

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 233

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 233 Yvonne's Secret

"Didn't you say you wanted to treat me to a meal? It just so happens that I'm hungry right now."

Veronica sat down unreservedly at the spot where the trio were just now.

Turning around, Yvonne waved toward a waiter.

After ordering two set lunches and coffee, they waited for their meals to be served quietly.

"Why did you approach me?"

Veronica leaned on the chair and stared at Yvonne with a cold gaze.

Her gaze pressured Yvonne as she pursed her lips and did not know how to answer Veronica.

At that moment, the waiter served their coffee.

"Hello, here's your coffee."

The appearance of the waiter gave Yvonne a bit of a breather as she kept thinking of how she should reply to Veronica.

"A-Actually..."

She said stutteringly, "I was at the wedding too, but I didn't greet you because I saw just how busy you were. It was only after I saw the video that I..."

"Get to the point!"

Veronica slammed her desk and looked very menacing.

"The point? Oh, you mean those mercenaries?"

Tilting her head, Yvonne scratched her head before taking a sip of her coffee while looking at Veronica with eyes full of guilt.

She then continued hesitantly, "I grew up abroad. As my identity is a bit sensitive, I cannot tell you my origins. But, I can confirm that those people were about to kidnap me back to Castron, and the other mercenaries are my people. What I can tell you is that both teams were hired by my father, but one of them betrayed us."

Her explanation only served to make Veronica more confused.

"It looks like your family is quite capable of arranging two teams of mercenaries for you. Now, I have two questions for you. First up, why did you save me? Secondly, you don't seem to be short on money, but you still teamed up with Matthew to get close to me. Why?"

No wonder, after Yvonne and Matthew had a successful partnership, she immediately transferred five million to her account.

This was twice the amount that was previously agreed upon.

Back then, Veronica only thought that Yvonne was a kind person. Now, she only thought that she was harboring a lot of secrets.

"I saved you because you saved me once. This time it was me paying you back. Of course, I don't lack money, but I was raised in such a way that I don't ask for money from my parents. I want to create 'Yves Cosmetics' without relying on them. Besides, I wanted..."

Up to this point, she sighed and covered her face with a helpless expression.

Her mannerisms did not make her seem like she was acting.

Frowning, Veronica asked, "And then?"

Bang!

Yvonne slammed the table all of a sudden. "And then? And then, if my company doesn't meet the target they've set, I would be forced to marry the person they've chosen! It's some guy that I don't even like! This is all so frustrating!"

Veronica's question seemed to have hit a sore spot, as she suddenly lashed out like an angry cat.

Observing Yvonne, Veronica kept her gaze on her eyes as she wanted to see if there was anything out of place.

In the end, she could not determine if Yvonne was too good at acting or that she was actually telling the truth.

Veronica dared not come to a conclusion so quickly.

Upon seeing that Veronica was not speaking anymore, she grew even more annoyed. "Do you still not believe me?"

Enraged, Yvonne took her phone out before opening WhatsApp and slammed it on the table. "Here, take a look for yourself!"

Veronica glanced at the conversation only to see that all of them were voice messages.

Looking up at her, Veronica pointed at the screen as Yvonne understood her intentions. "Go ahead."

After getting her permission, Veronica clicked on one of the voice messages.

"Yvie, your father wants you to stop trying to create some cosmetics company. It's not like we're in need of money. You can just come back, marry Anthony and become the princess of Castron. I really don't know what you are thinking. With every passing day of your absence, Zac has been pressuring us over you. Haven't you considered how tough it is for me and your father?"

Veronica could only stare wide-eyed at the phone as she felt her whole world go silent.

What... did she just say?

She'll marry Zac and become the princess of Castron?

That means that this Zac character is the prince of Castron.

Veronica had a rough idea about Castron through the news.

At the thought of this, she uttered in shock, "Is this Zac referring to the prince of Castron, Zac Francis?"

This is getting out of hand.

"Of course..."

Before Yvonne could finish her sentence, she felt strange gazes land on her as she looked at the surroundings before silencing herself.

Leaning forward, Yvonne said, "Who do you think it is, besides him?"

Veronica, who raised her eyebrows, looked at her from head to toe with doubt.

It was rather unpleasant to not be believed.

Pissed, Yvonne took her phone and opened a video clip this time.

Clicking on it, it then played...

It was set in a restaurant's private room as the walls were adorned with balloons and ribbons, and under the bright lights was an especially eye-catching bouquet of flowers.

In the video, the subject of focus was Yvonne herself, whereas standing opposite her was the prince of Castron, Zac.

