

## Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1131-1140

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1131-Skyler walked away with staggering feet. His pace was much slower, indicating his unhealed injuries.

“Matthew, look at him...”

Miguel, who didn’t know what to say, gazed at Matthew.

Matthew sighed. “We can’t help him when it comes to matters of feelings. If he can’t handle the issues between the Robins and Shirley, it’s better for both of them to break up.”

Miguel deemed Matthew’s rational analysis to make sense. “You’re right.”

The two of them got up and left the club, intending to send Skyler home. As soon as they stepped out of the club, they saw him driving away, leaving them no chance to catch up.

“What should we do?” Miguel anxiously ran his hand through his hair and let out a long sigh.

Matthew simply replied, “Let him be.”

No one could help Skyler and Shirley with their relationship issues. They were on their own.

Miguel nodded helplessly. “Alright, I’m leaving.”

“Is Eleanor adapting well at your place?” Seeing Miguel getting ready to leave, Matthew casually asked a few questions.

Eleanor had been with Miguel for over a month as of today. Matthew was worried that her temper would cause him trouble.

Helplessness washed over Miguel at the mention of that lady. He pushed his frameless spectacles. “I’ve never met such a hot-tempered lady before.”

“If she’s causing you trouble...” Matthew’s expression turned serious. “If that’s the case, I’ll call her tomorrow and tell her not to go.”

“It’s not that serious.” Miguel waved his hand, thinking of something hilarious. “I took her to a client the other day. You know, men are easily attracted to her looks. The CEO of Frozen Green Company took a liking to her and touched her waist, only to have Eleanor break his arm. The old man fell to his knees in pain.

“There were over a dozen CEOs on the occasion. After witnessing how fierce she was, none of them dared to make a move on her. Speaking of which, a few CEOs even want to collaborate with me and use Eleanor as leverage.”

Miguel nudged Matthew’s arm. “I’m hesitating whether to accept the deal or not.”

Matthew gave Miguel a meaningful look. “It’s not impossible.”

With that, he strode away without continuing further. Miguel stood there, confused. “What does he mean by that? Is that a green light?”

Matthew marched forward without looking back. He raised his hand and made an ‘OK’ sign.

Driving back to Pinewoods Villa, Matthew went upstairs to the bedroom where Veronica was lying on the bed, reading a script.

She had a shower. Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders, and she was wearing a beige satin camisole, which accentuated her fair skin and cherry-red lips. She was irresistibly gorgeous.

He approached her and looked at her lying on her stomach. He was about to say something when he noticed that she had fallen asleep.

Smiling helplessly, he carefully took the script away and gently covered her with a blanket. Next, he went to his study to work.

The next morning, Veronica woke up early when Matthew was still asleep. She turned to the side to admire his features, indulging in the peaceful moment.

After barely a few seconds of admiration, he pulled her into his embrace. “Come closer so you can take a closer look.”

It turned out that he had already woken up. She chuckled, hugging Matthew's waist. "It's still early. Let's sleep in a little longer."

He opened his eyes, watching Veronica in close proximity. He planted soft kisses on her lips. "I want to sleep with you."

Veronica went red. "Get your mind out of the gutter. By the way, what happened to Skyler yesterday?"

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1132-"It must be a fight with Shirley. It could be that he failed to convince the Robins to accept her or for some other reason. The two of them had a big fight and broke up," Matthew elucidated.

Veronica rested her head on his arm and thought for a moment. "I'll ask Shirley later."

"Okay." Matthew agreed as his gaze traced to her loose and messy pajamas, which was fazing him. "Is it time to solve your husband's problem now?"

Speechless, she was on the verge of going crazy. Why is he never out of energy?!

Her rosy lips curved upward flatteringly. "Close your eyes first."

Matthew raised an eyebrow. "Roni, is this a new game? Alright. I'm curious to see what surprise you have for me today." He tapped the tip of her nose before closing his eyes.

Pursing her lips, she sat up. Matthew guessed she was going to finish their unfinished business from last night, so he let go of her.

To his surprise, she seized the opportunity to lift the blanket and quickly ran to the bathroom.

Matthew reached out to grab her. The hem of her nightgown skimmed across his fingertips. He watched as she went into the bathroom and locked the door, laughing heartily. Her cheerful laughter infected him, elevating his mood as well.

