

# **Bumpkin's Rich Handsome Husband**

## **Chapter 1291**

### Chapter 1291 The Hunting Ceremony

Seeing Veronica approaching, Hayley took two steps forward and reached out her hand affectionately, saying softly, "Allow me to guide you there."

Today, she would publicly declare that Veronica was her biological daughter and the future heir of the hidden clan.

No one knew how long Hayley had been waiting for this moment and how much she had anticipated it.

"It's fine. I can walk on my own."

However, Veronica didn't like Hayley. She didn't want to hold hands with her, pretending to have a good mother-daughter relationship.

"Alright, let's go."

Hayley didn't insist either.

The group headed toward the venue of the hunting ceremony together.

Many people had come to attend the ceremony today, and the venue for the event had been artificially leveled, making it as large as a stadium.

Since the hunting ceremony was held annually, all the facilities here were well-equipped.

In the center of the venue was an open space surrounded by tables and chairs with reinforced umbrellas providing shade and shelter from the rain.

On the elevated platform of the venue were the Ledgers, and the officials, dignitaries, merchants, and other important figures of the hidden clan were arranged in order. Meanwhile, behind the elevated platform was a huge screen that displayed everything happening on the platform.

The entire setup resembled a sports event.

Due to the significance of this event, Tanya would publicly announce Veronica's identity. Therefore, Hayley and Veronica were fortunate enough to sit on the stage.

After everyone entered, they were guided to their seats. Hayley and Veronica, on the other hand, were led to the stage and sat next to Liam.

The main seat on the stage was occupied by Eleanor, with her right-hand man on one side, followed by Dominik and the prince and princess whom Veronica had never met before. The last person was Liam, with Veronica, Hayley, and Randy sitting beside him.

"Psst!"

As soon as Veronica sat down, Liam whistled at her as if afraid that she didn't know he was there.

"Long time no see." He smilingly flirted with her.

"Yes, it's been quite a while. 72 whole hours, right?" Veronica nodded and replied seriously.

"Haha! Indeed. I miss you a lot after not seeing you for 72 hours,"

Liam teased.

Because Matthew was currently Iron Pillar, he sat in the middle of the left row with Crayson, Destiny, Mateo, and the others.

On the right side of the stage were Zac, Hendrey, Xavier, and others, followed by Crayson and Matthew. The rest were merchants from the hidden clan.

On the left side sat the high-ranking officials and their families from the hidden clan.

With a few drum beats, the ceremony officially began.

A host went up on stage and said a few words, followed by a speech from Tanya.

Using an official tone, she spoke at length, as it took a long time just to read the script.

Fortunately, today was a mild and breezy day without the scorching sun, making it especially refreshing.

Due to the hidden clan's unique geographical location, it was cool here. Even on a sunny day, the temperature would not exceed 78.8 degrees Fahrenheit.

Just as Veronica was becoming bored, Tanya suddenly mentioned her name.

Applause erupted all around.

Amidst the enthusiastic applause, Veronica could still hear the buzzing of discussions.

Then, she saw Hayley stand up and give her a signal.

Veronica and Randy, who was beside Hayley, also stood up.

Hayley introduced herself with a microphone in hand. "It is all thanks to the gracious invitation of the leader that my daughter, Veronica Murphy, and Randy Larson have the honor of participating in this hunting ceremony."

The venue was crowded, so there were large speakers in place. Even though Hayley had an extremely gentle voice, it could still reach every corner, ensuring that everyone could hear her well. However, as soon as her words fell, the surrounding area erupted into a commotion!

## Chapter 1292

"Who... who sent you?" Veronica Murphy sat between two men in the back seat of the car, stuttering as she asked. The blond man glared at her and replied, "Who else could it be? It's Mr. Ludwig, of course." "Lv... so, it's Mr. Ludwig." Mia Stuart tightly clenched her hands together, unable to control her trembling. The driver, currently driving, looked at the rearview mirror and said to the blond man, "Larry, I think I recognize those thugs from earlier. I believe I've seen them before."

Larry, the blond man, took out a cigarette from the pack and handed it to his buddy on the other side. He furrowed his brow and pondered, "You mean the tallest and most robust guy from earlier?" The driver nodded, "Yes, yes, him. He looks familiar, right?"

"Hmm, let me think..." Larry took a drag from his cigarette and suddenly realized something, slapping his thigh, "He's the bodyguard for that Best Actress, what's her name... Tang something. We saw them a couple of days ago. at the Emperor Hotel."

