

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 471

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 471 – Chapter 471 Khloe rose and walked to the bathroom door, softly calling out Nick's name. The noises inside stopped abruptly. Just as she reached to push the door open, it swung open on its own. Her body wobbled, and she fell straight into Nick's arms. Nick's sleepwear hung loose at the collar, and his warm, solid chest caught her effortlessly. "Can't sleep?" He wrapped her closer, pressing a gentle hand to the back of her head. His voice was indulgent, tender-utterly natural, betraying no hint of strain. Khloe let out a small breath, her hands clutching the broad plane of his back.

"Yeah... | can't sleep. But you... you're awake too, Are you feeling unwell?" "No, just missed you a bit, so | went to freshen up," he murmured, his voice low. He lingered near her ear, his warm breath brushing her skin, sending a rush of heat through her chest. "You... you may be strong, but you can't be this energetic all the -- time," Khloe muttered softly, wriggling out of his embrace and shyly nodding, yet clasping his hand in hers. The moment she touched him, she froze. "Your hand... it's so cold." She finally looked up at him, squinting in the dim light.

His face seemed unusually pale, almost as if the shadows themselves clung to him. "Showered," he said simply. "You're not..." Khloe's expression shifted instantly. Instinctively, she pulled him back to the bed, wrapping him into the warmth of the blankets. She tucked herself and the duvet around him and cranked the air conditioning up five degrees. She rubbed his hands, finally settling them over her own chest to warm them. "Khloe, I'm fine," he said with a soft laugh, watching her fuss with a mixture of amusement and tenderness. "Your hands are freezing... and your body's cold too."

"You'll catch a cold! Luckily, | brought medicine. Warm up first, then take a couple of pills." Her brows furrowed as she held his bony, solid hands, rubbing, pressing, and even blowing on them lightly, as if trying to make the warmth rise faster. -- Nick simply watched her, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. In the darkness, she resembled a restless little animal, constantly charging at his heart. After a while, he gently pressed her back into his embrace. "Khloe, I'll be fine. I'll stay with you, always protecting you." She paused, then smiled, pressing closer to him.

"Of course you will. Her heart was light, her lips brushing against his brow and the bridge of his nose. He smelled... good. Not with heavy perfume, but a subtle, clean scent. At first, it reminded her of the crispness of pine or the cool freshness of mint, sharp yet invigorating. But over time, it softened, like the warm, grounding scent of earth-like coming home. Like him. Cold on the outside, warm within. Cloaked in frost, yet radiating the heat of the sun beneath. By the early hours of the morning, Khloe finally grew drowsy and fell asleep in his arms.

Meanwhile, the bathroom sensor lights went out, and the automatic trash can lid closed, hiding the conspicuous bloodstains inside. -- Khloe had barely slept all night. She didn't wake until nearly noon the next day. The moment she saw the time, she nearly leapt out of bed. She had missed the appointment with the Royal Palace representatives by an hour. Glancing back, she realized Nick wasn't beside her. She hurriedly got up, only to hear footsteps approaching from the living room. Nick appeared, phone in hand.

Seeing her awake, he quickly hung up and moved to embrace and kiss her, his expression calm, without a hint of worry. "You couldn't sleep last night... why didn't you stay in bed longer?"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 472

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They were shooting at the Royal Palace, of all places! She couldn't believe she'd dropped the ball here-it felt like a mortal crime. Nick traced her ear with his fingertip. "It's my fault for not waking you. I turned off the alarm." "The morning session was planned to catch the best light," he explained. "But sleeplessness is special. The Palace staff wouldn't want the model showing up with dark circles and exhausted. They'd rather reschedule than compromise your look. His words melted away a good portion of Khloe's -- disappointment. She nodded and glanced at him, curious. "But.

why are you up so early? Didn't we sleep together last night?" "I was nervous about the wedding shoot," Nick replied, a faint smile tugging at his lips. Khloe's eyes sparkled, and she returned his smile. Even someone like Nick-battle-tested and composed-could get nervous. Perhaps it was time for her to rein in her own fussiness. Missing the morning light meant the afternoon schedule would be even tighter. The Palace had prepared seven elaborate sets for them, each reflecting the changing seasons, historical eras, and major festivals.

