

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 431

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 431 - -- Chapter 431 "So..." Lenny still looked puzzled. Michelle's cheeks flushed slightly, her voice tinged with irritation. "So, can you stay in the living room with me? | just want someone to be here until | fall asleep. Once I'm out, you can leave." "Well..." Lenny hesitated. "Lhave an early flight tomorrow..." Michelle murmured, turning her head slightly. She knew, deep down, that this trip home might not end well. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to be cruel.

If she had truly wanted to hurt Nick, she would have gone to see Khloe the night before she left for abroad, when he had failed to meet her. Now, it was clear-there was no future for her and Nick. She couldn't bless his happiness, but for her own dignity, she had to avoid interfering. Ever since Nick and Khloe got engaged, Michelle had barely -- slept. Every night, she called friends, or had an assistant wait outside her room, just to get any rest. After seeing Nick and Khloe today, she knew she could bear even less. Right now, there was Lenny.

Though his words were often blunt, he was reliable and mild- mannered. Most importantly, he was always around Nick-like his shadow. On a whim, Michelle wanted him to stay with her, even for a little while. Lenny had initially intended to refuse. But seeing her so fragile, he felt a pang of pity. He had never been in love and didn't understand longing, but he knew how sweet love could be-and how excruciating loss felt. "Miss Keller... I-" Lenny hesitated, then spoke, "I make three hundred dollars a day. | don't do overnight work, but I can stay with you until | take you to the airport tomorrow.

You just give me five hundred." This way, she would be on the plane safely-and it would be better for his boss as well. Michelle took a deep breath, words failing her. -- The next morning, Khloe hadn't woken yet, but her phone vibrated. Nick had already been awake, holding her close and showering her with kisses. His kisses hadn't stirred her. Just as he reached to turn off her phone, she tugged her arm free, lifting her delicate fingers without opening her eyes to signal him to hand the phone over. Nick didn't put it on loudspeaker mode. He pressed her phone to her ear. "Khloe...

there's a meeting today. Didn't you say we could arrange it this morning..." It was Charlotte's voice. Khloe was still groggy, not fully awake "Mm..." Though the doctor had warned them not to overexert, Nick's... ability was overwhelming. Even with restraint, they hadn't been able to resist each other. Luckily, Nick's body had mostly healed, though movement still strained his back and waist. Even after taking medication inside and out, he still felt some pain afterward. Khloe had spent the night massaging him.

He was satisfied with the results and thought, if they continued -- this way, they wouldn't need to wait until he was fully recovered- their nights could resume. Khloe immediately vetoed the idea. Even if he was okay, she wasn't willing to risk injury herself.

There was a pause over the phone. Charlotte heard Khloe reply with a soft “Mm,” and then silence, followed by just the sound of Khloe’s steady breathing. “Khloe? Are you still asleep?” “Is that Charlotte?” A low, deep voice came through the line. Charlotte was startled.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 432 – -- Chapter 432 Nick gently cupped Khloe’s head with his hand and said into the phone, “It’s me. Nick.” “Ah! Nick... I-I didn’t interrupt you, did I?” Charlotte stuttered. The breathing. The fact that they hadn’t gotten up yet. The two of them... together. Charlotte reacted instantly. A picture had already formed in her mind-Nick and Khloe, perfectly matched in looks and build, tangled together in the hazy light of morning... Was this really something she was supposed to hear over the phone?! She almost hung up on the spot. “No,” Nick replied calmly.

“Khloe just hasn’t woken up yet.” The more he spoke, the softer and gentler his voice became-so tender it made Charlotte’s face heat up and her heart race. “If possible, could you help inform everyone today? She’ll be taking some time off.” “Yes, yes, of course!” Charlotte blurted it out before he even finished. Then she hurriedly added, “Khloe’s leave was already -- scheduled! misunderstood yesterday. You two should get some good rest. Wishing you a speedy recovery and... um... many children!” She didn’t know why she was so nervous.

She rattled everything off in one breath, her hand slipped, and she hung up. Nick froze for a moment. He’d been about to thank her. Charlotte really knew how to end a call decisively. The moment the call ended, Khloe let out a soft hum and reached for the phone again. Her eyelids were impossibly heavy; her lashes fluttered, but she didn’t open her eyes. The past few days had been exhausting. Last night, even more so. Still, in her sleepy haze, she’d heard the exchange between Nick and Charlotte. Time off. Yes, she’d applied for time off.

