

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 721

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 721 – “Heading back to Goldmont City tomorrow?” Arista asked, surprised. Just a few days ago, Khloe had said she wanted to stay and recover a while longer. Everyone knew the real reason she wanted to linger-Nick. She still clung to hope that he hadn't truly died “Yes. It's time to go back,” Khloe replied calmly. Arista glanced at George. His expression was unusually gentle, his gaze toward Khloe full of a rare, patient tenderness. He had never looked so paternal before, not even with Nick. “Khloe, if you wanted to stay here longer, I'd stay with you.

No matter how long, you don't have to force yourself. The company can manage without constant oversight. The Hunt and Morrison Groups-things will continue, with or without someone watching, Business never ends. You don't need to carry any responsibility. You only need to take care of yourself and protect your child.” Arista's voice was earnest, filled with care. Her approach differed from George's. She wanted Khloe to recover, but she didn't want to burden her with heavy responsibilities. Whatever duty or responsibility, she only cared that her daughter-in-law stayed safe and well.

-- Khloe's eyes warmed with emotion. She smiled, looping her arms around Arista. “Mom, thank you for everything these past few days. I'm fine. | won't push myself. You don't need to worry about me.” Arista was about to speak, but Khloe added, “I've already arranged the trip with Dad. | have a few things to handle today, so | won't keep you.” Once Khloe left, Arista lightly tapped George's arm. “Are you trying to drive me crazy? You still owe Nick in this life, and you haven't paid that debt!” At the mention of Nick, Arista's eyes grew moist again. George's own grief was plain on his face.

He silently accepted her scolding, knowing he couldn't forgive himself otherwise. “| haven't paid it yet, that's true. But | know it's not safe here... Those people haven't been caught. They're ruthless. Wouldn't they strike Khloe again? Only by returning to Goldmont City can she truly be safe.” George's words made Arista pause. At last, she understood the depth of his concern. Yet, tears still slipped quietly down her cheeks. Gently, George lifted her face, wiped away her tears, and held -- her close. “!m sorry, my love. All along, it's been my fault.

Thank you for taking care of Nick and helping me carry my responsibility.” “Saying sorry doesn't help. Even if | helped you take care of Nick, it can never make up for the harm he suffered...” Arista pressed herself against his shoulder, her voice choking with grief. George pressed his lips together, his heart swallowed by regret. He owed Nick a debt he could never repay. All he could do now was protect the people he loved. After leaving the hotel, Khloe headed straight to Evergreen Manor. Henry was waiting for her in the library.

This time, Delilah had guided her in without confiscating her phone—a courtesy she did not intend to refuse. The old man had aged. From today onward, Khloe could begin shaping the rules of the Morrison family herself. “How’s your health?” Henry asked first, his voice devoid of warmth. Khloe did not answer. Her gaze fell on the tea and calligraphy — displayed on the table. She lowered her eyes and lightly touched the items. “I’m returning to Goldmont City tomorrow,” she said. The words caused a flicker of surprise on Henry’s face.

He had anticipated her visit; Khloe was no weak, easily controlled girl. Anyone who tried to hurt her would face her unyielding retribution.

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 722

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 722 – This time, with Nick gone, Khloe’s ties with her grandfather were nearly severed completely. She had come today seeking answers, but he hadn’t expected her to leave so soon. Over the past two days, he had instructed Delilah to monitor Khloe’s situation. He knew she was still having Ralph search for Nick’s whereabouts, apparently planning to stay in Naraida a while longer. He had assumed that her grief would keep her trapped in despair, making it hard for her to regain her resolve quickly. But now... she was leaving without hesitation, “Returning to Goldmont City? So soon?”

Is something the matter? Henry asked after a moment, his tone measured. “There are matters to attend to... at the Morrison and Hunt Groups,” Khloe replied flatly, then lifted her gaze, her eyes cold and sharp as they met his. Henry fell silent, waiting for her to continue. Khloe did not mince words. “Clarice must die. Not only her, but the entire Davis family must be eradicated.” — Her voice was calm, but the weight of her words hit like a hammer. “You have close dealings with the Davis family. | imagine you could help your granddaughter with this task,” she added, her tone unflinching.