The outfits were exquisite, heavily detailed, and painstakingly crafted. Nick had also specially arranged for Khloe to have several pieces of classical jewelry to complement the outfits, delivered in advance. The shoot was demanding. It included not just wedding photos but also promotional footage. From afternoon to night, they hardly paused, and even then, they'd only completed half of it. Yet, their speed far exceeded expectations. It was all thanks to their natural elegance. Every pose, every angle seemed effortless.

Just by standing in the frame, they became part of the scenery, each shot looking like a masterful painting. — Even the Royal Palace officials on-site were quietly awed. Booking Nick and Khloe as cultural ambassadors had been a perfect choice. Any of today's shots, if released online, would instantly go viral. By the time they wrapped, it was deep into the night. Seeing how exhausted everyone was from skipping proper meals to meet the schedule, Khloe suggested they all have a late -night snack together. Of course, Nick agreed without hesitation.

He asked Lenny to make arrangements, finding the busiest barbecue street nearby where they could self-serve along the block-he'd cover the bill. Khloe led a few makeup and styling assistants to a restaurant specializing in lobster while Nick stayed by her side. He'd hardly eaten all day. Knowing he didn't like heavy food, Khloe had ordered seafood porridge, a few salty snacks, and seasonal vegetables for him. But when the dishes arrived, Nick didn't touch a thing. Instead, he devoted himself to peeling the lobster for Khloe, wearing gloves like a gentleman.

He wasn't skilled at this, but after observing the staff a few times, he picked it up quickly. Still, he moved clumsily and slowly. — Lenny offered to help, but Nick refused. Lenny had no choice but to peel alongside him. Khloe, not wanting him to go hungry on her account, gently took off his gloves. "I don't need you peeling the lobster for me. | like doing it myself. You haven't eaten much today, so let's eat together."

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 473

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 473 - Chapter 473 Khloe's voice was low and soft, half coaxing, half playful. Normally, no one could get Nick to relent once he'd started something-but when Khloe spoke, he could only obey. The tenderness between them was so palpable that everyone at the table felt their cheeks heat up. Though Nick and Khloe were both approachable and kind, their identities carried weight, so people usually kept a polite distance. But this flood of public affection made restraint impossible. "Wow...

| actually believe in love again." "Khloe, after this meal with you two, | think we might all get diabetes from the sweetness!" Khloe froze, then blushed and lowered her gaze, coughing lightly to cover her embarrassment "Stop teasing. Just eat-everyone, eat more... Lenny, don't peel the lobster; eat it yourself." Lenny glanced at Nick, who gave a subtle nod. Only then did he sit, still peeling two small lobsters and placing one each in Khloe's and Nick's bowls. — But before the lobster even settled in Nick's bowl, he scooped it straight back onto Khloe's plate.

The tiny gesture immediately triggered another round of teasing. Khloe ducked her head, gently nudging Nick's leg under the table with her shoe. Enough already. She didn't want to flaunt their relationship too overtly... that would be obnoxious. Even so, the table was now drenched in the sweet tang of their romance, and the mood had warmed

considerably. After playfully teasing Khloe, the conversation naturally shifted to love and relationships. Most of the women at the table were young, focused on their careers, unmarried, and single.

They rarely even thought about romance-but watching Khloe and Nick today, they realized that maybe having someone like Nick wasn't impossible. Soon, they all began asking Khloe the question everyone wanted to know: how did she manage to keep Nick so utterly devoted? Even Nick was slightly curious. He glanced at Khloe, deep eyes glinting with playful interest. "No tricks... we just happened to like each other at the right time," Khloe mumbled, shoving a bite of food into her mouth while trying to answer. -- What was happening?

Nick was showing off their affection, yet she'd somehow become the center of attention. "No way there are no tricks! One of your tricks is just being so beautiful, Khloe!" "Not only beautiful, but she's also the CEO of the Morrison Group. She and Nick are perfectly matched, inside and out." "Khloe is so gentle and sweet-if | were Nick, I'd fall in love at first sight. Right, Nick?" By now, everyone had relaxed considerably, even joking at Nick's expense. He didn't mind at all, nodding and playing along. "Yes...

| fell in love at first sight." The moment he said it, a chorus of teasing and "oohs" erupted around the table. Khloe's face flushed red. She quickly intervened, serving everyone bowls of seafood porridge. "Hurry up, it's getting cold." She was particularly concerned about Nick. Seeing him still hadn't eaten, she couldn't care less about anyone else's eyes- she simply watched until he finished the small bowl of porridge -- in front of him. Khloe didn't notice the subtle crease between his brows as he ate slowly.

