

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 286

Chapter 286

Chapter 286 Matthew's Car Accident

When Veronica arrived at the front, Ruka was behind her as they departed together.

Now that they were suddenly left alone together, there was a solemn air hanging above Matthew and Xavier.

"President Kings, It's a known rumor that you're not close to women, but I think you're just not content with what you already have." Xavier gave a gentle snort while mocking Matthew as he lowered his head to slice the steak on his plate.

Matthew's jade-like fingers raised the wine glass and swirled it a few times before he took a sip of it. Then, he calmly answered, "Young Master Xavier, you still have the time to poke your nose into the affairs of others. I suppose that means... you're not busy enough."

Just that sentence alone was enough to act as a deterrent.

"I, Xavier Crawford, will never back down from anything." After saying that, he set aside his cutleries and turned his head to the side to address Matthew. "And that includes Veronica Murphy."

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Xavier was issuing a challenge to Matthew. As an observer by Veronica's side, it was clear to him how much Matthew fancied her even though she was unaware of it.

Forget about Matthew and Ruka, the way he looked at Veronica was different from the way he gazed at Ruka. One was with indifference whereas the other was with passion.

Matthew lightly tapped his wine glass with his index finger and noticed Xavier's reflection that was as smooth as a mirror. Then, with a calm expression, he elegantly sampled the red wine. "It also depends whether you have the ability to do so too."

"Ah." When he heard what Matthew said, Xavier laughed. "For me to have a meal with her illustrates that I have the ability."

Provocation. What a provocative statement. Matthew was not exasperated while facing someone like Xavier. If he were to be angry, he would have lost his temper earlier. It was because he knew that Veronica did not have the hots for Xavier.

She was merely behaving this way because of her feud with Matthew.

Meanwhile, over at the ladies, Veronica went to the sink to wash her hands after using the public toilet. As she stood in front of the mirror, she looked at her reflection and reached out to comb her hair that had been messed up by the wind with her fingers.

As she did so, she noticed Ruka approaching her with folded arms and staring at her unblinkingly.

"What are you doing by looking at me like that? Those who are unaware would think that you swung this way," an annoyed Veronica teased.

"Didn't you say that you don't fancy him? Since you don't have the hots for him, why aren't you keeping your distance from him?" Ruka leaned against the wall with such an arrogant posture that left people with a bad taste in the mouth.

As Veronica turned on the faucet and washed her hands, she retorted, "Those who couldn't find their way out have all sought death. Since you are one of them, why aren't you dead yet?"

A person would not have said such inappropriate words even if they had suffered from the side effects of a brain injury for the past twenty years.

"You..." Ruka found herself being helpless as she faced Veronica's rude behavior before she sighed. "As a human, you should know better to have self-awareness. It's something that you said before."

It was at the banquet the other day that Veronica said those words to Caitlyn.

"For a person who lacks 'self-knowledge', you are trying to feign knowledge in front of me. Are you even worthy of that?"

Now that Veronica had already washed her hands and in the midst of taking the paper tissues to wipe her hands dry, she slowly turned to Ruka and responded, "Since you are already Matthew's girlfriend, then you should keep him close to her. If someone else decides to snatch him from you one fine day, that won't be your fault. It will be his since there won't be any smoke without a fire."

Her lips formed a small smile after she said those words. "You can be rest assured, though. I, Veronica Murphy, won't stoop so low to fancy a man like him."

Then, she threw the used paper tissues into the trash bin and walked past Ruka to leave the public toilet.

Ruka still leaned against the wall with folded arms while her cold eyes slightly narrowed. A brief smile appeared on her lips because Veronica really thought that Veronica was Matthew's girlfriend.

Although the atmosphere of the dining area was still the same when both women returned to their seats, there was a trace of a storm brewing in the air.

Veronica went to pick up the tab after the meal while Xavier went on his way. Matthew and Ruka also went their separate ways.

She had just taken a few steps at the parking lot when she suddenly stopped and called out for Matthew.