Henry’s eyes widened in shock. He blinked rapidly, struggling to believe what he was hearing. She was ordering him? Yet... she was not wrong. He was closely involved with the Davis family. Clarice had married Niel entirely because of his influence. He had seen the Davis family as useful, and Clarice, the neglected daughter, was pliable-eager to prove herself and easy to control. Every lever he had ever applied had been about control. But he had miscalculated. Clarice was insane in ways he hadn’t predicted, and now Khloe seemed to be operating on the same fearlessness.

“Clarice is already wanted by the authorities. Moreover, there isn’t sufficient evidence linking her to the murder of Nick—only Rick’s testimony, which is insufficient for conviction...” Henry began. — Khloe cut him off sharply. “She is the murderer. No proof is needed. | only want you to give me a guarantee. Otherwise, | will take Niel’s entire fortune and hold you equally accountable. If needed, we will perish together.” Henry

froze, utterly stunned. Not only was Clarice insane, but Khloe-his granddaughter-had gone mad too. She was threatening him with mutual destruction.

Her resolve was terrifying. Before, she had been willing to sacrifice everything for the Morrison family and for Nick, accepting the consequences. But now, with Nick gone... she left no path of retreat. Khloe drew a steady breath, her tone icy. "I've investigated. Many of the Davis family's businesses rely on your connections. | want them gone. The faster, the better." She had no patience left. The bounty on Clarice had long been posted on the dark web: five million, and countless people were scrambling to provide clues.

Before coming to Henry, Khloe had already handed evidence to international authorities and ensured media coverage of the attack, generating public pressure. Clarice would be erased from society. And if her trail were discovered, Khloe would retaliate in kind-treating her with the -- same ruthless measure she herself had employed Could Lacuna afford to take on other forces from the entire world's dark side? Perhaps not. But for Clarice, survival was far too lenient a punishment. 1 Nick had investigated her years ago. Khloe understood the Davis family well-it was their soft underbelly.

Clarice had suffered neglect at home but continued to serve the family, trying to prove her worth. Over the years, after securing a foothold in business with the help of the Morrison family, the Davis family had become intertwined with her ambitions. Now that Clarice had escaped, it was the perfect moment for Khloe to show her exactly how a family could be utterly annihilated.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 723

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 723 - "The Davis family and Clarice aren't necessarily linked. If | provoke them, | gain nothing." Henry considered Khloe's words carefully, then softened his tone, choosing to retreat slightly. He wanted to lay out the stakes for Khloe. With her sharp mind, she would soon understand that everything he had now would eventually become her resources, her leverage. But toppling the Davis family would still cost him a significant portion of his interests. "If you don't act, the Davis family will still fall," Khloe said curtly. She didn't waste more words and turned to leave.

But before she could step out of the room, Henry's voice stopped her He had just finished a phone call, instructing his subordinates to sever all of the Davis family's partnerships. Moreover, every collaboration the Davis family relied on for survival would be cut, even at the expense of Morrison family interests. 1 Khloe halted mid-step. She turned to see Henry hang up the phone, his face dark, eyes narrowing at her. -- A lifetime spent wielding threats and control had finally come full circle-someone was now using the same method against him. And unexpectedly...

that person was his own granddaughter. The Morrison family had produced Khloe. As Clarice had once said, it truly was their greatest misfortune. Khloe gave a slight nod to Henry. She turned to leave, and he, coughing violently, was momentarily overcome with chest pain and panic. He couldn't help but call out, "Are you saying... you'll never come see me again?" Khloe didn't stop her steps, nor did she look back. A shaft of sunlight slanted across her path, and she seemed to press it underfoot as if to stamp it down. "You've worried your whole life.

| only hope you live long and stay healthy," she said. The words, though brief, sparked a faint glimmer in Henry's eyes. But Khloe's next sentence snuffed it out entirely. "That way, you can properly choose an heir worthy of inheriting your legacy. After all... that's what matters most to you, isn't it?" Her retreating figure seemed to mirror Niel's long-ago departure, -- the day he had defied Henry's plans and clashed with him. Back then, Henry had tried tirelessly to mold Niel into the perfect successor, severing father-son bonds with each test, each interference.

When Niel finally left, he had spoken words not unlike Khloe's now. Khloe left the room. Delilah was waiting silently at the door. She escorted Khloe all the way outside, her gaze filled with concern and a hint of fear, hesitant to speak. Only when Khloe reached her car did she turn to Delilah. "Thank you," she said simply. "| didn't do anything... it's you who... must find peace." Delilah bowed her head. "After the Morrison and Remington family's worldly cooperation project is established, Ralph may go to Goldmont City. | hope that one day you'll come back here together.

