

## Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 991

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 991-“They’re coming? Really?” Veronica’s face lit up. “That’s great. I miss them so much.” I’m glad they’re coming so I can verify if they are, in fact, Crayson’s men. In the meantime, she was terrified because she feared that her parents were also men arranged by Crayson. It meant they had deliberately created the illusion of a “happy family” for her, and if this was true, then her world would collapse.

“You and Mat are about to get married, so of course they’re coming,” Crayson added.

“Mat and I are getting married?” She tilted her head to look at him, her eyes clear, but her heart was increasingly sick and disgusted. Nevertheless, she was relieved that she had her memories. If she had lost her memories, she might have believed his words and married Mateo foolishly, forgetting Matthew, who loved her deeply. The mere thought of it caused her heart to ache so severely that she could not breathe.

“Yes. You and Mat have been in love since childhood and have already reached the marriageable age.” Hayley smiled gently. “He loves you very much.”

“If it weren’t for saving you, Mateo wouldn’t have been beaten up by Matthew like this. Mateo is willing to give up his life for you. I have seen his love for you with my own eyes,” Crayson said, smiling kindly and looking very believable.

It was said that a person’s appearance could reveal their true nature, but he was born with a kind and gentle face that belied his sinister and cunning personality. Hence, the so-called appearances were all fake.

“Mat is so foolish to have done that.” Veronica felt sick while talking to them but couldn’t refuse and had to play along.

In the meantime, Xavier and Hendrey stood beside the elevator, then walked over and heard everything they said.

“Roni, don’t listen to their lies!” Xavier was worried and didn’t want to see her being manipulated by them. He found it ridiculous that Crayson had asked her to marry Mateo.

On the other hand, Hendrey remained calm and silent, watching everything without saying a word. His deep and cold eyes were full of chill, but in the end, he didn’t say anything and turned to leave.

After seeing Hendrey’s reaction, Veronica felt guilty, feeling that she owed him a lot. When he was kidnapped years ago, she didn’t save him. Therefore, he must have been very disappointed with her.

“Get lost! You have no say here.” Crayson scolded, pointing at Xavier. “You and Matthew are cut from the same cloth.” With a wave, he ordered the nearby bodyguards to take Xavier away.

However, Veronica gave Xavier a cold glance and ignored him. Then, she continued to look at Mateo lying in the ICU room.

“Master Crayson, where’s the washroom? My stomach hurts.” She covered her stomach and spoke while looking uncomfortable.

“Go straight to the end of the hallway and turn right.”

Since Veronica couldn’t go into the ICU room to use the bathroom, she had to use the public one. While she went to the washroom, Xavier, who was being dragged away, looked at her and felt she was signaling him with her eyes. He wasn’t sure if it was just his imagination. Suddenly, he understood her gesture and kicked one of the bodyguards in the leg, pushing him away. “Let go! I can walk by myself!”

One of the bodyguards fell to the ground, while the other was thrown against the wall and was in so much pain that he held his head.

After that, Xavier pointed at Veronica. “You’ll regret it sooner or later.” Then, Crayson nervously took a few steps forward, but Xavier had already walked down the stairs before Crayson could stop him.

Nevertheless, Veronica didn’t even look at Xavier and went straight to the washroom.

While Hayley stood at the ICU door, she pulled Crayson aside and said, “We’ve sealed her memories for two years. So, we must keep these people away from her. Otherwise, the truth will come out sooner or later.”

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 992**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 992-“The ascension ceremony for the head of the clan is approaching. Once Veronica secures the position, these people should either leave the hidden clan forever or have their mouths sealed forever,” Crayson said with a dark gaze and a hint of coldness in his eyes. Then, he sighed and turned to look at Mateo, who was lying unconscious in the hospital room. “Matthew has hurt my grandson like this. I must make him pay with his own blood!”

“Matthew’s existence brings no peace until he is eliminated.” Hayley also sighed, deeply worried.

Meanwhile, in the washroom, Veronica stood quietly in there, waiting. As expected, within two minutes, someone opened the stall door she was in, and it was Xavier.

