

Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1091-1100

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1091-Benjamin Robins scoffed in frustration. "Hmph. Rather than marrying a fine young lady like Sofia, he chooses to marry a poor girl. How can Shirley even begin to compare to Sofia?" he snapped.

He thought that Skyler Robins would live up to his expectations, but the reality fell short, leaving him disappointed.

"Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Robins, when it comes to matters of the heart, it's better not to force it." Sofia Green uttered in a tone of grievance, "I know that it was my fault for breaking up with Skye in the past."

"You were too young back then, and it wasn't the right decision at that time. Both his dad and I noticed Skye's affection for you. He loved you for so many years. Shirley's appearance is merely just a fleeting sense of novelty for him," Keysha Oliver analyzed arrogantly.

As Skyler listened to their conversation, he became even more furious, feeling that they were unyielding and stubborn.

"Listen!"

Raising his voice, Skyler declared, "I caused Shirley's disfigurement, and I will definitely marry her. Stop saying such words about her appearance in front of me again. Otherwise, don't blame me if I turn my back and not recognizing you!"

Everyone was taken aback for a moment, as they hadn't expected such a turn of events.

Sofia's grip on her phone tightened ever so slightly as she meekly asked, "Skye, actually... do you, deep down, feel guilty towards Shirley, which is why you want to marry her?"

"No, I don't!"

In a commanding tone, Skyler deliberately slowed his speech and emphasized, "That's it. I'm leaving."

Given the futility of convincing his family, he opted to remain silent, unwilling to waste any more words.

He abruptly stood up, preparing to make his way out of the living room.

Keysha became visibly anxious witnessing his intention to depart.

In sudden realization, she promptly halted him, exclaiming, "Hold on, if you have to leave, at least have a meal before you go."

Just a few steps into his departure, Skyler paused, perceiving his mother's unspoken message. 'If I insisted on marrying Shirley, she couldn't intervene, but at the very least, I should finish the additional meal peacefully before leaving.'

In order to appease his family and spare Shirley further trouble, Skyler reluctantly decided to stay.

However, he had no desire to engage in further conversation with them. "I'm tired. I'm going upstairs to rest," he stated, ending the discussion.

"This is absolutely unacceptable!"

Benjamin exclaimed indignantly, pointing angrily at Skyler's back and criticizing him.

Sofia, in a soothing tone, consoled Benjamin, "Grandpa, matters of the heart should never be forced. I don't blame Skye. The fault lies with me, it truly does..."

As she uttered those words, her voice trembled with a hint of huskiness and choked with emotion.

"Oh my, my dear, please don't cry. It breaks my heart to see you in sorrow." Keysha consoled. She quickly rose and sat beside Sofia, embracing her shoulders and holding her close. "Stop crying, my dear, stop crying. Ah, that mischievous Skye is truly exasperating."

Sob... Resting against Keysha's embrace, Sofia sobbed, tears streaming down her face. "It's all my fault for being too young back then. If... if, if I could turn back time, I wish to have a child with him and be happily together."

“Of course, I wish for nothing more than for you both to have a child,” Keysha responded, her words trailing off as a scheme began to take shape in her thoughts.

She raised her gaze, meeting her husband’s eyes, and at that moment, a silent understanding passed between them. Their thoughts resonated.

“My dear, it’s not difficult for you to have a child with Skye,” Keysha whispered, lowering her voice while looking at the staircase to ensure Skye was back in his room. She then proceeded, “I have an idea, I wonder if you would consider it.”

“Hmm? What idea?” Sofia pretended innocence, holding onto her understanding while playing the fool.

She deliberately hinted at Keysha, nudging her in the right direction, but she didn’t expect her to catch on so quickly.

Her thoughts were not in vain.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1092- **Manipulated by My Mother**

“Stay here tonight, and I’ll...” Keysha whispered into Sofia’s ear.

Benjamin Robins, perceiving the intentions of his daughter-in-law, let out a knowing sigh. “You two carry on with your conversation. These old bones of mine are weary; I shall take a rest,” he remarked, his words laden with significance, and departed for some respite.

Such a reaction left no doubt that Benjamin had silently consented to the idea suggested by Keysha.

However, Sofia pretended to be conflicted. “Well... Mrs. Robins, this wouldn’t be fair to Skye,” she demurred, casting herself in the role of a genteel and virtuous woman.

“You’re being naive. As a woman, any perceived disadvantages would be yours to bear. Therefore, as long as you consent, this matter will be firmly decided,” she declared with conviction, dismissing any thoughts of equality.

Keysha held Sofia’s hand firmly, skillfully coaxing her.