He also stopped in his tracks and turned his head. "What's up?"

Ruka pursed her lips and tightly clutched her coat made out of animal fur. Then, she walked toward him in her pair of high heels. "You have done so much for her, but it doesn't look like it's working out."

The man's expression was in the shade of charcoal while his thin lips parted. "Do what you are supposed to do."

After uttering such a cold statement, he left.

"Matthew Kings, you should give up. If she really likes you, how could she accept you being with another woman? You should know well that she doesn't love you and it's all your unrequited love."

Matthew thought that with Ruka's appearance at Alpine Ski Resort as his girlfriend, it would agitate Veronica to the point where she would realize that the person whom she truly loved was him.

Yet, such a ruse had not worked even after a few days.

It was not that he never thought about what Ruka said, but rather... he chose not to ponder about it. Hearing her words, he stopped and looked ahead while feeling lost.

Ruka took the opportunity to move closer to him and produced her cell phone before playing an audio recording. It was the conversation that she had with Veronica earlier in the ladies.

"Since you are already Matthew's girlfriend, then you should keep him close to her. If someone else decides to snatch him from you one fine day, that won't be your fault. It will be his since there won't be any smoke without a fire."

"You can be rest assured, though. I, Veronica Murphy, won't stoop so low to fancy a man like him."

Those sentences were enough to shatter Matthew's heart into a million pieces and into the abyss. He refused to turn back while his face adopted an indifferent expression. Only the hands that rested by his side gave an inkling into his reaction—his fingers were slightly curled to reveal his discomfort.

"She never loved you at all. So, no matter how persistent you are, what you'll receive in return is her disgust," Ruka enunciated those words.

Still, the man never said anything as he merely continued to walk toward his vehicle. Once he entered his car, he slammed the door.

There was also someone speeding on the road and flew past everyone like a lightning bolt. As Matthew was extremely affected by what Veronica had said and his mind replayed every word of his, he lost his concentration while driving, which ultimately resulted in a tragedy.

Bluntly said, he... was in a car accident.

It was just that Veronica was unaware of this and was immersed in her work for the entire afternoon.

It was now 5.30PM and Yvonne was patiently waiting for Conrad in one of Hilton Restaurant's private rooms. As expected, the man arrived at 5.30PM sharp.

"I'm sorry for the delay," the chivalrous and elegant Conrad apologized as he greeted her with a smile while entering the private room.

His elegance and charm had totally captivated her since her heartbeat was racing. Even her face had turned crimson. "You're fine. I just arrived, anyway. Is it freezing outside?" She tried to strike a conversation with him.

"It's bearable."

He removed his scarf and left it on the coat hanger, after which he walked toward her and took a seat opposite her. "Have you ordered?"

"Nope. I was waiting for you." Yvonne pushed the menu that was in front of her toward Conrad. "That's because I have no idea what your favorite dishes are."

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Chapter 287

Chapter 287 Confessing to Conrad

Propping her face up with her hands, she tilted her head and looked at the man in front of her while being immersed in his stunning looks.

Even though Yvonne was all about looks, she would not blindly love someone because of it.

On the other hand, Conrad was different. Besides his looks, he had treated everybody politely while being an easy person to get close to.

The man, who was seated opposite her, took a look at the menu before placing it in front of Yvonne. "Ladies first."

"Okay then."

This is the man I like. He really is attentive toward women.

Maybe it was because she liked him so much, every move of his would be looked upon positively by her.

Opening the menu, she ordered a few dishes before she asked, "Conrad, what do you like to eat? I can order it for you." This way, she could also discover his preferences. "Hilton Restaurant is best known for its beef wellington, so I'll have one in medium rare. Also, I would like a serving of pasta."

"Okay. What else do you like? The caviar and truffles here are also quite tasty."

Conrad only nodded after listening to her recommendation. "I will have a try then."

"Alright. I'll order one set of each then."

Pressing the button, Yvonne called for the waiter.

