veronica and Yvonne nodded as he stood up and left.

On the other side of the hall, Tiffany saw Xavier stride away, thus she got up and followed him.

At this moment, the host on stage had announced the lucky winner, and Veronica had been summoned to the stage to accept the prize.

Of course, she would not refuse a prize.

After all, it was an exquisite jewelry worth millions, so she didn't want to waste it.

The hall was very lively, but there was a banging sound coming from the room behind the hall.

Xavier kicked the door open, strode into the staff room, and locked his gaze on a male waiter, who was hurriedly changing his clothes.

This was the waiter who had just walked past him with glasses of red wine.

"Where do you think you're going?"

His icy cold eyes pierced the puny waiter into his core.

The waiter panicked and swallowed nervously while taking a few steps back. His whole face had on a single expression, and it was one of guilt.

"You... What are you trying to do? This is a staff room and idlers are not allowed to enter."

The waiter was so nervous that he stuttered.

Xavier pursed his lips and took a step forward. He then clenched his right fist and punched the waiter in the face.

The waiter collapsed to the ground, his nose bleeding.

"What exactly are you doing? How can you punch me? I... Believe it or not, I'm... calling the cops on you right now!"

The thin man lying on the ground was terrified.

Xavier stood in front of the waiter, condescendingly looking down at him. The next moment, Xavier's shiny black leather shoe stepped on the back of the waiter's right hand, which was on the ground. "Tell me—who sent you here?"

"I'm not sure what you're talking about... Ouch! It hurts... It really hurts! My hand is about to break! Help!"

He couldn't help but scream in agony.

"If you don't answer my question, I'll break not only your hand, but also your legs!" Xavier threatened.

D*mn it! How can this man behave so atrociously? Is he sick of living?

The man kept his mouth tightly shut after Xavier finished his warning, unwilling to say anything.

Seeing that he kept his mouth shut, Xavier was at the end of his rope, and he cast a glance at a wine bottle beside him.

Without saying anything, Xavier slammed the bottle's mouth against the wall. Holding the broken bottle in his hand, he leaned over and slammed it into the back of the man's hand. "As long as you can handle it, you don't have to say anything."

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Chapter 253 The Mysterious Man

"Ahhh!" the man screamed in agony as his face flushed red and the veins on his forehead bulged. His expression was both hideous and terrifying.

"Are you still not going to tell me?"

"Okay, fine. I'll explain. Umm..." The blood was dripping from his hand as it continued to flow. He was trembling in pain as if he had lost his strength. "Someone just approached me... The person offered me money to spike the wine glass with poison and deliver it to the lady next to you."

"Who gave you the command? What kind of reward did you receive?" Xavier inquired.

"It was a phone call. A man called and asked for my bank account information before transferring 100,000 to me," the man explained truthfully.

Xavier then squatted down and took the phone from the man's pocket. When he realized that the phone needed to be unlocked using face recognition, he turned it around to face the man.

The phone had been unlocked.

More From The Web

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Xavier opened the call history and asked the injured man, "Which one?"

"The top one."

The man was terrified that if he didn't tell the truth, he would enrage Xavier and lose his life immediately.

Xavier quickly memorized the phone number using his photographic memory and opened the text message interface. As expected, it contained a bank transfer message.

“If you don’t want to die, you should leave Bloomstead.” After issuing a warning, he stood up and turned to leave.

However, after only a few steps, he felt unusually hot and the heat was unbearable.

He felt something was wrong after drinking the wine earlier.

He believed that Veronica had become Matthew’s godsister and that even if someone was targeted on such an occasion today, no one would be so eager to attack Veronica.

As a result, he misjudged the strength of his opponent! The ability of his opponent to court death!

An enraged Xavier had just fought with the waiter, which depleted his physical strength but accelerated the poison’s efficacy in his body.

He endured the pain and left the staff room, where he ran into Tiffany, who had come to find him.

When she saw Xavier, she made a cold face and asked, “We agreed to collaborate, Young Master Xavier. You’re really close to Veronica now, aren’t you?”

“Please... Please take me upstairs.”

He could only feel the drug attacking his body and at a fast rate.