"Oh, yeah, yeah, I remember now. I remember now. No wonder he looked so familiar." The driver in the front seat nodded in realization.

The other buddy, leaner in stature, asked in confusion, "But the bodyguards earlier clearly said they were Veronica Murphy's people. Are you sure you didn't make a mistake?" "Bullshit! Larry and I never forget a face. How could we make a mistake? If anyone's wrong, it must be those bodyguards who quit and joined Veronica Murphy." The driver snorted.

Larry scratched his head, "It's only been a few days, and she already changed bosses? Does Veronica Murphy pay a high salary? I need to find out. If the pay is good, I might switch bosses too." "Haha, sure, bring me along when you do." The lean man chimed in. In the back seat, Mia Stuart, sitting between the two men, lowered her head. As she listened to their conversation, her expression gradually changed.

She tightly gripped her hands, nervously tapping her thumbnail, furrowing her brows in deep thought. The "Best Actress named Tang something" they mentioned must be Eviette Robins. Only the Best Actress would have bodyguards accompanying her!

If the kidnappers were indeed Veronica Murphy, why have these people seen the same bodyguards with Eviette Robins?

The bodyguard changed employers and started working with Veronica Murphy, but not with Ben! Veronica Murphy's skills are well known. She is so capable, how could she possibly need a bodyguard? Amidst various speculations, Mia Stuart came up with a ridiculous conclusion that even she found hard to believe...

The person who kidnapped her wasn't Veronica Murphy, but Mia Stuart herself?!

Impossible, it's impossible. She has no grudges against Eviette Robins, so why would Eviette Robins want to harm her?

With all these doubts, Mia Stuart was safely escorted to her hotel room to rest. As soon as she entered the room to rest, Sean Ludwig knocked on the door and entered.

Mia Stuart opened the living room door and looked at Sean Ludwig standing at the entrance. "Mr. Ludwig, why are you here?"

Sean Ludwig glared angrily and walked directly into the living room, slamming a document on the table. "You tell me, what is this all about?"

Suddenly, he was furious, and Mia Stuart trembled with fear. He closed the door and entered the living room. She glanced at Sean Ludwig, whose face was red with anger, and then at the document on the table. She reached out and picked it up. "What is this?"

"See for yourself, see what you've done!"

Sean Ludwig sat on the sofa, fuming, and tapped on the glass of the coffee table. "I know you dislike Veronica Murphy, but I never expected you would want to kill her, Mia Stuart. Don't forget, she is an artist of Starshine Medial Agency. If she dies, it's my loss!"

## Chapter 1293

"I didn't want to kill Veronica Murphy, did you misunderstand?" Mia Stuart was completely puzzled.

"Hmph, the evidence is solid, what's the point of saying all this!" Sean Ludwig's face turned dark, and his deep blue eyes shot out a sharp gaze, which frightened Mia Stuart

to the core. Trembling, she opened the files, which contained several photos and a video recorded on a mobile phone.

The photos showed a man secretly cutting the wire rope of the Weiya Bridge; the other photos showed two men kidnapping Veronica Murphy.

Mia Stuart opened the video on her phone, and at the beginning, the man cutting the wire rope on the Weiya Bridge appeared. He was beaten, "Please stop, I'll talk, I'll talk. It was Mia Stuart, Mia Stuart ordered me to do this..."

Seeing this video, Mia Stuart turned pale and instinctively looked at Sean Ludwig, shaking her head, "It really wasn't me."

"The evidence is solid, do you think I'm a fool?" Sean Ludwig was furious.

Mia Stuart felt speechless. As she stood there helplessly, the video on the phone screen changed to the next scene, showing the two people who had kidnapped Veronica Murphy in the photos being brutally beaten. It was then revealed that Mia Stuart was the mastermind. behind their kidnapping.

Hearing this, Mia Stuart's legs went weak, and she fell to the ground, "It wasn't me, really wasn't me. Although I dislike Veronica Murphy, I don't have the courage to kill her..."

"The incident happened in your crew, if it wasn't you, could it be Eviette Robins?" Sean Ludwig slammed the table in anger, "Mia Stuart, I really misjudged you..."

"Eviette Robins? Yes, it must be her!"

Mia Stuart suddenly realized something.

"Royal Flush said that Eviette Robins had no grudges against Veronica Murphy, how could she possibly kidnap her? You're just making up stories on behalf of Royal Flush!"