After a short while, the waiter walked in. She repeated the dishes that they chose before returning the menu to him.

There was silence in the room after the waiter left.

Yvonne, who blinked while crossing her hands, was using her right thumb's nail to scratch her left one, as she felt a bit nervous.

"About yesterday, I really do need to thank you." Breathing in deeply, she continued, "If I was taken back to Castron this time, I don't know when I would step foot into this country again."

The man leaned against the seat with crossed legs and arms as he sat there imposingly. "Zac seems to like you a lot," he stated.

Looking down at the table, Yvonne shook her head. "I do not like him, though. One shouldn't force love. Besides, I have someone whom I like."

At this stage, she suddenly looked into Conrad's eyes as if she was expecting him to ask who she fancied.

Yet, the calm man only returned her gaze with an elegant smile. It was at this moment that nobody really knew what he was thinking about.

Even though it was only by a few seconds, it felt more like an eternity to Yvonne since her expectations were slowly dissipating.

Yvonne thought that she had already made her hints obvious, but Conrad did not follow up as expected, which could only mean... He doesn't feel anything for me.

"Who do you like?" he asked suddenly.

Feeling her heart skip a beat, she found herself unable to breathe out of nervousness as she gripped her hands even tighter to the point where she was leaving a mark on her left thumb without even her knowing.

"I... I..."

With a hint of shyness in her gaze, she looked up at him...

"You don't need to say it if you feel uncomfortable. After all, this is quite a private topic. It was me who suddenly asked the question." Conrad smiled elegantly as he slowly sipped from the cup.

"I-It isn't. I... Actually, the one I like is you, Conrad!" She voiced her thoughts after mustering her courage.

Yvonne did not feel anything toward Zac's advances. At that time, she naively thought that it would be hard to love a person.

Nonetheless, this all changed the night she met Conrad, where she deeply fell for the man's charm after dancing to a song together with him.

She discovered from then on that time was not a requirement when it came to love. One just needed a glance.

All it took was a glance at the right person to make her madly in love.

His hand that was holding the cup trembled as he slowly looked up 'bafflingly' at the shy woman. "Did you say... you like me?"

Yvonne pursed her lips. She felt that it was due to nervousness that her lips were a bit dry. She licked them and nodded. "I like you."

Am I confessing right now? My god, I am actually confessing to the man I like right now. This is all so sudden. "Um, I..." Scratching her head, she asked, "Am I... being too sudden?"

Conrad calmly replied, "Don't you know that I and Zac are friends? Are you not afraid that I would tell him this?"

The mention of Zac replaced her nervousness with frustration. "You're right. I hate his guts. So what if I like you even if he's here?"

The expectation she had disappeared.

After all, Zac was the prince of Castron and that came with terrifying influence and power.

Would Conrad betray his friend just because Yvonne liked him?

Even Yvonne knew that this was somewhat unrealistic just by thinking about it.

Her head sank lower and lower as she looked at the table full of disappointment and despair. She mumbled, "Do I have to be with Zac just because he likes me?"

"That might not be the case," Conrad suddenly stated.

All it took was this short sentence to reignite the hope in her heart.

It was at this moment where she lifted her head that the man had put the cup down and held her hand. "Yves, you don't have to be afraid of anything as long as I'm here."

As his large palm covered her cold hand, a shock of warmth passed through Yvonne, making her so nervous that she was about to pass out. What... What does he mean?

She looked down at his hand, which was gently patting hers. "I felt that you were different from a normal girl the moment I saw you. You're very adorable, innocent, not afraid to speak what's on your mind, and also hard-working indeed. In short, you're an exceptional person in my eyes."

My god...

Is he confessing to me right now?

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Yvonne could hear her heartbeat going out of control to the point where it was close to coming out of her mouth.

"So, you... accept my confession?" she asked cautiously.

A straight-forward woman who grew up in Castron did not hide her love for a person.

After hesitating for a short moment, Conrad smiled softly. "I can only say that you're the kind of girl that I like. But, as to whether or not we can be together or if we're compatible, that remains to be seen."