The next morning, Veronica contacted Shirley, but the line couldn't get through. It was then that she noticed an unread text message from Shirley.

'Roni, when you see this message, I have already left Bloomstead. I know that my body and looks cannot be recovered. I don't want to stay in Bloomstead either. I am afraid of meeting the people I know here, so I guess it's better to go to a new place and start life anew.

'In a strange place, where no one knows me; where I am not afraid of those weird looks from others. I will be able to live more freely. And I still have the money you gave me before, the money you gave me is enough for me to spend a lifetime, so please don't worry about me.

'Leaving Bloomstead is a decision I made after careful consideration. I hope you won't track me down just to look for me. Please stay out of my life. I know that you have always taken care of me like a sister. If you really do so, please don't look for me anymore.

'As for me, I will start a new life in a new place while wishing you all the best.

'Roni, I wish you and President Kings. We shall meet again if fate allows.'

It was a long message. A pang of sadness hit Veronica as she read it. She couldn't help but think of the letter Mateo left for her when he left the hidden clan.

Life was full of encounters and farewells, and what she least wished for was a farewell.

The ones she considered as kindreds were Yvonne and Shirley.

Yvonne left without goodbye for over a year, and Veronica didn't know when she would be able to meet Shirley again.

After much hesitation, Veronica called Matthew. "Matt, Shirley left."

"Again?" It was not Shirley's first time. Based on his previous experience, Matthew figured that she wouldn't go far this time. "Don't worry, I'll ask Thomas to send someone to find her."

Veronica sighed heavily and shook her head. "No. There's no need for that. She sent me a long message when she left. She has made up her mind to leave. What she said is right, she can never recover her looks and body. The Robins won't accept a poor girl with a disfigured face. It may not be bad for her to leave."

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1133-Due to their noble status, the Robins would never accept her.

Veronica felt sorry for Shirley, but she was aware that Shirley wouldn't be happy staying in Bloomstead.

On the other end of the line, Matthew remained silent for a long time. "What should I say if Skyler asks?"

"If Skyler asks you to look for her, you can agree but don't actually send anyone to look for her." She reclined on the couch as the dilemma set in her. "It's almost impossible for them to stay together. And there's Sofia between them. It's good that she left. Besides, she still has the compensation I gave her. She'll be fine. Let's just let things take their course."

Veronica personally handed the money to Shirley. However, she didn't know that Shirley actually threw away the credit card in a fit of pique upon realizing that there was no chance of recovery.

Neither did she know that Shirley spent a long time searching for it under the pressure of getting threatened by Sofia. In the end, Shirley couldn't find it anywhere.

Veronica didn't look into the matter, so she naturally didn't know about Shirley being threatened by Sofia.

With that, the matter came to an end.

"I'll do as you say," Matthew responded, holding his phone in one hand and flipping through documents with the other. "I'll be busy for now. Rest up. The filing starts tomorrow, so I'll finish my work and come back early to accompany you."

"Okay." Veronica sounded cheerful as she hung up the phone in a good mood.

Melancholy seeped into her for a while because of Shirley's situation, but she didn't dwell on it and continued to study the script.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who was at the company, buried himself in his work and didn't even have time to eat lunch until noon.

He finished going through the documents at 2.30PM. He stood up to give his body a stretch. The lunch prepared by Thomas was left untouched on the table.

Matthew glanced at his watch and finally decided to return home to keep Veronica company. He wouldn't know when he would see her again once the filming started.

Bang!

Just then, the door was kicked open. Miguel, dressed in a white suit, took angry strides toward Matthew. He pointed to his own broken glass and the streak of blood adorning his lips. "Look, look at what you've done!"

Matthew, who was putting on his coat, laughed. "You got beaten up and came to me. What's the matter? You're the big brother and you need my support?"

Miguel was the oldest amongst them, but he was only a few months older than Matthew.

"What support? Last night, I mentioned that a few people were interested in Eleanor and I asked if you're considering sending her away. It was a joke, but you agreed. Today, I took her to a client's meeting. The owner of Smokey Corporation liked her. He's a talented, young man, so I thought he would be a good match. I agreed. I thought I was being a good matchmaker, but then Eleanor beat me up! And this is all your d\*mn fault!" Miguel misunderstood Matthew's intentions.