"No, I really didn't say anything on behalf of Royal Flush." Mia Stuart sobbed, choked up, "Eviette Robins likes Matthew Kings, and Matthew Kings is still involved with Veronica Murphy. Moreover, Veronica Murphy overshadowed Eviette Robins because of her superior skills, which made her develop a murderous intent towards Veronica Murphy. And then... she framed and blamed me because everyone knows that I have a grudge against Veronica Murphy. Finally, Eviette Robins intentionally arranged for someone to kidnap me, pretending it was Veronica Murphy who kidnapped me, hoping to get rid of me. As long as I die, no one will discover that she was the one pulling the strings in the dark..."

Mia Stuart wanted to shift the blame onto Eviette Robins in order to avoid being held accountable by Sean Ludwig.

But as she spoke, she suddenly realized that her speculations were surprisingly convincing!

Because Veronica Murphy had encountered some trouble, as the boss, Sean Ludwig naturally had to investigate the truth behind the matter. He would discover all the evidence, but little did he expect that the evidence would directly point to Mia herself. As a result, when she went missing, Sean Ludwig would arrange for people to search for her whereabouts.

Combining the recent rescue, the people in the car mentioned that they had seen the bodyguard with Eviette Robins entering and leaving the Emperor Hotel, which happened to be where Eviette Robins was currently staying.

Doesn't that mean that Eviette Robins is the one who wanted to harm Veronica Murphy? But in order to clear her name, did Eviette Robins arrange for the evidence to intentionally point to Mia?!

"All the evidence points to you, but it's just your word against mine. How can I believe you?" Sean Ludwig slammed the table again, his anger evident on his face.

"I have proof, I do!"

Mia Stuart, who had fallen to the floor, stood up and pointed towards the door, saying, "The people you arranged to save me earlier, they have seen those bodyguards before with Eviette Robins. If you just ask them, it will prove that what I'm saying is true."

"Is that so?"

Sean Ludwig furrowed his brow, pretending to be 'half-believing, half-doubting.' He got up and grabbed his phone, "Alright, I'll ask." He walked to the side and pretended to dial a number, asking a few questions before 'hanging up.'

## Chapter 1294

"So, it's true that Eviette Robins wanted to harm Veronica Murphy and then frame you?" Sean Ludwig put his phone into the inner pocket of his suit and took out a cigarette. He lit it up and leaned against the floor-to-ceiling window.

"Yes, it must be her," Mia Stuart nodded vigorously. Sean Ludwig ran his hand through his hair and sighed in distress. "Eviette Robins is not only a star but also has significant influence in the business world. She is incredibly powerful. Even if she is behind this, you must not confront her face-to-face, or else you'll only end up dead sooner."

"Okay, okay, I understand," Mia Stuart nodded, but then she hesitated, "But... what about Veronica Murphy? Will she think it was me who wanted to harm her?" If that's the case, she might become a target of Veronica Murphy's revenge.

What should she do if Veronica Murphy wants her life?

"I will explain everything to Veronica Murphy. After all, she is still my artist. I can handle her," Sean Ludwig said confidently.

With the cigarette between his fingers, he flicked the ashes and wore a slightly displeased expression. "I even suspect now that when you were acting with Veronica Murphy, the props being switched might have been a deliberate manipulation by Eviette Robins, as a setup for this framing and accusation against you."

He deliberately reminded Mia Stuart.

Mia Stuart was beautiful but had a simple mind and a strong physique. If no one reminded her, she wouldn't have thought of these issues on her own. But after Sean Ludwig's words, she suddenly realized, "Yes, it's very possible."

"Alright, let's not dwell on the past. Rest well tonight, as you still have to work tomorrow," Sean Ludwig picked up some documents and walked towards the door. Just before leaving, he reminded her, "Keep Eviette Robins' involvement to yourself. Otherwise, no one can guarantee your life!"

Click.

The living room door locked. For a moment, the spacious living room was filled with the mournful sound of the wind. outside, like a ghostly howl.

Mia Stuart, who had narrowly escaped death, walked to the sofa and sat down, hugging a pillow to her chest. She buried her head and cried in pain, "Wuwuwu... Wuwu..."

She couldn't understand why fate had dealt her such a cruel hand, making her bear so much alone.

But then she thought, wasn't it because of her grudge with Veronica Murphy that Eviette Robins framed and accused her? And she didn't have any deep hatred with Veronica Murphy, to the point that she could let go of their past grievances.

