

Billions Match Novel Chapter 481

Read Billions Match Novel Chapter 481 – Chapter 481 Angela had long seen through Trey's selfishness and cold-heartedness. He would stop at nothing, and deep down, he was far from the devoted, noble gentleman he appeared to be. Trey spoke while Angela was changing clothes. Her pale, smooth back was bare, exposed entirely to him. She hummed softly, rifling through her dresses. "The Morrison Group representatives invited me to dinner tonight. Help me pick -what would be appropriate?" Trey tossed aside the towel he had been holding and reached for her, gathering her into his arms.

"Take me with you." He didn't care which dress she wore. His interest lay elsewhere, the low murmur of his teeth against her ear enough to convey it. Before, he had been gentle with her, more tender than commanding. But now... Angela felt the change. He was brazen and cold. It was his hatred for Khloe that had made him sharp and ruthless. "So eager to meet the Morrison Group rep?" Angela teased, letting her hand brush over his chest. "Yes," Trey breathed softly. -- He wanted to see them, to watch Khloe's expression when faced with him.

She was the Morrison heiress, yet she had deceived and toyed with him repeatedly, even causing his grandmother's death. He wanted to see the face she would dare present to him. It was a cruel pleasure. Angela had no idea that Khloe was the Morrison heiress, and Trey had no intention of telling her yet. Even if she were to know, it was far more entertaining to let Angela witness it herself. Angela would have to feel the same despair he did before talking about love or new beginnings with him. If Khloe discovered that the person Solara Energy sent was Angela...

would Angela's experience be any different from the Fox family's? Trey's eyes narrowed as he watched Angela, eagerly anticipating his attention, completely oblivious to the undercurrent of loathing in his gaze. Angela and Khloe-both were the same. Khloe had betrayed him. Angela... she was the one who had truly ruined his life. Angela, intoxicated by the sweetness he offered, felt the fleeting kisses that teased but never fully satisfied her. Trey continued -- his demands "You need someone with you. It's late-I won't let you be alone." "Fine..."

then help me pick a dress | like, and I'll agree." Angela turned, her gaze teasing Without a glance, Trey reached into the closet, pulled a dress at random, and draped it over her shoulder. "This one." Night fell over Goldmont. In the bustling city center, neon lights painted the streets in dizzying colors. From above, the city shimmered, dazzling and disorienting. "Mom, relax. | will handle everything with Solara Energy. As for Khloe... no word of it will leak to her." Inside the Morrison Group tower, Ethan stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows, watching the flickering lights.

A faint smile tugged at his lips. But once the call ended, the expression vanished. The Solara Energy-Morrison partnership had been discussed even before Niel's death, though the project had never been finalized. Now, with Barney aiming to establish a branch in Goldmont, the collaboration could finally be realized—a positive development — indeed. Previously, the Solara Energy accounts had been handled by Clarice, and she remained the intermediary. Naturally, Khloe had no involvement. Yet, Morrison Group's legacy projects didn't require repeating the entire process. Still...

when Clarice called, insisting that Ethan personally receive the VIP, he knew something unusual was afoot. Upon further inquiry, he discovered that Solara Energy had sent someone from the Fox family—Khloe's ex-husband's wife, Angela.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 482 – Chapter 482 Ethan had never met Trey or Angela in person, but to deal with Khloe, he had long ago investigated their histories down to the smallest detail. He had no moral judgments to speak of—what mattered was allegiance. The enemy of his enemy was a friend. If Trey could disgust Khloe, Ethan was more than willing to use him, even to ally with him. Yet, the Fox family was unreliable. Ethan had once considered supporting Trey, but the man proved incapable. The crucial point was Khloe's swift change of affections.

If Trey couldn't play the emotional card with Khloe, he had no value at all. Now, with Clarice giving full backing to Solara Energy, the aim was simple: bypass Khloe and regain company control. With Angela entering the picture, the situation promised even more drama. If Khloe refused to cooperate with Solara Energy, she would act against Morrison Group's interests and defy Niel. If she agreed, she would simply gain another enemy. Clarice's methods were subtle—soft knives.