Back at the hotel, it would soon be past midnight, and the first thing Khloe planned to do was give Nick his medicine. He had caught a chill last night, so today's doses included cold medicine as well.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 474

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 474 - Chapter 474 Nick was unusually obedient. Whatever Khloe offered him to eat, he took without a single question. "You haven't eaten much today, have you?" Khloe recalled mealtime. He had barely touched anything, and worry tugged at her again. "Not feeling hungry?" she asked softly. "Mm... it's late. I'm not very hungry," Nick replied, avoiding her gaze. He stretched his arms, intending to return to the room to change, but Khloe seemed to sense something and stepped close, matching his pace. "Are you..." She stopped him, standing on tiptoe.

Her hands cupped his face as she leaned in, scrutinizing him carefully. His features were sharp and sculpted, even more so up close. But those ocean-deep eyes held a layer of exhaustion that made her heart ache. "Khloe..." -- "You've lost weight?" she whispered, tilting her head. Nick froze for a moment, then a surge of tenderness overtook him.

Without thinking, he swept her up, wrapping his arms around her waist. With a faint gasp from Khloe, he carried her effortlessly back to the bed, placing her gently in the center.

His arms were strong and steady, his breathing even, his heart unhurried. Only once she rested on the soft mattress did he exhale, warm breath brushing her nose. “Want to test how strong | am?” he teased. “..No,” Khloe quickly shook her head like a spinning top, remembering the lingerie in the suitcase. “| believe you’re strong enough.” Today had been exhausting, and tomorrow would demand more. Nick had only been teasing her. But seeing her like a startled little rabbit, so delicate and vulnerable, made him instantly relent. He didn’t speak.

Leaning forward, he planted his arms beside her, gently pinning her as she collapsed slightly against him. His lips brushed hers in a fleeting, feather-light kiss. “Stop fussing. Go shower. We’ll rest early tonight.” -- “Okay,” Khloe murmured, her gaze shimmering like waves, reflecting the lingering warmth in his eyes. She paused briefly, then shook herself awake and hurried to the bathroom. Nick exuded an intoxicating aura-majestic and masculine, yet irresistibly alluring. Once Khloe left and the sound of running water filled the room, Nick finally sat up, a faint cough escaping him.

He frowned slightly, pressing a hand over his lower abdomen. For some reason, his stomach ached again Last night, the pain had woken him. After a bout of nausea, the vomit had streaks of blood. He remembered the doctor mentioning a shadow in his stomach-probably residual bruising. The discomfort was sharp, but Nick didn’t want Khloe to worry. He had rinsed himself off in the bathroom to relieve it temporarily, thinking it would pass with rest. But tonight, the familiar ache had returned. Even during their late-night snack, he had forced down an entire bowl to avoid alarming her.

This morning, he had consulted the doctor again. The consensus: it was most likely lingering bruising, though other conditions couldn’t be ruled out. A thorough check-up was -- necessary. He had promised Khloe he would always be honest with her. But seeing her happy face, the words wouldn’t come. He had to convince himself: it was probably just a reaction from the bruising, and it would pass. If it were something serious, he would tell her after the examination. That night, Khloe was utterly exhausted. After her shower, she nestled against Nick, drifting into sleep almost instantly.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 475

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 475 - Chapter 475 Khloe had slept well and woke up early the next morning, only to find Nick holding her, his body slightly curled, still carrying the weight of fatigue across his face. A pang of worry shot through Khloe’s heart. All this for a lavish, dreamlike wedding-he must be exhausted. Her fingers brushed against his long eyelashes, and as a faint tickle stirred her heart, his dark eyes slowly

lifted to meet hers. Nick let out a low hum, lazily steadying her hand. His voice was husky. “You’re awake.” “Mm. It’s still early.

You can sleep another ten minutes,” Khloe murmured, her fingertips gently smoothing the stray strands of hair on his forehead. With his eyes closed, Nick drew her closer, nose nudging the top of her head, letting out a muffled sound in reply. Seeing him so rare in his dependence softened Khloe completely. She closed her eyes again, quietly staying with him until the alarm finally rang. The following day’s shoot went flawlessly. -- Every glance shared between them in front of the camera was breathtaking. The light, the scenery, everything was perfect.

