

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 441

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 441 -- Chapter 441 By the time Charlotte and Ethan arrived at the hospital, it was already late at night. Christopher was sitting alone in the room, dimly lit emergency corridor, bruises and dark patches covering his face. Seeing her brother, Charlotte immediately left Ethan behind and rushed forward. After a few quick questions and confirming that Christopher had only minor injuries and superficial cuts, Charlotte finally breathed a sigh of relief. Ethan followed closely behind. Soon, three more people arrived: a teacher and two parents.

The student who had fought with Christopher was a repeat-year senior, a year older. What had started as a mere argument somehow escalated-Christopher had grabbed something and attacked the student from behind, leaving a gash on his head. The student was fine physically-he had received numerous stitches and was now resting with an IV-but his parents had come to discuss compensation. "Apologize." -- Charlotte pressed a hand gently on Christopher's head, urging him to apologize to the other student's parents first. But Christopher stayed silent, stubborn and unwilling.

She knew her little brother well-usually calm, gentle, and good-natured, he would never start a fight. But no matter the circumstances, the other student had suffered a serious injury, and Christopher's actions were considered an aggressive offense. The teacher had already warned Charlotte that if Christopher failed to get the other party's forgiveness, he could receive a major demerit, which would affect his chances of getting into university next year.

Finally, Christopher lowered his head and muttered coldly, "I'm sorry." He had actually apologized under the teacher's urging before Charlotte even arrived, but the other parents refused to accept it, hurling insults at him and his family. Christopher's fists had been clenched for a long time. "I won't accept such a half-hearted apology!" The mother snorted, her expensive attire and full figure projecting wealth and authority, but her demeanor was sharp and aggressive. Before Charlotte arrived, she had even tried to -- pinch Christopher, and the teacher had to stop her.

"Christopher, apologize properly! Be sincere! Hitting people is wrong!" Charlotte's voice was firm, tinged with anger. With his sister by his side, Christopher's resentment softened, and he could swallow his pride. He bent down once more, bowing ninety degrees. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have hit anyone." "Sorry! Christopher is young and ignorant. No matter the reason, I will compensate you. Please show mercy and forgive my brother this time." Charlotte spoke earnestly, then, like Christopher, bowed toward the parents in apology. But the other parents didn't even glance at their gestures.

The mother snorted disdainfully. "Forgive? Ha! Try leaving a gash on your brother's head and then apologize-I might forgive you then!" The father raised a hand. "Stop wasting

time with useless apologies. What good are they? My son is lying inside right now! Mark my words, this isn't over. The minimum compensation is—" -- He made a gesture with three fingers. "Three... thousand?" Charlotte blinked in surprise, but without hesitation, she nodded. "Fine. I'll pay now." The teacher had already told her en route that the hospital fees of four hundred dollars had been advanced.

The cut on the back of the head wasn't large, nine stitches, a mild concussion. A few thousand in compensation would have sufficed. "Three thousand? Are you trying to brush us off like beggars?" the mother immediately snapped. "It's thirty thousand! If you don't pay that, expect a lawsuit-and your brother can forget about attending school either!"

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Usually, Christopher could ignore him bullying others, but what made Rocky unbearable was how he preyed on children not even of school age. Christopher had noticed that Rocky was always surrounded by five or six little boys and girls who had to give him "tribute" regularly. No one knew where the kids got the money or snacks, but they had to hand it over every day. If Rocky wasn't satisfied, he would punish them outside of school. Christopher had endured it several times. Only this time, Rocky hit him after Christopher glanced at him, and even insulted his -- family.

Seeing Rocky strike a little girl enraged Christopher further; in a burst of anger, he had hit her, cutting her lip. Christopher's blood boiled. His head spun. And when he saw a small brick on the ground, he acted without thinking-swinging from behind and striking Rocky's head. Afterwards, Christopher regretted losing his temper-and dragging Charlotte into it. His sister had already told him to focus on school and get through this rough period no matter what happened. Hearing this, Charlotte immediately understood the context.

But the context didn't matter; even the teacher's eyes were shifting nervously, afraid of the Leeroy family's wrath. Technically, Christopher had acted first-so letting things settle quietly would have been best. But the teacher couldn't stomach the outrageous demand and whispered, "I understand how you feel, but... thirty thousand is a bit excessive..." "Shut up! You don't know anything!" The mother glared at the teacher. "You can't even control your student. If it weren't for our generosity, we'd hold you accountable too!"