He thought that Matthew intended to seek a good match for Eleanor from the people he worked with.

Who knew that he would be beaten up by the hot-tempered Eleanor?

Matthew's hand, which was adjusting his collar, paused. He burst into laughter. "Your thoughts are wild, huh?"

"What do you mean?" Miguel glared at Matthew. His hair was messy and the shattered lens made him look both disheveled and hilarious.

"Can't you realize that it was a joke?" Matthew patted Miguel's shoulder. "Good luck, dude."

“You—”

Bang!

Before Miguel could say anything else, the office door was booted open again.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1134-The incoming visitor was none other than Eleanor!

She was in a stunning red pleated dress with curly hair. She approached them in an imposing manner.

“Miguel Lynch!” She pointed at Miguel. “Let’s see where you can escape to!”

The thought of him matching her with another man during lunch for business infuriated her. She wished she could tear him apart at this instant.

Miguel turned his head only to see her furious look. Scared, he immediately hid behind Matthew. He pointed at Matthew and explained, “This really has nothing to do with me. Matthew made me do it.”

The innocent Miguel attempted to put the blame on Matthew.

The latter shook his head and shrugged. “I know nothing. It has nothing to do with me.”

Whenever it came to betraying his close friends, he showed no mercy.

Eleanor glared at Matthew. She removed her sunglasses and hurled them onto the floor, snorting. “If this has anything to do with you, Matthew Kings, I won’t let you off either!”

As the leader of the hidden clan, she was actually ‘sold’ when she came to Bloomstead. She would never condone that.

She walked up to Matthew, and her gaze shifted to Miguel. “Are you coming or do I have to drag you out?”

She rested her hands on her hips, standing two meters away from Matthew. It seemed like she wouldn’t back down until she sent Miguel to the emergency room.

Miguel took a few steps back while telling Matthew off, "Matthew Kings, how could you do this to your friend! You told me to do it yesterday."

Matthew stood straight, calmly adjusting his suit. "Miguel, stop making baseless accusations." He raised his eyebrows at Miguel and flashed a smile as if he didn't mind the trouble.

"F\*ck!" Miguel stomped his feet in the face of Matthew's brazen response. Unfortunately, he did not have any evidence.

Under the desire to survive through hell, he wore an innocent face. "My queen, I was wrong, it's all my fault."

He mustered every ounce of courage he had just to keep himself from running away. "I won't run away. I'll stand right here, so hit me however you want. But..."

He paused before pleading pitifully, "Can you not hit my face?"

Eleanor beat up Miguel and the owner of Smokey Corporation. She was hot on Miguel's heels all the way to Matthew's company. If they couldn't put an end to it here, she might chase him to the ends of the earth.

Her cheeks turned slightly red with anger. She rolled up her sleeves and marched forward to throw a punch at him.

Before her fist touched Miguel, Matthew grabbed it with his bare hand. "Stop!"

"Let go of me!" She frowned while staring at him. "If you don't let me go, I'll turn you into a punchbag too."

Eleanor had never really fought Matthew before. Although she didn't know her chance of winning against him, she deemed it impossible to keep a lid on the intense fury that was boiling in her.

Miguel was no match for Eleanor. That was why he was being chased and beaten so miserably.

"Have you ever tried to listen to Miguel?" Matthew looked at her. "I think you're misunderstanding something."

Turning a blind eye to his friend's misery was a joke. How could he sit back and watch her beat up Miguel?



Amongst them all, Miguel was the weakest. He was simply no match for Eleanor. If she chased and beat him like this, with her temperament, she wouldn't stop until he was taken to the hospital for emergency treatment.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1135-"What's the misunderstanding?" Eleanor struggled to free her wrist from his grip, indignant. "He 'sold' me to his business partner for a business deal. He used me as a bargaining chip to get the deal. I can never put up with this humiliation!"

She grew more and more agitated as her voice echoed in the office.

Matthew sympathized Miguel. "You misunderstood. He was trying to introduce you to a talented, young man. You're not young anymore. It might be better for you to get a partner."

"Bullsh\*t!" Her words were vulgar. Clearly, she was extremely angry and wasn't buying it.