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From the seasonal shifts to the passage of time, almost every frame was photogenic. The videos required only a few takes. What had originally been a full day’s worth of shooting was completed by evening. After wrap, the makeup artist from yesterday, suddenly inspired, eagerly said to Khloe, “Khloe, behind the palace there’s a famous tree-it’s an ancient tree, over a thousand years old Many visitors hang lucky pouches and write wishes on it.

They say it’s especially effective for love-lots of couples come here to make a wish.” She pointed it out as the late sunset cast a golden glow across the sky. The ancient tree was at its most beautiful in this light. Khloe could already imagine making a romantic wish here with Nick. Normally, she wasn’t one to follow trendy spots, but with Nick beside her, her interest sparked immediately. “Shall we go see it?” she asked, eyes shining with anticipation. When Khloe spoke, Nick’s answer was unwavering. He nodded and interlaced his fingers with hers. “Okay.

| want to see it too.” “Here, Khloe,” said the makeup artist, pulling a small instant -- camera from her bag and handing it to her. The ancient tree stood in a quiet corner of the palace wall, surrounded by a long wooden table with countless ribbons for visitors to write their wishes. The ancient tree’s trunk was thick and commanding. Standing beneath it, the centuries of history seemed to seep into the air- layers of time, wisdom, and gentle melancholy. The sunset cast a soft, golden light, painting the sky in gentle reds. Khloe held Nick’s hand as they approached the tree.

She picked two red ribbons and, following the example of other visitors, carefully wrote both their names, tying them to a branch. Seeing her tiptoe and fumble a bit, Nick, taller than her, reached from behind and tied the two ribbons together. “Couples who tie their names here,” Khloe said, “are said to be blessed with lifelong love, never parting.” “One lifetime is too short. If it’s a wish, | want eternity-life after life,” Nick replied softly. He closed his eyes, pressed his hands together, and, in a rare display of reverence, made a wish to the ancient tree. Khloe blinked, surprised.

Nick, who never believed in gods or spirits, had spoken such words. She held the instant camera in her hand. Just then, a breeze -- stirred, and the red clouds above rolled like

waves across the sky. She snapped a quick photo. The image appeared almost immediately. Under the evening sky, Nick's tall, slender form stood beside the majestic ancient tree, silent and solemn, hands clasped in prayer—a devotion so earnest it made the heart stir.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 476

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 476 – Chapter 476 At that moment, Nick opened his eyes, catching Khloe staring at him unwaveringly, a small, gentle smile curving her lips. “I've made my wish,” he said. Khloe returned his smile, carefully tucking the instant photo into her bag. She then turned to the two red ribbons swaying in the wind and pressed her hands together in a solemn bow. On the drive back, Khloe finally revealed the photo she had secretly taken to Nick, as if showing a treasured gem. The composition was exquisite, and Nick, in the frame, outshone even the majestic tree.

She couldn't help but admire it again and again, thinking she could probably win a photography award with this single shot. Even all the photos they had taken at the palace that day couldn't compare in her mind. As dusk softened the cityscape, golden light filtered through the car window, illuminating the planes of his face. “You took this? Then of course it's the best,” Nick said in a low voice. He reached to take it, but Khloe refused. “I'm keeping it.

Next time you have an even better photo, I'll give you this one.” — “Fine.” “Nick...” “Hm?” She leaned back against him, holding the photo up, studying it over and over. “You're... not supposed to believe in spirits or gods, right?” “If my wish comes true, then starting today, I'll believe,” he replied. The next morning. Goldmont City, outskirts, the family cemetery. The Fox family had held a simple ceremony for the matriarch. After keeping vigil for three days, Trey placed Lauren's ashes alongside his grandfather's grave.

Once they left the cemetery, Stella headed to the hospital to check on Arthur. Stanley exchanged a look with Alicia, who quickly followed Trey and Angela, suggesting they invite the two over for a meal. — Trey didn't respond, but Angela took his arm. “Yes. Everyone's been through a lot. Let's have a meal together.” The loss of Lauren had hit Trey hard. When Angela had rushed back from Jayelle City, he was so gaunt and exhausted she barely recognized him. The proud, untouchable aura he once carried was gone; his confidence, his shine, everything had vanished.