Even though his answer was a bit ambiguous, his act of holding her hands was akin to already confessing to Yvonne.

Blinded by love, the woman was both surprised and over the moon as a wide smile appeared on her face. Immersed in joy, she only regained her composure after quite some time.

"Aren't you afraid of Zac?" Then came the problem Yvonne was most worried about.

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Chapter 288 Conrad's Ploy

"Of course I am. Why wouldn't I be afraid?"

Conrad admitted it honestly. "He's the prince of Castron, who has the love of his citizens. And I am just a normal citizen. How can I hope to go against him? What I really need is time. Time to make me able to go against him on an equal level. It's only by then that I can protect you, my little princess."

Little... princess?

His sweet words made Yvonne blush instantly.

Lovesick, she could not think properly as she only nodded profusely. "Don't worry. I won't tell Zac about this. No... I won't tell anyone about this so as to prevent him from knowing about it. I will fight for more time for you to become stronger."

Aside from Conrad, even her parents were no match for Zac.

Nonetheless, in this relationship, Conrad was the passive one as she was the one pressuring him. After all, the person behind her was Zac, a person who could get whatever he wanted in Castron.

She had a responsibility and the duty to help Conrad hide their relationship so that Zac would not suspect him or get rid of him secretly.

"Okay. I believe you."

Nodding, Conrad fell into momentary silence before suddenly asking, "Don't you think that this makes me look kind of useless?"

"What are you talking about?"

Yvonne smiled and shook her head. "You're doing great. You're already the hero in my heart."

The memories from the previous night resurfaced as she felt that Conrad was her knight in shining armor.

As for Veronica, she felt even more admiration for her.

"We can try to get along for a while. But, if anyone finds out and our relationship gets known to Zac, I'm afraid that my plan will already be aborted before it even begins."

"I know."

Yvonne nodded repeatedly with an innocent expression.

Knock, knock.

Knocking on the door, the waiter entered, and Conrad immediately retracted his hands.

The two then enjoyed their meal after the dishes had all been served.

Conrad, who cut up the steak thoughtfully, stabbed one of the pieces with a fork and faced it directly at Yvonne. "Yvie?"

"Yes?"

Looking up, Yvonne found a piece of steak in front of her.

Stunned, she blushed as her happy gaze met with Conrad's before she opened her mouth and ate it. Oh, how juicy and delicious it was.

This might be the best beef wellington she had ever eaten.

It was because the dish was seasoned with a special ingredient: love.

After all, she did not like medium rare steaks.

Soon, an hour had passed while they ate and chatted.

Looking at the time, Conrad said, "Yvie, I'm sorry, but I cannot stay with you for too long. I still have a client I need to meet."

"Oh? You need to meet a client?"

Yvonne was even more moved upon hearing this.

Conrad actually made time for me even though he had to meet a client.

"I just came back from abroad, so I'll be quite busy for some time as there are a lot of matters needing my attention." Shrugging his shoulders, Conrad added, "I hope you can understand."

“No worries. You should go now. I can get back by myself,” she stated.

As he nodded, he took the napkin off of his neck and walked to her side before touching her hair and kissing it. “This will all be over sooner than you think.”

The sudden intimacy made Yvonne blush like a tomato as she immersed herself in the sweetness of love.

“I’ll be going now.”

“See you.”

Yvonne only recovered from this affectionate attack after a long time, when the man was long gone.

Biting her lip, she covered her face with her hands. “Oh my god, oh my god. This is so embarrassing. He actually accepted my confession. Also, did he call me Yvie?”

This was the first time she felt this nickname sound so good.

Naively, she thought that this was the love that she was expecting.

Oblivious to her, though, Conrad exited her private room only to enter the one next to it.

Of course, sitting in the other room with exquisite makeup and an elegant disposition was none other than Tiffany.

She had been waiting for Conrad to show while sipping on her coffee patiently until she stood upon his appearance. “Hello, Uncle Conrad.”