He held the bouquet in his hands while proposing to her.

"Yvonne, my beautiful lady, do you accept my proposal? I wish to marry you and make you my wife for eternity."

A wave of cheering erupted just after Zac had finished speaking, and the crowd in the video shouted all kinds of things.

"Marry him! Marry him!"

"Kiss! Kiss!"

"Wow, this is so romantic!"

"Kiss her, Zac!"

...

Veronica, upon finishing the video, was left in utter disbelief, as she could not come to terms with Yvonne's true identity.

A country bumpkin such as Veronica had come to know Matthew, became the god-granddaughter of Elizabeth, and now knew the fiancee of the prince of Castron, all within half a year.

I should go buy the lottery with my luck.

"Why are you looking at me with that gaze?" Yvonne was not used to Veronica's fierce gaze.

"So, you mean to say that the mercenaries who were originally hired by your father were then bribed by Zac to kidnap you back to Castron in order to threaten you into marrying him?"

"Yup."

Yvonne sighed deflatedly. "You've seen what my house is like. There are people guarding it every day, and I also bring my bodyguards when I go out. But, I got held back by something and arrived late. In a hurry, I only wanted to sign the collaboration with President Larson when you suddenly showed up."

She continued while taking the contract out and placing it on the desk, "I've been working so hard on this contract. We had agreed to sign this in the city center this morning, but he said he was preoccupied with something in this area, so he wanted to sign it another day. Because I was so anxious, I forced them to find a nearby restaurant here while I came a long way to meet them. My father had already stated that if I could develop the market and prove my worth within the year, he would obstruct the forced marriage! Otherwise, why would I work myself to the bone?!"

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 234

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 234 A Parasite

"Do you not like the position of being the future princess?"

Veronica was a bit in awe of Yvonne.

After all, not a lot of people could resist both money and power.

"What's so good about being a princess? I prefer my current free and easy life. Besides, Zac isn't exactly a saint either." The mention of Zac worsened Yvonne's mood.

Waving her hands, she continued, "Let's not talk about him anymore. Either way, since you've caused my deal to be canceled, you're treating me today."

"Of course, of course."

Veronica nodded.

Even though she was smiling brightly, she looked at Yvonne with a hint of suspicion.

Can she really be trusted?

After going through so much, Veronica was not one to simply place her trust in another now.

In the past, Xavier, whom she trusted so much, also disappointed her in the end.

Soon enough, their food was served, and the two chatted while eating.

Cutting the steak, Yvonne asked Veronica, "How's business coming along? Do you need me to introduce you to some potential customers?"

"It's pretty bad. I'm taking it slow now."

"There are a few people planning on getting married. I can introduce them to you."

"Aren't you kind?"

One always had an ulterior motive when offering up something for nothing.

Veronica did not think they were close enough for Yvonne to risk her own life to save hers, nor were they close enough for Yvonne to introduce any potential customers her way.

Even now, when Veronica had ruined her and Floch's collaboration, a normal person would be outraged at this, as should Yvonne.

Nonetheless, not only did Yvonne not get angry, she also patiently explained it to Veronica.

Chewing on a piece of steak, Veronica was slowly pondering over this.

Am I just paranoid? Or is there something off with Yvonne?

Yet, she could only observe quietly for now as she did not have any concrete proof.

"Aren't you talking nonsense? You're the god-granddaughter of Old Mrs. Kings, so I have to take care of you. Otherwise, Young Master Matthew might cancel the collaboration between my company and his. If that happens, then I will be at the end of my wits."

"That makes sense."

The two then continued to chat while eating before bidding each other farewell.

...

A few days later, the slow business of Encounters was seeing a pick up again.

Within a month, the company was marching into an upward rise as they found themselves short on staff in the planning department, so Veronica started to hire employees again.

Profit was certainly rising now, as even though it had direct correlation to the operation of the company, it was not hard to see from the customers' reactions that most of them only came because of Veronica's identity as the god-granddaughter of Elizabeth.

In other words, she was only able to achieve all this because of her identity.

Veronica did not feel very good about this. It instead gave her a sense of defeat.

Originally, she wanted to be the god-granddaughter of Elizabeth because of the backing of the Kings Family, so she knew that nobody would dare to touch her or, by extension, her foster parents.

Veronica was already shameless in making use of the influence the Kingses wielded, and now she was even making money thanks to them. This all made her feel restless, guilty and agitated.

It was as if the years she spent studying were wasted, making her seem like a useless ornament waiting for people to feed her.