You planning on quitting?” The teacher’s face turned red, and she didn’t dare say another word. — Ethan had been standing aside, not intending to get involved. He looked down on these lower-level disputes, thinking involvement beneath him. He had planned to step aside and smoke a cigarette. But the mother and father were so loud and obnoxious that it was impossible to ignore them. And, after a moment, he found it almost funny. Suddenly, Charlotte heard Ethan’s voice from behind. “Thirty thousand, huh?

| think thirty thousand is just fine.” He lit another cigarette and strolled up leisurely. Charlotte frowned. “Ethan, this isn’t your business. If you’re bored, you can leave.” “Mister, your words are fair. Thirty thousand is not too much at all! If you’re a friend of Christopher and his sister, do them a favor. Don’t let them suffer for lack of help!” The mother immediately snapped in agreement, her tone vicious. Of course, she also noticed that Ethan was dressed in designer clothes and looked extremely wealthy, so she dared not challenge him further.

Especially when his wrist moved, revealing a watch—was that a Rolex? Easily worth tens of thousands. He had come with Christopher’s sister. Since her family clearly — couldn’t pay, Rocky’s mother assumed he must have the money to spare.

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You two, on the other hand, are stinking me out from across the room. And tell me—why are you so greedy? You finally get a chance to extort some money, and you demand thirty thousand? That’s less than my dog’s lunch!” Charlotte froze. She hadn’t expected Ethan to speak up for her. It wasn’t exactly helping the situation, but it felt incredibly satisfying. The couple was livid. They stood there, nostrils flaring, gaping at him, unable to figure out how to respond. After a few seconds, — they managed to spit out some curses. “Are you looking for trouble?

Believe it or not, I’ll have Christopher thrown in the police station, ruin his studies...” “Impressive...” Before they could finish, Ethan clapped his hands slowly. Charlotte realized he was deliberately provoking them. She narrowed her eyes. “Ethan, Christopher’s about to take the SATs. I need this resolved. This matters.” If he helped, she could accept it. If he made things worse, he would be the first to get a slap—before even them “Christopher, come here.” Ethan beckoned to Christopher. The boy glanced at Charlotte, who reached out to pull him back, but he went willingly to Ethan’s side.

“Did you hit him on purpose?” Ethan asked “No. I didn’t. I was saving someone.” “and you didn’t tell the police?” “No.” Christopher shook his head. No one had called the police. After — Rocky was hurt, his parents immediately pushed the matter to the school’s disciplinary office. They had threatened expulsion and made it clear the entire family would be held accountable. No wonder Christopher was terrified. “So you’re planning to settle this privately, huh? In that case, I’ll call the cops.” Ethan smiled and exchanged a look with Charlotte. She understood immediately. “Yeah...

call the police. I’ll pay at most three thousand. Thirty thousand? Forget it. Let the authorities handle it.” “Miss Xander!” The teacher, slightly panicked, whispered urgently to Charlotte. The parents hadn’t even spoken yet. The teacher explained that the other family was connected to the school’s leadership. If Charlotte mishandled this, the teacher would lose her job. Getting the police involved might harm the school’s reputation, but at least it would make it clear that the Leeroy family, being wealthier, had to play by the rules.

As long as Christopher stayed in school, the real risk of loss would be on Charlotte’s side. Charlotte considered this. If she confronted the family directly, Christopher might have to transfer schools, which would jeopardize his studies. The cost was too high. — While Charlotte hesitated, Ethan added, “It’s decided then. Let’s call the police. After that, we can get some media contacts I know to expose the school’s toxic practices.” The problems of the poor are always tiresome. He didn’t even need to hear her thoughts—he already knew what she was weighing.

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I’m Ethan Morrison.” And as if that weren’t enough, he tossed his business card down as well. The mother snapped. “Do you even know who we are? How dare you talk to us like this! Don’t want to make it in Jayelle City anymore, huh? And Christopher-I can guarantee his chances of entering a university are ruined!” Hearing that, Christopher panicked, instinctively glancing at Charlotte. — Charlotte, however, remained perfectly calm. Ethan was not someone to be trifled with. Anyone who spoke to him like that would regret it. She only needed to sit back and watch him perform. 1 “Really?

You're so powerful in Jayelle City?" Ethan asked. "Of course! The big shots of Jayelle City are my friends-" He didn't get to finish before Ethan interrupted him with a scoffing laugh. Ethan turned to Christopher. "How are your grades?" Christopher's eyes lit up. "My grades are good." He immediately recited his scores in every subject to Ethan- indeed, they were excellent across the board. "With grades like this, you're considered an outstanding student. You should be in the best school in Goldmont City.