Yet Sofia pretended to hesitate, refraining from giving an immediate answer, afraid of revealing her true intention.

“Don’t worry, this idea is solely mine, and I’ll ensure Skye never doubts your intentions,” Keysha administered another dose of encouragement.

“Mrs. Robins... you’re so kind,” Sofia replied. She reached out and embraced Keysha while her voice trembling with emotion.

Throughout the afternoon, Sofia remained by Keysha’s side at the villa, busy with embroidery and tending to the garden, all the while engaging in conversations.

As dinner commenced, all the guests gathered in the dining room, while the servants poured wine for each of them. Meanwhile, Keysha ingeniously found multiple excuses to coax Skyler into drinking more.

Skyler didn’t refuse and went on to drink several glasses, and Sofia, not to be outdone, matched him drink for drink, indulging in multiple glasses herself.

After the meal, Sofia placed a hand on her head. “Mr. and Mrs. Robins, how strong is this red wine? I’m starting to feel slight dizziness,” she asked, her voice betraying a subtle wavering.

“This red wine has aged over the years. You, my dear, should have informed us if you were not accustomed to drinking,” Keysha reproached gently, before turning to Skyler. “Please assist Sofia to her room for some rest. I have a matter to discuss with your father.”

Skyler’s heart brimmed with dissatisfaction, yet driven by the desire to depart swiftly, he reluctantly set his meal aside. Assisting Sofia, he guided her away from the table and ascended the staircase.

Drunk from the red wine, Sofia found solace in Skyler’s embrace, intoxicated by his aroma. A surge of heat coursed through her veins, igniting an intense desire to surrender herself completely to him.

She pondered in her heart. Didn’t Keysha say she would give it to Skye? Why do I feel so uncomfortable all over?

Guiding her up the staircase, Skyler warned Sofia, “Stay away from Shirley in the future. If I discover any deceit or schemes on your part, don’t blame me for disregarding our past sentiments!”

He was a sentimental person, but he couldn’t tolerate deceit.

Sofia wasn’t drunk; she was merely pretending to be intoxicated to go along with Keysha’s plan. However, as she listened to Skyler’s words, an icy wave of unease washed over her.

“Skye, I’m sorry,” she apologized.

Staggering up the stairs, Skyler guided Sofia to the guest room. However, just as he stepped inside, the room door abruptly clicked shut, leaving him locked inside.

Before Skyler could react, he rushed towards the room door and grasped the handle, it was tightly shut.

Bang bang bang—

He pounded on the door with all his might and shouted, “Open the door! Open it immediately!”

Yet no response came, only a mounting sensation of heat enveloping his body.

As a doctor, Skyler comprehended the situation in an instant.

Consumed by anger, he yanked on the doorknob and forcefully pounded on the door, yet the room door remained sturdy as if rooted in place.

Skyler, belonging to one of the Four Big Families of Bloomstead, resided in a grand estate that boasted top-tier security measures. Reinforced with a sturdy panel, the door was impenetrable, rendering any attempts to break through.

“Skye, I’m burning... Skye, Skye... I feel so uncomfortable...” Sofia expressed. It seemed that the medicine had caused Sofia to lose control of her senses gradually.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1093-**Skyler Robins Jumped Off the Building**

She rose from the bed and approached Skyler, embracing him tightly. "What's going on? Why do I feel so uncomfortable?" she asked, her words trembling with confusion.

Sofia pretended to be innocent.

Skyler's face turned pale as he tightly clutched the doorknob with one hand, leaning against the door. "Get away from me! Don't force me to lay a hand on you!" he warned with a cold, determined tone.

One of the things he despised the most in his life was such devious tactics, but little did he anticipate that one day he would be manipulated by his parents.

It was ridiculous and pathetic!

Sofia leaned against his chest, exhaling a warm breath against his neck, employing all her tricks to seduce Skyler. "Skye, I... I really don't know what's going on. Can you help me, please?"

As she spoke, she let out a soft moan, her voice dripping with alluring tones that sent shivers down one's spine.

However, with impeccable self-control, Skyler firmly seized her wrist and roared, his voice resolute and unwavering, "So, you want my help? I'll grant your wish!"

He pulled her toward the bed.

At that moment, a flicker of sparkle danced in Sofia's eyes, and a smug smile graced her crimson lips.

Sure enough, men were all the same. With the right provocation, their true colors would inevitably come to light.

However, this momentary excitement lasted only for three seconds as Sofia realized that Skyler had no intention of taking her to bed but was instead heading toward the bathroom.

"Skye, what are you trying to do?" Sofia panicked.

Sofia made a futile attempt to free herself, but Skyler's firm grasp rendered her efforts in vain.

