

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 541

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 541 – Chapter 541 Thinking of Charlotte's attitude toward him, Ethan's expression darkened. He had lost all enthusiasm for Christopher. Seeing that the boy had no intention of leaving, he asked coldly, "Does your sister know you're here?" "She..." Christopher hesitated, and his silence said it all. He had long wanted a chance to thank Ethan and had mentioned it to Charlotte a few times. But every time, Charlotte blocked him.

She believed Ethan and their family were from different worlds, and she told Christopher to mind his own business and forget about these "small favors." Yet, Christopher thought otherwise. Even if helping them was just a casual gesture from Ethan, it shouldn't be treated as trivial. His mother had always said that one should repay even a drop of kindness with a fountain of gratitude. Besides, Christopher could see that Ethan liked his sister, and he liked Ethan as well. On their last trip back to the city, Ethan had shared many anecdotes from his life-about work, about the world he had seen.

In Christopher's eyes, Ethan was a noble, remarkable older -- brother-chivalrous, entertaining, and reliable. "Hey, your sister probably wouldn't want you coming here, huh?" Ethan said lightly, noticing Christopher's awkwardness. Christopher nodded slightly. "Ethan, my sister... she's shy, but she's kind-hearted. She knows how to appreciate people." "Knows how to appreciate people, huh?" Ethan snorted softly, a hint of amusement in his tone. "I can see that." Hearing this, Christopher finally smiled.

"Alright, Ethan, I'll head back first." Ethan hadn't intended to say more, but as Christopher turned to leave, he seemed to remember something and called out to him. "afternoon classes?" Christopher paused, shook his head. "Have you eaten lunch?" Still shaking his head, Christopher looked hesitant. Ethan's lips curved. "Come on, I'll take you to eat." Christopher was surprised and quickly tried to refuse, insisting he wasn't hungry. It wasn't even lunchtime, and how could he let Ethan treat him? -- But Ethan didn't give him a choice.

Before Christopher could respond, he gently but firmly pushed him toward the car, Christopher tried to protest, wanting to tell Charlotte, but Ethan interrupted him in a calm, even tone. "What we do between us doesn't concern her. You came to give me a gift, didn't you? And you didn't even tell her, did you?" Christopher fell silent, persuaded by the logic. Ethan took him to a high-end private restaurant near the Morrison estate, where the chef created a menu based on that day's freshest ingredients.

Christopher had never eaten such luxurious food before and approached it with careful curiosity. Ethan took meticulous care of him, ensuring everything went smoothly. By the end of the meal, Christopher's admiration for Ethan had only deepened, and his curiosity about Ethan's world had grown even stronger. "Let's take a photo for memory's sake,"

Ethan suggested, gently pulling Christopher close and pressing their faces together for a shot. The boy was a little confused but smiled brightly. Behind them, the panoramic window framed a breathtaking, luxurious view.

— After the photo, Ethan casually posted it to his social feed. He rarely posted online. His contacts were a mix of friends, colleagues, and numerous Morrison Group employees. Even a simple story or a short status update would trigger dozens of notifications. This photo was no exception. In less than ten minutes, it had hundreds of likes and countless comments. Many asked who the boy was—could he be a relative of Ethan? He was handsome and delicate, unlike anyone they had seen. Yet, the one person Ethan most wanted to see comment didn't appear.

By evening, after shopping around the mall and buying Christopher quite a few things, Ethan prepared to send him home.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 542

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He sidestepped, almost tripping in the process. Christopher's face burned fiercely; he stared at Charlotte in shock, tears instantly welling up. This was the first time his sister had ever hit him. No matter what mistakes he had made before, her anger had been limited to a few harsh words or a disapproving glare. Charlotte had always despised physical confrontation. Now, Christopher realized she was truly furious. He quickly — bowed his head, not even daring to breathe. “Christopher, have you grown wings? You actually dared to skip school without telling me?”

Do you think switching schools is some kind of vacation for you?” Charlotte's voice trembled with restrained anger. She had tried to control herself. After seeing Ethan's photo in the office, she immediately messaged Christopher, asking where he was. He took forever to respond, saying he was at school. But Christopher had apparently forgotten—the watch she had bought him had a built-in GPS. Today, Khloe had gone abroad, leaving Charlotte with a long list of tasks. She was already overwhelmed, yet Christopher had run off to hang out with Ethan, giving her a heart-stopping scare.