Even if she couldn't eliminate Khloe entirely, she would ensure Khloe could never — comfortably operate within Morrison Group. Angela and Trey were the bluntest of all the tools. Thinking of it this way, Ethan even felt a twinge of sympathy. Ethan changed his coat and was just about to leave the office when he pulled the door and found Charlotte standing there. Her gaze fixed on him like she was staring at something filthy, a mixture of disgust and disbelief etched into her features. “What are you doing?”

“Sneaking around outside the office, eavesdropping?” Ethan's voice turned cold immediately. Had it been anyone else, he would have been truly irritated. But it was Charlotte, and his patience stretched a little further—especially when he noticed she was holding a thermos. “What's this?” Without waiting for an answer, Ethan reached to take it. Charlotte froze for a moment, then snatched it back. “This is health tea | brewed myself.” “Oh? Just for me? Thank you.” Ethan smiled and tried taking it again. He had helped Christopher handle the school transfer.

On the — way back, Christopher had thanked him repeatedly, and Ethan casually told him to have Charlotte thank him instead. Christopher mentioned that the tea Charlotte made was excellent, and the conversation naturally assigned her the task. Ethan had told Charlotte to brew some health tea as his token of thanks. Of course, Charlotte didn't want to. The man had already made her massage him once as a thank-you-how could she muster the audacity for a second favor? But in front of Christopher, she couldn't refuse, so she endured silently. "It's not for you."

Someone else made it, and we can't finish it all." Charlotte snatched the thermos back again. She wasn't lying. She hadn't made this tea herself-how could she possibly have made it for Ethan? Her colleague had experimented with health tea for the first time, using all sorts of ingredients. The taste was awful, and no one drank it. Charlotte had only remembered that Ethan had asked for some, so she brought it along as a half-hearted gesture. She had planned to just hand it over and be done with it, maybe even tease him a little.

But the office door hadn't been closed, and as she arrived, she overheard Ethan talking about "Khloe." — Charlotte knew very well that Ethan's intentions were never innocent, and anything concerning Khloe would surely be trouble. Anger rising, she no longer cared about pretending, grabbed the thermos, and turned to leave. "Still being shy?" Ethan said, grabbing her wrist. He felt a faint stir of amusement and appreciation. "You're really stubborn. Since you're giving something, be generous. I'm not going to think less of you just because you have feelings for me."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 483 – Chapter 483 Ethan's words were so narcissistic they made Charlotte feel sick. This time, however, she didn't argue back. She let him open the thermos, pour out a cup of dark, steaming tea, and frown at it in confusion. The corners of her lips lifted. She nodded and made a courteous gesture, inviting him to drink. Ethan narrowed his eyes at her. The unpleasant smell drifted up to his nose. He hesitated for a long moment, lips pressed together, before finally retreating. "Forget it. I'll drink it later." He poured the tea back into the thermos and screwed the lid shut. "Come on."

"I'll take you home." Ethan turned and locked the office door, speaking casually as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Charlotte looked coldly at his back, then softened her voice. "You have the time to take me home now? | thought you were heading out." — "t's on the way. Your place isn't far." Ethan chuckled, then paused. "After | drop you off, I'll go take care of something else." Angela and the others hadn't arrived yet. Besides, someone was already on their way to receive them at the hotel. Giving Charlotte a ride wouldn't delay him. Charlotte didn't refuse.

On the road, Ethan's phone lit up, but he didn't even glance at it, much less answer. Unable to hold back, Charlotte said, "If you're busy, you can just let me off nearby." "It's fine. We're almost there." Ethan kept his eyes on the road. The glow of the streetlights washed over his sharp features, making him look unusually clean and restrained-cool and handsome rather than lecherous. But Charlotte had no interest in admiring his face. Her mind was busy calculating how to extract something useful from him to pass on to Khloe.