Bang—

A loud noise echoed.

With a powerful kick, Skyler shattered the glass door of the bathroom, causing it to crash to the ground in a cascade of broken fragments. The once pristine bathroom now lay in disarray, scattered with debris.

Overwhelmed by fear, Sofia's heart skipped a beat, and an uncontrollable shudder coursed through her body.

Since she met Skyler, he had rarely displayed anger toward her, but every time he did, it was because of Shirley Wilson.

This time was no exception.

"You asked for my help, right? Well then, let me assist you!" Skyler raised his hand and clasped it around the back of her neck, exerting control over her, while his other hand turned on the showerhead.

With a sudden rush, a powerful jet of water erupted from the showerhead, drenching Sofia from head to toe.

As it was already late October and the weather was gloomy, the temperature fluctuated significantly between day and night. The cold water drenched her, sending a chilling sensation through her body, and extinguishing the fiery heat within her. Her thoughts gradually became clearer.

A surge of anger, frustration, and a wave of emotions overwhelmed Sofia at that very moment.

In her pursuit of being with Skyler, she had forsaken her dignity, but little did she expect to be treated in such a manner by him.

Yet no amount of disappointment could surpass her intense possessiveness.

In reckless abandon, Sofia clasped her hands around Skyler's neck and rose on her tiptoes, sealing her lips against his. She pleaded, "Skye, I love you. Let me be good to you, okay? I'm not inferior to Shirley. I... Ah!"

Skyler slapped Sofia directly across the face and yelled, "Disgusting!"

His eyes blazed with intense disgust as he pushed Sofia away and stormed out of the bathroom.

“Skye!”

The cold water soaked her clothes, and the chilling sensation brought Sofia back to her senses. She shouted and chased after Skyler, watching in disbelief as he walked out onto the balcony, pushed open the window, and without any hesitation, leaped off.

“Skye?!”

She screamed and rushed over, only to find Skyler rising from the grass, limping away with each step.

The villa’s first floor was about one and a half stories high, and yet he chose to defy death and leaped down without hesitation.

Sofia angrily pounded her hand against the balcony railing and leaned against it, bursting into tears.

As time passed, the effects of the drug intensified, enveloping Sofia in relentless torment. She was consumed by an unbearable sensation, as if a swarm of invisible insects gnawed at her very bones, causing an incessant itch that seemed impossible to relieve.

However, everyone in the villa had been evacuated by Keysha, including Friderik and Benjamin. They had all left the villa to unwind in the city center, deliberately creating opportunities for Skyler and Sofia.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1094 Showing Affection

Outside Shiro’s Sushi restaurant, Larry masked and donning a duckbill cap, held Veronica close, their embrace exuding a sense of ease and familiarity. “Go home and take a good look at the script. I’ve invested in this play, and I believe in you,” he encouraged, glancing at Veronica and smirking with a sense of pride.

“Does this count as leveraging connections to join the production?” Veronica pondered, feeling that this time she must have taken a shortcut.

“You’re like a ‘brother’ to me, so it can be considered as such,” Larry remarked, withdrawing his hand from her shoulder. “I recommended you because I believe you’re perfect for this role, so don’t burden yourself with too

many concerns.”

“I understand,” Veronica uttered. “Alright then, you go back early. I’ll see Eleanor off.”

“Where does she live?” Larry turned around and glanced at Eleanor Ledger standing nearby, asking the question.

“Axies Villa,” Eleanor answered.

“Axies Villa? It’s on my way. I’ll take her.”

Larry, in his affection for Veronica, extended his warmth to Eleanor, treating her with utmost care as well.

“Alright, I’ll take a ride. You go back and rest early,” Eleanor said, waving to Veronica. “Goodbye.”

Veronica casually tucked her hands into the pockets of her jacket and nodded. “Hey, thanks for the favor.”

“Shut up! Why are you being so polite to me?”

Larry grumbled at her impatiently, then turned to Eleanor and said, “Let’s go, my car is over there.”

He led Eleanor toward the nearby parking lot and stopped by his car. Thoughtfully, he opened the passenger door and invited, “Get in.”

“Thank you,” Eleanor replied with a knowing look, teasingly adding, “I’m not Veronica, you don’t have to be so attentive to me.”

She couldn’t help but think that Larry had feelings for Veronica. After all, their bond seemed too intimate for mere friendship.

It appeared that Matthew Kings had encountered a love rival.

Eleanor couldn’t help but stifle a laugh, a hint of anticipation hidden in her expression.

“You’re Veronica’s best friend, I have to treat you well, otherwise she will kill me!” Larry sighed heavily. “Isn’t it true what they say, ‘Being enslaved for too long will make one develop a slave mentality?’ What sins did I commit in my past life?”