If Mia Stuart had peacefully coexisted with Veronica Murphy back then, none of these things would have happened today. Mia Stuart regrets it so much that she almost regrets it to the point of despair. Meanwhile, on the other side.

Veronica Murphy and Sean Ludwig appeared at the night market. The two of them were enjoying sushi and beer at the night market, having a heart-to-heart conversation.



After Sean Ludwig learned about everything, he felt some sympathy for Veronica Murphy, but he didn't say much. He just held a glass of beer and clinked it with her, saying, "Be careful of Eviette Robins in the future."

"Okay." Veronica Murphy raised her head, finished her beer, put down the glass, and used a fork to pick up a piece of lamb to eat.

"Mia Stuart, she..." Sean Ludwig hesitated. Veronica Murphy smiled helplessly, "Don't worry, I don't hold any deep grudges against her. Besides, she is now under your management. I won't do anything to her. Let bygones be bygones."

She picked up the beer bottle and poured beer into Sean Ludwig's and her own glass, then raised it, "Thank you for today."

## Chapter 1295

Sean Ludwig raised his beer and clinked glasses with Veronica Murphy, saying, "I should thank you. You saved Mia Stuart's foolish life."

They smiled at each other, not saying much. After discussing these matters, Sean Ludwig got back to the point, "Castron's detective agency is currently stable. I plan to open a branch in Australia. What do you think?"

"Sure, opening a new company is a good idea. But we need to explore the area in Australia and find a suitable location," Veronica Murphy looked at Sean Ludwig and said, "Let's focus on making money first. Once we have enough savings, I'll take you to a place where we can do business and ensure that we... no, we will earn a lot."

"What place?" Sean Ludwig was curious.

"I can't tell you right now. I'll take you there when I have enough money."

"Very mysterious," Sean Ludwig shook his head and smiled helplessly. Veronica Murphy didn't tell Sean Ludwig that she planned to send someone to the hidden clan to do business once everything was stable "By the way, from what I know, Matthew Kings has recently encountered some trouble. This matter..." Sean Ludwig looked at Veronica Murphy and said, "You should be aware of it, right?" Although Matthew Kings publicly announced their divorce, Sean Ludwig couldn't figure out the reason. But judging from Matthew Kings' recent concern for Veronica Murphy, they probably didn't actually get divorced.

Upon hearing this, Veronica Murphy paused for a moment, furrowed her brow, sighed, picked up a piece of beef tripe with her fork, dipped it in the sauce bowl, and slowly chewed on it.



"I know."

She nodded, her tone tinged with a hint of helplessness. The current her was no longer the same as before. No matter what happened, she could sense some movements. After all, the detective agency wasn't just for show.

"I suppose you know some things," Sean Ludwig poured himself a glass of wine and sighed, "This matter is not as simple as it seems. If you need any help, remember to let me know."

As a partner and a friend, Veronica Murphy thought Sean Ludwig was a good person. She smiled and said, "I don't need your help. Since you have a good relationship with Ruka Dame, you should advise her instead of letting her focus on Hendrey Johnson all the time."

Ruka Dame was a close friend of Veronica Murphy, but she had known Sean Ludwig for a longer time and had a better relationship with him.

"Hendrey Johnson?"

Sean Ludwig naturally knew this person. He shrugged helplessly and spread his hands, "Ruka Dame, once she likes someone, she's single-minded. I can't persuade her. She loved Matthew Kings deeply before. If it weren't for the exposure of the scene where Matthew Kings, disguised as a woman, kissed you in the mall, she wouldn't have given up."

At that time, Ruka Dame thought Matthew Kings liked men, and that's when she completely lost hope. Little did she know that the so-called 'man' was actually Veronica Murphy. The two sat together and talked until dawn before parting ways.

However, Veronica Murphy didn't go directly back to her hotel. Instead, she took the car borrowed from Sean Ludwig and went somewhere else.

The night was bitterly cold. Veronica Murphy got out of the car, feeling the biting cold wind. She adjusted her coat collar and stood in front of the Emperor Grand Hotel, looking up at the building. She entered the hotel lobby and took the elevator straight to the 36th floor.

Presidential Suite 3671. Veronica Murphy stood in front of the door and pressed the doorbell. It was already 3:30 in the morning.

She pressed it once, but no one answered. She pressed it again. Just as Veronica Murphy thought that the person inside was still asleep and was about to press the doorbell again, the door of the Presidential Suite opened.

Inside stood a person wearing a sky-blue lace nightgown, wrapped in a bathrobe, with disheveled golden curls and a sleepy look on their face.