Angela stayed with him throughout the vigil, and even today, Trey hadn't said a word. She saw this as an opportunity to repair their relationship—he was vulnerable now and should have long since given up on Khloe. Trey froze when Angela pulled him along, neither resisting nor replying. She made the decision for him, linking arms with him and guiding him to the car. Stanley and Alicia had discussed the situation. The Fox family had no

chance of turning the tide now. Trey, middle-aged and defeated, would be hard-pressed to recover. As for Lauren's foundation, they had quietly investigated.

Even if Angela and Trey divorced, as long as their connection was discovered, the firm had the authority to seal the fund. -- If Lauren were alive, managing it would be easier-but now, with her sudden death, the foundation would be difficult to deal with. If Trey wanted the money, it would be better for him to stay with Angela and help run the new company branch Angela was set to open in Goldmont. Looking at it from every angle, the family's only hope truly lay with Angela. Angela cared deeply for Trey and seemed unlikely to leave the Fox family over this. But...

if she ever learned Khloe's true identity, all bets were off. For this reason, when Angela returned, Alicia and Stella agreed: for now, Khloe's status as the heiress of the Morrison Group must remain a secret.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 477

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 477 - Chapter 477 Even if Angela were to learn the truth later, she and Trey still had a child. For Pete's, it would be highly unlikely that Angela would stand by and watch the Fox family fall into ruin. Even though Khloe was the heiress of the Morrison Group, she couldn't single-handedly control everything. And even the Hunt family, wealthy and powerful as they were, couldn't crush a deep-rooted conglomerate like Solara Energy. As long as they could hold on to Angela, the Fox family could maintain some strength. After all, a gentleman waits ten years to settle a score.

That was why, for now, Angela and Trey could not divorce. Stella and Angela had a strained relationship, so the burden of repairing the marriage fell on Alicia and Stanley. Alicia had a servant prepare a lavish spread of dishes. This was her first time inviting Angela home for a meal. Unfamiliar with her tastes, she arranged a feast worthy of a family celebration: chicken, duck, fish, and an assortment of seafood dishes. Times had changed. Right now, Alicia just wanted to get along with Angela. She was warm and attentive, fetching clothes for -- her and chatting as she went.

Angela, however, found it all irritating. She knew that everyone in the Fox family was two-faced. For Trey's sake, Angela didn't openly show disdain toward Alicia, but she rejected her enthusiasm. When Alicia tried to serve her food, she dodged, insisting she preferred light dishes and could serve herself. Alicia's warm efforts met icy resistance, and her face fell. Stanley nudged her under the table as a quiet reminder. "Alicia, next time, don't go overboard. There are only four of us- we can't finish all this.

And given the family's current finances, | think it's better to be frugal, don't you agree?" Angela carefully picked the tenderest piece from a braised fish and set it aside. Her fastidious attitude made Alicia grind her teeth, yet she forced a stiff smile. "You're right,

Angela.” “I’m full,” Trey said, suddenly placing his fork down and standing to leave for the bathroom. Seeing him rise, Angela wiped her mouth and followed, claiming she had eaten enough. The moment she left, Alicia rolled her eyes. -- “Tsk. Look at her!

Compared to Khloe, she’s nowhere near,” Alicia hissed, bitterness rising. Without comparison, there would be no pain. The more she looked at Angela, the more she realized how ungrateful of Khloe she had been in the past. Stanley was irritated too. The meal had cost him a lot of money and effort, and Angela had barely touched any of it. She had poked at each dish, hardly eating, leaving a wasteful display without so much as a hint of gratitude. Trey stayed in the bathroom for a long while. Only after Angela knocked did he finally emerge. “Not feeling well?”

Let’s go home and rest,” Angela said softly, leaning into his embrace. Instinctively, Trey tried to step back, but she didn’t care, gripping his waist firmly, “Let go,” he murmured, his tone still cold. Angela refused, tugging lightly at him until they collided against the bathroom sink. One hand gripped his waist, the other pinched her long neck. His dark, lifeless eyes flashed with sudden intensity. -- “I’m worried about you... | don’t know how to comfort you, but | know-” His hand pressed hers firmly against him.

Pain shot through her, causing her brow to furrow, yet the fire in her eyes only burned brighter. She drew in a steadying breath, forcing herself close to his ear. ” As long as you need me, | will never leave you.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 478

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 478 – Chapter 478 “I am the mother of your child. | am your wife,” Angela said. “You’re not anymore.” Trey’s words were sharp and cold. He yanked her arms away with a forceful motion. But somehow, the sudden pull only sent Angela’s slender body crashing against him. Ignoring the pain, she pressed her hands to his head and kissed him fiercely. The struggle and sounds carried to Alicia and Stanley, who were nearby. Alicia rose, intending to check, but Stanley quickly held her back. It was only after a long while that the two emerged.