Although he had a scar on his face, it couldn't conceal his handsome features. Despite scarring his gorgeous face, it somehow added a sense of ruthlessness and toughness to his appearance. His sharp demeanor had the imposing aura of a gang boss, but at this moment, his face softened and was full of tenderness.

After making eye contact with her, he hugged her tightly. "You scared me. Do you know how concerned I was when I thought you'd lost your memory?" He was very concerned about her and held onto her hand tightly as if he wanted to merge her with him.

"I can hardly breathe," Veronica whispered in a low voice.

After hearing that, Xavier finally released her and straightened up, looking at her. "It's good that you're okay; it's good that you're okay."

At that moment, she noticed that his eyes were red. She decided to tell him the truth because she had lied to him about Matthew's fake death last time. However, this time, she didn't want to deceive Xavier again and make him worry.

"Listen, when Matthew wakes up, tell him to find my children's whereabouts immediately. My children have been brought to the hidden clan by Crayson, and their whereabouts are currently unknown. I'm afraid he has taken them hostage," Veronica said. Then, she added, "You should avoid me for a while. Crayson will do anything he can to get rid of you if you show up too often. If that happens, Antheena will be in danger. Xavier, you've helped me many times. I don't want to owe you any more favors. If you consider me your friend, it's better to stay away from me for a while." She kept urging him.

"Okay, I understand. Is there anything else I can do for you?" he asked, his eyes still red.

After hearing that, she pursed her lips and said, "Only you and Matt know about my situation. I don't want a third person to know."

Only two people know the truth, and I am one of them, which fully validates her faith in me. Xavier felt that his heart was warm and filled with an inexplicable sense of comfort. "I'll promise you this." He nodded.

"I should go now, or Crayson will get suspicious," Veronica didn't want to delay any longer. So, she pressed the flush button on the toilet, pushed open the stall door, and walked out. After washing and drying her hands, she walked out of the washroom.

As luck would have it, Crayson stood in the public washroom area, seemingly waiting for her.

When Veronica saw him, she became nervous, but then she thought she had spoken to Xavier in a very low voice, and he couldn't have heard her. If he did, he wouldn't have the current expression and reaction. So, she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm worried about you." He sighed. "You've never let me rest easy since you were little. You've always made me worry."

"That's not true," she replied, pursing her lips and trying to act nonchalant before walking away with a smile.

After that, Crayson followed her, turned around, and looked at the women's washroom with unease before finally leaving.

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 993**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 993-After leaving the hospital, Hendrey found a place to drink alone as memories of the past flashed before his eyes. In his heart, Veronica was still the most important person to him, but fate had played a cruel trick on him by making her forget him repeatedly.

Despite his frustration, he knew he couldn't change anything. He wasn't Crayson nor a member of the hidden clan, and Hendrey didn't possess the secret techniques to unseal her memories. After she disappeared, he tried his best to find her but to no avail. It wasn't until she reappeared with amnesia that he saw her again, only to have her not recognize him. This happened not just once but twice, and as time passed, his once passionate heart grew colder and colder.

As he sat there drinking, his phone began to ring. He took a sip of his drink and answered the call.

"Have you found Veronica?" It was Zac on the other end of the line.

"She has amnesia," Hendrey replied nonchalantly, but the words struck him like a sharp knife, piercing his chest and making him gasp. Then, he put down his drink, clenched his fist, and pounded his chest to relieve his heartache.

"Really? Crayson is so ruthless," Zac said, sounding frustrated. He knew Veronica's amnesia was of no benefit and only caused problems.

"Hendrey, you—"

Hendrey didn't want to listen to Zac anymore and hung up the phone. When Zac tried to call back, Hendrey did not pick up. Finally, Hendrey turned off his phone in annoyance and continued to drink by the window.

"Sir. A-Are you okay?" Suddenly, a woman dressed in a green dress appeared before him, looking at him with concern.

He looked up at her and frowned. "Have we met before?" Although he had had a few drinks, he wasn't drunk.

The woman furrowed her brow and tilted her head, trying to remember. "Y-You are... I can't remember your name right now." She was annoyed with herself and tapped her head in frustration.

"Hendrey Johnson."

"Oh, yes, Hendrey Johnson. Mr. Johnson, I've been looking for you for a long time. I didn't expect to see you again." She was overjoyed and almost danced with happiness.