The conversation between them remained elusive to Veronica’s ears, leaving her oblivious to their words.

She got into her own car and drove directly back to Pinewoods Villa.

After parking her car, Veronica entered the living room, her eyes scanning around in search of Matthew's presence. Spotting his absence, she turned to the servant and asked, "Where is Matt?"

"Mr. Kings is in the study, madam," the servant replied promptly.

Clutching the script tightly in her hand, Veronica hurried up the stairs. However, a sudden thought struck her, causing her to descend back downstairs. She prepared a cup of warm milk and carried it up to the study.

Knock, knock, knock—

She knocked on the door.

"Come in."

The familiar voice of a man resonated, carrying a hint of laziness.

As Veronica pushed open the study door, she was greeted by Matthew seated at the desk with his elbows resting on the tabletop, his brow furrowed as he stared intently at the documents before him.

Ever since his return from the hidden clan, he had dedicated himself to his work, burning the midnight oil and rising before the break of dawn, leaving her trailing behind in sleep.

Witnessing his relentless dedication, Veronica couldn't help but feel a pang of compassion for him.

She walked up to him and gently placed the cup of milk in front of him.

Matthew glanced at the cup of milk, displeased, and remarked, "Change it to coffee. I don't drink milk."

"It's already late. Drinking some milk will help your sleep."

Veronica gently pushed the cup forward, urging it closer to him, her voice soft and tender. "Take a break after a long day," she suggested.

She moved herself to Matthew's back, gently resting her hands on his shoulders, massaging them. "Sitting for too long isn't good for your neck," she whispered, her touch both comforting and concerned.

Matthew sank into the embrace of the luxurious armchair, indulging in its comfort. Closing his eyes, he let out a sigh. "Being away from the office for months, there are so many tasks waiting for me to take over. I don't have time to rest," he bemoaned, his voice tinged with exhaustion.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1095-"Money can never be earned enough."

Her slender jade finger adjusted the pressure on his shoulder, relieving his fatigue.

When she lowered her head, she was greeted by the handsome face of Matthew.

With a slight pause in her hands, Veronica's red lips curled into a faint smile. She leaned down and cupped his cheeks, planting a gentle kiss on his lips.

The kiss was as light as a dragonfly skimming the water.

As soon as she straightened up, she noticed that Matthew had opened his eyes. His deep, icy gaze was fixed on her.

In the next second, the man raised his hand, holding her hand and pulling her into his embrace, sitting her on his lap. "What's wrong? Missing me after just one day apart?"

Resting against his chest, Veronica didn't struggle. Instead, she nestled in his arms like a little bird and said, "Matt, I just don't want to see you working too hard."

Veronica let out a long sigh. "Money can never be earned enough, but our lives have a deadline. It's a great regret if we spend our limited time only thinking about making money and end up losing ourselves before we can spend it all."

Upon hearing her words, Matthew nodded in agreement. "You have a point."

Matthew embraced her waist, one hand holding the back of her neck, and kissed her lips with dominance.

That kiss was gentle yet restrained.

Ring, ring, ring...

The sudden ringing interrupted their intimate moment.

Matthew paused for a moment, but ultimately ignored it and continued to passionately kiss her.

However, the ringing of the phone seemed to be at odds with him and kept ringing nonstop.

Veronica gently pushed his chest and said, "Maybe you should answer the call."

A frown appeared on the man's face, and he wrote a thick displeasure.

"D*mn it!"

He wanted to see who had dared to disturb his mood.

Matthew held Veronica with one hand while picking up the phone with the other. He glanced at the jumping number on the screen and, as he expected, it was Skyler.

Reluctantly, Matthew answered the call, "You better have something important to say, otherwise..."

"Matt, where is Shirley?"

Before Matthew could finish his sentence, a hoarse voice came from the other end of the phone, and even his heavy breathing was clearly audible.

"What's wrong with you?"

Sensing that something was amiss, Matthew began to worry.

Veronica leaned against Matthew's chest. Even through their thin clothes, she could feel the tension in his muscles when he became anxious.

She also became nervous and lifted her head, leaning closer to his phone, carefully listening to the sound coming from the earpiece.

"My parents tried to force me to be with Sofia Green, despicable... they... I...."

Even over the phone, Skyler found it difficult to speak.

If this matter were to be revealed, it would become a big joke. Skyler felt utterly embarrassed.

"I'll send you Shirley's specific address now."

Matthew instantly understood the situation, hung up the phone, and sent the detailed information to Skyler.