With Khloe away from the office, they had to be even more vigilant against their enemies' moves. "Ethan, do you have an engagement tonight?" -- Seeing that he had no intention of speaking, Charlotte finally took the initiative. Sure enough, Ethan glanced sideways at her. "Yes." "An important guest?" Charlotte pointed at his coat. He had clearly changed into a fresh outfit, and the cologne-already faint before-was now overpowering. She had noticed long ago: whenever Ethan went to meet clients, his cologne was always especially strong. "More or less." Ethan drew a quiet breath.

From the corner of his eye, a faint smile appeared. He was unusually taciturn tonight. Normally, if Charlotte asked a couple of questions, he would find some excuse to tease her. She clenched her fists and fell silent. When the car stopped at a traffic light, Ethan rested his elbow against the window. He glanced outside and saw her reflection in the glass-head lowered, as if deep in calculation. Soon, the light turned green. After one more intersection, they -- would reach Charlotte's neighborhood. But just then, Ethan suddenly turned the wheel Charlotte froze. "Ethan...

this isn't the right direction." "I just remembered I forgot to pick something up." His voice remained calm, but the car's speed noticeably increased. Unease surged through Charlotte. She sat up straight at once. "Then just let me off here. I can go back on my own." "No. I said I'd take you home." Ethan gave a soft snort. "Don't rush. It won't take long." "Ethan..." Charlotte's voice turned cold. He ignored her completely and stepped harder on the gas. The car shot forward. Instinctively, Charlotte reached for the door handle-but it was already locked.

"Ethan, what are you trying to do?" "Keep me company for a while. I'll take you back later." Ethan didn't even look at her. To him, her panic and struggle were strangely amusing. Charlotte took a deep breath. "Ethan, didn't we agree we -- wouldn't play these games? Aren't you afraid I'll tell Khloe what you're doing to me?"

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 484 - Chapter 484 "If I don't do this, do you promise not to tell Khloe?" Ethan's words immediately shut Charlotte up. She blinked, stunned. "What do you mean?" "Eavesdropping in my office, and you still act so righteous? I treat you well, yet you insist on being Khloe's spy. Do you know how much that hurts me?" His voice was calm but threaded with amusement-a teasing, deliberate mockery. Ethan loved to provoke Charlotte, but that didn't mean he couldn't see through her intentions. Originally, he had considered letting it slide for the sake of the tea.

But the more he thought about it, the more he realized that if things went wrong, he'd be the one to take the fall. Charlotte had no mercy when it came to testing him. Fine-then he wouldn't hold back either. Charlotte paled. "I didn't eavesdrop! | was just bringing you the health tea..." "What did you hear?" -- Ethan cut her off. Then, before she could answer, he added, "But it doesn't matter. Until this deal is closed, you'll stay with me the whole time. | won't do anything to you." "You-Ethan! Don't you have any shame? A gentleman doesn't take advantage of the vulnerable!

You're exploiting the trust | gave you!" Her voice rose, but she still looked delicate and pitiful, her expression full of innocence. Ethan gave her a sharp glance, then slammed the car to a stop by the roadside. Before Charlotte could react, he snatched her phone from her hands. If he hadn't seen her trying to send a message, he might have felt guilty, thinking he'd gone too far and hurt a naive girl again. "You bastard!" Charlotte struggled, but her strength was no match for him. He didn't even glance at her as he forced the phone off and secured it on his own person "Yeah, I'm a bastard.

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Not a gentleman. Didn't you realize that already?" He breathed out slowly, but seeing Charlotte's faint blush and the fire of indignation in her eyes made him feel like he'd been -- jabbed with needles. An uncomfortable prickling, quickly suppressed. He made a call while driving. Soon, the car pulled into the garage of a seven-star hotel. Two men who looked like bodyguards immediately approached. Charlotte opened her mouth to protest, but Ethan had clearly anticipated this. The guards restrained her on the spot. "This hotel is under my mother's management.

