

Her Biliionaire Husband

Chapter 564



Chapter 564 He Doesn't Want to Die

Matthew did not seek Veronica's consent or inform her that they were planning to register their marriage. As a result, it was clear

that she no longer had the right to oppose it. Complexity and emotional suppression were inscribed in her bright eyes. She gave

him a thoughtful look before lowering her head again.

With a single glance, he could read her expression and continued to assist her in cooling the porridge by blowing on it. He

explained, "Roni, don't blame me for making decisions without consulting you. You, too, keep secrets from me."

Although he does not say it explicitly, I know what he means. He acted strangely when I returned home yesterday afternoon and

kept asking me questions. Still, I keep my pregnancy a secret, and he makes no further inquiries. Is it possible that the secret I'm

keeping from him is that I'm pregnant?

"Registration of marriage is a serious matter. You should have discussed it with me."

“To discuss it with you, and for you to think of a reason why we shouldn’t?” It was hard to gauge the man’s emotions from his

tone of mild concern. Matthew didn’t put the spoon down and kept feeding Veronica her porridge.

“I...” She stumbled over her own words.

“Look, you don’t even know what to say.” Smiling helplessly, he said, “Open your mouth.”

Veronica complied and opened her mouth for a mouthful of tasteless porridge.

“It’s not that I don’t know how to explain it. I’m not sure if I want to marry so soon.”

“You’re pregnant with twins. Do you not want them?”

The fact that Veronica inquired about the unborn child’s condition after she awoke indicated that she cared and intended to keep

them. Matthew casually asked the question after reading her mind.

“I-I’m still young. Even if the babies are gone, I can still become pregnant again,” she lied.

“Yes. If the babies are gone, you can get pregnant again, but will it be the same babies?” He became serious, and his dark,

obsidian eyes showed a hint of anger.

Veronica shied away from looking into his cold eyes. Instead of holding her head high in defiance, she hung it low in shame and thought deeply about what had happened. She was aware of his exemplary treatment of her. However, the weight of his love was becoming too much for her to bear.

Thud! Matthew placed the bowl on the table and sat in an upright position. "There are some things that we should talk about."

Suddenly, he became solemn, and the atmosphere in the ward changed as well. Veronica leaned back against the headboard, turned her head, and gazed out the window as she quietly listened to him.

"I know your worries, and I know a little about the hidden clan. No matter what dangers you will face in the future, I will remain by your side, and we will endure it together. Roni, you ought to be familiar with my character. Once I make up my mind about something, I will not change it. Moreover, I am now the father of your child, you are my wife, and we are a family."

As if to reassure her, he reached out and took hold of her hand, gently stroking her fingers with his. Then, he said, "Please trust me just this once."

In Matthew's words, 'trust' referred to his personal ability and strength. He wanted her to have faith in him so they could face the challenges and dangers of the hidden clan together. Veronica was able to get a vague sense of the strength that emanated from the warmth of his hands as they wrapped around her cold hand. This was the strength of determination and self-confidence. When she looked up into his resolute eyes, even her steely resolve faltered just a little. She had a mix of feelings about it.

"Aren't you afraid of dying?" she voiced the question that had been occupying her thoughts.

The man's lips suddenly curled into a smile while his previously stern expression instantly softened and endeared him to those around him. "Is there anyone alive who is not afraid of death? I'm afraid of death, so why aren't you?" Any living, breathing human being had some level of trepidation about their own mortality.

Matthew would never pretend in front of her, let alone put on an act for her. The simplicity of his words seemed to strike at her insecurities, causing her to feel an even greater sense of emotion.

She affectionately shook her head while she gazed into his eyes. The overflowing love she felt for him was evident in her eyes.

“I’m scared of dying, but that’s my fate. But you are different; you can avoid it completely—”

“We can only come together because of fate and destiny.”

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