Veronica looked at him typing on his phone, her eyebrows lightly furrowing.

"Did you give Shirley's address to Skyler?"

"Skyler fell into his parents' trap and was set up. Do you want him to go find some random woman to deal with it?" Matthew's words silenced Veronica.

She pursed her lips, not saying anything more, and sighed weakly. "I'll listen to you."

In this situation, if they didn't let Skyler meet Shirley, he might really go and

find another woman to “solve” his problem. Instead of that, it would be better to facilitate a relationship between Skyler and Shirley.

“Is Skyler the biological son of The Robins? How can his family treat him like this?”

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1096-Suddenly, Veronica felt some sympathy for Skyler, thinking that he had a rather pitiful experience.

“They will handle their own family matters.”

Matthew held her waist with both hands, his forehead resting against hers.

“Now, can we address our own matters?”

“What matters between us?”

The topic jumped, and Veronica didn’t catch up.

Then, she saw Matthew’s mischievous smile. “Of course, I’m talking about the matters between a man and a woman.”

With that, Matthew suddenly stood up and held her, seating her on the table.

He placed his hands on either side of her body. “What have you done to me? I can’t get enough of you. What should I do?”

Veronica was speechless.

Was she hallucinating? How could she hear Matthew say such things?

“Hey...”

Veronica leaned slightly backward, creating some distance between them.

“This is the study. It wouldn’t be good if the servants saw us later.”

“The study is off-limits, and no one can enter without my permission.”

After saying that, Matthew opened a drawer and took out a remote control.

With a gentle press, a beep sounded, and the room’s door automatically locked, while the curtains by the floor-to-ceiling windows closed.

“Now, can we continue?”

His sharp features carried a wicked smile, with a cold and sinister air. He seemed like a two-dimensional male god from a manga, stunning and captivating.

Veronica couldn’t believe her luck, encountering such an exceptional man.

After a few seconds of locking eyes with him, a blush spread across her fair, porcelain-like face, revealing her bashfulness.

Then, she raised her hands, encircling Matthew’s neck, and initiated a kiss.

That kiss sparked a flame that couldn’t be extinguished.

Matthew carried her on the table, on the large armchair, and on the study’s sofa, indulging and indulging, as if their energy was inexhaustible.

It wasn’t until Veronica’s eyes reddened, pleading for mercy, “Matt, please... let’s stop. I’m so tired...”

The man grinned mischievously and whispered in her ear, “If you’re tired, just

sleep.”

Veronica was speechless.

That b*stard, how was she supposed to sleep like this?

And so, they battled until 2 a.m. before he finally stopped.

Matthew held Veronica in his arms and laid her on the bed after she took a shower. He covered her with a thin blanket. “Go to sleep quickly.”

Veronica couldn’t keep her eyes open due to exhaustion. She lay beside him, reaching out to hold his waist, rubbing her cheek against his chest, resembling an adorable little cat, utterly lovable.

“Tomorrow, you’ll move to the Twilight Condominium,” Matthew suggested.

Veronica nodded. “Okay, I’ll listen to you.”

She hugged Matthew’s hand slightly tighter. “What should I do if I miss you at night?”

After experiencing so much together, Matthew deeply felt Veronica’s dependence on him.

That kind of reliance made him feel incredibly at ease and also deeply enjoyed.

“As long as my wife wants me, I’ll be by your side anytime.” Matthew’s voice was gentle as water.

His large palm gently patted her back, as if comforting a child. “Sleep, sleep. We have many things to deal with tomorrow.”

“Yes... tomorrow, let’s go meet Shirley.”

Presumably, Skyler and Shirley were together tonight.

So, they had to find Shirley tomorrow and discuss their relationship or the handling of the situation.

Veronica still pondered these questions in her mind, but she had already fallen asleep.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1097-Rewinding time, back to just a few hours ago.

In a youth apartment complex on the outskirts, Skyler parked his sedan in the parking lot. After stepping out of the car, he slammed the door shut and hurried into the lobby on the first floor.

He rushed from home, speeding through the streets in his sedan, running countless red lights. His body was becoming increasingly uncontrollable.

On his way there, he had planned to go to the hospital for gastric lavage, but the medication had already been absorbed by his body, rendering the lavage in vain.

Following Matthew’s given address, he went up to the 7th floor, apartment 709, and knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” Came the voice of Shirley from the living room. Although the voice was not very clear, it only intensified Skyler’s restlessness. He knocked on the door once again, this time with greater force. Shirley, who was watching a drama in the living room, got up and walked towards the door. When she saw Skyler through the peephole, she hesitated, unsure whether to let him in or not. “Shirley, I know you’re in there. Open the door!” he demanded.

