## Her Biliionaire Husband

Chapter 582

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Chapter 582 The Rich Are So Complicated

"I know that." "Since you know it, what are you hoping for, then?"

Antheena didn't receive an answer to her question, and she leaned against his back just like that with a sad look underneath her

thick, long lashes. After a while, she said, "What would it take for you to forget her?"

"Perhaps only death can cut off my yearning for her." There was a time when Xavier was labeled as a Casanova, but he had

always been a faithful person, and all that was just a coverup.

In the Crawford Family, everyone looked down on him, and Veronica was the only one who was nice to him besides his sister.

During the darkest period of his life, Veronica showed up and gave his lonely soul a sense of belonging.

Gradually, he realized that he was in love with that woman. She was like a brilliant pearl. She was intelligent and stunning,

possessed extraordinary skills, and always exuded a certain charm.

Especially her smile, which was pure and bright like a breeze on a summer day, could take away all the sadness and troubles in

his heart. It was akin to a warm sun as it had the power to warm his cold heart.

It would be impossible for him to forget her.

Unless he died. Only death could put an end to his love for her.

Antheena's eyes were unfocused for a moment before she tightened her arms around his waist. "You must be hungry. Let's have

our breakfast downstairs."

If Veronica was dead and Xavier could forget about her. If that were the case, then Antheena wouldn't mind being the one to pull

the trigger.

She had utterly misconstrued what he meant.

They ate downstairs, and Hendrey showed up after they had just finished breakfast.

"Why did you have breakfast so late?" Hendrey wore a white suit and smiled gracefully. "Or, did I arrive too early?"

"Of course not. Would you like to have some?" Antheena offered, flashing him a smile.

"No, thanks. You guys can have it," he replied and turned to Xavier. "Let's talk later."

The light went out in Antheena's bright eyes, and the sandwich in her mouth turned tasteless.

She feigned composure as she continued eating, but her mind was full of images of Veronica. What is so attractive about that

woman making Hendrey and Xavier fall head over heels in love with her?

After breakfast, she left the living room and went to practice marksmanship in the training room.

Meanwhile, Xavier and Hendrey left the living room, too, and took a walk in the castle.

"Are you here because of her?" Xavier asked casually, sticking his hands into his jeans pockets.

"I always thought that Matthew Kings is a smart man, but I didn't think that he would be so dumb as to make such a big fuss

when he got married. Isn't he just pushing her into the fire pit?" Hendrey lamented, shaking his head, appearing as though he

couldn't understand what was going through Matthew's mind.

"Are you her enemy now or her ally?" Xavier stopped in his tracks and turned to him slightly. "Hendrey, what's on your mind,

huh?"

Under the morning light, Xavier's tanned muscles were visible in his sleeveless shirt. Because of the scar on his dashing face, he

seemed even more mature and brimming with the charm of a sophisticated man.

"What about you, huh?"

"Me?" At Hendrey's question, Xavier raised his brows, and they smirked when their eyes met.

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In Bloomstead, the news that Matthew and Veronica had registered their marriage became a widely discussed topic on the

Internet, causing an instant uproar.

'Good lord, what's happening now? Isn't this woman the one who was engaged to Matthew Kings before?'

'The rich are so flighty. After he canceled the engagement to this woman's sister, he is now engaged to her instead!' 'Isn't Young Master Matthew uninterested in women

because he was seen kissing another man in a mall before this?'

'Wow, he has such interesting tastes.'

'The rich are so complicated.'

'Isn't Veronica Murphy the god-granddaughter of Old Mrs. Kings? How could they get married?'

'His ex-fiancée's private life is a mess. She totally deserves to be dumped.'

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