“Khloe, you’re awake?” Nick knew she’d tacitly allowed him to answer the call. Even though her eyes remained closed, the corners of her lips lifted slightly with every word he spoke. Khloe ignored him on purpose and turned over. -- Nick wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her eyelids. ” Then later, shall we go see the house?” Her voice was still thick with sleep-half truly tired, half deliberately acting spoiled. And Nick fell for it completely. It was rare for her to be so soft, so entirely tucked into his arms. He loved it beyond measure.

“I want to eat your cooking today, too.” “After we see the house, we’ll go grocery shopping. Then tonight, we’ll watch a movie together.” Khloe was nearly overwhelmed. Sentence after sentence-he seemed to grow more excited the more he talked. His voice was low, but his breath was warm, brushing against her ear and neck, sending itchy

shivers through her skin. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. -- She rolled over and pressed her hand to his face. "Nick she said lazily.

"I finally get some time off, and you've already packed my schedule to the brim." She opened her eyes at last-clear, luminous, and bright, reflecting his strikingly handsome features. "If you don't like it-" "like it." Khloe curled her lips into a smile, laughter rippling through her eyes. "I like anything I do with you." "Khloe..." Nick felt his heart melt completely. He felt the same. Being with her-doing anything at all-was enough. Even holding her now didn't feel like enough. He only wished he could pull her into himself, lock her away, and never be apart again for even a moment.

Nick,' Khloe said, her gaze lingering on his lips, "are those really the only things you want to do with me?" "Of course not," Nick replied. "It's just that my life is pretty boring. Those are all | can think of right now. But in the future, | want to do everything two people can do together-with you. And everything you like, | want to do it all with you."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 433 - -- Chapter 433 Because Khloe cooked so well, Nick remembered. Because she loved watching movies, he decided that watching them with her was the best kind of entertainment. And the wedding house-well, that was the weight on his mind He needed to buy the house quickly, take wedding photos, hold the wedding.. After that, Khloe would have no chance to change her mind. Hearing Nick speak, Khloe's naturally rosy cheeks deepened even further. She said nothing, responding instead with a kiss.

Last night, his kisses had made her feel so comfortable; today, the first thing she longed for upon waking was the warmth of his lips. The two of them finally enjoyed a rare, full morning of rest, not getting up until the afternoon. Nick had missed more than a dozen calls; Khloe had seven or eight. Mostly work calls. They only skimmed through them-none were urgent, just trivial reports that could wait. -- But one call stood out: from Loretta. Both of them answered immediately.

Loretta had been worried last night and even sent Khloe a little essay, urging her to be more understanding of Nick. True to form, even without knowing the full story, every word of that essay hit the heart of the matter as if she already knew why the couple had argued. If their relationship were only a marriage of convenience, everything would revolve around benefits. But they were in love-and Loretta and Leon had also married for love, not just for the sake of marriage. A love like that is rare and cannot be measured by rules or reason alone.

A bond formed from the heart should be honored from the heart until the end. What Loretta said to Khloe was, in reality, a message to Nick as well. She understood that

although his love burned like fire, it was not as steadfast as Khloe's strength. Khloe was deeply moved. After replying to reassure Loretta, she screenshot the message for Nick and even jokingly suggested he save it as his wallpaper. What had started as a joke, he did that very night. — Loretta's advice became his lock screen wallpaper. A photo of Khloe became his home screen.

Even the phone's lock code was changed to their shared birthday. Not wanting to worry Loretta further, they tidied up and went straight to the Hunt family estate. Loretta, seeing they hadn't eaten, immediately had the servants prepare a meal. By the time Nick and Khloe stepped through the door, a steaming table of food was waiting. Leon and Loretta joined them for the meal, and suddenly, the couple felt like two mischievous children, causing endless concern for their elders. As they ate, their eyes met briefly, and both felt a little embarrassed, as if caught being indulgent.

Loretta saw through it but didn't say anything. "Khloe, Nick has plenty of flaws, but at least one thing about him is good: he knows when he's wrong and can change." "That's true!" Leon quickly added, "A man who can admit his mistakes is the one who can truly hold onto his wife's heart." Loretta had meant to encourage the young couple, but Leon's interruption cut her off, leaving her momentarily speechless. She gave him a sharp look. — Nick couldn't help but smile. He used to find Loretta and Leon's chatter boring, but now... he felt genuine admiration. Loving someone is hard.