## Chapter 1296

"Veronica Murphy?"

Antheena noticed the person standing at the door and was somewhat surprised, but also expected it. "What are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

Antheena's tone was not very friendly, perhaps due to being disturbed from her sleep. Veronica Murphy calmly looked at Antheena with her hands in the pockets of her coat. "I want to talk to you." "Hmph."

The other party sneered, glanced at her disdainfully, and reached out to close the door. Seeing this, Veronica Murphy immediately stepped forward, blocking the door with her foot to prevent it from closing. "I know you want to retaliate against me because of Xavier Crawford's situation. But Matthew Kings is innocent, you shouldn't go after him." Veronica Murphy spoke clearly. Unable to close the door, Antheena couldn't be bothered and turned to walk towards the living room. Seeing her go in, Veronica Murphy followed. It was only then that Veronica Murphy noticed that there were actually two men in the suite.

One was a blond, blue-eyed, muscular man with an eight-pack; the other had a black buzz cut, sharp eyebrows and eyes, and was also a rugged man with an eight-pack. Both were wearing boxer briefs, exposing their upper bodies as they sat on the sofa.

Antheena walked over, and the two men sat on either side of her, reaching out to embrace her. At a glance, Veronica Murphy understood what was going on.

She furrowed her eyebrows slightly, but the strange emotion only lasted for a moment before returning to normal.

Antheena leaned against the sofa, propped her feet up on the table, and put her arms around the two male models beside her. "What makes you think I would seek revenge on you because of Xavier Crawford's situation?"

Whether it was true or not, only she knew in her heart. Veronica Murphy didn't know what to say. She knew Antheena was pregnant and wanted to remind her to be careful, but she didn't have the right to do

SO.

"Besides, I can't think of any other reason why you would go to such lengths to plot against me and cause trouble for the Zuo Rui Group."

She said. Antheena smirked. "The people you sent were all useless. They couldn't even handle a woman like you."

Yes.

The person carefully planned yesterday was indeed Antheena. The reason Veronica Murphy didn't tell Matthew Kings was because Antheena was Flake's daughter, and behind her was the powerful and mysterious Black Ace Mob.

Because of the hidden clan's matter, Matthew Kings was already seriously injured and was no match for Black Ace Mob now.

She only hoped to understand this matter on her own this time, without further involving Matthew Kings.

If he knew that Antheena was the person who wanted to kill him, he would probably retaliate. In that case, it would be a lose-lose situation. Veronica Murphy couldn't bear to see it.

"Antheena, you are also a reasonable person. Whatever deep grudge you have, just come at me. There's no need to trouble Matthew Kings.. After all, we are already divorced. He is now my ex-husband. It's inappropriate for you to bother him."

Suddenly, Veronica Murphy felt that Matthew Kings' decision to publicly announce their divorce was truly wise.

Now, as long as she could convince Antheena and make her understand that their relationship was over, maybe she wouldn't target Matthew Kings anymore.

"Matthew Kings has done so much for you, and yet you divorced him. Who knows if it was a real divorce or just a fake one? Besides, even if you are divorced, he is still the father of your two children. Do you think I will let your family off easily?"

Antheena hated Veronica Murphy, and she also hated Matthew Kings. As long as she saw them suffer, she felt particularly good.

"I have no grudges against you. It all started because I was too close to Xavier Crawford," Veronica Murphy didn't want to beat around the bush with her, she just wanted to resolve the issue as quickly as possible. "I can stop associating with Xavier Crawford from now on, or never have any contact with him again. But I hope you won't involve Matthew Kings."

## Chapter 1297

Skillful

Although Matthew Kings' recent performance had disappointed Veronica Murphy a little, she knew very well who was more important.

After she finished speaking, Antheena sat on the lap of the handsome foreign man with blond hair and blue eyes, showing no intention of speaking. The man held a toothpick and offered a piece of fruit to Antheena, saying, "Baby, calm down."

They conversed in Chinese. Veronica Murphy stood alone on the side, feeling awkward and unnecessary. After a moment of silence, she asked, "What do I need to do for you to release him?"

She pleaded in a low and submissive voice. She, who had always been confident and composed in front of others, was willing to humble herself for Matthew Kings.

The man had protected her for over two years, risking his life and fortune, just to ensure her worry-free life. Love is a two-way street, and love always feels the need to take action.

"I, Antheena, want to kill someone. It all depends on my mood," Antheena leaned back on the sofa, with the male model on her left squatting beside her, massaging her legs, perfectly portraying the humility of a "male servant".