Screaming won't help," he said in a low voice. "I've booked you the presidential suite. Stay inside and enjoy yourself." Charlotte stopped struggling, She glared at him but said nothing. As she suspected, Ethan had used the excuse of giving her a ride home to test her. His cautiousness showed that whoever he was meeting tonight was important. He had the guards escort Charlotte to her room, then tured to the rooftop revolving restaurant. Angela and Trey had just arrived. Ethan straightened his collar, smoothed his expression, and put on a professional smile before pushing open the door.

-- Angela and Trey were standing by the window, gazing at the night skyline "Angela from Solara Energy and Trey from the Hunt Group, we finally meet." His voice flowed softly into their ears. He waved, and the staff in the room quickly moved to the door. Angela turned to him, a smile lighting her eyes, and stepped forward to shake his hand. "You're Ethan?" Even representing Solara Energy, she couldn't hide a touch of nervousness meeting someone from the Morrison family in person.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 485

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 485 - Chapter 485 Angela had assumed that the Morrison family's representative this time would be the mysterious Morrison heiress-or

perhaps Niel's wife. She had heard that the current executive president of Morrison Group was indeed the Morrison heiress, though quite a number of the Morrison family members held posts within the company. Niel's adopted son was apparently one of the top executives. The man in front of her was most likely him. "It's me. I'm Ethan Morrison, Vice President of the Morrison Group." As Ethan shook Angela's hand, his gaze flicked subtly toward Trey.

Trey said modestly, "Ethan, don't pull my leg, will you? The Fox Group no longer exists in Goldmont." He had once thought he was dealing with the Morrison heiress. Only after learning that Khloe was the heiress of the Morrison family did he realize that the person who had wanted to invest in the Fox Group wasn't her at all. Trey understood immediately—Ethan was the one behind the investment in the Fox family. — He had done some research on the Morrison family. Niel's adopted son had entered the family through marriage.

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Public records showed that Niel had left nearly all of his inheritance to his biological daughter. Anyone could see that Ethan and Khloe were unlikely to be close. The fact that Ethan had invested in the Fox family right under Khloe's nose only confirmed his suspicion. Unfortunately, an adopted son could never truly rival a biological child. Otherwise, the Fox Group wouldn't have declared bankruptcy and liquidation so quickly. But Trey had come to terms with it. Lowering his stance wasn't such a bad thing. At least now, they no longer had to be blindsided, at the mercy of some unknown force.

"Don't be disheartened, Trey. Life is full of ups and downs. Even the mighty Morrison Group may not remain so ten years from now. Isn't that right?" Ethan offered the remark lightly, a hint of reassurance in his tone, then gestured for everyone to take their seats. Trey observed Ethan carefully, expression calm. "Ethan, will it just be the three of us for dinner today?" "Yes. Forgive the modest hospitality. After tomorrow's signing, we'll celebrate properly." Ethan smiled faintly. — It was clear he already knew Khloe's identity.

From the moment he entered the room, he noticed the difference in Angela and Trey's gazes. Angela looked at Ethan with curiosity and delight, but Trey's gaze carried only a flicker of disappointment. Even knowing that Khloe would never let them off easily, Trey had shown up here. That alone made the man intriguing. Ethan didn't bother with Trey's thoughts. Completing the task assigned by Clarice was all that mattered; then he could rest. Trey said no more, and Ethan replied politely, engaging in some small talk with Angela. They exchanged a few compliments, and dishes began to arrive.

But halfway through the meal, Ethan's phone rang. His expression darkened as he answered. "What is it? Something happened?" Trey immediately noticed the change and put down his fork. His focus had never been on the meal anyway. Ethan smiled faintly. "It's nothing—just a personal matter." "If it's urgent, please attend to it. You've already treated us very generously today," Trey said. Angela nodded in agreement. "Yes, Ethan.

Please don't worry -- about us." Ethan insisted it was fine, yet for the rest of the dinner, his mind remained elsewhere.