On the other hand, Hendrey knew her name was Lamia Elrod. When he was kidnapped and taken to Castron, he met his current mysterious boss, Buckner. When Buckner brought him to Castron, he met Lamia for the first time.

"You do have a terrible memory, Miss Lamia," he said with a smile, gesturing for her to sit across from him. "I was fishing by the river under the Desolate Cliffs. You were boating and fell into the water. I saved you. Do you remember?" He reminded her of the past.

At that time, he had lived in the hidden clan with Buckner for a long time because Buckner had something to do and couldn't leave. So, Hendrey learned the hidden tongue and discovered Crayson's true identity. In his boredom, he went fishing by the river and happened to meet her.

Nonetheless, he had also learned of Lamia's other identity. She was Hayley's niece, and she was highly regarded by Hayley Elrod.

"N-No. I remember you but was so excited that I had forgotten your name." Lamia, who was slightly shy, rose quickly and bowed to him. "Forgive me, Mr. Johnson." Her features were attractive, and she had fair skin. She looked just like her mother, down to the striking eyebrows and charming dimples at the corners of her mouth.

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 994**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 994-After Lamia apologized, she sat down and asked, "Has Mr. Johnson been with the hidden clan all these years? Why couldn't I find you when I was looking for you? You're not one of them, are you? How do you know the hidden tongue? Also, how did you happen to be here today? It's a coincidence that we've met again."

Hendrey raised an eyebrow and smiled with a gentleman's elegance. "Which question should I answer for you first?"

"Um... Haha, sorry. I'm just too happy." She looked at her watch. "It's an honor to meet you again today, Mr. Johnson. Let me treat you to a meal to express my gratitude."

"Well—" As he hesitated, she had already signaled for a waiter. Then, she looked at the menu and ordered the best dishes and some wine. "That's very kind of you, Miss Lamia."

"Please just call me Lamia, Mr. Johnson."

"Okay."

After that, they talked about everything under the sun as if they had known each other for ages. However, Hendrey still kept his true identity hidden from her.

After three rounds of drinks, Lamia picked up her glass and toasted him. "Mr. Johnson, do you know I've been looking for you all these years? I only remember your name, Hendrey Johnson, and I couldn't find any information about you except for a sketch of you."

"Oh, really?" He was surprised upon hearing that.

"I'm not lying," she said while taking her phone from her pocket and showing him a sketch photo she drew. "This is my sketch of you, but my drawing skills are poor, and I couldn't capture your soul and spirit. Please don't laugh at me, Mr. Johnson."

After seeing that, Hendrey gave Lamia a thumbs up and said, "It's great. In fact, it's much better looking than me in person."

"No, no. Mr. Johnson, you're too modest." Then, she put away her phone and looked at him with sparkling eyes, unable to hide her deep affection for him.

In the meantime, he looked at her and continued to drink, his dark eyes flickering with a hint of calculation. "I never thought you would remember me. I'm honored, Lamia," he said, raising his glass to clink with hers.

Soon, the two of them had so much to talk about that it seemed they could never run out of things to say.

Finally, Lamia got drunk, and Hendrey carried her upstairs to the room.

The restaurant doubled up as a hotel with rooms above, and soon, he placed her on the bed. As he looked at her, a wicked thought crossed his mind.

At some point, she woke up from her drunken slumber, drowsily covering her throbbing head with her hand and squinting in a daze. However, she found that a certain part of her body was extremely sensitive, and the deep pleasure it brought made her moan uncontrollably. Although it was a pleasure she had never experienced before, she could distinctly feel someone holding her legs tightly and thrusting into her with intense heat. Her hazy mind gradually cleared, and when she opened her eyes, she was shocked to find Hendrey in front of her.

“Ah...! Mm...” Lemie was so shocked that she let out a scream, but he plunged into her and broke her cry, which ended in a soft moan.

“Mr. Johnson, you... You...”

Seeing her come to, he stopped and leaned close to her, kissing her lips gently while she was still in shock. “Lemie, do you want to marry me?”

“What? Marry you?”

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“Mr. Johnson, you... You...”

Seeing her come to, he stopped and leaned close to her, kissing her lips gently while she was still in shock. “Lamia, do you want to marry me?”