To keep outsiders from discovering what was happening, he wrapped his arms around her neck, walked forward with her strength, and urged, “Quick, take me upstairs.”

What kind of drug was this?

It actually made him weaker and caused his body temperature to increase, which landed him with excruciating pain.

“Do you feel okay?” Tiffany inquired as she observed Xavier’s odd behavior.

He ordered her, “Go upstairs!”

She resisted at first, but she reasoned that if she wanted to work with him in the future, she needed to gain his trust now.

Then, she accompanied him upstairs to the private lounge.

Tiffany led Xavier to the 32nd floor, where she found a private lounge, walked in with him, and shut the door.

“Young Master Xavier, you seem a little ill. I’ll call a doctor.”

She was concerned because she noticed his body was burning while she was holding him.

However, all those fears became reality.

Xavier, who was still weak and hot, was gradually gaining strength and his mind was a little foggy. He hugged the woman in front of her despite her confused expression. “Don’t go, Roni... Please don’t abandon me.”

Tiffany’s head buzzed as he said ‘Roni,’ and her heart swelled with rage. She was furious. “Young Master Xavier, you’ve made a mistake. I’m—”

“How could I have misidentified you, Roni? Even if you are reduced to ashes, I will recognize you.” He hugged Tiffany tightly and said, “Why... why did you cause me such anguish? Do you realize that there is no one on this planet who loves you more than I do? But you’re still flirting with the jerk, Matthew.”

“I...”

Tiffany’s mind was foggy and she felt a pang of sympathy for him since he was exactly like her.

But... They were different.

Tiffany had gotten to where she was today thanks entirely to Xavier’s sister, so she had to take revenge. “Let go of me, Xavier. I am not Roni—Ugh!”

She shoved him and turned to walk away, but who knew that he would lean over and kiss her lips the next moment?

It was a passionate kiss in which he pried her lips open and sucked them.

Her mind went blank as a result of the sudden action. He had already pressed her against the bed when she reacted and wanted to leave.

“Roni, don’t go... Be my woman, I... I won’t blame you. I won’t blame you for everything you’ve done.”

“Are you crazy, Xavier? My name is Tiffany—Rip...”

Before she could finish her sentence, he had destroyed her gown.

How could a frail woman be his opponent?

Although she struggled with all her might, she couldn't get away from him.

That drug gradually made him tyrannical. He tried to stop the drug from spreading throughout his body, but it was too powerful.

His mind was already confused when he felt powerless. Finally, the drug's efficacy exploded to its peak in a short period of time, causing him to go insane and believing that Tiffany was Veronica, whom he loved.

He adored Veronica, but it was an unrequited love. However, she had hurt him and Melissa the last time they were in the warehouse.

His attitude toward her gradually changed after that. Although he still loved her, his heart grew wild around her like a vine after rain.

As time passed by, the people at the dance eventually dispersed.

Veronica didn't wait for Matthew to pick her up; instead, she took Yvonne's car home.

She washed up and lay on the bed when she arrived home while breathing a long sigh of relief. "It's more comfortable to lie in bed."

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Castron.

In a super-luxurious villa built on a cliff, a mysterious man stood in front of floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the cliff. He held a cigar in his hand, sipped it, and exhaled lightly.

He fluently spoke in the local language, "Your ticket has been prepared, Hendrey. You will depart after sunrise."

"What's my mission?" Hendrey inquired, slightly nodding.

"Get rid of a woman named Tiffany!"

"Murdering a woman is so simple. Why should I do it myself?" The mysterious man's intent perplexed Hendrey.

"I assigned you to this mission because this woman named Tiffany resembles your first love, Veronica. As a result, you can simply use Veronica to approach Tiffany secretly and get rid of her."

The mysterious man continued with a cigar in his mouth, "There are many professionals surrounding Tiffany, and it is difficult to kill her. Be cautious, but make sure to kill her! Bring Floch Larson and his wife to me."

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Chapter 254 My Grandma Took a Pentakill Using Zayn

Veronica sat on the bed, opened her laptop, and searched for content to see what new projects could be undertaken.

Despite the fact that Matthew had invested in the wedding company, he was only assisting her because they had a great relationship.

One must always be ready to face danger.