When the meal finally concluded and farewells were exchanged, he drove straight to Charlotte's house. The bodyguards had just called to report that Charlotte had been forcibly taken.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 486

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 486 - Chapter 486 The person who had taken Charlotte wasn't a stranger-it was Winnie. Winnie had somehow appeared out of nowhere, tailing them all the way. Charlotte had been detained by Ethan's men at the hotel, so Winnie reported it to the police, who had broken in and taken her away. Now, Ethan's men were still stuck at the police station, waiting for him to arrive. For Ethan, this wasn't a major concern-it only meant making a few extra phone calls. What annoyed him was that Charlotte had been taken by Winnie. What was that woman playing at?

Did she have nothing better to do than stir up trouble for him? It was late, and Ethan couldn't very well go to the Olson family to get her. He had no real connection to them, and if the matter escalated, even if Winnie didn't get in trouble, he would be left with a mess. But Ethan knew Winnie had no influence in her own family. She couldn't possibly have taken Charlotte there. He decided to wait and see if Charlotte would return home. As expected, she wasn't home. -- Fuming, Ethan kicked at her door, only then remembering that Charlotte's phone was still in his possession.

But when he tried to unlock it, it was useless-he couldn't get past the password. Soon, however, the screen lit up with her wallpaper: a photo Charlotte had taken at school. Afternoon sunlight bathed her as she squinted, one hand shading her face. Youth radiated from her every gesture, wrapped in warm golden light. Leaning against the wall, Ethan stared at the image, mind suddenly tangled with thoughts. Charlotte lived in an old complex, its corridors narrow and dim. Soon, the motion-sensor lights went out, and Ethan melted into the shadows like a phantom.

He knew it was likely she wouldn't return tonight. Most probably, she had gone to vent to Khloe. Waiting here any longer was pointless-he might as well start preparing a countermeasure. Besides, Khloe wasn't in Goldmont. Even if she rushed back tonight, she had no grounds to interfere with the Morrison Group and Solara Energy's cooperation. Rationally, Ethan knew there was no real reason to worry. Even if minor mistakes were made, as long as the signing went smoothly, Clarice wouldn't hold him accountable. -- But emotionally, he couldn't suppress the storm in his chest.

He rarely treated a woman like this, yet even knowing Charlotte was Khloe's ally, he cared for her at every turn. Someone tried to take advantage of her-he stood up for her. Her

brother got into trouble-he drove for hours to help. If she were an ordinary girl from a poor family, she'd have already thrown herself into his arms, ignoring all sense of propriety. Why didn't Charlotte show the slightest reaction? Clearly, her fondness for him was written across her face, yet she remained unshaken. The more Ethan thought about it, the angrier he became.

He didn't even know when his competitive streak had grown so strong. Before he realized it, he had smoked an entire pack outside Charlotte's door. Ashes littered the ground. Only with the last glowing ember did he notice a hesitant figure approaching. The motion-sensor lights were slow to react, flickering on just as the figure neared. Ethan froze, instinctively crushing out his cigarette. It was Charlotte. -- She seemed to know he would be waiting there. When she stopped half a meter in front of him, she didn't move another inch. She just stood there, silently watching him.

For a brief moment, Ethan felt the urge to pounce, to pin her down and claim her. "Thought you ran off... why are you back?" The anger that had burned in him just moments ago vanished. He took a step forward, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. "This is my home, Ethan," Charlotte said. She lifted her chin to meet his contemptuous gaze, her eyes cold yet carrying a subtle, undefinable emotion. Ethan felt it ignite something in him, setting his blood on fire.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 487

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 487 - Chapter 487 Stubborn women were intoxicating-at least to Ethan, they were impossible to resist. The tension in him snapped. Desire flared, and with a swift motion, he grabbed Charlotte's arm, pulling her into his embrace. This time, she didn't struggle violently like before. Instead, her hand pressed lightly against his heart, keeping a fraction of space between them. "Do you know how angry | am?" Ethan's breath was low and cold, brushing across her skin. Charlotte furrowed her brow at the proximity.