“What? Marry you?”

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 995**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 995-Hendrey frowned deeply as his gentle expression disappeared. “Back then, you kept saying you wanted to marry me and were so proactive. Now you’re pretending like you don’t know me? Miss Lamia, do you think I, Hendrey Johnson, am the one who has bad intentions toward you?”



He preemptively struck first.

When they were drinking together, Lamia's words and drunken behavior made it clear that she had feelings for him, which was why he was so proactive toward her.

"I-I-I..."

Lamia was embarrassed and bit her lip, carefully trying to remember what had happened, but her head hurt too much and she couldn't recall anything.

"I'm sorry, I-I can't remember anything."

"Hmph, I thought you were deeply in love with me, but it turns out you're such a woman." His face darkened, and he picked up his phone from the table and dialed a number. "I've already called the police. Miss Lamia, you may report me to the authorities. I, Hendrey Johnson, am willing to take responsibility."

"Oh, um..."

Lamia was stunned, but before she knew what to do, the police officer on the other end of the phone had already started speaking. Her heart raced, and she immediately hung up the phone.

"No, no, no, I didn't mean that."

She threw the phone aside and clenched her teeth. Biting her lip, she said, "It's just that... I didn't expect myself to act so recklessly when I was drunk."

Feeling embarrassed, she covered her face with her hands. "What did I do at that time?"

Seeing that she believed him, Hendrey raised his eyebrow slightly. "You didn't do anything; it's my fault for bringing you back to the room when you're drunk. That way, you wouldn't have had the chance to seduce me. It's also my fault for acting improperly while under the influence."

He got up, then covered himself with a towel before preparing to leave.

The sense of loss he left behind quickly spread through Lamia's body, causing her to clench her toes in discomfort and pull the covers tight around her. "I-I don't blame you. It's my fault."

She quickly sat up and grabbed his hand, summoning the courage to say, "I-I... Mr. Johnson, I really like you."

If she didn't like him, she wouldn't have kept his sketch.



As she got up too quickly, she even forgot that she was not wearing anything.

Hendrey turned his head back to Lamia, who had just pulled him, and was struck by her alluring nude figure. He felt a lump forming in his throat at the sight, but he managed to maintain his gentlemanly composure. "Miss Lamia, be careful with your words. I am a simple man. I might believe your nonsense and do something that would damage your reputation."

Feeling embarrassed, she covered her face with her hands. "What did I do at that time?"

Seeing that she believed him, Hendrey raised his eyebrow slightly. "You didn't do anything; it's my fault for bringing you back to the room when you're drunk. That way, you wouldn't have had the chance to seduce me. It's also my fault for acting improperly while under the influence."

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The sense of loss he left behind quickly spread through Lomio's body, causing her to clench her toes in discomfort and pull the covers tight around her. "I-I don't blame you. It's my fault."

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"Oh, but I really didn't mean it," Lamia said, sensing that Hendrey was angry. In a fit of desperation, she pulled him closer and wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him on the lips.

As Hendrey's muscular chest came into contact with her soft mounds, the combination of cold and heat in the room created an intense sensation, and romance seemed to fill the air.

Lamia had never been so intimate with anyone before, and even the kiss felt clumsy. But after kissing for a while, Hendrey remained unmoved. Lamia eventually released him, pouted, and apologized. "Can you not be angry with me? It's my fault. I shouldn't have said those things to you."

She lowered her head, realizing that she had lost control of herself, and wrapped herself tightly with the blanket. "I'm not good at drinking, and I didn't expect to get drunk and confess to you, and e-even touch you inappropriately. It's all my fault."

Hendrey's plan had succeeded, and a faint smile appeared on his lips before disappearing again. "It's my fault. I couldn't control myself when I was drunk."

He sat on the edge of the bed and spoke in a calm tone. "I'll give you an hour to think about it. If you change your mind, you can call the police anytime and hold me responsible. I will never shirk my responsibilities."

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 996**

### **Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 996-Coma**

Lamia blinked her beautiful eyes and looked at the man sitting next to her bed. He had a handsome profile and a muscular chest, and he was the man she had been thinking about day and night. She clenched her fists, pressed her index fingers together, and lowered her head, lost in thought.