Only those who invest themselves truly understand the difficulty. To remain consistent, honest, and open -it is no small feat. Out of the corner of his eye, Nick glanced at Khloe. She was laughing softly at his grandparents' teasing, her cheeks flushed pink, radiating charm and tenderness. She was stunning, utterly captivating. But from now on, even if he doubted himself, it wouldn't matter. Because last night, as he slept, he had heard her whisper softly against his back, if he ever disappointed her, he could still believe in her.

Billions Match Novel Chapter 434

Read *Billions Match* Novel Chapter 434 - — Chapter 434 Khloe had whispered, "No need to believe in ghosts. No need to trust yourself. Whenever you feel lost or uncertain, just trust me. We're husband and wife. From now on, we face the future as one. That afternoon, Lenny accompanied Nick and Khloe, along with the mansion's butler and two bodyguards, to personally view several luxury estates. Each property had already been carefully pre-selected. The most extravagant one rivaled the Hunt family estate itself.

Its scenery and facilities were flawless, and it had even been used as a filming location for a national exhibition documentary. The estate was called Cloud Palace. The only downside: the price. The auction was nearing sixty million. Nick wanted the best for Khloe. From quality to price, he spared nothing. He was willing to bid whatever it took to secure Cloud Palace. Khloe thought it was extravagantly over the top and considered a more understated residence. But Nick asked only if she was satisfied. The moment she nodded, he made the decision without hesitation.

-- Cloud Palace would be their wedding home. Khloe didn't even have to think about it-if news got out, it would be a media sensation. Once the house was secured, all subsequent paperwork and renovations were entrusted to Lenny. The style, furnishings, and decor? All to match Khloe's taste. She only had to approve the final decisions. After touring the house, Khloe felt a little tired and asked Nick if he was worn out. If his body couldn't take it, they could head back first to rest. "I'm not tired. The sun is about to set.

We still need to do some shopping, then head home together." The words slipped out naturally. Nick recalled a line from the movie they had watched together recently: The sun is setting- we should go home together. He gently took her hand as they stepped out of Cloud Palace. She looked up. Indeed, the sun was dipping low, painting the sky in blood-red hues The estate's scenery was breathtaking: vast, endless lawns stretching to the horizon, where water and sky met in perfect mirror-like clarity.

The sunset spilled rich orange and crimson -- across the sky, like a living oil painting Khloe stood mesmerized. Nick silently stood beside her. The others knew when to give them privacy and quietly left. Only the two of them remained, framed against the spectacular landscape, as if they had become part of the painting itself. The wind seemed to pause. Time seemed to freeze. When Khloe turned, she caught Nick's gaze. For a moment, she couldn't tell which was more beautiful-the scenery or the man in front of her. Her heartbeat wasn't fast, but it was deeply stirred.

By evening, hand in hand, they pushed a shopping cart through the aisles of a large supermarket near Khloe's apartment. Nick didn't have anyone follow them. He relished these ordinary, peaceful moments with Khloe-the simple joys of married life. Khloe understood. She knew that he longed for this kind of domestic harmony. After all, he had once said that as a child, every time he ran errands at a supermarket, the scene he most longed for was a family happily shopping together and returning home hand in hand.

For Nick, the cold luxury of a wealthy household paled in -- comparison to being an ordinary husband, hand-in-hand with his wife, walking home together in warmth and simplicity "Honey, this looks pretty good... Do you want to try it?" Khloe picked up a newly released jelly from the shelf and asked. She didn't expect Nick to have a sweet tooth, but her eyes sparkled with anticipation as she looked at him. Behind Khloe, someone's attention was caught by her voice The cigarette in Trey's hand suddenly slipped to the floor.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 435 - -- Chapter 435 Directly ahead, at the other end of the aisle, Khloe stood beside aman. The two of them were pressed close to the side of a shopping cart. Her arm wrapped around his waist. Her smile was soft, warm, and radiant. He, in turn, looked down at her with gentle eyes, his tall, commanding frame

holding her securely against him. They were utterly absorbed in each other, shifting their attention from the fruit jelly in her hand to one another, lost in a world of their own. Khloe laughed freely, unable to hide her joy, cheeks flushed with a natural glow.