It was because of the previous engagement with Matthew that she had come to address him as such, but she had gotten used to it.

“Apologies for the wait.”

He sat down opposite her.

As the same waiter from before walked in, he looked at Conrad with a shocked expression, but the waiters had grown accustomed to such a scene.

It was only after receiving their orders that the waiter left. When he shut the door, he cursed, “You shameless scumbag. I hope you become an eunuch!”

“Uncle, why did you want to meet me?” Tiffany, who looked tired, had been wasting her days away. She would always hide in her home aimlessly and did not want to go out or see anything. She was as depressed as one could be.

Observing her, Conrad stated, “I do sympathize with your current predicament. That is why I asked you out in hopes of providing you with a bit of advice.”

“Oh, please tell, Uncle Conrad.”

Tiffany took a sip of the coffee while listening silently.

“There have been a lot of things that have happened in Bloomstead lately. And you, being the most beautiful woman in the city with the brains to back it up, would only garner everybody’s attention after such a thing happened. Alas, the milk has been spilled. But, I still think that you can take the initiative and do something related to charity to wash away those unsightly rumors about your past. You should remember something: a diamond will never lose its shine. Such a charismatic woman like you is not fated to be buried by the annals of history,” he stated all this calmly.

Yet, Conrad’s words only made Tiffany frown as she asked, after a slight pause, “Uncle, did you call me over just to say this to me?”

“Were you expecting something else?”

“But... Why are you helping me?”

Conrad was obviously planning on her behalf.

Nevertheless, nothing came without a cost.

She knew that he had something to ask of her.

“Frankly, do you still have any feelings for Matthew?” He leaned backward and rested his arms on the chairs. Peering at her, he could feel a hint of rage in her gaze, so he continued, “Matthew was born with a golden spoon, so his sense of superiority is second nature to him. I only feel sick, seeing how high and mighty he thinks he is.”

His words made Tiffany grip her cup as she was unable to differentiate Conrad from friend or foe.

“You should know that even though I am a member of the Kingses, my mother was not one from a prominent family, so I am also not held in high regard in the family. On the other hand, Matthew had it all. Isn’t this unfair?”

Even though Tiffany was still doubting Conrad’s words a moment ago, she was starting to trust him a bit.

“I really don’t know how an exceptional individual like you, who by the way, is the goddess of my heart with the looks and the smarts to back it up, would not be chosen over such a numbnut like Veronica. I think that he must have wanted to get a taste of what playful women are like.”

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Chapter 289

Chapter 289 A Trap for Veronica

The mention of Veronica made Tiffany solemn. She even tightened her grip on the cup.

“Do you know who’s in the next room?”

Conrad suddenly asked.

Curious, Tiffany shook her head. "I don't."

"It's Yvonne."

"Yvonne?" Perplexed, Tiffany asked, "Isn't she... Veronica's friend?"

The man nodded. "Yup."

He then sipped from a cup of water before continuing, "That dumb broad likes me. She even confessed to me. Do you think I would pass up on a chance like this?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is that she is Veronica's friend..."

Even though he did not finish his sentence, he thought that Tiffany should have understood his intentions.

As expected, Tiffany thought about it for a moment and asked, "Do you want to use her?"

"When the time comes." He admitted to his plans.

"What about me?"

"You? You and I are on the same side. We're allies. After all, we have the same enemy, Matthew." He smiled slyly.

Looking down, Tiffany drank her coffee while considering Conrad's words. Nevertheless, she chose to believe him in the end.

After all, everyone in Bloomstead knew about Conrad's past, which was also his weakness.

This was why Conrad had been staying abroad for so many years.

Now that he was back, he harbored grand ambitions.

His saying that his target was Matthew proved that his ability was not weak. Even though he was the seventh oldest in the Kings Family, he could only watch as his rightful possessions fell into Matthew's hands, which made him frustrated.

Even excluding him, anyone would be frustrated in his shoes.