After receiving a statement from the financial department, Veronica found out that the company's profit was actually over four million this month!

For a person who had just started managing a company, this result was exceptional, but Veronica knew that if not for her identity, they would not even reach half a million in profit.

"Oh my God, Miss Murphy, our business is booming!"

After looking at the turnover, Shirley was jumping with joy. "If we continue this trend, our yearly income would be estimated to reach fifty million."

Even Monica, the head of planning, nodded. "When I was in another bridal store, the best monthly result we achieved was the current standard of the company."

"Hahaha, Miss Murphy, you're the best. Miss Murphy, do you think we should treat the employees, seeing how they've worked themselves so hard for a month now?"

Shirley suggested.

Nodding, Veronica nodded in agreement. "Alright. I've already booked a hotel. So after dinner tonight, we'll go for karaoke."

No matter what, the employees have worked so hard this month, so I should reward them for it.

"Yay! You're the best, Miss Murphy. I'm going to tell them now." Shirley then skipped out of the office.

Meanwhile, Monica, who was wearing maternity clothes and a thick jacket, looked up at Veronica and asked, "Shouldn't it be a joyful thing, seeing how good business is now? Why do I feel that you aren't too happy?"

Veronica then set the financial statement aside before crossing her arms and sighing. "I knew you would see through me, given how smart you are."

Shirley was a fresh graduate, but Monica was not.

After working in a company for many years, she could be described as knowing everything that happened in Bloomstead.

Most of the customers were acquaintances of Monica's, or they came to know of her after chatting with her.

So, how could such a quick witted person like her not notice Veronica's unhappiness?

Due to the cold weather, Monica had a cup of hot water in her hands as she took a sip before uttering, "Of course I could see it. If it were me, I would not be happy with our current performance. I would instead feel even more inferior, like a parasite."

Noticing that she might have said the wrong words, she continued, "I'm sorry. I might have been too... straightforward."

"You're right."

Veronica looked at her and shrugged her shoulders. "A parasite, eh? You're right. I am like a parasite."

At night, the company had a get together where they had dinner before they went to sing.

Veronica celebrated for a while in a bar, but then felt a bit bored, so she walked out of the private room.

However, she bumped into someone as soon as she opened the door.

"What a coincidence. You're here, too?"

The person in question was Ruka, the daughter of the Dame Family.

With flowing long hair, she was wearing a black and red dress wrapped in a white sweater. She looked very stylish and imposing.

Through the ajar door, Ruka could see a lot of people sitting inside, as she smiled. "Are they your employees? I heard that your company is doing quite well nowadays."

"It's doing alright."

Veronica knew that Ruka had not approached her with pure intentions, so she did not want to continue this conversation. "I have something to do, so I'll excuse myself now."

Brushed by Ruka, she was about to walk away.

Before she could leave, the woman behind her suddenly said, "Miss Murphy, luck really is on your side. You've become just like Cinderella, as you've become the god-daughter of the Kings Family all of a sudden. It sure is a far cry from your previous identity."

Stopping in her footsteps, Veronica frowned as a hint of unhappiness appeared in her gaze. Looking back at Ruka, she asked in a low tone, "Miss Dame, what are you getting at?"

Ruka gently scratched her limited edition Hermès bag as she smirked. "Since this is such a coincidence, why don't you come to my private room for a while? I was thinking of introducing you to some celebrity friends of mine. You're also a member of the upper society now, so you should start expanding your circle of relationships. It'll come in useful to you someday, just like your company. If you weren't the god-granddaughter of Old Mrs. Kings, why would all those people go to you for their wedding planning?"

Her words hit the mark, hurting Veronica.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 235

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 235 This Is My Token of Gratitude

Veronica remained unwavering as she smiled and started clapping her hands. "Miss Dame is right, but there's one thing I got to bring up here—I can live without the Kings Family, unlike you. If the Dame Family goes bankrupt, I'm afraid that you can't even lift your frail fingers to earn money and you will have to rot on the streets."

"You!" Ruka was left speechless by Veronica's blunt remarks, but she brushed it off with a smile. "You're so clever with words that everyone likes you so much. Oh, right! There will be a charity held in the city soon. I hope to see you there, Miss Murphy."

Then, she checked the time on her wristwatch. "It's late and my friends are waiting for me. Goodbye, Miss Murphy."

With a smile, she waved her hand and left. Staring at Ruka's back, Veronica felt something creeping up her heart. She could sense Ruka's hostility toward her, and a strong one at that.