She was worried that if things went south with Matthew, she would be back to square one.

Therefore, she must now develop her own development strategy and goals.

However, e-commerce was now severely suppressing entities, and many entities were facing economic downfall. On the contrary, live broadcasting companies, small video production companies, and the e-sports industry were doing well.

E-sports?

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She picked up her phone and looked at the game application she always used. She had considered starting an e-sports company several times, but she put it off due to a lack of time and money.

However, she now had a lot of time and funds.

It was possible for her to attempt it.

She then opened WhatsAspp and searched for a group called 'My Grandma Took a Pentakill Using Zayn'.

It had a total of ten people in it. They were her teammates, and they frequently played games in a group of five, so they had an extremely close relationship.

She sent a message, 'Let's play...'

A phone call from Yvonne arrived shortly after the message was sent.

Why is she calling so late?

She thought to herself before answering the call. "Yvonne, what's the matter?"

"Hey Roni. Are you available tomorrow?"

"Get straight to the point."

"Hehe, it's nothing major. There's a jewelry exhibition tomorrow, and my friend who owns the jewelry company has invited me to attend. I'm afraid it will be boring, so let's go together."

"No."

"I'm not interested in that," Veronica said, indicating her disinterest in the jewelry exhibition.

"Oh, but you have nothing else to do. It's a large jewelry exhibition, and there will be numerous bosses present. This is an excellent opportunity to get to know them better. Can you please just go with me?"

Yvonne pleaded with her.

Yvonne was extremely active and serious about business, and she wished to widen her network in a variety of ways in order to establish and expand her brand, Honeycloud Cosmetics.

Veronica assumed that if she wanted to do business, she would have to meet people as well.

After all, it was the first time she presided over a wedding ceremony because she was fully in charge of Matthew's wedding. To make money from Matthew, she only needed to start a wedding company.

This was a guaranteed profit of 200 percent!

However, if she started her own business without relying on Matthew, it would be much more difficult.

"What time do we meet tomorrow?"

"I'll pick you up tomorrow at six o'clock in the evening."

"Fine."

"You're the best, Roni. Muack!"

“Ew, you’re so disgusting,” Veronica said.

She hung up the phone, got up, and grabbed a notebook, ready to jot down pertinent information she found online.

Then, a slew of messages began to appear in the WhatsApp group.

Sniper: Zayn, you’re the only one who hasn’t logged into the game.

Short-legged Ben: Zayn, you haven’t been online in a few days. What’s keeping you so busy?

Grandma: Zayn must have gone to pick up the girls.

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Since many players had their favorite heroes, they simply used their heroes’ names as their usernames in the WhatsApp group.

Veronica paused for a moment before responding with two words, ‘Log in.’

Shadow Hacker: If Zayn doesn’t turn on their mic, she must be a girl.

Grandma: Are you insulting girls? Zayn, presumably, is unable to communicate. Let us not impose him or her.’

Short-legged Ben: Stop with the nonsense. I don’t care if it’s a man or a woman. I only love Ben.

Disaster: Log in.

Several people in the group chatted for a while before logging into the game.

Veronica never revealed her identity, and there was no selfie of her on social media, so no one knew who she was.

Friends who had been playing together for many years online using voice chat basically meant everyone would join forces only to betray each other. For this reason, they were known as the ‘Black Dragons’.

That night, after playing several games in a row, she was up until the wee hours before going offline.

The following day.

Hilton Hotel.

Tiffany, who had been frantically tossed around by Xavier all night, had already dozed off.

That night, after initially resisting, she gradually succumbed to Xavier's ferocity, and she involuntarily felt more enjoyment.

As an adult, Tiffany was not as conservative and traditional as the world perceived her to be. Because of the Larson couple's oppression, she became an indulgent lady in private, which contrasted with her gentle and noble image as Miss Larson.

She was out of control after the first taste of the forbidden fruit, so this time she felt Xavier's incomparable bravery after being drugged, which really made her high and flutter like a butterfly.

Xavier, on the other hand, had 'worked hard' all night and had fallen asleep.

Fortunately, the hotel suite automatically locked when the door was closed; otherwise, the two's unbearable appearance would have been noticed by strangers.