When that happens, I'll make sure to host you properly," Delilah added. Khloe's expression remained cool, her brows shadowed with a touch of grief. Yet her voice was gentle, almost tender, and her faint smile carried a blessing for both Delilah and Ralph. Delilah was momentarily stunned. Then it clicked-what Ralph had told her before, the way he'd interacted with her, it had all been because Khloe had spoken to him. Since then, Ralph would -- chat with her briefly every day. Though they hadn't shared much, a quiet closeness had begun to grow between them. "Khloe, |- " Delilah began.

"Where there's fate, you fight for it. Where there's affection, you cherish it." Khloe said simply.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 724

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 724 - Khloe's words were sharp and decisive. She finished speaking and gave Delilah no time to respond, turning on her heel and leaving with swift, unwavering steps. Delilah watched Khloe's retreating figure and finally understood why Ralph was so drawn to her. By the time Khloe returned to the hotel, the sun had long since set. Midway back, she suddenly instructed Lenny to change course, driving straight to the stretch of road where the bus carrying her and Nick had met disaster. Lenny hesitated at first, unwilling to go, but Khloe was resolute.

Even if he refused, she would have someone else take her there. The past few days had weighed heavily on him. Nick had always treated him with kindness, and Lenny had long considered him a dear friend. Now that Nick was in danger, Lenny's only thought was to protect his widow. Night had fallen by the time they reached the area. The scenic mountain road was now clear, the scene of the previous tragedy long cleaned. Only a few charred patches remained on the pavement, jagged reminders of what had happened. -- Khloe stepped out of the car.

Lenny quickly brought two accompanying bodyguards alongside. She approached the exact spot where the bus had stopped, crouching to touch the ground. They hadn't intended to come this far initially, so they hadn't brought many people. Even now, though the incident had passed, the organization responsible had not been captured- safety was not guaranteed. After a moment, Lenny reminded her gently, "It's cold tonight. Please take care of yourself. And it's not safe to stay out too late. Khloe ignored him, frowning as she examined the ground.

After along moment, she straightened and strode forward, determination in every step. Lenny hurried to keep pace. For half an hour, she pressed on through the winding mountain paths. Ahead, the trail narrowed, twisting through dense forest, leading into areas that seemed far more dangerous. "Madam, Mr. Remington has already had people search this way. Ahead is a cliff-there's no path," Lenny said, concern breaking his tone. He knew what she was hoping to find, She hadn't given up. Khloe finally stopped. -- Moonlight spilled across the rocky ground, stark and bright, casting a surreal glow.

For a fleeting instant, she thought she sensed Nick's presence. But walking so far, consumed by longing, it was Lenny's voice that finally brought her back to reality. She must have been deluded. If Nick had survived, wouldn't he have sought her out immediately? Even Noah... Her heart ached with the weight of hopeless longing. The cold wasn't piercing, but her limbs were stiff, her tears nearly spent, unable to fall any further. Seeing this, Lenny quickly fetched a thick coat and draped it over her shoulders. "It's very late, Madam. Tomorrow, you still have to return to Goldmont City...

everyone at home is waiting for you." Khloe understood the recklessness of her actions. No matter how much she tried to control herself, she couldn't feign normalcy. Her heart felt as if it had died a little. After a long moment, she nodded. She lifted her eyes toward the nearly full moon, letting its light wash over her, and closed them in silent prayer. If the heavens still held mercy, even a miracle would suffice- -- could Nick be returned to her? She would give ten years of her own life, but not his. She would not trade his life for her own "Madam..." Lenny spoke again.

Khloe finally turned, reluctant, her steps heavy as she returned to the car. The next morning, as she left the hotel, a sudden unease gripped her chest. She glanced back, as if once again sensing Nick's presence. "Khloe," Arista murmured softly, reading her thoughts. She slipped her arm through Khloe's, lending quiet strength.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 725

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 725 – Nick's clothes and belongings had been carefully packed and were being sent back to Goldmont City. Even if his body couldn't be found, his stuff would return home with them. The private jet lifted smoothly, cutting through the clear, endless skies of Naraida, leaving the city far behind. Meanwhile, in a mountainside villa on the outskirts of Naraida's capital, a flurry of blonde-haired, blue-eyed doctors moved in and out of a bedroom, discussing the condition of the patient lying inside.