She looked so breathtaking that Trey blinked, certain he must have mistaken someone else for her. She was even more beautiful than the first time they met back in college. The man beside her seemed equally delighted by her presence. He took the jelly from her hand and, with a playful grin, added an entire row of them into the overflowing shopping cart. Khloe grasped his hand as if to stop him, yet neither of them suppressed the smiles tugging at their lips.

He stroked her hair, leaned in, and brushed his cheek against — hers, while Khloe looked at him from a forty-five-degree angle, eyes shimmering like starlight. One person was being indulgent, the other, shy. It was as if they were the only ones in this world. Trey should have stormed forward, anger and humiliation spurring him into action. Instead, he felt his limbs go numb, frozen in place. He refused to admit it. These two were...perfect for each other. From their appearances to their poise, they were made for one another.

Even passing strangers couldn't help but pause, stealing glances of envy. So Khloe's man really existed. She had...truly fallen for someone else. Trey's chest tightened. The scene before him was like a cruel awakening, every inhale like a blade twisting in his lungs. If it were before, he might have been confident enough to challenge the man standing there. But now...his face was haggard, his posture slumped. He didn't even dare look closely at the man next to Khloe. Trey had waited outside Khloe's apartment all day.

He wanted to see her, to pour out everything—the events of the past few days, the words bottled up in his heart. — Back then, Khloe had been his medicine. Whether he had been upset at Angela, or frustrated at home, or in the shopping mall, being with Khloe had calmed his mind. She seemed born to soothe his soul. With her by his side, he could focus and achieve greater heights. He realized this only now: true love wasn't possession or sacrifice—it was a willingness to help the other person grow, quietly sharing the ordinary days together.

But he had chased his own obsession all these years, thinking that a storm of passion was love, overlooking what he had always truly wanted. Perhaps he had been drawn to Khloe from the first moment they met, slowly falling for her. For all these years, her presence had given him the audacity to live boldly. With her, he had felt alive. Since she had left, his soul had slowly withered, drained dry. Even the past with Angela now seemed like a cruel joke from fate. Why was there no elixir of regret in the world? He had missed the one he wanted most.

From now on, his life would be nothing but regret. Khloe returned the extra jellies Nick had playfully taken, leaving only the two that looked the best. She turned—but suddenly, her — pupils contracted, and her feet froze. Trey was standing directly in front of her,

less than a hundred meters away. For a single second, their eyes met, and Khloe instinctively turned to walk away. But behind her stood Nick.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 436 - -- Chapter 436 Nick's body remained immovable, yet he used one hand to press against Khloe's arm, pulling her close while simultaneously turning them both around. "Nick..." "Just an ex seeing the present, huh? Am I not good enough, or are you still hung up on him?" Nick's voice was calm, but the teasing undertone betrayed him. Every time Khloe encountered Trey, though she never gave him a kind glance, Nick still felt a pang of jealousy. In other words, as long as Trey existed and still coveted Khloe, Nick would feel uneasy. "Of course not... | just...

find him annoying." Khloe ground out the words through clenched teeth. Her instinct was to avoid Trey; seeing him brought back painful memories, triggering a visceral nausea and repulsion. Now, his incessant attention only made her feel embarrassed. But pressed against Nick, her rational mind returned, suppressing her instinctive urge to recoil. The one at fault was Trey, not her. And more importantly, she couldn't let Nick misunderstand.

-- "Do you know how to wound someone right in the heart?" Nick whispered in her ear, warm breath brushing the curve of her ear before he lifted her chin and pressed his lips to hers. "Khloe!" Trey's eyes flared with rage. His legs, heavy as lead, finally moved forward, desperate to draw her attention back, to grab her arm. But Nick gave him no chance. With a single hand, he pushed the shopping cart sideways. The heavy cart slammed into Trey's shin, forcing him to bend over from the pain.

Yet, to preserve what little dignity he had, Trey gritted his teeth, sweat beading on his brow, and didn't utter a sound. Nick then cradled Khloe like a treasure, his body creating a barrier between her and everyone else. "Wifey, there's nothing good on that side. Let's go over here." His voice was quiet, yet clear enough for Trey to hear. Nick deliberately emphasized "honey," the word lingering in a tender tone layered with an unmistakable edge. Though Trey was seething with anger, a glance into Nick's dark, commanding gaze triggered a flicker of fear.