At noon, a hotel housekeeper came knocking on their door. "Hello, do you need housekeeping?"

The housekeeper inquired.

Xavier was awakened by the constant knocking on the door, so he sat up and looked around. He felt cold in his body and looked down before glancing at the sleeping woman beside him. The quilt did not cover the hickeys on her chest. They must have had a wild night last night.

"Hello? Is there anyone in?"

The waiter knocked on the door once more.

"There's no need!" The waiter at the door left after Xavier replied loudly.

His voice, on the other hand, awoke Tiffany.

"Young Master Xavier, you... you were too much yesterday," she said as she opened her eyes wearily.

She was well aware that he was drugged, unconscious and had been misidentifying her as Veronica, but she didn't care.

Instead, she now had to make Xavier feel bad about himself.

Although Xavier was unaware of what occurred later, he remembered what had occurred previously. He felt guilty and remorseful for having done excessive things to Tiffany.

"I'm sorry," he said irritably as he scratched his hair.

"Boo hoo... Apologizing has no use..." she whimpered. All of a sudden, she choked and sobbed even harder. "You are crossing the line... sob..."

While listening to her sobbing, he irritably took out a box of cigarettes from his coat, pulled out a cigarette and lit it before smoking.

He fell into deep thought while leaning on the bed, but because he was naked, he could clearly feel the stickiness of the bedding.

Everything demonstrated how wild last night was!

"Why... Why are you all picking on me? My voice was hoarse yesterday, but you wouldn't let me go... Sob..."

Even though Tiffany had a good time last night, she felt humiliated and cheated.

After all, she didn't do it willingly, so it meant that she was coerced into it.

"Please allow me to explain." Xavier looked ahead, tucked his cigarette between his fingers, and took a drag of his cigarette again.

D*mn it. Who the hell drugged me yesterday?

If the two glasses of wine he drank were drugged, did that mean Veronica... Was she as insane as he was yesterday?

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Chapter 255 The Bloody Woman Lied to Him Once More

Who went wild with her?

Matthew?

No matter how hard Xavier thought, he only had Matthew in mind.

His mood darkened as he wondered what had happened to Veronica the night before.

"What explanation can you give me?"

Tiffany screamed angrily, "How am I supposed to face everyone? Ah..." She sobbed, ashamed and heartbroken.

He ignored her and put out his cigarette. He then stretched out his hand and picked up his clothes to put them on, saying, "If you want to call the cops, I won't stop you."

More From The Web

After saying that, he got up and went to the bathroom in a big hurry.

The bathroom door slammed shut with a 'bang', blocking out the sound from outside.

In a fraction of a moment, the painful expression on Tiffany's face gradually faded, and she became fierce and vicious. "I will make you all pay the price!" she said, raising her slender fingers to wipe the tears from her cheeks.

She clenched her fists and gritted her teeth, trembling with rage.

When Xavier came out of the bathroom ten minutes later, Tiffany leaned on the bed frame, sat with her knees curled up and wrapped herself tightly in the quilt. She did not look directly at him.

The man, who had never been in bed with another woman, was in a complicated and depressing mood.

"I...I did not call the cops."

What was the point of calling the cops if they had already slept together?

It will only make the police aware of the situation and make her even more embarrassed.

Furthermore, they only slept for one night, so she felt no loss; on the contrary, she could use this opportunity to get closer to Xavier.

This way, it would then be easier to deal with Veronica and exact vengeance on Melissa.

Tiffany's choice did not surprise him. With her current situation, exposing themselves would only cost her reputation. It was not worth the risk.

"I owe you this time. I'll have someone bring you clothes later."

Before leaving, he dressed and cast a glance at Tiffany.

She resembled Veronica so much, but even if he lingered on her, there were no expectations.

Not only that, it fueled his desire to win Veronica over.

After leaving the hotel, Xavier went straight to investigate the number that had dialed the hotel waiter the day before.

The investigation was progressing rapidly.

The mastermind behind the scene was discovered in less than an hour.

"I've found it, Young Master Xavier. The person responsible for the hotel's waiter arrangement is... It is..." The investigator stuttered.

"Melissa?"

Xavier had already guessed it.

"It's her."

The investigator replied.