No matter how good a school is in a small place like Jayelle City, it's simply not enough." With that, the mother finally picked up Ethan's business card. Seeing the Goldmont City Morrison Group logo, her eyes nearly popped out of her head. -- She had assumed Charlotte had hooked up with some nouveau riche kid or some rich young man. She never imagined the seemingly carefree, playboy-looking man in front of her was actually from the top pharmaceutical group in Goldmont City- Morrison Group Morrison Group's status in Goldmont City was unmatched.

With him backing Christopher, forget the best schools in Goldmont City... getting a top university recommendation would probably be just a polite nod Rocky's parents were stunned, unable to recover from the shock. Ethan, however, ignored them and turned back to Charlotte. "Christopher's school needs to change." "Ethan, I don't have anything to offer in return." Charlotte knew he would help her. Today, everything was part real, part performance. As Christopher's older sister for so many years, she was no longer a defenseless little rabbit.

If anyone bullied her brother, she wouldn't just stand there and take it. Securing Christopher's future was important, yes, but she wasn't about to let Christopher suffer unnecessarily. The difficulty she had feigned was also to see how Ethan would react- whether he would simply watch or step in. Either way, with him by her side, the situation would never leave her untouched. -- It seemed Ethan enjoyed the role of hero even more than she had imagined "Don't worry, I'm not extorting you. This time, I'm helping Christopher." Ethan looked down at Christopher.

The boy's eyes sparkled, as if he saw Ethan as a lifeline. "Christopher, when you grow up, remember to repay me." Before Charlotte could say anything, Christopher nodded eagerly. "Ethan, don't worry. A drop of water shall be returned with a burst of spring- this is our family's principle." "Sounds great. Who taught you that?"

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of panic. We weren't exactly polite, but we're not after money. We were just worried about our son..." "That's right. Don't worry, Christopher is your friend.

We won't make things difficult for him..." At this moment, the couple tried to salvage the situation, attempting to back down. But Ethan merely shot them a sharp glance. He walked over to the teacher and leaned in to whisper a few words. The teacher's face flushed, and she nodded quickly. "I understand." "Let's go," Ethan said, signaling to Charlotte that she could take Christopher and leave. -- It was already late, and Ethan had no intention of playing chauffeur any longer. He'd booked two rooms in a nearby hotel-- one for Charlotte and Christopher, one for himself.

Later that night, before going to sleep, Ethan's door was knocked on. He had just finished showering, and when he opened the door wearing only a towel, Charlotte immediately turned her head, her cheeks burning. Ethan didn't seem to mind, casually drying his hair while smirking. "Why so shy? Haven't you seen a body like mine before?" "Ethan, put some clothes on," Charlotte said flatly. She had to admit--he had a nice physique. But to her, Ethan, handsome as he was, was nothing more than a walking pile driver. And a very vain one at that.

"Just tell me what you need," he said, turning to grab a bathrobe and wrap it around himself. He was mildly annoyed; if he had brought proper clothes or sleepwear, he wouldn't have touched the hotel's bathrobe or towel. "Thanks for helping with Christopher. But Ethan, helping someone halfway isn't enough." Charlotte mainly wanted to confirm that Christopher's school situation was handled properly. -- Ethan had already guessed that was her real concern. He pulled out his phone and sent a message to Charlotte--a notification of Christopher's new school enrollment date.

The moment he returned, he had contacted his network. While he might not handle everything in Goldmont City, when it came to connections, nobody was better. Transferring Christopher's enrollment was just a matter of a phone call. "Jayelle City isn't a great place. It's too remote. You live far from your brother. Once he's at a closer school, it'll be easier for you to take care of him." Ethan said it casually, not realizing how much care for Charlotte was hidden in his words. "Alright. Thank you, Ethan." Charlotte didn't say more.

With Christopher's situation confirmed, she was ready to leave. Ethan glanced at her and called out, "Hey, why are you being so cold?" "What do you mean?" she replied coolly. "Lhelped you, at least..." he started. "Itold you, | have nothing to repay you with. Don't put me ina difficult spot," Charlotte immediately said, adopting a defensive stance. -- Ethan was speechless. "You know | don't want anything from you, and I'm not trying to make things hard. But I've been working hard all this time.