A sharply dressed man entered, adjusting his cufflinks as he made a beeline for the bedside. The people around him instinctively stepped aside, nodding in acknowledgment. The man wasn't from Naraida. His black hair and dark eyes stood out against his tall, commanding frame. He exuded aristocratic refinement, but his sharp expression made anyone near him feel the weight of distance. "How is he?" he asked quietly, addressing his assistant. The assistant immediately spoke to the doctors in their language, then turned back with a reply, "Mr. Clarke, his injuries -- are severe.

Multiple fractures in the limbs, minor internal bleeding, and most critically, nerve damage. That's why he's still unconscious." Lucas's gaze shifted to the man on the bed, the oxygen mask obscuring his face, his features still and lifeless. "Tell them-no matter what, bring him back," Lucas said, his brow furrowed, his tone sharp. The assistant quickly relayed the order. Lucas sank into a chair, studying the thin, fragile form on the bed. A storm of emotions churned inside him. "Nick... pull through. Didn't you always say you had a strong life?

Don't make it so easy to die," he muttered under his breath, a voice as much for himself as for the unconscious man. He stayed in the room until evening. Only when the assistant came to urge him did he finally rise to leave. Lucas was Naraida's largest gambling magnate, with a sprawling business empire and a nightly schedule crowded with obligations. In fact, Lucas owed everything he had to Nick. As he got into his car, he reminded his assistant again, "We have special guests at home. Keep this strictly confidential." "Don't worry, Mr. Clarke.

Everyone involved has already been silenced," the assistant replied, though unease lingered in his -- voice. "But.. if you rescued him, why not-?" The assistant didn't know Nick's true identity. He only found it strange: anyone worth Lucas's all-out effort must be someone important-or someone with a deep personal connection. Why not contact the family? Why keep it secret? "Don't ask questions you shouldn't," Lucas snapped, cutting him off. The assistant swallowed his doubts.

In truth, it wasn't that Lucas didn't want to notify the Hunt family -his hand in saving Nick carried too many implications. For his own position, he could save Nick, but he could

not appear publicly in the process. 1 Lucas and Nick had known each other since childhood. They had attended the same school. From an early age, Lucas had been determined to rise above everyone else. He studied rigorously, always ranking among the top of his class. His only rival, academically, was Nick.

Though in different classes, they were frequently called together by teachers to organize assignments or distribute work. Gradually, they became familiar with each other. Lucas had heard that Nick's family background was exceptional, and he wanted to befriend him. But Nick was distant, cold, and -- difficult to approach. Every attempt Lucas made to be warm and friendly was ignored. Eventually, classmates mocked Lucas for it, calling him a rich kid's sycophantic follower. Later, Lucas was kidnapped.

He soon realized that the kidnappers had intended to seize Nick-but because Lucas had been too close to him, they had mistaken Lucas for their target.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 726

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 726 - At the time, Lucas was still young. Fear, frustration, and resentment filled his heart. He blamed Nick for his predicament, convinced it was Nick who had caused him to be kidnapped in the first place. In a desperate bid to save himself, he had even offered to help the kidnappers catch Nick. And so, Lucas had lured Nick to the school gates, exchanging Nick's freedom for his own. But afterward, regret gnawed at him. Lucas wasn't a virtuous man, but he hadn't wanted to harm anyone. Fortunately, Nick had been rescued unharmed. After that, Lucas kept his distance.

They no longer spoke, no longer shared moments. Only after middle school graduation, when financial pressures forced Lucas to drop out, did Nick find him and offer a substantial scholarship. It was then that Lucas realized Nick had never stopped considering him a friend. Nick had always noticed Lucas's warmth and effort, even if his own aloofness made him seem distant. Nick had never been good with words or social interaction, but in his heart, he valued Lucas as a loyal and capable friend who had helped him countless times.

-- Lucas remembered how, back then, he often spoke of his dream: to study in Naraida, attend the best university, become a top-tier talent, and make a fortune. Nick hadn't commented much at the time, but when Lucas faced the threat of leaving school, Nick had ensured he got into a school in Naraida. The Hunt family provided full financial support, covering every expense as long as Lucas performed academically. Hearing Nick's sincere words, Lucas had been overwhelmed with shame. He confessed everything he had done, hoping for forgiveness.