Before, he would affectionately call her “Shir” with an indulgent tone, making Shirley feel special and believe she had found her true love. But a series of recent events disrupted her firm belief and determination to be with Skyler.

With one hand supporting himself on the door panel and the other tugging at his collar, Skyler spoke with heavy breaths. Observing his every move through the peephole, Shirley couldn’t help but feel worried.

He... seems intoxicated.

After much hesitation, Shirley finally opened the door.

As soon as the door swung open, Skyler forcefully pushed it open and rushed in, embracing her and lifting her off the ground, then kicked the door shut.

“Sky, you... mm...”

Shirley didn’t have time to react. She was held tightly in his arms and pressed against the wall, as he kissed her forcefully and rudely.

This action frightened Shirley, and she widened her eyes in panic, too afraid to resist.

Click—

With a sudden sound, Shirley, who was in a daze, snapped back to reality. Her thin strap nightgown had been tossed on the ground like trash.

“Sky, you... you... you...” she stammered, unable to find the right words to say for a while.

The man with a stern expression held her head with his large hand and said coldly, “Who allowed you to leave without a sound? Damn it!”

Since knowing Skyler, Shirley had hardly seen him angry.

At that moment, he was like an enraged lion, his pitch-black eyes resembling a black hole that could devour her.

“Ah!!”

In her frightened state, Shirley was suddenly lifted. She instinctively exclaimed and reached out to hold his neck, saying, “You... I... I, I’m sorry...”

But all her explanations seemed feeble and powerless.

Ultimately, Shirley could only say, “I’m sorry”.

However, the response she received from Skyler was cold and icy. "It's too late."

The room door swung open, and he threw her onto the bed. What followed was a storm-like ravaging, a reckless rampage. No matter how she begged for mercy, he had no intention of sparing her.

Shirley cried in a grievance, continuously apologizing. Skyler asked, "Will you dare to leave without a word again?"

"No, never... I won't dare anymore."

With one instance of leaving without a word, Skyler tormented her like a madman, punishing her in this way.

Time passed, and Shirley, exhausted and weary, fell asleep, only to be awakened by him and then fell back into a sleepy state again.

The cycle repeated several times before Skyler finally ceased his actions.

He held her in his arms and drifted off to sleep, finding solace.

The next day, Skyler woke up naturally after a good night's sleep, only to open his eyes and realize that Shirley was no longer in bed.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1098-He raised his hand and pinched his brow in frustration. "Damn it!"

She had repeatedly promised last night that she would not leave without a word again, so how did she manage to escape while he was asleep?

Creak...

The bedroom door opened, and Shirley walked out from inside, wrapped in a bathrobe. She stood at the bathroom door, her fair cheeks tinged with a faint blush. "You... Are you awake?"

Recalling the madness between the two of them last night, Shirley shivered slightly.

Even at this moment, she was still holding onto the door, feeling her legs trembling uncontrollably.

She couldn't fathom the extent of "torment" and madness she had experienced last night.

Shirley's perception of Skyler had been completely reshaped.

Skyler, sitting on the bed, paused for a moment. His slightly annoyed expression gradually eased.

He reached back and ruffled his short hair, raised an eyebrow, and uncomfortably shifted his gaze to the side.

Just a moment ago, he had thought that Shirley had once again run away, only to find out that she had only gone to the bathroom to freshen up.

Her delicate and fair cheeks were probably flushed due to the warm water shower, with the steam causing a rosy hue like an enticing glow, making her look wonderful.

But the scars on her face were also more prominent, marring her once-beautiful countenance.

Skyler noticed the scars on her face and paused for a couple of seconds. However, his inadvertent reaction pricked at Shirley's heart like a needle.

Shirley lowered her head in panic. "I...I'll make breakfast for you."

With scars on her face, Shirley was most afraid of being stared at.

Was Skyler's intense gaze just now a sign that he was starting to despise her?

Feeling flustered, she hurriedly walked towards the bedroom door, but her legs were weak and she stumbled after a few steps, falling to the ground.

Seeing this, Skyler immediately lifted the bedding and rushed to her to pull her up. "Why are you so careless?"

Being held in his arms, she could hear the gentle voice filled with concern and worry in her ears.

His warm breath enveloped her, and the inexplicable sense of reassurance made Shirley's heart race.

"My legs are weak," Shirley lowered her head, lightly biting her red lips, and said shyly.

As her words fell, she heard Skyler's soft laughter in her ear.

"Why are you laughing?" She looked up at Skyler and asked.

"It's nothing," Skyler said, leaning over to hold her and placing her on the bed. "You slept too late last night, rest well, I'll make breakfast for you."