Give me alittle back massage, will you?" "A back massage?" Charlotte froze, realizing his intentions were written all over his face. She immediately refused. "| won't." "Come on,

It's just a little massage. My back hurts," he said casually. Catching the reluctant look on her face, he added, "There's no service around here. I can't sleep with this back pain. Charlotte. Do you even have a shred of conscience?"

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After a few seconds of silence, Ethan glanced over his shoulder. "Relax. I said I wouldn't touch you, and I won't. Even if you wanted to be mine, it'd still be a hassle." Hearing that, Charlotte finally stepped forward, moving to his side. She flexed her fingers, inhaled deeply, and pressed her hands against his lower back. "Ugh" Ethan wasn't expecting her to press so hard. This petite, seemingly delicate woman packed quite a punch, and the sudden jab made him suck in a sharp breath. -- "Hey, Charlotte! Easy! Are you trying to murder your benefactor?" "You said 'just press,' didn't you?"

I don't know what I'm doing. Isn't it true that anyone who likes this kind of massage usually likes it with a lot of force?" Charlotte retorted, annoyed, though she eased her pressure slightly. "I hate pain," Ethan grunted. Through the thin fabric of the bathrobe, Charlotte could feel the taut lines of his muscles and the warmth of his body. The atmosphere in the room suddenly shifted. Ethan no longer complained; instead, he closed his eyes slightly, seemingly enjoying her clumsy, untrained massage. Despite her deep aversion to him, Charlotte had never been this close to a man before.

She could smell the lingering scent of his shower, and her thoughts were starting to spiral. "A little higher... yes, the shoulders. That spot's a little tight too," Ethan murmured, his voice lower now, tinged with a lazy comfort. Charlotte adjusted her hands as he instructed, pressing around the muscles near his shoulder blades and feeling the tension there. -- For a while, neither spoke. After five or six minutes, Charlotte's fingers grew sore. She was about to say, "That's enough," when Ethan suddenly broke the silence. "Alright..."

and thank you, for today." Charlotte froze, her hands halting mid-motion. Thank her? For what-helping him knead his muscles? Ethan seemed to sense her confusion and added softly, "Thanks for letting me help and not guarding against me like I'm some sort of jerk." Knowing Charlotte's personality, she would never let him meddle with her brother's affairs. Yet, despite his assistance, he felt oddly content. Charlotte hesitated before

saying, “Ethan... you’re not such a big jerk after all.” Of course, it was only half-true. He was still a jerk, and that would never change.

But the compliment hit Ethan right where it mattered. He chuckled lightly, his shoulders shifting with the sound. “So, how do you think | did today?” he asked. — “Well...” Charlotte hesitated, then said, “When you helped Christopher, you seemed... reliable.” “Just reliable?” 1 Ethan suddenly turned to her. The robe slipped slightly, revealing the sculpted lines of his collarbone. Charlotte blinked, caught off guard by his gaze. His eyes were bright, and for a moment, the usual mischief and calculation were gone. In their place, there was a surprising trace of... innocence.

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“Just thinking that in four days, you’ll leave me... | don’t want to waste a single moment,” he said. Khloe was leaving the country next week to meet her grandfather. It wouldn’t be long, but Nick’s selfishness didn’t allow her to spare any time for anyone else. “Come on... It’s not like I’m not coming back...” Khloe said, only — to have Nick press a finger to her lips. “Don’t say that. | don’t want to hear it.” Her heart fluttered at the sight of Nick’s serious expression.

How could someone with a face that could turn heads everywhere act like a little pet who couldn’t bear to leave his owner? It was absurdly cute. She lifted her hand, guiding his head closer and whispered near his ear, “How long have you been watching me?” Khloe noticed his ears turn red at her warm breath, quivering slightly. “Since before dawn... until the sun came up,” Nick answered honestly. “Then why didn’t you... kiss me, wake me up?” she asked softly, teasingly nipping at his ear. Instantly, his neck flushed a deeper red. His fair skin made the color even more noticeable.

“| couldn’t bear it,” he whispered. Khloe froze. Even the words brushing against her ear ignited a warmth throughout her body. Actions spoke louder than words. After a long pause, the kiss he — had been restraining finally fell-trailing from behind her ear, down along her neck. Suddenly, the doorbell rang. The phones on the bedside table, whoever’s they were, vibrated as well. Khloe was caught between his eager kisses and her quickened breathing, unable to respond. Nick frowned, pressing her closer, clearly not wanting her distracted. But the doorbell wouldn’t stop.