She had rushed straight over. At first, she thought Ethan was using Christopher to get back at her, but from a distance, she saw the two of them laughing together. Christopher

was even carrying several shopping bags filled with luxury goods. That was the last straw—her temper flared “Charlotte, why are you so violent? Christopher has no classes this afternoon. Taking a short leave to see me isn’t wrong, and he’s here to thank me. This is between the two of us,” Ethan said, caught off guard. He forced a calm tone to mediate.

— Although he had come partly to tease Charlotte and watch the scene unfold, spending half the day with Christopher had made him realize just how pure and sweet the boy was. In some ways, he reminded Ethan of a younger brother. Christopher kept his head lowered, silent. Charlotte took several deep breaths, gradually calming herself. She grabbed the shopping bags from her brother and turned to return them to Ethan “Ethan, I know you’re generous, but children don’t need these things. We appreciate your kindness, but we won’t accept them.” Ethan, naturally, didn’t take the bags. He snorted.

“Charlotte, these were all specially for Christopher. They’re things he likes. I can’t use them. Luxury goods can’t be returned once opened. If you really want to give them back... just pay me.” He said the last part with a grin, his eyes taking in Charlotte’s flushed face. Seeing her expression eased some of the frustration he had been holding in. “How much... how much are these?” Charlotte asked, forcing herself to speak. Almost immediately, she regretted it. Ethan held up three fingers. That couldn’t mean three hundred—it had to be thirty thousand.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 543

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Estimating roughly, she could maybe reimburse Ethan an additional seven or eight thousand. It would be painful, but manageable. Seeing Charlotte fall silent, Ethan spoke again. “If it’s too much, don’t force yourself. This was just a token of my appreciation for Christopher.” But his words only spurred her further. “I’ll return what I owe, I just... need a few days,” Charlotte said through gritted teeth, shooting him a sharp side-eye. Ethan nodded. “Fine. Then you can write an IOU for three — hundred thousand.

Actually, it’s three hundred and eight thousand, but I’ll round it up for you.” “What?!” Charlotte nearly screamed, and the shopping bags nearly slipped from her hands. “You just accepted them,” Ethan said lightly, “Why the shock? The receipts are all there. If you don’t believe me, check yourself. Charlotte stared dumbfounded, then looked at Christopher, whose scalp was practically crawling When Ethan had taken him shopping,

he hadn't let Christopher see the prices-only asked if he liked the items. Many of the things were forced into his hands, chosen for him.

Christopher had no idea how expensive they were. He just felt everyone was being nice and attentive, so he didn't dare say no. And now-hearing the total-he was even more stunned than Charlotte. Charlotte scoured the receipts and realized most items were nearly ten thousand each, with one bag topping over two hundred thousand. "Ethan, you" -- She almost cursed, but Ethan immediately held up a finger. "Mind your words, Charlotte. We aren't on familiar terms, so you can't be swearing at me." "Originally, I didn't care about the cost. I genuinely wanted to do something nice for Christopher.

But since you won't appreciate it, I won't force it," he added, tilting his head as he studied Charlotte's ashen face with a faint smile. Charlotte clenched her fists, cursing herself for never learning how to box. How could one person be this infuriating? She hadn't guessed wrong-Ethan was deliberately provoking her. "Ethan, if your grudge is against me, fine. But taking it out on a kid and guiding him into mistakes... isn't that shameless?" Charlotte snapped, though the three hundred thousand still made her knees weak. "Charlotte," Ethan said smoothly, "you should speak with some sense.

How exactly am I targeting a kid?" He circled around her, coming up behind Christopher. He lightly tapped the boy's slight frame "Christopher, you came to see me today, right?" Christopher glanced at Charlotte, who frantically signaled him, -- but he couldn't resist the pull of his own conscience. He nodded. Ethan grinned triumphantly. "See? Today, Christopher came to thank me. I treated him to a meal, shopping, and gifts. How is that 'targeting a kid or 'leading him into mistakes'?" Charlotte was utterly speechless and simultaneously furious at her brother.

She felt like she might explode from frustration.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 544

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 544 - Chapter 544 Charlotte had warned Christopher a thousand times that Ethan wasn't a good person, but he just wouldn't listen. "Christopher, you don't usually like buying so many things. Tell me, Ethan forced you into it, didn't he?" Charlotte couldn't afford to pay back 300 thousand dollars. Even if it went to the police, as long as Christopher insisted he hadn't wanted any of it, there was no way Ethan would let a student foot the bill. Christopher looked torn. Before he could speak, Charlotte's voice rose again. "Christopher! 300 thousand dollars!