Alicia’s eyes immediately caught the marks on their necks, and she raised a brow at Stanley. “Trey, you’ve been exhausted for days. Why don’t you rest here today? I’ve prepared the guest room—it’s very comfortable.” Stanley urged quickly, glancing at Angela. Sure enough, she said nothing. Trey and Angela’s relationship needed thawing, and Stanley and Alicia acting as intermediaries could help smooth things over. -- Angela rubbed her sore shoulders, carefully observing Trey’s reaction. “No need. I’m going back.” Trey didn’t give Stanley the chance to insist, leaving immediately.

Naturally, Angela didn’t stay behind either. Alicia stood up, realizing things weren’t going as planned. Stanley hadn’t even gotten the chance to discuss work with Angela yet. He hurried after them, escorting Angela to the downstairs entrance. “Angela, I’ll leave Trey in your care. Everyone at home is feeling heavy-hearted right now, so please bear with

them.” *Lwill. Trey is going through a difficult time. I’ll take care of him.” “Then... you’ll stay in Goldmont, right?” Angela had meant to follow Trey, but Stanley kept talking, and she quickly understood his meaning. “We’re family.

If there’s anything, just say it directly.” He smiled and handed her a business card he had prepared. ” Given the Fox family’s current situation, | can barely get by at my -- old company. Since you’re going to be in Goldmont managing Solara Energy’s branch, could you guide me?” Angela’s eyes flickered with a trace of hesitation. Stanley added quickly, “Don’t worry, I’ll do my best to help. Right now, our family needs to unite and get through this. I’ll always support you and Trey!” Angela scanned his sincere expression, a faint smile tugging at her lips. She took the card he offered.

“I understand.” Then, without waiting for Stanley to say more, she strode off. No further words. Stanley straightened, the smile disappearing from his lips, brows knitting in concern. Trey knew Angela would follow. He sat in the passenger seat, exhausted after days of barely three hours of sleep. His eyelids were heavy, almost impossible to keep open Angela didn’t disturb him on the drive, letting him sleep all the way home. Back at the house, Trey went straight to the bedroom. Angela hadn’t entered yet, and he had already closed the door. The cold treatment continued.

-- Earlier, at Alicia’s, Angela had forced a kiss, and for a moment, Trey had responded. He hadn’t rejected her physically, but he was still unwilling to discuss anything emotional. Angela knew better than to push. After a few knocks, she finally stepped inside. Trey lay on the bed in his sleepwear, untouched, only a blanket draped over him. The curtains were drawn, and the room was heavy with a tense, oppressive atmosphere.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 479

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 479 - Chapter 479 Angela felt a sharp pang in her chest. Trey had always been meticulous-his appearance flawless, his home impeccably ordered. Without Khloe, his life should still have been bright, unmarred by chaos. “Trey... let’s start over, okay?” “Pete told me he misses you. He wants the three of us to live together... “Even if the Fox family isn’t what it used to be, at least we don’t have to hide anymore. Even if the company failed, we can build another one... “I’ll make it work.

I’ll help you.” Angela pressed close to him, speaking softly, one heartfelt sentence after another, with a sincerity she had never shown before. She wanted to give Pete a complete home. She refused to accept this half-measure solution. And... she truly loved Trey. “How much do you love me?” Trey’s voice was hoarse. -- Angela’s heart leapt. She immediately crouched beside him. “I’m willing to carry the Fox family on my shoulders, for you.” “Are you ready to risk everything?” Trey studied her carefully, calm, his eyes and tone like still water -utterly unreadable. Angela ignored it all.

Her only thought was to reconcile with him. “Til do anything for you. Just like you did for me, back then...” She deliberately brought up the past. At the mention, Trey’s gaze hardened. He suddenly gripped her jaw with one hand. The pressure was so intense she felt tears prickle at her eyes. Then, after a moment, his hand softened, tracing her cheek and pulling her closer. “Khloe is my enemy. | hate her. | hate that | can’t make her die.” Angela froze. She hated Khloe too, but seeing Trey like this made her uneasy. “Khloe deserves to die, but our priority isn’t dealing with her right now...”