His voice carried an ambiguous undertone, and as he spoke, he absentmindedly tucked a stray strand of her hair behind her ear. To him, it felt natural-after all, their relationship had long hovered on the edge of intimacy. "I don't understand your intentions, Ethan," Charlotte said, a faint twitch at the corner of her lips, eyes calm and emotionless. "Lonely know this: | trusted you so much. | even ignored Khloe's warnings just to have private contact with you. And yet... you -- 'treat me like this. Should | resign, move away, so that you'll finally leave me alone?" Ethan chuckled.

Charlotte had quite the talent for turning the tables. She had deliberately approached him, deliberately tested him, reporting back to Khloe all the while-but in just a few words, she painted herself as a pitiful victim, tormented by him. He'd dealt with manipulative women before, but someone like Charlotte-genuinely sincere-was a first. He lifted her chin with a

finger. “You want me to let you go?” Charlotte met his gaze evenly. “Ethan, it’s late. I’m going home.” With that, she pushed him lightly and turned toward her room.

Ethan crouched to sweep the cigarette butts aside with his toe and followed her inside. It was too late for her to protest. He grabbed her hand, closed the door behind them, and pressed his body against hers, a faint smile tugging at his lips. “You nearly ruined my plans today, made me so angry... so tonight, I’m staying at your place.” There was no negotiation. He strode toward her bedroom — without changing his shoes, leaving Charlotte blinking in surprise. Even Ethan didn’t know why he did it-bothering Charlotte had a peculiar thrill.

Despite her cramped, outdated apartment being uncomfortable, he somehow slept better here than anywhere else. “Ethan, do you have a thing for staying in poor people’s homes? If you like it so much, you could just rent this place out. Then I can go stay at your house, okay?” Suppressing her irritation, Charlotte teased him. She grabbed a pair of disposable slippers from the shoe rack and tossed them to him. “Sure, but you probably couldn’t get into my place anyway.” Ethan sat on the sofa, casual and unbothered. Charlotte didn’t hesitate to bargain.

“By your standards, one night in my home would cost at least a thousand, right?” Without a word, Ethan pulled a card from his jacket pocket. “There’s a hundred thousand in here. No password.” Charlotte’s heart skipped a beat. She despised Ethan, but she didn’t despise money. His usual power-play of casually flaunting wealth didn’t impress — her-it only annoyed her. Still, she accepted the card without hesitation. “Thank you, Ethan. Next time you want to stay here, I’ll just go to a hotel.” “No need. I sleep well when you’re here,” he said casually. “But I don’t dare,” Charlotte replied.

“Don’t you have Khloe backing you up? Besides, I thought you were fearless?” Ethan teased. After changing into the slippers, he leaned back, completely relaxed.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 488

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 488 – Chapter 488 “What did you say to Khloe today? And that girl Winnie-she played the hero, didn’t she? Why didn’t she give you a lift home?” Ethan wasn’t the sort to be blinded by desire. The fact that Charlotte had returned home meant the situation had been resolved. Charlotte was clever-until Khloe left Morrison Group, Ethan couldn’t make a move against her. Clarice had also warned him: don’t stir up trouble before Khloe was truly dealt with, especially over such a trivial matter. Charlotte regarded him calmly for a moment before answering honestly. “What I said to Khloe?

How could I possibly tell you, Ethan?” Three hours ago, Charlotte had been taken from the hotel by Winnie. Earlier that day, when Winnie left the company, she happened to see Charlotte walking with Ethan to the garage. Charlotte was Khloe’s ally; it was suspicious for her to be so close to Ethan. — Curiosity got the better of Winnie, and she followed

them. That's when she discovered Charlotte being forcibly taken by Ethan's people. Winnie had an idea. She memorized Charlotte's room number, noticed Ethan heading to the restaurant, and went to the front desk to check.

This hotel belonged to Clarice's family-there was no way she could get official information. After thinking it over, Winnie called Michael. Even at this late hour, Michael wasn't asleep-he was on a business trip in another city. Winnie explained the situation and gave him the hotel name. Michael's contacts oversaw every major hotel in Goldmont, so finding someone inside was simple. A quick check of tonight's VIP reservations was all it took. Shortly after Winnie brought Charlotte away, Michael sent back feedback.