After careful consideration, Tiffany raised her cup. "Let's toast to the destruction of our enemy."

"Cheers."

The toast signified their alliance.

"Excuse me for a moment while I go to the bathroom."

Tiffany, who still held onto a bit of suspicion, used the excuse of going to the toilet to lightly open the next door. As expected, she saw Yvonne sitting inside.

At that moment, all her doubts were gone.

Having such a strong ally like Conrad is my honor.

...

One day, Veronica felt her right eye twitching like mad. Even though nothing happened, she still felt uneasy inside.

Sadly, she did not know what the problem was.

After working for the entire day, she only wanted to go back to rest.

Day after day, it was the same busy workload until one day, she needed to go to the Kings Residence.

This was because Matthew had said that tonight was the annual get together of the Kingses and that everyone needed to be there.

As the god-granddaughter of Elizabeth, she needed to acquaint herself with everyone.

Veronica remembered that Matthew wanted to meet up with her before they went, so she gave him a call.

After all, she would feel less awkward around strangers if she had a familiar face around.

"Hello, the number you have dialed is unavailable. Please leave a..."

The only voice that replied was a mechanical one.

Glancing at her phone, Veronica then called again, only for it to repeat the same message.

This only made her think. Is he busy?

Yet, she did not think much of it as she packed and went to the Kings Residence by herself.

At that moment, Matthew was lying on the bed with his phone not turned on.

Troy was accompanying him.

Then, he said, "President, there is something that I don't know if I should mention."

"Say it."

Right after waking up from the car crash, Matthew was already on his laptop, dealing with a contract.

"I found out by accident that Julius Atelier's model got hurt at the jewelry showcase, as it happened to be when Miss Murphy and Miss Spencer went to visit Ivana backstage and when Miss Murphy volunteered to be the model. Ivana agreed, after thinking that Miss Murphy had the figure and elegance. But, out of fear that she didn't know how to catwalk, Ivana discussed with her how to promote the product using 'puppy love' as the highlight of their story. But, who knew that Hendrey would show up at the event and make a mess of everything. According to the medics, Miss Murphy might have pretended to faint."

Matthew stopped typing as he frowned. "Are you sure?"

"I confirmed this with Ivana." Troy nodded.

At that moment, Matthew smiled involuntarily.

It looked like the voice message of Veronica being jealous, which was recorded by Ruka, might not be true after all.

The man instantly felt his mood lift.

Cough, cough...

Matthew suddenly coughed. Because the car crash had left him with internal injuries, even though he looked fine on the outside, he could not make any sudden or large movements. Especially when he coughed, his body would be in so much pain that he would find it hard to breathe.

"President, are you feeling alright?" Shocked, Troy immediately set his laptop on the table and summoned the doctor to come take a look.

After a brief check up, the doctor scolded Matthew harshly, "You should just rest quietly. What you have are internal injuries, so it's best that you stay put."

"Noted, doctor." Troy nodded. "We will pay closer attention."

The doctor then reminded them several times before leaving.

Naturally, Matthew could not return to the Kings Residence in this state, so he could only let Troy call Elizabeth, stating that he was abroad and could not return in time.

On the other hand, Veronica could not contact Matthew, so she bought some supplements and took them to the residence. Even after greeting those from the extended Kings Family, she did not see Matthew or his new assistant, Troy.

It was then that she knew that Matthew was abroad on business after asking Elizabeth.

She did not think much of it.

Staying at the residence until nine or so, Veronica stumbled out somewhat drunkenly.

She was about to leave after telling Elizabeth.

Originally, she wanted to find a servant to send her home when she bumped into Conrad.

"Uncle Conrad, I'll be leaving first."

A somewhat dizzy Veronica then waved toward Conrad.

Walking to her, Conrad held her up. "Why are you this drunk?"

"There are so many people today. As the god-granddaughter of Grandma, I had to toast with every single one of them." If not for them, she would not have gotten this drunk either.

"I'll send you back."

"No need. I can let the servants do that."