"I don't blame you. But would you be willing to marry me?" Lamia asked.

When they were drinking earlier, she had already learned that Hendrey didn't have a girlfriend or a wife.

"Marriage is a matter of mutual consent. This was just an accident. Miss Lamia, you don't need to gamble your happiness away for this accident. I will never marry someone who doesn't like me."

"I like you! I really like you!" She sat up nervously, explaining loudly.

Hendrey turned his head and looked at her with a gentle and refined expression. "There is a difference between liking and loving someone."

Lamia nodded. "I know. I don't just like you. I think... It should be love. After you saved me back then, I have been remembering you all these years and missing you. Is that love?"

Hendrey frowned and pondered for a moment. His serious expression showed a hint of coldness.

After a while, he nodded. "It should be."

"What about you? Do you like me?" she asked in return.

Hendrey's thin lips curled into a warm smile, and he leaned over her, pressing her under him and lightly kissing her lips. "If I didn't like you, how could you easily sway me with your seduction? There are many women who like me."

"Then... Do y-you want to marry me?" Lamia felt like she must be going crazy.

She had only met Hendrey once before, and now that she had seen him again, she wanted to marry him.

But her impulsive heart was telling her how much she liked him.

"We can try to get to know each other. If it works out, of course I would be willing to marry you."

"Really?"

Excited, she reached out and hugged Hendrey's neck, her bright eyes full of expectation.

She, a novice in love, was easily captured by his masterful technique, especially since she already liked him.

"Silly girl, why are you so naive?" He poked her head with his finger. "Aren't you afraid that I am a bad person who will deceive you?"

His indulgent smile and tender affection were enough to make Lamia feel infinitely happy with just a single glance from him.

Shaking her head, she replied, "I don't believe it. A person who risks his own life to jump into the river and save someone else won't be such a bad person."

"Is that so?"

Hendrey's thin lips curled into a worm smile, and he leaned over her, pressing her under him and lightly kissing her lips. "If I didn't like you, how could you easily sway me with your seduction? There are many women who like me."

"Then... Do y-you want to marry me?" Lamia felt like she must be going crazy.

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“Silly girl, why are you so naive?” He poked her head with his finger. “Aren’t you afraid that I am a bad person who will deceive you?”

His indulgent smile and tender affection were enough to make Lomio feel infinitely happy with just a single glance from him.

Shaking her head, she replied, “I don’t believe it. A person who risks his own life to jump into the river and save someone else won’t be such a bad person.”

“Is that so?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“But now I can’t resist wanting to be naughty. What should we do?” he said, pulling off his towel and diving into the sheets.

Before long, passionate moans came from the room.

Hendrey never expected that he would randomly meet Lamia while he was out drinking, let alone that she actually liked him.

Perhaps it was fate.

The heavens had given him a chance to take revenge on Crayson and Hayley!

How could he miss this chance?

...

In the hospital, Matthew, who had already been transferred to another hospital, lay in bed resting.

Lazlo walked in and said, “Boss, I have sent someone to secretly investigate the whereabouts of the children. You don’t need to worry too much.”

“Okay.”

Matthew propped himself up with one hand and tried to sit up.

Lazlo immediately went over to help him and placed a pillow behind his back. "You're injured now, so you should rest more."

"Have you done everything I asked you to do?" Matthew asked in a cold voice.

"I've already released a message to the public saying that you're in a coma," Lazlo replied.

Following Matthew's instructions, Lazlo had already released a message to the public in order to deceive everyone.

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 997**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 997-Princess Eleanor Came

"Well done," Matthew said, as he covered his wound with his hand. Fortunately, it wasn't too deep; otherwise, he would have to lie in bed for at least ten days.

When Veronica stabbed him in the heart with a dagger, she carefully controlled the distance and force. Even though his heart was no different from an ordinary person's, she was afraid that one stab would take half of his life.

"Have you found out where Roni is now?" Matthew lifted the bed sheet and got up from the bed. Then, he walked to the table to sit down, lit a cigarette, and silently smoked.