Still, Veronica had to admit that Ruka's tolerance was on another level compared to Tiffany's. As expected from a lady born with a silver spoon in her mouth—not only did Ruka exude elegance and class, she was reticent.

Veronica wheeled around and left as well. Knowing that she would be drinking, she didn't drive her car here. She strolled along the streets while clutching tightly onto her sweater, trying to warm herself against the chilling breeze.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was Matthew. Ever since she left the villa, it had been a month since they last met.

During that period of time, he messaged Veronica twice, but she left them unread and he never sent another text again. On the day she visited Elizabeth at Kings Residence, she didn't see him either.

Since it was the first call after a month, she deemed that it was an emergency, so she answered the call. "Hello."

Then, she waited for the man to speak. When she heard nothing but silence, her brow furrowed. "Can you hear me? If you're not going to say anything, I'll end the call now."

"How have you been?" Finally, Matthew responded, and his voice was pleasing to the ears as always.

"What do you mean? Of course I'm doing fine. Don't worry about me."

"What about the company?"

Although she was aware that it was an innocuous question, Veronica couldn't help the heavy feelings that overwhelmed her at the mention of her company, which had become her sore part. "Speaking about that, I should be grateful to you. Thanks to you, we're doing better than expected."

"Oh? How are you going to repay me then?" Matthew smiled and teased.

"It's too late right now. I'll send you the address and buy you lunch tomorrow." Her voice sounded tired as she terminated the call without a second thought, after which she returned home by cab. Lying down on the recliner on the balcony, she gazed at the starry sky, which wasn't bright enough to lighten her mood.

The next day, Veronica had arrived at Red Dining and booked a private room. After ordering a cup of coffee, she waited patiently for Matthew, who finally appeared after ten minutes.

"Sorry for the long wait." Beneath the blue coat that fit his frame perfectly was a black shirt.

"It's alright. I just arrived." She caught a glimpse of the man, who effortlessly pulled off the simple outfit and made the restaurant his very own runway.

While he seated himself opposite her, a waiter entered and gave them the menu. They ordered some dishes and a bottle of wine.

Once the waiter left the room, Matthew stared at her intensely. "You look thinner than you were one month ago."

All the while, he had been busy overseas. Aside from company affairs, he specially contacted a few professionals to examine and analyze Veronica's blood along with the two bowls from the underground chamber. However, the results he received were the same—there was nothing in particular.

Matthew even took a trip to the underground chamber again upon returning to the country. He asked Thomas to conduct another search, but in vain. That anonymous person entered and left the place without leaving a trace behind, as if he could walk through the walls.

Who is that person? Colossal doubts clouded Matthew's mind.

"I'm on a diet." She leaned against the chair listlessly and took a sip of her coffee.

Noticing her bad mood, Matthew fished out something from his pocket and proffered it to her. "I have something for you."

It was an exquisite velvet box in black.

Veronica lifted her dubious gaze to look at the gentle man. "What's this?"

She picked it up and opened it, only to see a pair of red diamond earrings laced with a golden tint. With the little red tassels, the minimalist accessory glimmered under the illuminating lights.

Tap!

No woman could easily resist from such a pair of beautiful finery, including Veronica. However, she closed the box and pushed it to Matthew regardless. "A reward shouldn't be received without merit. Thank you, but no thanks."

Having said that, she took out two documents and a pen from her bag before placing them in front of him. "Didn't you ask how I was going to repay your kindness? This is my token of gratitude."

Gazing at the documents, he lifted his brow in confusion before opening one of them and reading the words that read, 'Share Transfer Agreement'.

"What do you mean by this?" he asked solemnly.

Veronica calmly stirred the coffee. "Within one month, the bridal store's performance has been growing by leaps and bounds. The augmented profit is credited to you, and I feel guilty hogging the money all by myself. Even so, every employee, including me, has committed ourselves throughout the whole process. That's why I would like to split the profit in half for you."

'Rags-to-riches'.

That was the word she heard the most in that month. To her, it was a humiliation shrouded under the thin cover of facts. Every ounce of effort contributed by her team was shrugged off because of it, and she could feel the burden weighing on her shoulders. No matter how much she thought about it, this was the best solution she could come up with in order to repay Matthew.

On the other hand, the man's finger tapped on the document a few times before he tossed it on the table without reading further. Anger was evidently flaring in his eyes. "Why must we draw a clear line between us?"

"Why not?" She looked him straight in the eyes. "I'm just Grandma's god-granddaughter. It's not like we have anything to do with each other."

"Oh, really? If so, I can't sign this contract." His countenance simmered as he pushed the document to her.