"I'm worried about you."

"You... No. Just let the servants do it." Even though she was drunk, Veronica still had her wits.

After all, she was really cautious of Conrad, and she did not want the man approaching her under any circumstances.

Yet, she could not reject him in the end. Dragged into his car, he then sent her 'home'.

On the way, Veronica felt awful since she was so dizzy.

Conrad handed her a cup. "Here, have some warm water."

Since it was his car and there was everything in it, Veronica did not think much of it.

Besides, one would often get thirsty after getting drunk, so she took the glass and drank from it before falling asleep on the headrest.

Yet, she found herself falling into a deep sleep.

"Roni? Roni?"

Conrad called her a few times, but she did not respond, which made him smirk.

The car then arrived at the city center as it stopped at a corner with a person standing there. It was Xavier!

Getting out of the car, Conrad greeted Xavier before he patted his shoulder, and they both smiled at each other in silence.

Xavier then got into Conrad's car and drove to a hotel.

Carrying Veronica up to the suite he had booked, he set the sleeping woman on the bed.

Xavier, who stood by the bedside, watched the woman he loved with her luscious lips and stunning features, making him recall the night he spent with Tiffany.

He suddenly felt his body heating up.

Unbuttoning her blouse, Xavier lied down beside her and hugged her as he took a few photos with his phone.

The angle of the camera made it seem like one could know what was happening in the messy room with just one glance.

However, Xavier only took these photos before redressing her.

With such an enticing temptation in front of him, Xavier's desire was slowly chipping away at his rationality.

Nonetheless, loving someone meant not hurting them.

Keeping his last line of semblance, Xavier adjusted her clothes and continued to let her sleep.

Throughout the night, Veronica slept soundly on the bed while Xavier slept on the sofa.

Upon waking up, Veronica found that it was already six in the morning.

Stretching, she flipped over and opened her eyes only to find herself in an unfamiliar place.

Shocked, she immediately sat up. "Where am I?"

She quickly looked at her surroundings before touching her clothes. It was only after ensuring that her blouse and pants were clean and untouched that she was able to relax a bit.

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Chapter 290

Chapter 290 Beware of Conrad

"You're finally awake."

A sudden voice scared her.

She then turned around to see Xavier curled up due to the cold with a pillow on him.

"Why are you here, Xavier?"

Scratching her head, Veronica clearly remembered that she had a bit too much to drink yesterday at Kings Residence and was about to ask the servants to send her back when Matthew insisted on taking her home instead. So, why is Xavier with me now?

"I called you last night only to have Conrad pick up. As he didn't know where you lived and was suddenly preoccupied, he drove my car instead, wanting me to send you back. It was only when I picked you up that I realized you had moved. So, I could only bring you to a hotel under those circumstances."

Xavier sat up from the sofa, rubbing his neck. "My neck's all sore after sleeping on the sofa."

"Are you having a stiff neck?"

Feeling somewhat apologetic, Veronica got out of bed. "Should I bring you to the hospital to check it out?"

He moved his neck around and answered. "It's fine. I can bear with it."

Since he had put it that way, Veronica did not say anything else. "I'll freshen up, and then we can go for breakfast."

"Okay." He agreed.

Going into the bathroom, Veronica stood in front of the sink and looked at herself in the mirror while sighing lightly...

I was too careless this time.

How could I have fallen asleep in Conrad's car after getting drunk?

In the end, I didn't even know how I managed to get here.

Thank God it was Xavier who was with me yesterday. If it had been Conrad, I wouldn't even dare to imagine what would have happened. One could never be too careful.

I was really careless.

She scolded herself.

Xavier freshened up after she was done. At half past six, the two went down for breakfast.

Because the hotel had a breakfast buffet, Veronica insisted on eating in the hotel to save money.

They separated after breakfast.

From the start till the end, Veronica did not tell Xavier her new address.

Reaching home, she changed before going to her company.

Knock, knock, knock.

She had been busy at work until someone knocked on her door at noon.