The man's presence radiated a force that seemed capable of crushing him at any moment. -- Trey stumbled back half a step, lips trembling, eyes reddened. He could only stare at Khloe with a near-pleading intensity. "You... you really are... married to someone else?" His voice was hoarse, every word swallowed in a strangled breath, as if he might break down and cry at any moment. Anyone witnessing him would have felt pity. But Khloe and Nick were not among them. Trey's pretentious sentiment, his practiced vulnerability, had been deployed countless times before.

Like the boy crying wolf, he had lost all power to affect her. Khloe ignored him entirely, her voice soft and gentle as she answered Nick, “Alright, we’ll do whatever you say... Hubby.” The words hit Trey like ice water to the chest. He was too stunned to respond. He wanted to follow them, but his legs felt like lead, unable to move, unable even to turn away. He could only watch as they passed, side by side, out of his reach. “Khloe, | regret it.” Trey gritted his teeth, summoning every ounce of dignity he had left, and fell to his knees toward her.

Shoppers nearby quickly crowded around, drawn to the drama. -- Trey’s eyes stayed locked on their backs. He noticed Khloe sway slightly as Nick steadied her. The pair paused in the aisle.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 437 - -- Chapter 437 Trey scrambled to speak again, forgetting pride, every word gritted through clenched teeth, as if ripped straight from his soul. “Khloe, | know I’m nothing right now... but | finally understand my feelings for you! Without you, | can’t continue living! Please... don’t treat me like this. Forgive me just this once, okay?” It wasn’t that Khloe wanted him to stop-this time, it was Nick who paused. While everyone around was caught up in Trey’s impassioned pleas, Khloe hadn’t even been listening closely. Her attention had drifted, noticing Nick’s gaze flick toward the side aisle.

“That’s a new flavor of jelly, too.” “Ah, yeah.” Nick casually picked up the jelly and handed it to her, his eyes soft and warm as they lingered on her. “Khloe, what should we do?” “What?” Her eyes sparkled; she thought he was still jealous. “You love sweets so much. If you can’t finish them, I’ll eat them -- with you. But... if | gain weight, what if you stop liking me?” His voice was gentle, but the concern in his words was unmistakable. He furrowed his brow, seriously pondering the question. Khloe laughed.

Before speaking, she teased him lightly, circling his waist with her hands and pressing gently. Then, in his startled gaze, she pulled him into a tight embrace. “No way,” she murmured. “With all those abs, you can eat sweets for a lifetime and still be fine.” “Stop it.” Nick cleared his throat, a hint of blush coloring his ears. Just her touch sent heat surging up his body like a rising tide. They laughed and teased each other, walking quickly down the aisle. Behind them, Trey was utterly ignored. He felt the world spin.

Seeing Khloe genuinely walk away with that man, he tried to get up and follow, but the moment he stood, he collapsed forward. A nearby man caught him. Even the woman next to him gave a pitying glance. “Young man, they’re gone... Looks like you don’t stand a chance. Don’t humiliate yourself-just let it go.” “Exactly. There’s plenty of fish in the sea...” the man sighed. Other onlookers, moved by Trey’s desperation, offered similar --

words of consolation: don't cling to someone who's left. But every word was like a hammer against his pride, crushing him further. "Shut up!

You don't understand! All of you-get out of my way!" Trey stumbled, pushing past them, but when he tried to pursue Khloe, her figure was already gone. The supermarket security arrived shortly after, blocking him. "Sir, please do not disturb public order. Otherwise, we'll have no choice but to involve the police." It wasn't until deep into the night that Trey returned home, completely broken. The apartment was pitch dark. Though winter hadn't arrived, the air felt icy, gnawing at his teeth. He had no strength left.

Every injury he bore seemed to flare up at once, pain gnawing at his nerves inch by inch, He sat in Khloe's bedroom. The room was immaculate, but every corner reminded him of her presence, of the way she used to move through the space. Two months ago, they had been a loving couple. He had been -- waiting for her to come home. And now... in the blink of an eye, she was someone else's wife.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 438 -- Chapter 438 Thinking of Khloe calling another man "hubby," strolling hand in hand with him through a supermarket... Trey's chest ached with pure, burning hatred. "Khloe... why are you so cruel to me?" he murmured to himself. He couldn't find an answer, nor could he make sense of it. How could someone's heart change so quickly and ruthlessly? After all these years... was everything she had done for him just a lie? "Don't worry... everything's... going fine," Ethan said, his voice pausing briefly as he glanced at the passenger beside him.