Antheena closed her eyes and enjoyed it, pursing her lips without saying a word, lazily tilting her head back. "Who do you think you are? What qualifications do you have to negotiate with me?"

In her heart, Veronica Murphy was not qualified enough to negotiate with her. If it weren't for Xavier Crawford's special place in her heart, Antheena probably wouldn't even bother to look at Veronica Murphy.

"Yes."

Veronica Murphy didn't deny it. "I indeed have no qualifications to negotiate with you."

She had come here today with no way out. Of course, she also wanted to see Antheena's attitude. If she was willing to negotiate with her, that would be great. If not, she would have to come up with another plan.

Veronica Murphy never expected to witness such a shocking scene when she came to find Antheena today. Looking at the two male models beside her, she felt some sympathy for Xavier Crawford and worried about the child in Antheena's belly.

"You have a little self-awareness," Antheena coldly snorted, casting a disdainful glance at Veronica Murphy, her eyes full of contempt. In this world, no one could be her opponent.

"Every debt has its debtor. If you hate me, come after me, don't harm others," Veronica Murphy was in a passive position, and every word she said sounded weak and feeble.

Antheena leaned on the leg of the blond-haired, blue-eyed male model on her right, raised her hand to play with her newly done nails, and said leisurely, "That depends on Miss Ben's mood."

As she spoke, she suddenly thought of something and raised her hand to support herself, sitting up on the sofa.

Her sharp gaze scanned Veronica Murphy up and down, and then she smiled. "You really want me to spare Matthew Kings? Well, I suppose it's not impossible. However..."

With just a glance, Veronica Murphy seemed to sense the other's intentions.

"Speak," Veronica Murphy said calmly. Antheena looked at the fruit knife on the table, leaned down to pick it up, pressed the button of the spring-loaded blade, and with a swift motion, the razor-sharp blade sprung out, glinting under the living room lights.

She scraped her long fingernail against the blade, then raised her hand and threw the fruit knife directly at Veronica Murphy.

The knife flew towards Veronica Murphy's face, but she quickly dodged to the side, and with a loud thud, the dagger embedded itself deeply into the nearby liquor cabinet.

"Not bad reflexes," Antheena nodded slightly, smiling. Her tone carried a mix of admiration and a hint of mockery.

"But I just can't seem to witness your wit, beauty, and impressive skills. What should we do about that?" Antheena sighed, tilting her head to look at the blond, blue-eyed male model. "Quinn, what do you think would be a good memento to leave behind with that knife?"

## Chapter 1298

She turned to the man beside her and asked, "Quinn, don't you find her beauty irritating? Wouldn't everything be resolved if she ruined her appearance?"

"Ruined her appearance?" Antheena murmured, her gaze fixed on Veronica Murphy's exquisitely beautiful face. She had flawless features, rosy lips, and a distinct Eastern charm. Her cold demeanor added an unapproachable allure to her.

"You're quite mischievous, Quinn," Antheena said, playfully poking his well-built abs. "But it's actually a good idea." She gave him a thumbs up in approval.

Then, she turned around, her red lips forming a smile. "Did you hear that?" Antheena pointed at the fruit knife embedded in the wooden wine cabinet with her slender finger. "If you ruin your own appearance today, I promise not to pursue Matthew Kings. Consider it as fulfilling your request."

Veronica Murphy felt that this was more of a challenge than a request. Remaining calm, she turned her head slightly and calmly looked at the fruit knife. Walking over, she pulled it out of the wine cabinet. Antheena had good skills, as the fruit knife was embedded a few centimeters deep, requiring some force to remove it.

Looking down at the fruit knife shining with a cold gleam, Veronica Murphy raised the blade. "It's a shame to see blood on such a nice knife." She looked up and met Antheena's gaze. "Coincidentally, I don't have a fruit knife at home, so I'll consider it a gift from Miss Antheena. Thank you."

Veronica Murphy closed the fruit knife, turned around, and walked towards the suite without looking back. In the living room, Antheena and the two male models beside her watched Veronica Murphy leave in silence.

Just as she was about to walk out of the door, Antheena spoke loudly, "If you dare to walk out that door, there will be no chance of redemption. Not only will you die, but Matthew Kings will also die. And of course, your two children won't escape death either."

Veronica Murphy paused for a moment at the door, her face momentarily turning ugly. Then, she smiled and said, "I'll see it through to the end."