He had expected Nick's disdain, but instead, Nick had clapped him firmly on the shoulder and moved on. "Don't be an idiot next time. What you owe me, remember to pay it back." Lucas never forgot Nick's calm, effortless words. At the time, Nick was still a child, speaking with a cold, expressionless tone- but he was so striking, so admirable Lucas never forgot the debt he owed. Over the years in Naraida, he had faced many trials. Though he hadn't become the great man he had dreamed of, fate had turned him into a powerful and influential figure.

He had earned the money he wanted, but every close friend and family member had long vanished from his life. -- A few days ago, he had stumbled upon a news report: Nick had arrived in Naraida. Excitement had surged through him. He didn't know if his old friend would remember him, but he had resolved to see Nick at all costs. Then disaster struck. Just as he had cleared his schedule, news of Nick's accident reached him. Lucas knew Naraida's police better than most. An organization capable of committing murder in public was no small matter.

Local authorities, wary of the organization's power, would never dig too deeply. Lucas's own business operations operated in gray areas, requiring contact with both sides of the law. It took a little effort to confirm who wanted Nick dead: Lacuna. Lacuna was a notorious international underground organization, a weapon and secret reserved for the world's elite, tied to countless influential figures globally. Its strength was formidable, with numerous chapters and elite operatives, its network reaching into the corridors of power in multiple countries.

Naraida was the organization's strongest base, which explained the audacity of their actions. Even now, though public outrage and police pressure had forced a full-scale investigation, Lucas knew the outcome would likely be limited: a few arrests here, a -- handful of chapter closures there, all just for appearances.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 727

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 727 - Lucas had eyes and ears within Lacuna. When he learned of Nick's peril, loyalty and old friendship left him no choice: he had to save Nick. But given his current position, he couldn't risk exposing himself. Stepping into the fray would not only draw Lacuna's wrath but also alienate many of his key clients. The only solution was to locate Nick before the organization did, extract him in complete secrecy, and escort him safely back to his home country. Every step had to be invisible-no witnesses, no leaks.

Night clouds drifted, the moon traced its arc, and the sun slowly rose, While Naraida was just waking, Khloe had already landed in Goldmont City, where night still held sway. Arista worried about her traveling alone and wanted to take her straight to the Hunt family estate, but Khloe refused. She bid Arista a calm farewell, insisting she just wanted to go home and rest. Arista didn't press, instructing Lenny to see her safely back. --

Loretta and Leon were at home, and Khloe wasn't yet ready to break the news about Nick. The emotional burden was too great. "I'll come see you tomorrow."

Tonight, just rest. Don't overthink things," Arista said, hugging her, stroking her face before leaving with George. George's expression was solemn. He, too, worried about how to break the news to his parents, and whether Khloe could bear the weight of the Hunt family business without Nick. Even if she had the capability, her pregnancy complicated everything. The bigger question loomed: how long could the truth about Nick's death be postponed? On the way home, Khloe had already run through all these questions herself, but exhaustion and grief had left her body heavy and fragile.

Rest came first. Lenny parked the car beneath her apartment building, intending to escort her to the elevator, but she stopped him. She truly wanted to be alone. She didn't even have the energy to speak. Lenny hesitated, unsure how to offer comfort, but Khloe had already walked away. Inside, the darkened apartment suffocated her. Every memory of them together surged back. She looked out at the faint city lights through the floor-to-ceiling window and recalled the -- moments they had watched sunsets side by side. "Khloe, you're back." The familiar low voice pierced her reverie.

Khloe froze, imagining the man standing at the far end of the living room, rising from the sofa. When she wasn't home, Nick wouldn't turn on the lights; he simply waited, quietly curled on the couch, holding his phone, feeling each day stretch endlessly. But the moment she returned, that entire day would suddenly be the most beautiful, the most worthwhile. Nick... Khloe rushed toward the sofa, hand outstretched, only to embrace empty air. He was gone. He would never wait for her to come home again.