“Do you even think you could handle her?” Trey rose from the bed and yanked Angela in front of him, -- pinning her against the headboard corer. The sudden closeness stole her breath. “|... “of course-” “Would you betray me like she did?” His icy voice drilled into her ear, rattling her very heart. Angela’s scalp tingled. An instinctive recoil rose within her, and she swallowed hard before saying, “I won’t betray you. I’m not like Khloe.” Before her words even fell, Trey captured her lips, his tongue pressing forcefully. She couldn’t resist as he tore at her clothes.

His movements were more violent, more overwhelming than ever. Angela felt as if she were being ripped apart, used only as a vessel for his release. Yet she endured, cooperating with him, searching for the traces of gentleness he still reserved for her, savoring it. No matter what had passed, now-she truly wanted to live properly with Trey. But Angela didn’t know that behind Trey’s closed eyes, his mind was consumed by the image of Khloe. -- Unless she died, he would eventually crush her entirely, down to her bones. His possession of her was absolute, unescapable, even beyond death.

The next morning, Angela woke early and went straight to work. Her visit involved a full slate of tasks, the most crucial being the selection of the branch office location. All morning, she compared the buildings Barney had shortlisted before and then held an online meeting with him to finalize the decision. By noon, the site had been confirmed.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 480

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 480 – Chapter 480 In truth, Angela didn’t need to worry about any of this herself. Barney had already finalized everything with the team; her presence was merely a formality, a pretext for communication. After the meeting ended, Barney asked about Angela’s family situation. Since that night when Barney had confessed his feelings, Angela’s gaze toward him had grown evasive. Answering personal questions was no longer as straightforward as before. She thought for a moment before replying, “The funeral matters are settled, but there are still some things at home to handle.

| might need to stay in Goldmont a few more days.” Today, Angela was in surprisingly good spirits. She had expected to return empty-handed, yet so quickly, she had managed to reconcile with Trey. Although he hadn’t mentioned divorce, she believed that with enough patience, there was no reason he wouldn’t come back to her. Angela wasn’t about to let this slow her career either. She had considered all options-splitting her time between Goldmont and Jayelle City, or waiting until Trey felt steadier and bringing -- him along Yet Barney showed no rush. “It’s fine.

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| wanted to tell you-the branch project has been finalized. You can stay in Goldmont and take the lead.” Angela’s eyes lit up. “Great! What project is it?” “The details are already sent to you. It’s still in the new energy sector. But this time we have a partner-the top pharmaceutical company in Goldmont.” Barney spoke plainly, as if discussing casual matters. The words struck Angela. “Morrison Group?” She remembered missing the summit because of the Fox family’s issues. She had been unable to meet the Morrison Group representatives, and had felt some regret.

Now, hearing that they were the partner, her heart couldn’t help but leap with excitement. With Morrison Group backing the project in Goldmont, the branch’s success was almost guaranteed. She could easily handle the operations. Solara Energy had always been steady in energy technology, and Morrison Group’s latest investments. aligned perfectly with their strategy. Ever since planning to expand into Goldmont, Barney had intended to bring Morrison Group into the loop.

Solara Energy’s -- processes were methodical and slow, which was why the partnership was only now finalized, along with the branch location and new development direction. “Yes. Tonight, I’ve arranged a dinner with the head of Morrison Group. Tomorrow morning, my representative will accompany you to sign the contract.” Barney’s tone was so calm, Angela almost wondered if he were chatting idly rather than announcing a major deal. A contract with Morrison Group-something this significant-had been settled with a single call, and she had been completely unaware until now.

Was it Barney’s composure, or his cunning? Only when a deal was complete did he reveal the truth to those around him. Still, Angela felt elated. She rushed home, changed her clothes, and shared the good news with Trey immediately. “You mean Solara Energy is partnering with Morrison Group?” Since reconciling with Angela, Trey’s condition had visibly improved. When she arrived, he had just finished showering, his tall frame bare except for a towel around his waist. He had lost some weight over the past days, his collarbones and jawline sharply defined.

Yet in this state, he looked even more strikingly masculine. The once soft, seductive lines of his face -- had deepened; his features seemed newly sculpted, every contour sharper, every angle more precise. However, the boyish innocence of a young heir was gone. Beneath the tired eyes, a barely concealed aggression and mischief lurked, like a reckless scion reborn into a sharper, darker edge. And yet... Angela adored precisely that.