Lazlo wanted to stop him, but seeing Matthew's bad mood and darkened face, he didn't dare to say more. He only said, "She is currently living in Hayley's villa. However, it's heavily guarded, and it's difficult to get in."

As Matthew's follower, Lazlo naturally understood what Matthew was thinking and had already investigated the situation inside Hayley's villa.

"Got it."

Matthew said nothing else and only sat on the couch smoking in silence.

Not long after, there was a knock on the door of the VIP hospital room, and Dean stood outside saying, "Boss, Princess Eleanor is here."

The high-level VIP ward was divided into a small living room outside and a hospital room inside.

Dean was standing guard outside to prevent others from peeking or plotting against their boss.

"Let her in," Matthew replied.

Then, the hospital room door opened, and Eleanor walked in holding a bouquet of flowers. But then, she saw Matthew lying weakly on the bed, his face pale and haggard.

A trace of anger appeared on her beautiful face, and she slammed the flowers onto the table. "Did Veronica really go after you? I heard she had her memory sealed and she stabbed you in the heart with a knife?"

Worried, Eleanor quickly walked up to Matthew and reached out to lift his sheets to see his wound.

But Matthew held onto the sheets tightly and didn't give her a chance to look. "What are you doing?"

Ignoring Matthew's words, Eleanor shook off his hand and made a move to lift his clothes. But Matthew grabbed her wrist firmly. "No intimacy between men and women."

"You're just a patient. What's with all this nonsense? I just want to see how severe your injury is," Eleanor said.

"It's severe," Matthew replied.

"I want to see how severe it is."

She was about to tug at his clothes when he firmly gripped her hand, and no matter how much she struggled, it was all in vain.

"Even if it's extremely severe, I won't die," Matthew said.

"But I want to see," Eleanor insisted.

"No need," Matthew refused coldly.

Eleanor paused for a moment, staring at Matthew with anger in her beautiful eyes. The two of them locked gazes, creating an electric tension in the hospital room.

After a while, she shook off Matthew's hand. "Fine, I don't want to see it. I don't care. It's even better if you die in pain."

Upon hearing that Matthew was injured, she rushed over, but she never expected that this jerk would keep her at a distance.

"I used to think Roni was a decent person, and I didn't expect her to be so cruel to you," Eleanor said.

"I won't allow you to say that about Roni!" Matthew's eyes grew colder. "She had her memory sealed by Crayson. Instead of worrying about me, you should discuss a strategy with the head of the clan, or else your position as head of the clan will be in jeopardy."

"You're quite the time to care about that, huh?" Eleanor replied.

She flicked her hair and moved a chair to sit by the bed. Flinging the sleeves of her red dress, she said discontentedly, "If Veronica really has the ability to take away my position as head of the clan, I can pursue you without any scruples then. For me, it's a

sure win. When I succeed in becoming Mrs. Kings, I will not be short of money to spend. I can live a carefree life and not worry about the world. Isn't that great?"

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 998**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 998-Eleanor really meant everything she had said. From the bottom of her heart, she truly wished that Veronica could take away her position as head of the clan. This way, I can get rid of the shackles of being in that position.

She had been too tired these years.

"I've already figured it out. By then, I'll give birth to lots and lots of children for you. I will be a stay-at-home wife to take care of you and the kids. I'll be responsible for looking beautiful, while you'll be responsible for earning money to support the family. We'll be a happy and harmonious family, living a peaceful and worry-free life. That's enough for me."

She crossed her arms in front of her chest, leaning back in the chair. Then, she stared off at a certain spot with her head tilted while imagining a beautiful future.

The overly beautiful vision made Eleanor feel happy, and her lips couldn't help but curve up into a smile.

Matthew furrowed his eyebrows slightly. After that, he relaxed and couldn't help but sneer, "Princess Eleanor, you're indeed as beautiful as a rose, but don't see things through rose-colored glasses. Don't be too greedy as well."

Eleanor suddenly snapped out of her reverie, looked at Matthew, and then stood up suddenly. Leaning over the headboard behind him, she looked down at the man lying against it.

The two were very close. They were close enough to see the fine fuzz on each other's faces and even feel each other's breath.

Matthew smelled the fragrance on her body and felt an instant physiological rejection. Feeling a little unhappy, he asked, "What are you doing?"