We haven't even paid off Mom's medical bills! Are you trying to kill me?" " Christopher glanced at Ethan. He understood his sister perfectly, but he also didn't want to pin all the blame on Ethan. After all, Ethan had been so kind to them, especially to him. "Charlotte, Ethan didn't do anything wrong... It's all my fault. I messed up, I'm sorry!" "Alright, don't pressure him.

| was just teasing you earlier-you don't need to pay me back." -- Ethan had originally planned to torment Charlotte a bit more, but seeing Christopher defy his sister rather than sell him out, he couldn't help feeling a little softhearted. Yes, at the mall, he had subtly guided Christopher into spending -but the boy had only spoken the truth. In his eyes, Ethan was a genuinely good person. For the first time, Ethan felt a little of an "idol complex" about himself. "Ethan, Charlotte snapped, "you just wanted me and Christopher to owe you favors.

But | can't repay that kind of debt Christopher doesn't need any of these things. If you're not trying to make trouble for us, take them back!" She knew Ethan's generosity wasn't entirely free Over the past few days, he hadn't been terrible to be around. But he knew women too well, had the audacity to exploit his charm and wealth, and bit by bit, wormed his way into their hearts. That was the truly frightening part. Even someone as sharp and sensible as Nancy had fallen under his spell. It was no wonder Christopher had been deceived too.

Since she'd confronted Ethan herself, she no longer believed he harbored any feelings for her. His attentions toward Christopher now must have some ulterior motive-revenge, or preparation for future leverage. -- Ethan opened his mouth to say something, but Christopher tugged on his arm. "Ethan, I'm sorry. | shouldn't have let you spend so much today- it's all my fault. Charlotte's upset too... these things are far too valuable. Please take them back." Christopher didn't know what else to do but beg.

"If these things aren't useful to you, I can sell them online, and I'll work to pay the difference later." Seeing the boy's earnest expression, Ethan suddenly lost all interest in arguing with Charlotte. It was... boring. Sometimes, these poor people were just tedious. Stepping forward, he took back the shopping bags under Charlotte's icy glare-but then, without hesitation, he tossed them beside the trash can. "Fine. These are the things | bought, but | don't want them anymore-they're garbage. Christopher, if you need them, go ahead and pick them up." His tone was cold.

He ignored the siblings after that, especially Charlotte. Every time he saw the sheer hatred etched on her face, he felt a strange, suffocating weight in his chest. Was he breaking some cosmic law? -- There was Khloe-no blood relation, yet treated like family by Charlotte. There was Nancy-another casualty of circumstances And all this time, the care he had shown her... had it never made her think, even for a second, that he might have some worth?

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 545**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 545 - Chapter 545 Ethan got back into his car and hit the accelerator, driving past Charlotte and Christopher. But he hadn't gone more than a few meters before he couldn't resist glancing back, eager to see their reactions. As

expected, Christopher took a few hesitant steps toward the car, almost reluctant to leave. Charlotte, however, was decisive. She grabbed Christopher's hand, and neither of them even glanced at the shopping bags Ethan had tossed beside the trash. Together, they strode straight toward the elevator, moving in the opposite direction.

Ethan had thought his departure might at least stir some trace of unease in Charlotte... but he was mistaken. Lost in thought, he nearly ran into the barrier at the garage exit. Meanwhile, Charlotte led Christopher into the elevator without so much as a backward glance. "Charlotte... do you really think tossing all those things was right?" Christopher asked quietly. "They're not yours. Don't touch them. Besides, the loss isn't yours to bear." -- Charlotte's voice was firm, leaving no room for debate. Three hundred thousand dollars worth of luxury goods-who wouldn't feel a pang of regret?

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But to Charlotte, anything branded with Ethan's name was tainted. Snapping back to reality, she lightly twisted Christopher's ear- not enough to hurt, but enough to convey her full anger. "Do you really think Ethan is a good person? I've told you before- he and | don't get along, and with us..." "He's not from our world," Christopher interrupted softly. "A rich heir of his level can't empathize with us. He only takes. If he's nice to me, it's a trap." Christopher had grown tired of her sister's warnings. Before, he had only nodded along, but now he wanted to make his stance clear.