The person Ethan had met was from the Fox family-just as expected, it involved Khloe. Charlotte immediately called Khloe to report the situation. -- Ethan had no idea what small moves were being made behind the scenes. With Oscar out of the country and Michael busy with work, Morrison Group's security was tight; even Khloe had no clue about some of these details. But Michael was thorough. He reassured Winnie not to worry and promised to help investigate. Khloe remained calm upon receiving the news. She had long anticipated that trouble might arise while she was away from Morrison Group.

She even reassured Charlotte not to stress-she and Nick would return to Goldmont tomorrow afternoon. Cooperation between Morrison Group and the Fox family was impossible. Whatever was happening between Trey, Angela, and Ethan was undoubtedly related to a work project. Khloe granted Charlotte authorization to investigate, and Charlotte quickly confirmed the facts. Before returning home, she had gone to Morrison Group with Winnie and discovered that Morrison Group and Solara Energy were preparing to sign a partnership. Angela was, in fact, the representative sent by Solara Energy.

The contract was set to be signed tomorrow morning. Khloe was surprised that Angela-a woman with years of no -- work experience-had been chosen by Solara Energy But that very detail gave her an idea. She asked Charlotte, "Can you see the project's detailed data?" Angela and Khloe's business scope overlapped. Since the new Solara Energy project had been handed to Angela, Khloe's responsibility would naturally involve the data. Charlotte's thoughts snapped back. To access the data, she had to go through Ethan. She knew his work habits: he always carried his project materials with him.

The collaboration plan for the Solara Energy project had to be on his phone.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 489

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 489 - Chapter 489 "Charlotte, following Khloe-is that really all there is to it?" Ethan couldn't understand it. Khloe wasn't even Charlotte's real sister. Sure, Khloe gave her a little guidance here and there, but how could that

compare to the lessons life taught through power, wealth, and desire? Charlotte replied calmly, “Ethan, and you, following Clarice- doing things that only harm others while benefiting yourself-is that really all right?” He snorted, a hint of derision in his voice. “Clarice is my mother. Besides, she has her own position.

Just because she doesn’t get along with Khloe doesn’t mean she’s acting selfishly.” “Morrison Group isn’t just one person’s domain. | believe that if you and Clarice are willing, everyone could coexist peacefully.” Charlotte spoke while turning into the bedroom to swap out the bedding. She didn’t intend to share bed linens with Ethan. She remembered a set she hadn’t washed yet-still clean enough- and figured it could serve him for one night. She would sleep on the sofa Watching Charlotte busy herself, Ethan felt an inexplicable warmth. -- At home, servants always made his bed.

He had grown up accustomed to life as a young master. But as far back as he could remember, no family member had ever done this for him. Perhaps it was Charlotte’s humble, “commoner” energy that gave him a rare sense of family closeness. Watching her make the bed for him stirred something in him. He rubbed his nose, letting go of the irritation he had felt toward her. “Peaceful coexistence?” he muttered. “How easy is that? My mother earned half the credit for Morrison Group’s empire. Niel’s will is a betrayal.

If it were you, would you hand over the legacy you spent your life building to someone else?” “That’s Niel’s fault, not Khloe’s. Besides, Khloe has suffered plenty. Inheriting the family fortune now is just the sweet reward after all the bitterness. She didn’t steal it-so why would she give it away?” Charlotte remained calm. She knew Clarice and Ethan had their positions to uphold. She only cared about Khloe and didn’t overthink it. Khloe was reasonable and measured, principled in her actions.

If it weren’t for Clarice and Ethan being part of Niel’s family, she could have retaliated far harsher Nick’s support. -- Ethan didn’t bother debating with Charlotte. If it weren’t for the fact that Clarice was his mother, he wouldn’t care about right or wrong at all He rose, slipping off his coat and unbuttoning his shirt, asking casually, “Do you have a fresh towel and pajamas?” “My house isn’t exactly stocked for you...” “Then go buy them. There’s a supermarket nearby.