Then came the phone chimes. Finally, Khloe couldn't hold back. She pressed against him, forcing herself free. "Nick... Nick... it must be something urgent..." Nick pursed his lips, breathing heavier. His shirt was off, revealing taut abs and the heat of his back scars, Reluctantly, he let her go Only then did they pick up their phones. Khloe's eyes widened at the caller ID, and she quickly dressed before rushing out. "It's Grandma Loretta! Get dressed!" -- While they had been lingering on the bed, Loretta had called five times and sent messages, saying she was waiting outside.

Khloe smoothed her hair and opened the door. Loretta stood there in a black plaid suit skirtt-immaculately formal. Beside her was a middle-aged man of around fifty, and a younger woman dressed in professional attire, likely an assistant. "Khloe, is Nick up yet?" Loretta asked, beaming at her. It was nearly ten o'clock. Normally, Nick and Khloe would have been awake long ago, but both were on leave, and she wasn't entirely sure of their schedule.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 448 -- Chapter 448 Loretta had already arranged to meet Nick at ten that morning. He had confirmed it, and she had even sent a reminder before leaving. Yet, he hadn't replied since. "Oh, he's up," Khloe said, nodding, and hurriedly went to welcome Loretta and her companions inside "Nick is washing up; he'll be out soon," she added, a little embarrassed, then glanced at the people standing beside Loretta. "Grandma, who are these?" "I'll introduce them," Loretta said with a smile. "This is my friend, Ronald Yale, director of the International Institute for Psychological Research.

He currently teaches at the Lister Medical College in Naraida and also works as a psychological consultant at several major hospitals." "And this young lady," Loretta continued, "is his student assistant. Khloe understood immediately. She had heard Nick mention that he was going to undergo therapy. But she noticed a subtle, reluctant expression on his face as the introduction was made. He clearly wasn't eager about it. Even allowing someone to see his injuries could leave him -- shaken. For Nick, seeing a doctor was probably like reopening a wound. Khloe didn't want to force him.

If he wasn't comfortable, she could act as if none of this had ever happened. Nick was dealing with trauma, and she could quietly accompany him, protect him, and keep him from falling back into those dark emotions. Even without digging into the wounds, as long as they didn't worsen, that would be enough to begin healing. Still, out of respect for Loretta's kindness-and since Nick had already agreed-Khloe didn't press the matter further. Thankfully, Loretta was considerate enough to invite Dr. Yale as a friend, to make the meeting easier.

Nick had received the notice yesterday afternoon, but every moment with Khloe had been so absorbing that he quickly pushed the reminder out of his mind. Right now, his thoughts were entirely on her. He wanted to stretch their 24 hours together into 240. “Hi, Grandma.” As Khloe ushered the guests to sit and have tea, Nick finally emerged from the bedroom. He had changed into a shirt and long pants-not casual loungewear-and instantly reverted to the commanding presence he always held in the business world. His posture, his -- demeanor, exuded aristocratic poise and icy detachment.

Only when his eyes met Khloe’s did a trace of lingering tenderness flicker through. Khloe smiled and stood, immediately reaching for his hand. “You arranged this with Grandma, but why didn’t you tell me?” “Forgot,” Nick murmured, his voice low and tinged with a hint of guilt. He should have waited until Khloe left to make the appointment. But Loretta had explained that Dr. Yale would be giving a global lecture and would only be in Goldmont City briefly to see old friends. Missing him now might mean never getting another chance.

To reassure his family-and Khloe-Nick had forced himself to sit across from the one person he most wished to avoid. Dr. Yale wore heavy, metal-framed glasses. Calm, grounded, and dressed simply yet neatly, he exuded approachability. Even so, after greeting Nick, he immediately sensed Nick’s tension. Indeed, the moment Nick saw Dr. Yale, long-buried, unbearable memories surged back. Accompanied by George, Nick had seen countless doctors before in cold, clinical, monochrome rooms. Their shallow sighs had weighed on him like chains, each one a heavy shackle on his heart.

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“I’ll be back shortly.” She wanted to stay close, but she worried that her presence might make him even more uncomfortable. Just as she started to rise, Nick’s hand gripped hers. He nodded once, his face unreadable, yet he made no move to let go. Despite facing the thing he most dreaded, his first instinct was still to want Khloe by his side. Khloe paused, startled, and Nick slowly released her hand. “It’s fine. Mrs. Hunt, you can stay,” Dr. Yale said, his voice calm and gentle. “We’re just having a conversation.