"Charlotte, | know you don't trust Ethan, but | don't think he's as bad as you say. He's... actually really nice." The moment his words left his mouth, Charlotte's hand shot up. "Do you want me to smack you again?" She had no patience for explaining complex matters that he couldn't understand; she resorted to blunt, physical enforcement. -- "Slapping me doesn't change my thoughts," Christopher muttered, a little fearful, but still mumbling, "Ethan was really, really nice to me." "You... Charlotte gave his arm a sharp smack. "What kind of villain writes his evil on his face?"

Do you even know what a sugar-coated bullet is? He spoils you, gives you things you don't need as a treat, and you think that's being nice? "Think about it-can you even use these luxury goods? Enjoying what isn't yours now means paying a heavier price later. "Meeting Ethan was a coincidence. He dangled a few things in front of you so you could enjoy a life that isn't yours. If you keep accepting his gifts, how will you ever go back to your own life? "Even if Ethan keeps giving, relying on what others own makes you dependent.

You study to achieve your own dreams, not to be a prop for someone else. Don't covet the favor of others-it will corrupt you." Charlotte's words rang with conviction, and her face flushed with intensity. She had feared Ethan would brainwash Christopher, so she'd guarded him closely, cutting off all contact. Yet, he had clearly been thinking about it all along-so much so that he actually went to see Ethan. -- "Charlotte, | think you're overreacting. It's not as serious as you make it out to be... and anyway, | didn't come here for anything else.

| just wanted to thank Ethan.” Seeing that Christopher still wouldn’t listen, Charlotte cut him off. “Tell me then-aside from bribing you with expensive gifts, what else makes Ethan so good in your eyes?” “He’s nice to you,” Christopher said suddenly. The words struck Charlotte dumb.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 546

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 546 – Chapter 546 Christopher opened his backpack and took out an exquisitely crafted black Japanese-style bento box. It was a special meal he had brought from the restaurant, filled with premium ingredients-Wagyu beef, sea urchin, and several kinds of seafood Christopher couldn’t even name, As he ate earlier, Christopher thought how delicious everything was, wishing he could share it with his sister and mother-but he hadn’t dared mention it to Ethan. It was Ethan who had insisted on making extra boxes and reminded Christopher to take them home to share.

Christopher realized Ethan had Charlotte in mind. It was because of her that Ethan had gone out of his way, arranging his school enrollment in Goldmont’s city center. Although Ethan seemed outwardly ambitious toward Charlotte, Christopher had observed that every interaction was measured, never crossing a line-always just enough to please. If he truly intended to challenge her, Charlotte wouldn’t be able to maintain her composure. “1... really can’t reason with you!” Charlotte threw up her hands in exasperation.

Christopher was — hopeless in her eyes, and she refused to waste another word She snatched his phone, deleted Ethan’s contact, and issued a strict order that Christopher was never to interact with Ethan again. Christopher was furious, sulking silently all the way home. His school wasn’t far, and since it was still early with buses available, Charlotte didn’t take a cab. The two walked toward the station, one after the other. Suddenly, a gray van screeched to a stop on the side of the road. Several burly men jumped out and charged straight at them.

Charlotte reacted instantly, shoving Christopher forward. “Run!” Her instincts were sharp, but Christopher froze in shock for a few seconds. By the time he realized they were being targeted, it was almost too late. Charlotte was quickly surrounded as well. One man grabbed Christopher by the arm, trying to drag him toward the van. “What do you want?! My brother is just a student! He has no money! If you have a problem, tell me! There are cameras everywhere!” Charlotte shouted, trying to intervene, but she was trapped, hemmed in on all sides.

The streets were empty- calling for help was useless. “You must be Charlotte,” said a man at the back, apparently — comparing her to a photo on his phone. It was clear now: Christopher wasn’t their target-Charlotte was. Charlotte stepped back, and Christopher’s voice rang out. Seeing his sister in danger, he charged forward recklessly-only to take several punches. Charlotte, seeing him get hit, surged forward, fueled by adrenaline.

“That’s right! I’m Charlotte! You’ve got a problem with me, not my brother-don’t touch him!” She tried to reach Christopher, but someone grabbed her arm.