"That guy has been Miguel's business partner for seven or eight years long.. Do you think he has any reason to sell you off? In terms of assets alone, the other party is not even comparable to Miguel."

"I don't believe it!" she growled, despite his effort to explain Miguel's stance.

"Come with me." He pulled her toward the desk to show her some confidential documents. "Look. Miguel has been collaborating with him for eight years. They are also friends."

The confidential information morphed her doubts into trust. Now that she finally believed him, Matthew let go of her hand.

Still, the ire in her did not subside as she swung her fist at him. "So, it was all your idea!"

He grabbed her fist again. "It's all for your own good. After you came to Bloomstead, you had no family, only us friends. If you find a good partner, he might be able to bring you the happiness of another kind."

"That's gibberish." Eleanor's speech had become more vulgar ever since she came to Bloomstead. She was extremely vexed. "You just think that I like you and are afraid of being misunderstood by Veronica, so you're trying everything

to push me away. Hmph! You name your selfishness so noble. It's hypocritical."

"It doesn't matter what you think." Matthew couldn't be bothered to explain. "But Miguel is innocent."

Miguel finally breathed a sigh of relief and muttered, "At least you still think of me as a friend."

He massaged his sore mouth, sighing helplessly. "Eleanor, Matthew isn't lying. I can prove it."

"All of you are bad!" Eleanor stomped hard on Matthew's instep with her heels before storming out of the office.

Matthew winced in pain, watching her slam the door and leave.

The space regained its peace. Seeing that he was in pain, Miguel couldn't help but laugh. "Feels good, doesn't it? If you're asking for my advice, you should quickly get rid of her. I'm really scared. You didn't see how she punched me today, she literally wanted to tear me apart."

Matthew sat on the chair, glancing at Miguel. "Next time, use your brain. Don't you know what kind of person Eleanor is? You're lucky that she didn't kill you this time."

Yesterday's words were clearly a joke, but Miguel took it the wrong way. That was why things ended up this way.

"I... I just wanted to find her a partner. If she has one, she won't bother you. And Veronica will have peace of mind." Miguel intended goodwill. "You're going to announce your divorce to the public, and Veronica will be joining the shoot in a couple of days. Once she's not by your side, think about it, will she feel at ease with Eleanor by your side?"

"Mind your own business." Matthew stood up. "If you ain't that busy, find yourself a partner instead. It's pointless to worry about all those things."

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1136-Matthew left the office. Miguel followed suit, muttering in a grievance, "You're barking up the wrong tree. I'm doing this for your own good."

They took the elevator to the underground parking lot and then drove away.

On the other side, Eleanor left Metric Technology and drove alone on the street. Feeling extremely upset, she called Troy. "I want to drink."

Troy sensed that something was wrong. "Where are you?"

"I'm..." Eleanor looked around and shouted, "How would I know where I am? I'm not familiar with Bloomstead. I'll send you my location."

After hanging up the phone, she opened WhatsApp to share her location. He arrived soon. He found her sitting on a bench by the river, surprised to see that she was crying.

Having seen and gotten used to her cold and prideful demeanor ever since day one, he never expected to see her cry.

"Why are you crying? Who bullied you?" He leaned over slightly and tilted his head to check on her.

Eleanor appeared pitiful and vulnerable with those red, teary eyes.

"Who else could it be? It's your boss and Miguel Lynch." She stood up abruptly. "Be my drinking buddy for the day."

"The bars are not open for business at this hour. Where do you wanna drink?"

"At home." Grabbing Troy's tie, she pulled him into the car. They drove back to Axies Villa in no time.

She had the chef prepare lunch. Sitting in the dining room, she opened several bottles of red wine in one go. She poured Troy a full glass and clinked the glasses before downing the entire drink.

Bang!

She slammed the table in fury. "Why does Miguel want to sell me off to someone else? Did I give my consent to that? It's simply outrageous! And your boss—Matthew Kings—that bastard took advantage of my affection for him. He actually conspired with Miguel to sell me off. They are so cruel..."

Troy kept silent in utter confusion. What's going on?

While listening to Eleanor's complaints, he discreetly sent a message to Matthew, demanding an explanation.

Soon, Matthew sent a voice message. In case she might overhear it, Troy converted the voice message into text and finally understood the whole story.