"Can you?"

Just a moment ago, she was worried that Skyler would dislike the scars on her face. But now, hearing Skyler's words, Shirley felt a warmth in her heart, and the slight coldness within her heart gradually thawed.

"I know a little bit." Skyler raised an eyebrow and a curve formed at the corner of his lips. "Don't underestimate me." He leaned down and kissed her lips. "I'll take a shower and then make breakfast for you."

As he spoke, he got up and went to the bathroom.

After taking a shower, he put on the bathrobe and went straight to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Shirley.

In the bedroom, Shirley lay on the bed.

The phone on the table rang.

She picked up the phone, and it was a message from Veronica. 'How are you guys doing?'

Thinking back to the passionate entanglement between the two of them last night, Shirley's cheeks flushed, and she replied. 'We're doing well. I'm sorry, Ron, for making you worry.'

Shirley was afraid of causing trouble for others, but in the end, she still made them worry.

'It's alright as long as you're fine. Rest well and let Skyler accompany you.'

Veronica knew that the two of them were together, so she didn't want to disturb them too much. But she added one more sentence at the end. 'Skyler is a good person, you must cherish him.'

Looking at the WhatsApp message sent by Veronica, Shirley was stunned for a few seconds.

Cherish?

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1099-Shirley would certainly like to cherish Skyler, but would Skyler be with her?

Would the Robins Family accept me?

Bang! Clank clank—

Shirley was lost in thought with her phone in her hands when she heard a loud noise coming from the kitchen.

Although she was startled, she still got up quickly and rushed to the kitchen. When she reached the kitchen, she saw...

In the kitchen, Skyler stood in front of the stove. There was a frying pan by his toes, and on the floor were broken eggs, soft noodles, and water stains, all still steaming hot.

Shirley looked at him in surprise and asked, "Are you okay?"

"Hehehe..."

Skyler smiled awkwardly and scratched his head. "I'm fine. It's just that I accidentally knocked over the pan."

"What breakfast were you trying to make?"

Shirley walked over and squatted down to clean up the mess in the frying pan while asking Skyler in confusion.

Skyler replied honestly, "I wanted to cook a bowl of egg noodles for you, but when I was cracking the egg on the edge of the frying pan, I used too much strength and accidentally knocked the pan over."

"Cracking eggs?"

Shirley frowned and stared at Skyler Robins in disbelief.

They locked eyes, and Skyler didn't know why Shirley was staring at him.

Then, she covered her mouth and smiled. "Did you put the noodles and eggs in as soon as the water got hot?"

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Isn't it normal to put noodles in when the water is hot? Could it be that my method is wrong?

"Poof... No, that's not a problem."

Shirley restrained her smile and shook her head, then she continued to squat down to clean up the mess on the floor.

However, Skyler grabbed her arm and pulled her up. He asked her with a long face, "Are you making fun of me?"

Shirley felt speechless.

Is it that obvious?

"No, I wasn't making fun of you." She denied it again.

Skyler raised his hand and spanked her. "You've got guts. I didn't make fun of you for not being able to walk, but you made fun of me for not being able to cook."

Shirley pursed her lips and she was lost for words.

"Forget it, I won't cook anymore. This is so annoying." Skyler waved his hand, turned off the gas, and carried Shirley out of the kitchen. "Let's go back to the room, I'll order food delivery."

Throughout the entire day, Skyler held Shirley in his arms as they lay on the bed, watching dramas, chit-chatting, eating, or 'sleeping.'

He didn't mention anything about what happened last night when he was drugged by his mother.

Perhaps he didn't want Shirley to overthink, or he just thought that it was embarrassing to bring it up as it would give him a black eye.

Pinewoods Villa.

Veronica got up in the morning and had breakfast with Matthew. After that, Matthew went to work, and she was reading a script while lying on the swing in the yard.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

She put the script down and took out her phone to take a look. The screen displayed an unfamiliar phone number.

"Hello, who is this?" Veronica asked.

There was a brief silence on the other end of the phone, and then a familiar voice came. "I'm in Bloomstead. Are you free for lunch? Let's have a meal together."

It was Xavier.

She had already received the news when Xavier and Hendrey returned from

the hidden clan, but she didn't take the initiative to contact him.

She didn't expect Xavier to actually return from the hidden clan.

"Where are you? I'll come to find you."

In the hidden clan, Xavier had helped Veronica many times, and she was grateful to him. She had always thought of Xavier as a friend.

It's just that she couldn't help when it came to the matter between him and Matthew.

Xavier gave her an address, and Veronica quickly tidied up before leaving in her cheap Chevrolet sedan.