The woman wore headphones, seemingly listening to music, oblivious to the conversation taking place. The call came from Clarice, checking on the state of the Morrison Group. Khloe was supposed to meet Henry next week, and she was on leave this week, spending time with Nick. But the company was quiet. Before her vacation, Khloe had already arranged all her work matters. Hearing Ethan's report felt a little vague, prompting doubt from -- Clarice. "Is someone next to you?" "No," Ethan replied immediately. "No one... 'm just driving." "Driving? So late?

Where are you going?" Clarice glanced at the time. With the time difference, it must be very late in Goldmont City. "Oh, a friend of mine had a little trouble. I'm going to check on them," Ethan said with a faint smile. Clarice didn't sound pleased. "Be careful. Don't just take any friend, To outsiders, you still represent the Morrison family." Perhaps it was because she had been so strict raising him, Ethan had few friends growing up. It wasn't until after graduation that he began interacting with people outside his social circle.

Some of these connections were even encouraged by Clarice- to expand his network, gather information, and keep tabs on him. Over time, Ethan's social life had become

somewhat... complicated. Rumors circulated that he never refused the company of women. As a result, Clarice's attempts to arrange suitable marriages for him had been politely declined. Fortunately, Ethan was cautious, never causing trouble. No matter how scandalous or difficult his acquaintances were, he could handle himself. So Clarice mostly left him to his own devices.

-- As a mother, she had only one rule: don't make mistakes. Beyond that, she didn't care if he got hurt, what kind of person he became, or what people thought of him. "Don't worry, Mom," Ethan replied politely. But as soon as the call ended, the smile vanished. Every time Clarice called, it was all business. He had grown accustomed to it, previously thinking only of relieving her worries to earn her praise. But since Khloe's words had been planted in his heart, he could no longer face Clarice the same way.

Perhaps she had used him purely for her own purposes-not out of kindness, nor cruelty, but simply calculation. They were not family, not partners, just pieces on a board, tools in a game. Though Ethan sensed the truth, he couldn't bear to confront it. If one day he confirmed that Clarice was his enemy... it would negate his entire life, his very existence, every action he had ever taken. He exhaled quietly, glancing at the passenger beside him once more. "Hey... talk to me," he said. -- When she didn't respond, he slapped her thigh lightly with his hand.

"Ethan!" Charlotte gasped, recoiling instinctively, pressing her hands against the car door as her body shrank into the corner.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 439 - -- Chapter 439 "Why did you yell? I'm not a monster who eats people!" Ethan rolled his eyes in disbelief. From the moment Charlotte had gotten in his car, she had acted like a passenger and didn't even bother to look at him. Did she really think he was just a free driver? He hadn't planned on staying out this late. But on his way home from work, he saw Charlotte pacing nervously outside the company, trying to hail a cab, looking as if something serious had happened. When he asked, he learned that Charlotte's younger brother, Christopher, had gotten into a fight at school.

He was now at a hospital near the campus. Christopher studied in a nearby city-not far, just about two and a half hours-but the school was in a remote area. At night, it wasn't exactly safe for Charlotte to go alone. Ethan had wanted to convince her to wait until morning, but Charlotte was frantic and wouldn't listen. Reluctantly, Ethan pulled her into his car and promised to take her. He had expected some hesitation-after all, in her eyes, he was like a wild beast-but to his surprise, she simply said "thank -- you" when she got in. That was it. No small talk, no chatter.

She even called Christopher on the phone for the entire drive, not speaking to Ethan once. At first, Ethan had felt a little proud-she trusted him enough to sit silently-but now he realized... why was he even caring so much about what Charlotte thought of him? He was a man who only acted when there was benefit. What good did this get him? “Wha-Ethan...why did you just hit me? You scared me!” Charlotte frowned, glancing at him reproachfully. “I didn’t hit you. I was calling you,” Ethan said, letting out a snort before chuckling softly.

“I mean, Charlotte, I’m driving you this late, almost two hours now, my back’s killing me-and you don’t even offer me a little reward?” “A reward?” Charlotte raised an eyebrow. She quickly pulled out her phone and played a recording. It was Ethan’s voice. “I’ll take you there.” “No, thanks, Ethan, I can get a taxi myself...” “It’s late. It’s dangerous for you alone. Don’t worry, I have no other intentions. I’m not charging you, not robbing you, and I’m -- definitely not going to trouble Khloe.” Ethan’s lips twitched. Sometimes, when words failed him, he couldn’t even laugh.