"I think... you have misunderstood Boss. Whether it's Mr. Lynch or Boss, they are not the kind of people who forsake loyalty for personal gain. I've known them for over a decade, and I can vouch for that with my life." Troy assured her.

"My \*ss! You guys are no less different. If I had known this, I should make sure none of you escape from the hidden clan."

It seems like things have gotten out of hand, he guessed. He couldn't help but swallow nervously as he dared not provoke Eleanor. He held a glass of wine

and downed it in one gulp.

After finishing the wine, he sighed and continued, "Watch your language." Recently, Eleanor had been studying business with Miguel during the day while Troy accompanied her during her free time.

Thus, Troy witnessed firsthand how Eleanor gradually became harsher with her words. He was aware that she heard and picked up a lot of foul language. "Who are you to judge me? Let's drink." She continued to fill his wine glass. Just like that, they spent their time drinking.

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1137**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1137-"Are you aware of the value of the villa you're living in? It's worth 750 million to 1.5 billion. If Boss really intends to sell you off, would he give you this villa? Also, he lets you learn from Mr. Lynch so that you know how to run a company and eventually take over the companies under your name. What do you think—"

"Shut up and drink!" Eleanor interrupted before Troy could finish.

She poured another glass of wine for him and herself. They clinked their glasses and finished their shots as though they were drinking right out of beer glasses.

The chef concocted a few more dishes and placed them on the dining table before leaving the villa with the maids, leaving Troy and Eleanor in the villa alone.

The two of them, both with high alcohol tolerance, chewed the fat while drinking. They finished more than ten bottles of red wine in an hour and a half.

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Back at Pinewoods Villa, Veronica and Matthew had their breakfast early in the morning. Looking at him with a heavy heart, she approached him to give him a hug. "I'm leaving."

He placed his hands on her lower back and gazed at the woman in his arms, smiling affectionately. "You've been studying the script for over a month just to perform better on set. Do your best and don't leave any regrets."

"I don't want to leave you, what should I do?" She pouted before rolling her eyes. "It's all your fault for insisting on announcing our divorce to the public. You can't visit me on set now."

"If we didn't announce the divorce, people will definitely accuse that you got the role because of your connections. No matter how hard you work, others see you as someone that pulls strings rather than an actress with potential." Matthew reassured her with her justification.

In fact, he hoped that Veronica would leave Pinewoods Villa and start filming

as soon as possible.

That way, the public would think that they were separated for a long time, adding more credits to their divorce. Flavian wouldn't keep an eye on Veronica too.

"Alright, you have a point." She sighed. "We probably won't see each other for a long time from today onwards. Matt, you have to be careful of Conrad." Ever since they returned from the hidden clan, Conrad had been living a very low-key life and hadn't made any moves in secret. Veronica could hardly believe that.

She said worriedly, "It has been quiet. Something must be going on." Matthew chuckled at Veronica's statement and leaned over, resting his forehead against hers. "My dear wife, are you worried about me?"

"Isn't that obvious?" She glared at him. "You're the father of my child. If I don't care about you, who else would I care about?"

She leaned against Matthew's chest and closed her eyes to listen to the sound of his heartbeat.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and ran his hand through her hair. "I won't send you off to the set today. Remember, you can come back anytime if you're not happy about the environment. Your husband can support you." It was said on purpose, but he knew Veronica's personality very well. Once she set her mind on something, she wouldn't give up until she achieved her goal.

"Okay, I'll keep that in mind." She nodded. "I'll probably be gone for at least a month. What should I do if I miss you?"

"Should I go to the set to see you?"

"Forget it. You announced our 'divorce' to let me join showbiz. If you go to the set to see me, that would be going against your intention." She straightened up and kissed him on the cheek, standing on her tiptoes. "I'll come to you when I miss you."

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1138**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1138-The lovey-dovey couple was reluctant to leave each other.

"Hmm?" Veronica tilted her head and raised her head slightly, meekly demanding a response from Matthew.

In the face of such adorable sight, he couldn't help but lower his head and kissed her cheek. Then, he leaned close to her ear and whispered, "I can't

bear to be without you either. How about not going? That way, I can see you every night and not miss you.”

“Nice try!” She chuckled lightly. “I’ve memorized the script and even took extra classes with a teacher. It would be a waste if I don’t go for the shoot. Let’s go.”