The person who opened the door was none other than Yvonne.

With a box of desserts in her hand, she placed it happily on the office table. "Here. A treat from the little princess, me."

"The little princess?"

Leaning against her chair, Veronica pouted. "Ew, don't you feel disgusted?"

"What? Doesn't it sound sweet?" She stated smugly.

She thought, It was very nice when Conrad called me 'little princess' that day.

Looking into the box, Veronica found a black forest cake, tiramisu, and other desserts.

She looked frowningly at Yvonne. "What made you so happy? Just spit it out if you can't hold it in anymore."

It seems like she has something joyful to share with me if she came here so early.

"Hahaha, you sure are smart."

Yvonne then sat down on the sofa before hugging the pillow and looking at Veronica. "I'm in a relationship..."

Her expression made her seem like she was experiencing the innocence of puppy love all over again.

Veronica was holding the tiramisu in her hands when she paused. "Who is it?"

"Aren't you asking the obvious? You can't possibly be thinking that I'm dating Zac, can you?"

"Is it Conrad?"

Veronica felt her heart skip a beat as the dessert in her hand suddenly lost its taste.

Putting it back into the box, Veronica set it aside before she walked to Yvonne's side and sat on the sofa, asking in a serious tone, "When did this happen?"

"Erm..." Yvonne smiled slyly. "It happened last night. I had promised Conrad that I wouldn't tell anyone, but you're different. After all, we risked our lives together, so we're kind of allies now."

Veronica found the crux of the question at once. "Did Conrad not want you to tell others?"

"It's not that. It's because I am still entangled with Zac, so I was afraid that he might not leave Conrad alone if he came to know about our relationship. I only did this to protect him."

Up to this point, she sighed deeply. "I suddenly think that Conrad... I mean, Conny, is quite a pitiful man, having to date me so sneakily. But, it's good that he still accepted me. No matter what happens, I don't think I'll regret this."

"Stop, stop, stop!"

Rubbing her temples, Veronica asked, "What do you mean, 'he accepted you'? Does this mean you confessed to him?"

"Yup. You're right. Didn't he step in to save me the day Zac came? As thanks, I treated him to a meal. But, I just confessed to him since I liked him. I didn't think that he would feel the same about me."

Yvonne stated this while immersed in her own imagination of love, as her brain was filled with the memories of her and Conrad the night before.

Her look was one of love sickness.

On the other hand, Veronica had a stern expression, as not only was she not happy for Yvonne, she also looked like she was in deep thought.

Sighing, she walked to the window.

It was then that Yvonne noticed her mannerisms. "What? Are you not happy that I found love? Is someone getting jealous?" She joked.

With her hands in her pocket, Veronica said, "Yvonne, I told you that Conrad is by no means a simple person. Have you forgotten about all I said?"

Since Veronica treated Yvonne as a good friend, she thought that she should remind her again.

At first, Veronica only thought that Yvonne's feelings for Conrad were temporary and that they would fade away soon enough.

She had never thought that things would progress to the point where that stupid woman would actually confess to Conrad.

"You only think that there are a lot of baddies in this world because you've come across so many unfortunate things. But, I'm still quite touched, as you are only looking out for me."

Smiling naively, Yvonne was immersed in her own world, seemingly trapped in it.

Her expression suddenly made Veronica think that she was speaking to a wall.

Flipping her hair, Veronica sighed. "Listen to me and be wary of Conrad. He's not as innocent as you think he is. Have you ever thought about how a person that was barely abroad for that long became so close to the prince of Castron? How many people do you think can achieve that feat?"

It was not good to know the rich and powerful, as trouble might find oneself instead.

However, if one still wanted to do that irregardless, that could only mean that they have a scheme of their own.

In Matthew's eyes, Veronica was more of the latter.

"Ugh. Just forget about this. I shouldn't have told you all this. If you continue to speak badly about Conny, I will get mad."

Once or twice was fine, but Yvonne was starting to get impatient the more Veronica badmouthed him.