She opened the door and walked out of the living room without looking back. She had come here today to test Antheena's determination. Since her determination was so firm, it meant that there was no room for negotiation.

After leaving the hotel, Veronica Murphy drove back to her own hotel, freshened up, and lay down on the bed. However, she couldn't fall asleep. She took out her phone, but there were no news or calls from Matthew Kings.

She knew that Antheena's father had already taken action against Metric Technology, and Matthew Kings was busy dealing with the company's affairs.

Veronica Murphy couldn't help but sigh with relief, grateful that she had a private detective agency and two capable assistants. Otherwise, she would have been in a very difficult situation. In the early morning, Eleanor Gomez came knocking on the door.

Veronica Murphy, who had only slept for a little over an hour, got up and walked to the living room, opening the door to see Eleanor Gomez standing outside with a cane. She yawned and greeted her, "Good morning."

"With such heavy dark circles, did you have a secret rendezvous with a man yesterday without inviting me?' Eleanor Gomez teased.

Veronica Murphy walked into the living room, wearing slippers. "If I had taken you along, would you have paid? No, you would have just brought more men." She patted the pocket of her pajamas. "I'm short on cash."

"Well, I'm considered a wealthy and beautiful woman now. When it comes to finding men, if you don't have money, I do," Eleanor Gomez said with a laugh.

## Chapter 1299

Veronica Murphy made an 'OK' gesture with her hand. "Remember what you said today. Next time, it's your treat."

With that, she went into the bedroom to freshen up. Eleanor Gomez tossed her crutch aside and hobbled into the bedroom, settling on the bed. "Come on, spill the beans. What were you up to yesterday?" Late last night, Eleanor Gomez had gone looking for Veronica Murphy, only to discover that she wasn't in the room. It wasn't surprising, considering Veronica Murphy had rushed her out earlier, behaving somewhat unusually.

"Just met up with a friend," Veronica Murphy replied dismissively. Seeing that she wasn't willing to elaborate, Eleanor Gomez didn't press further. Instead, she lay down on the bed and let out a deep sigh. "I envy all of you. You can go wherever you want."

She lifted her leg in a cast. "Once I'm better, I'll be able to go wherever I please too."

"Learned a lesson so that next time you won't go 'joyriding' again," Veronica Murphy muttered with a mouthful of foam as she brushed her teeth.

Once she finished freshening up and changed into a new outfit, she went downstairs with Eleanor Gomez to have a meal. Troy Ritter had been waiting for the two of them in the hotel restaurant.



As soon as he saw them approaching, he immediately came forward and asked, "What would you like to eat? I'll get it for you."

"Eleanor Gomez, you sit down. I'll go with Troy Ritter to get the food," Veronica Murphy pointed to a seat by the window and said to Eleanor Gomez. Considering Eleanor Gomez's limited mobility, Veronica Murphy took great care of her.

Eleanor Gomez walked over to the chair by the window and told the two what she wanted for breakfast. They then headed towards the breakfast counter. The restaurant was neither crowded nor empty, and the noise level was slightly loud.

Veronica Murphy walked up to Troy Ritter and whispered, "Eleanor Gomez and I will be fine here. You should go back to Bloomstead. Matt... he probably needs you now."

Troy Ritter and Thomas Ritter were Matthew Kings' right-hand men, and now that he was in a difficult situation, what he needed most was manpower.

Troy Ritter looked meaningfully at Veronica Murphy and shook his head. "The boss ordered me to stay."

"What? My words don't count?" Veronica Murphy turned her head slightly, her sharp gaze piercing Troy Ritter, exerting some pressure on him.

As Troy Ritter hesitated, Veronica Murphy continued, "You know Matt's situation better than I do. Whether you want to go back and help him, that's up to you."

She threw the question back at Troy Ritter. Although Troy Ritter was worried about leaving Veronica Murphy and Eleanor Gomez alone, his greatest concern at the moment was still Matthew Kings. After all, Thomas Ritter had always been by Matthew Kings' side, and he would be the first to inform him of any movement or activity. After hesitating for a moment, Troy Ritter said, "Well... Lady, could you please take care of Miss Gomez?"

Veronica Murphy glanced at him and furrowed her brows slightly, "You seem quite concerned about Eleanor Gomez. Could it be that you like her?"

Based on her years of gossip experience, she felt that Troy Ritter had some feelings for Eleanor Gomez.

"Lady, please don't joke about it. It's just the boss's orders," Troy Ritter replied, without revealing anything.