A signal was given, and they were both being herded toward the van. Just as panic overtook her, the man holding Charlotte suddenly let go, crying out in pain as he collapsed. “Don’t just stand there! Run!” Charlotte looked up to see Ethan swinging an iron rod, knocking two men to the ground in a single strike. He was dressed in a suit, yet wielding a heavy metal rod with almost wild abandon. He looked completely unhinged, but there was no time to analyze that. Charlotte pointed toward Christopher. — “Christopher-!” “Can you drive?” Ethan asked. “I... Lean,” Charlotte stammered.

Ethan yanked her behind him, running a few steps before thrusting the car keys into her hand, pointing ahead. His car was parked just up the street. The men he had just knocked down were now clutching their heads and scrambling to their feet. Seeing Charlotte and Christopher about to reach them, Ethan finally released her, shoved her toward the car, and swung the iron rod back into the fray.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 547**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 547 – Chapter 547 Seeing Charlotte hesitate, Ethan shouted, “Go! | can’t hold them off much longer!” Alone, he was outnumbered on all sides. The two men he had already beaten were now wary of approaching him, while Christopher’s attackers scrambled to support their comrades. Taking advantage of the chaos, Christopher struggled with all his strength to break free, and Ethan swung his iron rod, clearing the men entangling Christopher. Back to back, they pressed against each other. “Ethan! How did you get here?” Christopher shouted, his fear melting into exhilaration.

Ethan’s arrival made him feel invincible, as if a hero had come to carve a path of blood through their enemies. “Later! Be smart. Your sister will drive the car up. I’ll clear the way -don’t linger. Get in the car and go!” Ethan barked. “What about you?” Christopher asked, kicking at the men while moving forward. Ethan’s throat was hoarse from shouting, but he answered firmly, “I’ll be fine. You go first. I’ll find you later.” “Really?” Christopher hesitated, but Ethan had already surged — forward, swinging the iron rod wildly. The remaining attackers scattered in fear.

“Go!” Ethan yelled, and Christopher dashed forward, sprinting toward the roadside. At the same moment, Charlotte arrived with the car. The door was already open. Just before Christopher would have been grabbed again, he leapt into the car. Charlotte slammed her foot on the accelerator without waiting for him to fully sit, and they shot forward. They sped through several intersections before Charlotte finally allowed herself to ease off the gas slightly. But Christopher stayed pressed against the window, looking back the entire way.

The car raced so fast that by the time they had cleared the area, no one was in sight behind them. “We just left Ethan behind! Can he handle it alone?” Christopher panicked. “Should we go back and help him?” “What did he tell you?” Charlotte asked, her brow furrowed, though she remained much calmer and more rational than her brother. She had never offended anyone-why would anyone come after her and Christopher? And how could Ethan have appeared at just the right moment to know they were in trouble?

She recalled the attackers’ reactions when they had seen Ethan: -- their eyes had changed, their aggression turning into defensive caution, as if afraid of hurting him. That hesitation had given them a chance to escape “He said we should go first. He’ll come find us later,” Christopher replied. “Then we follow his plan,” Charlotte said firmly. “Aren’t you being too cold? Mom always taught us not to be selfish! And what if something happens to Ethan? Wouldn’t you feel uneasy?” Christopher protested, yanking at the car door. “If you won’t go, | will!

Stop the car!” “I’ve already called the police. They’ll be here soon. Ethan will be fine. If you go, you’ll just get yourself in danger,” Charlotte said. Her words had their effect. Christopher’s nerves loosened slightly. “But-” “There is no ‘but.’ I’m taking you back to school. What happens next doesn’t concern you.” Christopher’s frustration flared again. He pulled at the door violently. “I’m not going back! I’m waiting for Ethan!” “Enough. Be reasonable,” Charlotte replied. -- “You have no right to stop me.

| hate how heartless you are!” Charlotte ignored him, letting her usually obedient brother rage and shout in the back seat. She had never seen him act so utterly unreasonable before.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 548

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 548 – Chapter 548 Christopher had actually said he disliked her-all because of Ethan? Charlotte felt a sting in her chest. Any lingering worry she’d had about Ethan evaporated instantly. Twenty minutes later, the car pulled up beneath Charlotte’s apartment building. She didn’t insist on sending Christopher back to school. On the way, Christopher had even cried over Ethan. Clearly, if he didn’t see Ethan tonight, there was no way he’d settle down. Once home, Charlotte tried calling Ethan. Christopher had already called several times on the way, but he hadn’t answered.