Xavier's temples throbbed hard upon receiving a definitive response. He went straight to the hospital after hanging up the phone. He noticed Melissa lying on a hospital bed in the ward.

She was watching a short video while eating fruit, looking very relaxed.

He rushed to her side, and when she saw him enter, she exclaimed, "Why are you here... Ah!"

Before she could finish his sentence, Xavier slapped her across the face and scolded, "Are you stupid? Do you have to be amputated to learn to control yourself?"

Melissa, who had been slapped, was taken aback, but she quickly realized what he was implying.

"What did I do?" She raged, her hands pressed against her cheeks. "I just wanted to annihilate Veronica."

"You are my brother, but you favor Veronica in everything. Why?" Melissa shoved Xavier. "Look at my legs! If it weren't for that b*tch, I wouldn't be in this state right now. Do you have a problem? My legs have not recovered, and I'm afraid I may be a cripple for the rest of my life. Even if I recover, I'll never be able to dance again in my life. Don't you understand?!"

The shot in the knee shattered her meniscus, and even with surgery now, the consequences would be severe in the future.

How could Melissa bear such grievances when she had a domineering temperament and was regarded as a treasure in the Crawford Family?

However, she had no idea that the drug she put into the wine would harm her own brother.

“Veronica is now Old Mrs. Kings’ goddaughter, and she’s considered one of the Kings,” Xavier warned, narrowing his eyes and glaring at Melissa. If you keep messing around, you’ll end up killing the entire Crawford Family.”

“Are you getting it confused?”

“Regardless of how much Old Mrs. Kings likes her, she is still an outsider,” she raged. “Do you think Elizabeth and Matthew would inflict harm on our family solely because of Veronica, causing us to suffer?”

After all, Veronica had overestimated the Crawford Family’s power in Bloomstead.

“Such ignorance!”

“I warn you for the last time. Don’t play tricks on Veronica again; otherwise, don’t blame me for being rude to you,” Xavier said as he got a headache from Melissa’s rage.

“Hmph! Are you still my brother, Xavier? That vixen, Veronica, has enchanted you. You... Hey! Don’t leave! Ah! It’s so annoying!”

Xavier had already left the ward before her words were finished, which drove her insane.

...

Veronica was working in the office all morning. At noon, Matthew texted her, ‘When do you get off work?’

She glanced at the text message on her phone while in a meeting with a member of the sales team. She then turned the phone over and set it aside, ignoring the text message, before she continued the meeting.

At this time, Matthew was playing with his phone in the Spinfluence Group’s office. He then raised his eyes and glanced at his friends sitting in front of him before stretching out his hand to rub his temples in annoyance.

“Damn, Bro. You haven’t gotten it done yet? You’re wealthy and attractive, yet Veronica doesn’t like you?” Sklyer asked.

“Didn’t you say she had a first love? Is it possible that she hasn’t forgotten her first love?” Miguel chimed in on the discussion.

As they mentioned his first love, Matthew subconsciously raised his gaze to Caleb, as if waiting for his response.

After exiting the underground chamber the last time, he ordered Caleb to investigate the person named ‘Larry Freeman’ mentioned by Veronica.

He was so preoccupied these days that he almost forgot about it.

“I’ve been working on an anti-drug case for the past few days, and I almost forgot about this,” Caleb, who was dressed in a black trench coat, said as he leaned back and sat up straight. “Matt, I’ve looked into the person named ‘Larry’. He’s not a student from the university Veronica attends, but rather the school hunk of another university at the time. The point is that he is a few years older than Veronica, so they can’t possibly know each other.”

“Is that it?”

Matthew’s handsome face expressed disappointment.

This was not what he had hoped for.

“Isn’t that sufficient? Matt, this means that Veronica is deceiving you. It’s very likely that she has never been in love.”

Sklyer assessed the situation right away.

“What Drew said makes sense,” Miguel said, nodding in agreement.

When Matthew heard this, his eyes lit up, as if he saw hope, and he fixed his gaze on Caleb, waiting for his response.

“That’s not it.”

Caleb awkwardly touched his hair, saying, “Veronica and Larry have never met, but she has a first love. The name is Hendrey Johnson.”