“I’ll walk you there.” Matthew held her luggage and held her hand, walking towards the car parked in the yard. The red Chevrolet seemed out of place at Pinewoods Villa.

He asked again, “Do you want to change a car?”

“As long as there’s a car to drive, why bother changing? Besides, I’m just a supporting role. Do I need to make a big fuss and drive a different car? Forget it, I don’t like to stand out,” Veronica decisively refused.

Matthew deemed it unbecoming of him if he persuaded her further, so he put the luggage in the trunk.

He turned to look at Veronica again. The morning sun shone on her, casting a golden halo on her, taking her beauty to another level.

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her in her black casual outfit. With her hair tied in a ponytail, her simple and clean attire made her look exceptionally elegant and charming. He couldn’t help but sigh. “Roni is gorgeous. It makes me feel insecure. What should I do?”

She burst into laughter at his teasing and playfully slapped him on the shoulder. “Stop fooling around. Be serious.” With that, she waved her hand and bid goodbye, “I’m leaving, bye.”

She quickly got into the car and drove away in a cloud of dust. The whole process was swift and decisive, without any hesitation. Such determination seemed to show no attachment to Matthew.

Little did he know that Veronica was reluctant to leave him. The more she hesitated, the less willing she was to leave. Hence, it was better to leave quickly.

Watching the car gradually disappear, Thomas walked over. “Boss, are you really not going to send Mrs. Kings off?”

“With so many eyes watching, how can I send her off?” Matthew sighed deeply, furrowing his brows even tighter.

Of course, he wanted to send her to the shoot, but he was aware of those watchful eyes on them. Therefore, not sending her to the set was the best option.

“Get a few reliable people to secretly protect her,” Matthew instructed with concern.

“Yes, Boss,” Thomas responded and immediately went on to make arrangements.

On the other side, Eleanor and Troy were lying on the messy bed at Axies Villa.

It wasn’t until the morning sunlight cascaded through the window and fell on their faces that the two of them gradually woke up from their slumber.

“Ouch!” The severe headache from excessive drinking made her groan as she rubbed her head.

At this moment, her arm accidentally bumped into someone. She was a little dazed for a moment, and the next second, she suddenly opened her eyes.

At the same time, Troy also opened his eyes. The two of them locked eyes, and even the air seemed to freeze.

Two seconds later, she shrieked and booted him off bed. “You b\*stard! Did you take advantage of me while I was drunk?!”

“Oh, f\*ck!” Troy, who was mercilessly kicked out of bed, fell onto the ground and rolled over. His butt hurt.

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1139-Upon the sudden chill, Troy found himself wearing only a pair of boxers. He frowned and looked at himself before glancing at Eleanor, trying to recall what happened yesterday. However...

All he could remember was drinking with her in the living room yesterday and then helping her back to the bedroom.

Then...

D\*mn it! I blacked out after that!

Eleanor, who sat on the bed, lifted the blanket slightly. She was shocked to find that she was clad only in her undergarments. Her mind went blank. What happened yesterday? What exactly happened?

She covered her forehead and sighed. She then pointed at the door. "Get out!"

Extremely embarrassed, he immediately picked up his pants from the ground to put them on. He feigned calmness as he looked at Eleanor. "Um... I'm terribly sorry about yesterday."

It was all because of the alcohol. Why did I drink so much! he blamed himself. Troy, who had never slept with a woman before, hesitated for a moment and suggested, "I... I will take responsibility for you. By the way..."

He fished out his wallet from his pocket, flipping through it to find three credit cards. He handed them to her. "These are the three cards I often use. There is enough money saved over the years to support you. You can consider..."

"Consider what?" She raised her gaze in fury. "Consider marrying you? Are you crazy? Get lost!"

Troy was taken aback, not knowing how to react. What happened last night was beyond his expectations.

"I'm warning you, you better forget everything that happened yesterday," Eleanor warned him.

He nodded awkwardly. "Don't worry, I will keep my lips tight. But... think about it carefully. I-If you're up for it, I will definitely take full responsibility."

He then picked up his shirt in a frantic manner and quickly left the bedroom, closing the door tightly behind him.