His sword-like eyebrows furrowed slightly, and he was quite dissatisfied.

Eleanor's eyebrows raised lightly, showing some arrogance. "Did you just say that I'm very beautiful?"

"Yeah." Matthew, a true gentleman, nodded and admitted frankly.

She was indeed very beautiful, but she wasn't his type.



"Since you think I'm beautiful, do you want to consider being with me?" she asked, then thought for a moment and made a promise. "As long as you promise to marry me, I'll dissolve my harem and be with you for the rest of my life. How about it?"

Matthew's eyes, as deep as a cold pool, became even deeper, and finally, they burst with a hint of coldness.

Eleanor ignored his gaze and continued to speak non-stop. "If you're willing to be with me, I promise to let you stay in Bloomstead most of the time. I can sign an agreement with you and give you the rights to exploit several gold and silver mines. How about it?"

She believed that this offer was very tempting, and almost no one would refuse such a generous offer.

"Do you know what we can't take with us when we die?" he said in a calm tone.

"What?"

"Money," Matthew replied casually.

Then he raised his hand and pushed Eleanor's face away. "Stay away from me. Your perfume is too strong and it makes me nauseous."

Eleanor sat on the chair, sulking. "What's so special about Veronica that makes you so fond of her?"

Matthew's eyelids drooped slightly as he pondered and asked, "And what do you like about me?"

"Huh?"

She was confused as to why he was asking.

He then said, "I can change."

Eleanor's face, which was full of anticipation a second ago, suddenly fell, and she glared at him in anger. "Matthew, are you trying to drive me mad? Will you feel bad if you don't do that?"

"You're always around me. Have you ever thought about the feelings of the men in your harem?" he asked.

"I..." Eleanor was speechless at his question.

She pouted and held up her hands. "Okay, okay, it's all my fault. I won't mention adding you to my harem anymore."

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 999**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 999-An Assassination

As she was angry at Matthew, she rubbed her temples.

I'm afraid I'll die young if I talk any longer. "On a more serious note..."

Eleanor exhaled deeply, releasing her frustration.

After a few deep breaths, she calmed down and asked, "Did Veronica really lose her memory? If she really insists on taking the position of the head of the clan, I'm afraid her life will be in danger."

She had always thought of Matthew and Veronica as her friends. This was because she knew that the couple had no interest in becoming the heads of the clan and had no desire to do so.

For those who posed no threat, Eleanor had no reason to consider them as enemies.

"I'm afraid I don't have an answer for you right now. However, I guarantee that Roni will never vie with you for the position of the head of the clan under any circumstances. Also, if I die, I hope you will take good care of her. Please take this as my request to you."

At this point, it was impossible to predict what would occur next.

Since they arrived at the hidden clan, a series of events that Matthew couldn't control had been happening one after the other, and he couldn't help but be concerned for Veronica's safety.

"Don't worry. I've mentioned before that I won't harm both of you. You have my word."

Eleanor put out a playful hand to play with a strand of hair hanging in front of her, but she was sincere.

"Thank you."

The depths of Matthew's eyes were bottomless and tinged with helplessness. "I owe you for all the help you've given me. Please let me know if you, Princess Eleanor, require anything from the Kings. I'll go to any length for you."

"Pfft. You'll go to any length for me? But you refuse to marry me! Men and their lies!" She conveyed disgust with her words.

After some thought, Eleanor appeared to have come up with something. "However, I do have something that you could assist me with."

"What is it?" Matthew questioned.

She stood up and sat by the side of the bed to move closer to him and whispered in his ear, "I wish..."

Then, she secretly told Matthew about her request. After she finished, she patted his shoulder and added, "If you can promise me, consider it as a way for you to repay all of my kindness to you."

At this, he hesitated and his expression grew solemn. "Are you certain?"

"I, Eleanor, never do anything that I will regret." She vowed.

Matthew paused for a moment, but he didn't dare to promise. He responded, "We have one week until the ascension ceremony for the head of the clan, so you should think it over carefully. Once you're certain, let me know."

"Alright." Eleanor stood up. "I should go."

She knew that if she stayed too long, her mother would reprimand her when she returned to the palace.