He had thought she was letting her guard down... yet in just a few seconds of their exchange, she had secretly recorded him? Charlotte put away her phone, seeing the expression on his face darken, and fell silent for a moment. Then she asked, “So...what reward do you want then?” Outside, darkness pressed in. The road was tricky, and she didn’t want to provoke him. Little did Ethan know, she had been sharing her entire route with a friend in real time, ready to call the police if necessary. Ethan shot her a sidelong glance and sighed. “I’m a little tired...

and there’s still half an hour to go. Keep me company.” “Just that?” Charlotte asked, eyebrow raised, clearly testing him, “Just that,” he said, voice low. “Okay. So what do you want to talk about?” “Talk about...” Ethan thought for a moment. He and Charlotte didn’t really share any common ground-different circles, different hobbies. Apart from work, drinking, flirting, and -- shopping, he couldn’t think of anything worth talking about. 1 And Charlotte certainly wouldn’t discuss which positions worked best in bed. “Let’s talk about your brother,” he said.

“My brother?” “You care about your brother,” Ethan said, yawning mid-sentence. “I want to know what it’s like to have siblings... and for you, a woman, taking care of your brother-is it like taking care of a child?”

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 440 – -- Chapter 440 “We’re family, of course I care about him.” Charlotte’s tone was calm, matter-of-fact. She paused for a moment, thinking as she answered Ethan’s question. “As for what it feels like to have siblings... it’s knowing that no matter what happens, you’re never truly alone. When you’re happy, someone shares it with you. When you’re hurt or sad, just thinking of them gives you some support. “Don’t let him being my little brother fool you. If someone bullied me and he knew, he’d confront them-even if he’s shaking in fear himself.

When my dad used to hit me, he stood in front of me.” Charlotte spoke so casually, as if recounting everyday life. But even as she spoke, Ethan couldn’t help but notice the warmth in her voice. Perhaps it was the stillness of the night, the quiet hum of the car, the slight rustle of the wind-it made the heart pay attention. Her relationship with her brother sounded nothing like the scheming, interest-driven “family loyalty” he knew from his own household. Ethan fell silent for a long moment. Then he let out a humorless -- laugh “Sounds... nice.

So this is what they mean by ‘the kids from poor families stick together,’ huh?” Charlotte caught the sarcasm but didn’t mind. “Yeah. Poverty made us close.” Ethan’s face went pale. The topic ended abruptly. Seeing him flustered, Charlotte felt a quiet sense of satisfaction. After a while, Ethan asked abruptly, almost out of nowhere, “Is your mother good to you?” “Mm.” Charlotte glanced at him. “Of course she is. My mom is the best mother in the world.” “Heh.” Ethan laughed outright. “The best?

Your mom is so poor she can barely take care of herself-and you call her the best?” “Ethan, maybe you think the best mother is measured by money. But not for me. | love my mother, and she loves me deeply. She is the best mother in the world.” Her voice cooled. Ethan’s ridicule had clearly touched a nerve, and she couldn’t help but elaborate. “Maybe my family isn’t wealthy, and my mom’s life is hard-but even when she’s sick, she takes care of me and my brother so -- well. She’d endure the pain herself, saving money for our school fees, buying me my favorite foods.

“Before | graduated, | didn’t even know she was sick. She never complained in front of us. She never demanded anything from us. With her love and encouragement as my guide, no matter how life is, Christopher and | can face it courageously... That’s the wealth my mother gave me. That’s everything she has. “Maybe a rich mother can take care of her children well. But even a mother who isn’t rich, who isn’t extraordinary, can raise her children just as well. Isn’t that a kind of greatness?” Ethan froze. He hadn’t expected quiet, reserved Charlotte to speak so passionately when provoked.

Her words unsettled him in a way he hadn’t anticipated. He had always measured life with money and status, unable to grasp the purity of emotion. Watching her, cheeks slightly flushed, eyes rimmed with faint pink, he realized for the first time how harsh-and shallow-he had been He pressed his lips together and let out a faint, sheepish snort. “alright... alright... My bad. | take back what | said.”