Now, when Charlotte dialed, the call went straight to his voicemail-his phone was off. “I knew it! Ethan must be in trouble!” Christopher panicked. “The police will call back soon. Maybe his phone just died. Since we can’t reach him, go wash up-I’ll make your bed.” Charlotte put down the phone, offering a few calm words of comfort to her brother before turning to prepare the room for him. But her serenity only made Christopher more frustrated. “No wonder you act so cold toward Ethan! You’re the most heartless -- person!” he snapped, storming toward the door.

“Stop right there!” Charlotte shouted sharply. This time, Christopher didn’t obey. He swung open the door- and froze. Ethan was standing there. His suit jacket was gone. His shirt collar was ripped open, the fabric torn, scratches running across it. Bruises speckled his neck, the corners of his mouth, and his cheeks. The image of the polished, elite heir had been replaced by that of a street brawler -disheveled, battered, and raw. “Ethan...” Christopher’s voice caught.

His eyes lit up with delight, Before he could say anything more, Ethan stepped inside on unsteady legs, stumbling straight to the sofa and collapsing onto it. Charlotte stared, first startled, then a tight knot of worry pressed in her chest. Christopher rushed to his side, shutting the door behind him. Ethan! Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere?” “It’s nothing-just a few scratches,” Ethan muttered. But when Christopher pressed against his thigh, Ethan groaned, -- clearly in pain. He wasn’t good at caring for others-Charlotte, on the other hand, had always been skilled at it.

When they’d been hurt before, she was the one who applied the ointment. Christopher looked helplessly at Charlotte, but memories of his earlier impulsive behavior toward her made him flush with guilt and embarrassment. Charlotte and Christopher exchanged a glance. Without another word, she turned and left. Ethan knew she still didn’t like him, but he hadn’t expected that even after he heroically saved them both, she wouldn’t ask a single question. And... earlier, when he told her to drive first, she had obeyed without even looking back.

“Ethan, what exactly happened with those people?” Christopher asked, still tense. “It has nothing to do with you. They were after me,” Ethan said tiredly, unwilling to elaborate. Even though his presence had dragged the siblings into danger, it was essentially Charlotte’s meddling that got them into this shit. The chaos with Solara Energy had gone south, and Clarice wouldn’t let him off easy. Ethan had spent the past few days hiding outside, knowing that when he returned home, he’d face severe consequences.

-- Tonight, he had realized he was being followed-and that someone, somehow, had learned that Khloe’s subordinate had been getting close to him Those attackers had come for Charlotte.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 549**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 549 – Chapter 549 These past few days, the attackers hadn’t only been tracking Ethan-they’d been monitoring Charlotte too. Once they’d uncovered the full picture of the siblings’ situation, all their findings were secretly reported to Clarice. The moment Ethan learned this, he immediately came for Charlotte and Christopher. He understood Clarice’s methods; if the siblings fell into her hands, it wasn’t impossible that they could vanish from Goldmont City entirely.

Yet, Ethan had never once considered the consequences he might face for openly defying Clarice's orders-rescuing them despite her command... what would await him afterward? Sometimes, impulsive decisions could cost you your life. He closed his eyes. For now, fear had been replaced by exhaustion and pain. He needed to rest and recover before he could plan his next move. Christopher, worried, kept asking if Ethan needed to go to the hospital. Ethan felt the boy's genuine concern and allowed a faint smirk to curl at his lips. "Ill be fine after a short rest," he said.

Strong and resilient, he had always bounced back after every beating or punishment -- with nothing more than a night's sleep. "Take off your clothes." Just as Ethan was drifting toward sleep, Charlotte's voice rang in his ear. Christopher saw her holding a first-aid kit and suddenly understood-her earlier coldness wasn't indifference; she had gone to fetch medicine. "Ethan... hang in there a little, Charlotte will tend to your wounds!" Hearing this, Ethan struggled to lift his eyelids.

Sure enough, Charlotte had placed the first-aid kit in front of him and was half- kneeling beside the sofa. Christopher stepped aside and, following her instructions, brought over a basin of hot water. "What are you waiting for?" Charlotte asked, laying out the gauze and ointments on the table. Ethan, however, simply stared at her. He finally glanced at her for a few seconds, then unbuttoned his shirt and removed it. Charlotte had intended to check his injuries thoroughly. She'd already noticed he walked stiffly and kept massaging his shoulders and chest.