She arrived at the cafe one hour later.

The cafe was on the 36th floor of a downtown building, and one could see half of Bloomstead when they are sitting in the cafe.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1100-Veronice welked into the cefe end looked around only to spot Xevier, who was weering e bleck short-sleeved shirt end light blue jeens, sitting by the window.

He still hed neet short heir end e wheet-toned complexion. Although the scers on his fece did effect his handsomeness, they also enhance his meture end mesculine cherm.

He exuded en eir of e mob boss end possesses e distinct end ceptivating epeerence which mede him drew people's ettention.

Veronice welked over to where he wes sitting with e beckpeck on her shoulders end set down opposite him. "Are you the only one here? Where's Antheene?"

Xevier set on the deck, held e cup of coffee, end took e sip es he observed Veronice.

Although they hedn't been eper for very long, seeing her egein seemed to relieve him.

She wes dressed in white end red combination cesuel sportsweeer, with her heir tied up in e high ponyteail end e beckpeck on her beck. She wes full of youthful energy, like e bright end cheerful girl.

It wes herd to imegine thet she wes elreedy the mother of two.

"Others ege es they get older but you seem to get younger," Xevier complimented her sincerely.

The midday sunlight poured through the glass, casting its ray upon her. The sunlight accentuated her radiant, almost glowing fair skin, her rosy lips, and her captivating eyes. With delicate features and a subtle smile on her face, she exuded an air of elegance. She was like a woman that was out of the world.

Veronica walked into the cafe and looked around only to spot Xavier, who was wearing a black short-sleeved shirt and light blue jeans, sitting by the window.

He still had neat short hair and a wheat-toned complexion. Although the scars on his face did affect his handsomeness, they also enhance his mature and masculine charm.

He exuded an air of a mob boss and possesses a distinct and captivating appearance which made him draw people's attention.

Veronica walked over to where he was sitting with a backpack on her shoulders and sat down opposite him. "Are you the only one here? Where's Antheena?"

Xavier sat on the deck, held a cup of coffee, and took a sip as he observed Veronica.

Although they hadn't been apart for very long, seeing her again seemed to relieve him.

She was dressed in white and red combination casual sportswear, with her hair tied up in a high ponytail and a backpack on her back. She was full of youthful energy, like a bright and cheerful girl.

It was hard to imagine that she was already the mother of two.

"Others age as they get older but you seem to get younger," Xavier complimented her sincerely.

The midday sunlight poured through the glass, casting its ray upon her. The sunlight accentuated her radiant, almost glowing fair skin, her rosy lips, and her captivating eyes. With delicate features and a subtle smile on her face, she exuded an air of elegance. She was like a woman that was out of the world.

"You teaser."

Veronica smiled and snapped her fingers at the waiter. "A cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain Coffee please."

The waiter nodded. "Please wait."

After saying that, he turned and went to the counter.

Xavier leaned forward slightly as he rest his arm on the table, and asked lowering his voice, "When Hendrey and I got caught, what exactly happened during that time? What's the story behind Anthony's death?"

Veronica's eyelids drooped slightly, and she showed a hint of caution in response to the sudden question.

Veronica dared not speak casually because Anthony's death was related to Matthew's safety.

She trusted Xavier, but if she was to reveal the truth, it would mean that she betrayed Matthew.

"The past is in the past. Now that we're back, we should forget the things that are related to the hidden clan." Veronica didn't answer his question.

Xavier met her gaze for a moment, and he felt complicated.

He knew that Veronica was wary of him.

This feeling made Xavier suddenly feel sad, but he still smiled faintly. "Alright, I'll listen to you. But..."

"What's wrong?"

"Conrad is investigating the cause of Anthony's death. You and Matthew better be prepared. You should be aware of Anthony's identity and his close relationship with the three of them."

Although Veronica had kept some things secret, Xavier still told her everything he knew without reservation.

His words made Veronica feel uncomfortable.

She glanced at Xavier and then turned to look out the window. She looked at Bloomstead where tall buildings stood bathed in sunlight. Everything was so peaceful.

At a glance, she felt the beauty of the world, but her heart was slightly tinged with pain.

“Xavier, you don’t have to deliberately tell me.” Veronica sighed almost imperceptibly. “You have helped me a lot, and I owe you too much, more than what I could repay you.”

Veronica already knew beforehand what Xavier just told her.

However, she knew that there was a difference between her knowing it and Xavier coming deliberately just to tell her that.

“I never wanted you to repay me. Am I... not your friend?” Xavier looked at her.

With her natural beauty, she was so beautiful that it made his heart skip a beat.

“Yes, we are indeed friends.”