I’m size 180.” Charlotte was about to refuse when she caught a glimpse of him undressing, his phone placed on the small table nearby. By the time he finished speaking, his shirt lay on the cleanest spot of the bay window she normally kept tidy. He glanced back and noticed her sneaking looks, and a low chuckle escaped him. “I’m not that modest. If you want to look, go ahead. There are plenty of women who wish they had a body like mine anyway.” He even cast a glance down at his own abs. Tall, muscular, disciplined-he made time to work out even in the busiest schedule.

Even if his face wasn’t the most celebrated, his physique and stamina certainly were. Charlotte quickly averted her eyes. Every time Ethan spoke like -- this, it perfectly

refreshed her irritation meter. “I can get you some clothes,” she said, hugging the bedding, ” But I’m slow, so you’d better take your time washing-don’t catch a cold.” And with that, she left the bedroom.

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 490

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 490 – Chapter 490 Ethan smirked and turned toward the bathroom. The moment the door clicked shut, Charlotte slipped back into the bedroom and grabbed his phone. Near her home was a small phone repair shop whose owner had a touch of hacker skill. Several times before, when her phone or computer needed unlocking, the owner had helped her. But accessing someone else’s phone data—that was definitely crossing a line... Charlotte hesitated for a long moment, then gritted her teeth and stomped off to see the owner. Ethan’s passcode was more complicated than anything Charlotte had set.

The owner spent a long time unlocking it, though since it was a hacking program, the window of access wouldn’t last long. Back with the phone, Charlotte found a quiet corner and started digging through the project files related to Solara Energy. She recorded everything she could, sending it straight to Khloe. Her eyes darkened, her pulse quickened. She knew the consequences if she were caught—but when she thought of how Ethan had caused the death of her closest friend, she steeled — herself once more. She combed through his contacts, messages, photo albums...

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anywhere that might hold private information. Surprisingly, for a man like Ethan, who should have been riddled with skeletons, his phone was astonishingly clean. Almost everything was work-related files or mundane personal records. His photo albums were free of chaotic or scandalous images, though he did like taking photos of his own body, along with pictures of bank cards and other cards—likely using the album as a makeshift notebook. Charlotte had no patience to delve into his personal life. She only wanted to find traces of her friend, to confirm her suspicions.

But after thorough searching, there was nothing. Just as she was about to give up, she stumbled across Ethan’s messaging favorites. There, tucked away, was a blurry photo of a note. The handwriting was sloppy: [Thank you for walking this part of the journey with me, Ethan.] Charlotte’s heart skipped a beat. She knew that handwriting—it was her poor, dear friend. She always stretched her strokes unusually long. — The note was signed: Nancy. It was clear: Ethan had toyed with her friend’s emotions, fully aware of her fragile state.

Ethan had once told Charlotte that he thought this friend had only herself to blame, caught in matters of the heart. Even though he knew he had hurt someone, he could brazenly sweep it all aside as if it were none of his concern. When Charlotte returned home, Ethan had finished his shower. Somehow, he had found a fresh towel to wrap

around himself. Seeing her stroll in slowly, he frowned. "You're too slow." Charlotte didn't reply. She handed him the items she carried and turned to leave. "Charlotte." Ethan called after her, his voice dropping several degrees colder.

"Did you see my phone?" "On the table." Charlotte pursed her lips. "I didn't see it," Ethan said. -- Charlotte pushed past him into the room and, a moment later, returned the phone to his hand. "Maybe you're not familiar with my place. My desk is messy." Ethan held the phone, the slightly warm device betraying something was amiss. He smirked faintly, a sudden realization dawning. Charlotte had offered the clumsiest excuse imaginable, without even pretending. No wonder she came back today. No wonder she agreed to let him stay. It was all for this. Frustration surged again.

Ethan called out to her, "You do realize this is illegal, right? Do you really think I'll just let you get away with stealing my phone data for Khloe?"