“You’re married, so there’s no reason to avoid each other.” -- He looked at Khloe with a reassuring gaze that immediately eased her tension. Glancing at Loretta, Khloe saw her smile and suggested that she step out to buy some snacks nearby-it was almost noon, and

they could all have a light bite together shortly. Dr. Yale's assistant rose and accompanied Loretta out. Left in the room were just the three of them. Dr. Yale pulled a notepad and pen from his pocket, smiling warmly. "Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, I hear you're just back from your honeymoon.

"Congratulations!" "Thank you," Khloe replied, smiling. With a few swift strokes, Dr. Yale sketched a simple cartoon of the couple sitting on the opposite sofa, fingers interlaced, radiating warmth and affection. His skill was impressive. Khloe took the sketch, marveling, "You're amazing!" "I'm not amazing. It's just that when you see something beautiful and capture it with a joyful heart, it turns out well," Dr. Yale said with a gentle laugh. In a few words, he had effortlessly lightened the mood.

Even Nick, normally so composed, relaxed slightly as he looked -- at the drawing. Khloe turned to him with a teasing smile. "Your chibi art style is too cute. Nick, I wonder how adorable you were as a child." "You want to know?" Nick's eyes sparkled as he leaned close, his voice a low murmur in her ear. "Then let's have one." In an instant, Khloe's face flushed red. She lightly pushed him away. They were sitting in front of a psychologist... decorum mattered. Dr. Yale chuckled. "Mr. Hunt, your honeymoon isn't over yet, am I right? Any plans?"

"A single guy like me loves to hear these things." It was Khloe's first time in therapy. She had come in tense, sitting stiffly like Nick, ready to endure the session. But within minutes, the doctor had created the feeling of a casual conversation. Even Nick seemed to relax. He answered willingly, without deflecting. When speaking about Khloe, he spoke more freely, his voice soft and tender. Guided by Dr. Yale, the couple discussed dates and little post-marriage routines.

Nick became increasingly affectionate when mentioning Khloe, at times causing her to blush and squirm, trying to interrupt him. Then, Dr. Yale asked, "Mr. Hunt, can you tell me-what do you love most about your wife?"

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He tilted his head, his gaze once again falling on Khloe. "Many moments. For example, waking up at night and seeing my wife next to me. Or... like now. She just sits with me. Even if we don't speak, as long as I know she's here, I feel calm. My emotions stay steady." Khloe froze. Weren't they supposed to stop talking about her? Was this session

for Nick's psychological comfort-or hers? The entire conversation had revolved around her. Yet, despite her embarrassment, his words made her heart -- soften. She realized that to Nick, she had become the center of his emotional world.

And she hadn't anticipated just how much weight she carried in his life. "Then it seems, Mrs. Hunt is a very important source of strength for you. You are fortunate-many people spend their entire lives searching and never find this kind of strength," Dr. Yale said earnestly. Nick nodded in affirmation, holding her hand a little tighter. "I know," he murmured. Finally, Dr. Yale pulled out a psychological assessment form and asked Khloe to assist Nick. He would choose the answers, and she would mark them.

Khloe had expected him to resist the assessment, but Nick engaged fully, answering with sincerity and focus, as if he were offering himself completely. As he made his choices, Khloe couldn't help but imagine herself in his place. Some of his thoughts were completely alien, sometimes even extreme, and she would instinctively tap his hand. "Nick, you can't think like that. Bottling things up won't solve them." -- "What if it's you? What if you feel you'll burden someone else- would you tell them?" "Depends. But I know the people who matter most to me deserve to know.

They have the right to worry, the right to care. For example... if you were hurt and didn't tell me, I'd be devastated once I found out." Khloe pointed to one of the questions and noticed something striking: Nick's fear of calling others for help stemmed from his childhood. Whenever he tried to reach out, there was never a response. Silence had been absolute despair. Her chest tightened, and the pen in her hand trembled. Seeing her eyes glisten, Nick felt a pang of guilt, though he hadn't thought much of it before. Now, he shared her ache. "I feel much better now," he murmured.

Khloe didn't reply. She lowered her head and continued to the next question. But then, she suddenly spoke in a firm, steady voice, "From now on, if you ever can't reach me, it's okay to be angry. No matter what anyone else does, whenever you call me, I will always answer your call as soon as I can." Her words were impulsive, born from concern. Nick knew it was impossible to expect such a thing from her. But hearing it, he couldn't help the surge of emotion, nearly -- wanting to scoop her into his arms and kiss her right then and there.