At night, Matthew was lying in the ward. He was thinking about how to get into Hayley Elrod's villa to meet Veronica.

However, he dared not approach Veronica hastily due to his wound and the security system of the villa, as he did not want to reveal her false amnesia.

He couldn't get to sleep until late at night.

Right then, there was a noise at the window!

Matthew frowned and opened his eyes in the dark. He remained motionless as he awaited the person to approach so that he could see their face.

Although the person jumped in quietly and tiptoed, he could clearly sense that they were getting closer.

Matthew immediately rose to his full height when the silhouette appeared in front of him.

Then, he wrapped his hand around the person's neck, locked their throat with a deadly move, and asked, "Who sent you?"

He knew that Master Crayson wouldn't let him go without a fight and would undoubtedly send an assassin.

Sure enough, they actually showed up!

## **Read Novel Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1000**

Her Billionaire Husband Chapter 1000-However, as soon as he grabbed the person's neck, he quickly released his grip. "Roni?"

It was pitch black at night, but he recognized Veronica's scent and knew it was her.

"Are... are you trying to murder your own wife?"

Veronica was rubbing her neck because she was just choked.

Before she could finish speaking, Matthew pulled her into his arms. "Why are you here?"

At that moment, the need to hug the person for whom he thought day and night overcame the pain of his wound.

Sensing his care and concern, Veronica smiled as she felt incredibly warm and happy.

She gently patted his back with her delicate fingers as if she were soothing a child and remarked, "Be careful with your wound."

"Let's stay like this for a little while longer." Matthew would not let her out of his embrace, so Veronica remained still and let him continue to hug her.

A few seconds later, he released her and leaned in for a kiss on the lips.

The moment his face touched Veronica's face, she pushed him away. "Hey, your stubble is scratchy! It looks like you haven't shaved in days," she said while laughing.

She was joking and laughing, but deep down she was in pain.

She knew that Matthew must have been unable to sleep or eat while also being depressed and worried during the few days she was missing.

With her hands on his cheeks, she gently stroked his chin with her thumb.

The newly grown stubble left a green mark and was hard and prickly.

Even though they couldn't see each other in the dark, they could still feel each other's smiles.

Veronica held Matthew's face in both hands, placed a light kiss on his lips, and immediately let go of him. "You're not healed yet. Sit down and rest."

Then, she stood up, switched on the ward light, and drew the heavy curtains.

As she looked at his pale and haggard face, she felt a pang of sadness.

Veronica approached his bed, sat down, and took his hand in her palm before turning to look at his wound.

Her delicate fingers caressed the bandage covering his wound. "Does it hurt a lot?"

She turned her soft, gorgeous gaze to Matthew. Her delicate face was made more endearing by the shadow that her long curly eyelashes cast under the light.

Matthew held her hand instead and placed it on his heart. "Here. This part hurts the most."

“What’s wrong? Do you have pain in your chest? Is it an internal injury?”

His heart was on the right side and the visible muscular body had no scars at all, leading Veronica to believe Matthew was experiencing chest pain and had sustained an internal injury.

“I miss you too much, that’s why.”

His pale lips formed upward into a smile and his handsome face was no longer stern but rather tender.

Without batting an eye, he fixed his gaze on Veronica with intense affection, as if he feared that if he missed a glance at her, she might leave at any moment.

After hearing what he said, she could not help but chuckle. “I didn’t realize you were such a sweet talker.”

“I’m just speaking from my heart.”

“Well, I miss you too.”

Matthew’s sincere eyes demonstrated that he meant what he said, so Veronica’s demeanor became solemn as well.

With that said, she got up and went to the bathroom.

A few seconds later, she came out of the bathroom with a box in her hand.

She sat on the side of the bed again, placing her right leg on the bed, opened the box, and took out the razor. “Lean back here. I’ll help you shave.”

Matthew held her hand over the razor, a slight frown between his brows. “Do I look unattractive with a beard?”

“No. You look very handsome with a beard.”

“If so, why are you...” He was puzzled.

“It’s so that I won’t get pricked when we kiss!” She jokingly replied, and then said to him, “Sit tight! I’ll help you shave.”

Like a well-behaved student, Matthew listened to her. He leaned back on the pillow and remained still