Veronica Murphy didn't delve into the matter any further. The two of them ordered some breakfast and returned to their seats to dine with Eleanor Gomez.

During the meal, Troy Ritter mentioned that he had to return to Bloomstead. Eleanor Gomez nodded in agreement, saying, "Alright. It's good to go back to Bloomstead." It was wonderful not to have anyone "supervising" her.

"Lady, you'll be busy filming during the day, so if you get bored, I'll arrange for someone to keep you company," Troy Ritter expressed his concern for Eleanor Gomez.

Having known her for a while, he knew that Eleanor Gomez was not an easy person to handle, which worried him.

"Sure, sure, that won't be necessary."

Eleanor Gomez was in a pleasant mood as she lowered her head and took a sip of the signature Lothen pudding, finding it incredibly delicious.

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After dinner, Troy Ritter drove away. Eleanor Gomez and Veronica Murphy accompanied him to the elevator, watching him enter before returning to Veronica Murphy's room.

Once inside the room, Eleanor Gomez tossed her crutches aside and hobbled over to the sofa. She reached out and picked up the fruit knife on the table, pressing the button and causing the blade to spring

out.

She propped up her plastered leg on the table and began scratching at the cast with the fruit knife. Observing this, Veronica Murphy furrowed her brow and asked, "What are you doing?"

"This thing is so heavy and uncomfortable to wear," Eleanor Gomez replied. "You have a broken leg, are you out of your mind?"

"Tsk, it's not a big deal. When I was a child in the hidden clan, I fell off horses every few days. I've broken bones countless times. It's not that significant."

"Then why did you..." Veronica Murphy reached out and touched her nose, puzzled. "Who were you pretending for?"

Eleanor Gomez continued scratching at the cast with the fruit knife, tilting her head to look at Veronica Murphy. "For your boyfriend."

Veronica Murphy: "... What kind of scheme is this?

Swish, swish...

The sound of the knife blade scraping against the cast echoed in the living room, one after another, causing some unnecessary annoyance. Veronica Murphy couldn't help but express her concern. "You should still go to the hospital. It wouldn't be good if you accidentally hurt your leg." "I'm not that foolish."

As Eleanor Gomez spoke, she continued to remove the cast. After much effort and over ten minutes of struggling, she finally took off the cast.

Eleanor Gomez immediately stood up, shook her previously injured leg, and said, "Tsk tsk, it feels so good without the cast." This scene surprised Veronica Murphy. "Your leg doesn't hurt?" "What's there to hurt?" Eleanor Gomez paused for a moment, suddenly realizing something. She stood in place and turned around, saying, "Look, I'm perfectly fine."

"You were supposed to be bedridden for a hundred days with a bone injury, and yet..."

Isn't this recovery too fast?

Seeing Veronica Murphy's bewildered expression, Eleanor Gomez couldn't help but laugh. "I've always healed faster than normal people when I was a child. If it weren't for the act I put on in front of your boyfriend and Troy Ritter, how could they trust me to stay by your side?"

They thought that Eleanor Gomez with a limping leg would be more obedient. Little did they know that it was all an act by Eleanor Gomez. Veronica Murphy had no words to respond and could only give her a thumbs up. "Impressive."

"Alright, you go to work. I need to go out for a while."

Eleanor Gomez said and walked straight out of the living room. Veronica Murphy was a bit uneasy. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Don't worry, I won't get lost. I'll contact you if anything comes up," Eleanor Gomez replied as she walked out of the living room and closed the door.

It was already 8 o'clock in the morning, and Veronica Murphy was in a hurry to go to the set, so she didn't ask much.

Firstly, Eleanor Gomez was skilled and no one could bully her. Secondly, she was carefree by nature, so it was highly unlikely to keep her by her side. She left the hotel and drove to the set. When she arrived on set, everyone looked at her with curious eyes.

"Isn't that Veronica Murphy?"

"I thought she was dead."

"What's going on? This is too unbelievable."

"If she didn't die, where did she go yesterday?"

Everyone had a big question mark in their heads, wondering where Veronica Murphy had gone yesterday and where she had returned from.

Veronica Murphy ignored the curious looks from everyone and went straight to find the director. Inside the lounge, Sam Symons and Director Zhao were sitting and talking, with a worried expression on their faces, as if they had encountered a difficult problem.

"Sam Symons, Director Zhao," Veronica Murphy walked in and greeted them. The two, who had just been filled with worries, immediately brightened up when they saw Veronica Murphy, their eyes filled with joy.