Now that she was alone, Eleanor flopped down on the bed, carefully recalling what happened yesterday. She was completely drunk and so did Troy.

He helped her back to the room, and it seemed like she vomited on him. He went berserk and headed for the bathroom to wash the substance off. Then...

"This is going crazy!" she roared in frustration, covering her head with both hands.

She drank too much last night and couldn't remember anything. Troy couldn't remember anything either.

In actuality, he helped her back to the bedroom, where she vomited on him. He almost lost it because of that. He went to the bathroom to clean himself up and the substance on the floor.

After everything was settled, he came out of the bathroom when the alcohol kicked in. He took off his wet clothes and got into bed.

Eleanor was used to sleeping naked, so she unknowingly took her clothes off while sleeping. That was why they ended up in an awkward situation today.



Yet, neither of them could remember what had happened.  
Troy walked out of the room to primp his clothes, muttering to himself, "Why are my clothes wet?"  
He furrowed his brows while racking his brain.  
Did we get too carried away in the bathroom under the shower, and then rolled onto the bed? That's why my clothes are wet?  
As an afterthought, the furrow between his eyebrows deepened.

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1140**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1140-Troy slapped himself on the face lightly. "Troy Ritter, you are such a sc\*mbag. How could you do that?"

He seemed unable to accept reality. He leaned against the wall of the stairs and hammered the wall. "You crazy b\*stard! How could you sleep with Eleanor Gomez?"

If this were in the hidden clan, she would probably have added him as an extra member of the harem.

"What did you say? You slept with Eleanor?" Suddenly, a voice resounded.

Troy immediately turned to look at the incoming guest. "Yvette, what are you doing here?"

Yvette was holding breakfast and standing at the corner of the stairs. Only then did he remember that he asked Yvette to bring breakfast to Eleanor's room every morning because the latter loved chicken wraps.

Who knew he would encounter Yvette like this today?

Yvette, who had a tall stature and was dressed in professional attire, had short hair that was neatly groomed. She gave off a refreshing and capable vibe.

She stared at Troy with an incredulous look. Upon closer inspection, there was a hint of disappointment in her eyes.

"I didn't expect you to be such a person." She shot him a disdainful look and went downstairs.

Troy immediately chased after her and grabbed her. "Wait, wait! Don't go!"

He hurriedly blocked her path. "This was an accident. Eleanor was in a bad mood yesterday, and I accompanied her for a drink. We both drank a bit too much. Naturally, it... it..."

There was no need to say the rest as both of them understood.

He pleaded with embarrassment, "Yvette, you must keep this a secret. Otherwise... Otherwise Boss will definitely kill me."

She snorted. "You have to bear the consequences of your own actions."

Yvette didn't bother to waste any more time with him. She pushed him away and walked away.

"Yvette? Yvette Fencer!" Troy called out a few times, but she didn't look back. He was overwhelmed.

...

In the morning, Matthew was in his office dealing with documents when someone knocked on the door. He responded, "Come in."

The person outside pushed the door open and walked in.

Matthew looked up and realized that it was Troy. "Why are you here?"

He then lowered his head to continue reading the documents.

After returning home and freshening up, Troy finally decided to confront Matthew. Feeling guilty, he hesitantly walked to the desk. He stammered, "Boss, I..."

Troy usually spoke and acted confidently. His hesitance was obviously indicating that something had happened.

Matthew closed the documents and leaned back in his chair. He gave Troy a cold stare. "What's the matter? Fire away."

"Boss, yesterday... Yesterday, I..." Troy didn't know how to explain the incident to Matthew. After thinking about it, he couldn't come up with a good excuse.

When Matthew's expression grew darker, he mustered up his courage and blurted, "Yesterday, Eleanor was in a bad mood and called me out for a drink. We were hammered and then somehow, we slept."

He spoke quickly, afraid that he wouldn't be able to finish explaining the whole situation in time.

On the other hand, Matthew's face showed a hint of surprise. He looked at Troy in disbelief. His lips slightly parted as he wanted to say something. Yet, he didn't know what to say.

In the end, he kneaded his forehead and calmly asked, "What did Eleanor say?"

"Princess Eleanor told me to get lost." Troy occasionally addressed her that way in private to show respect.

Matthew's eyebrows furrowed. "You're lucky that she didn't kill you."