But she hadn't expected Ethan's torso to be covered in small, mottled old scars. His back, in particular, -- looked like a battlefield. "..Ethan... how... how did you get hurt like this?" Charlotte froze. She looked at his body, then at his face, utterly shocked. After all, he was part of the Morrison family. Raised in luxury, pampered from birth, shielded by everyone around him. He shouldn't have been covered in scars like this. Ethan didn't notice Charlotte's gaze lingering on his old wounds. He moved his arms and neck, then nodded slightly, looking down at himself.

"Stop making such a fuss. They're just a few scratches." During the fight earlier, someone had clawed at his neck, and his shoulders had taken a beating. The pain across his chest and shoulder blades came from bruises and impacts. Checking over his body, he saw the external wounds were minor. "I wasn't talking about these injuries." Charlotte instinctively reached out and gently poked his narrow waist. Several long, eye-catching scars ran across it. "Sh-" Her hand was ice cold. Ethan flinched from the sudden chill, -- instinctively curling inwards.

But seeing the subtle change in her expression, his own face darkened. "What's there to be so shocked about? Just some scars. Haven't you seen them before?" he muttered, pouting. "You're the Vice President of the Morrison Group! Who would hurt you like this? Were you ever kidnapped or tortured?" Charlotte's curiosity couldn't be restrained, and even though Ethan looked displeased, she didn't let the topic drop.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 550

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 550 – Chapter 550 Ethan found himself momentarily at a loss for words. He met Charlotte's probing gaze and couldn't shake the feeling that she was deliberately provoking him. Ever since childhood, Clarice had punished him physically. Every punishment involved the whip, and to ensure he remembered the lesson, the wounds weren't treated immediately. He had to endure the pain for days. Over time, the scars had accumulated. Clarice actually liked the scars. She believed a man should carry a few marks to show his toughness and always despised any hint of fragility in Ethan.

"Are you going to treat my wounds or not? You talk too much." Ethan didn't want to answer, so Charlotte simply got to work. After Christopher brought over the hot water, he saw Charlotte carefully disinfecting Ethan's wounds and wisely decided to retreat to his room. Charlotte's hands were meticulous and gentle, her movements precise. Ethan barely felt any pain-what he felt instead was a surprising comfort. His gaze slowly drifted to her face. Her furrowed brows, so rare to see softening, carried an unusual tenderness. A faint twitch -- tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Ethan's injuries were minor, and Charlotte's efficiency meant they were fully treated in minutes. He hadn't even had a chance to properly observe her before she turned and began tidying up as if a gust of wind had swept her across the room. "Ethan," Charlotte said, "did your family send those attackers?" She had overheard Ethan earlier and suspected this much. It seemed related to him-but why had they targeted her as well? They hadn't been particularly polite to him, either. "Mhm." Ethan didn't hide it. He touched his cheek; his cheekbone throbbed faintly.

"You forgot about the Solara Energy incident. You crossed my mother. While Khloe's away, my mom wanted to teach you a lesson." Charlotte turned her head, staring at him with icy eyes. She had suspected as much all along, Lately, the only people she'd crossed were Ethan and Clarice. Noticing the shift in her gaze, Ethan quickly raised his hands. "Charlotte, don't be heartless! | just saved you both. You don't think I'm going to harm you, do you?"

Unlike you, | don't stoop to playing the victim!" -- He spoke forcefully, tensing the muscles around his face, sending another sharp pang through his cheekbone. Seeing the genuine pain on his face, Charlotte said nothing further. Once she had finished tidying up, she thought of something else and asked, "Ethan... was Clarice this cruel to you when you were a child?" Ethan's eyes darkened. He hadn't expected her to notice-or to frame it so sharply, even calling it "cruelty." As a child, he had relied on Clarice heavily and never thought her strictness was abuse.

In his mind, proving his worth to her had always been a form of happiness. Only now... did he realize how hollow his life had truly been. "Don't be ridiculous. My mom treated me well. There was no cruelty," he said coldly after a pause Charlotte let out a quiet, knowing laugh. Those few seconds of silence had already spoken volumes. Unless Ethan had been kidnapped and abused repeatedly, he could not possibly have accumulated scars of such varying size, age, and severity. -- Clarice's control was extreme, and Ethan was a true mama's boy.

Charlotte immediately confirmed their abusive mother-son relationship. Even the most detestable people could have pitiable aspects. Charlotte drew in a calm breath. "Alright. If you think it's fine, it must be."