She stood there for a long time, stunned. When reality finally settled, the night outside had grown darker, the lights in the apartment sparse and cold. The next morning, before dawn, Khloe awoke with a start. She realized she had slept on the sofa with nothing but a thin blanket wrapped around her. Her neck ached fiercely. -- Then, faint footsteps came from the kitchen. "Nick!"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 728

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 728 - Khloe immediately rushed into the kitchen, but the figure she saw wasn't the one from her dreams. "Khloe!" Charlotte tumbled, eyes lighting up. Next to her stood a housekeeper, bustling about the kitchen. She glanced toward Khloe and nodded politely. The woman looked familiar, and Khloe recognized her instantly as one of the attendants who often stayed by Loretta's side. Charlotte stepped closer, her eyes flickering gently. Her sleeves were rolled up high, hands still wet from washing vegetables and fruit. "Charlotte..."

what are you doing here?” Khloe’s fleeting disappointment vanished when she saw Charlotte. Her lips curved into a small, unconscious smile, and her expression softened. Charlotte gently took Khloe’s hand. “Your mother-in-law asked me to come keep you company.” She hadn’t been there long. Khloe must have been exhausted, sleeping deeply. Charlotte had considered helping her back to bed, but worried that moving her might wake her—and once awake, falling back asleep would be difficult.

Instead, she — decided to wait until the breakfast was ready, letting Khloe eat a little before returning to rest. Khloe felt touched. Arista had thought of everything: not wanting to burden her by staying too close, yet worried she might overthink or despair. So she had sent a friend to be there. Charlotte hadn’t said anything outright, but it was clear she understood. She carefully helped Khloe back onto the sofa and poured her a cup of hot water. “Khloe, are you hungry?” Khloe shook her head. She held the warm cup but didn’t drink.

“Whether you’re hungry or not, at this stage, you need to replenish your strength. Eat properly, okay? I’m hungry anyway,” Charlotte said lightly, forcing cheer into her voice. “I heard Arista say your housekeeper cooks really well... mind if I sneak in three meals a day?” Khloe smiled faintly. “You can sneak as many meals as you want. “Then I’ll shamelessly take advantage,” Charlotte replied, her tone easy, but her heart heavy. Even now, she knew joking was inappropriate. The news of Nick’s absence had been devastating, even for her—let alone for Khloe.

Yet, seeing Khloe manage a smile made Charlotte’s eyes — prick with tears. After a few light exchanges, Khloe fell silent, her gaze distant. The atmosphere grew heavy. Charlotte quickly changed the subject, sharing some key updates from the company she had prepared before coming, hoping to redirect Khloe’s focus. As always, Khloe perked up slightly when it came to work, offering a few more words than before. Breakfast was soon ready. Charlotte coaxed Khloe into eating, and Khloe cooperated, trying her best to maintain some energy.

Though her appetite was weak, she managed to pick at nutritious foods. Charlotte ate more herself, deliberately prolonging the mealtime to give Khloe more time to eat. That afternoon, Khloe called for Lenny. One of Hunt Group’s core energy projects was currently up for bidding. There were many competitors, but the most formidable was Solara Energy. She asked Lenny to organize all the materials for her, wanting to get a deep understanding of the situation. “The bid isn’t for a while. We’re already well-prepared,” Lenny — said, after two hours reviewing the project with her.

Khloe still looked pale. Arista had reminded them to monitor her carefully if she insisted on working, to prevent overexertion. “Got it. Tomorrow I’ll hold a meeting. All project leads must attend. Prepare everything for me,” Khloe said without lifting her head as she flipped through the files.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 729

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 729 – Lenny nodded in response but didn't move. "Alright, go handle your things." Khloe finally looked up at him after a long pause. Lenny hesitated, wanting to speak. "What is it?" "Nothing." He shook his head and, in the end, said nothing at all before leaving. No sooner had Lenny gone than Charlotte appeared, interrupting Khloe. "You've been working for so long-you need a break. | made some desserts, want to try?" Khloe had intended to decline; there were still plenty of files she hadn't finished reviewing. But Charlotte's insistence left her no choice.

She shifted slightly and followed her to the dining area. Stepping out, Khloe noticed that Charlotte and the housekeeper had redecorated the room. Every detail had been refreshed: the sofa was now covered with colorful, cheerful cushions, and flowers were scattered across the table and around the room. -- Knowing Khloe liked sweets, Charlotte had prepared two delicate cakes. "They're delicious," Khloe said, taking a bite, a genuine smile breaking across her face. Charlotte's eyes sparkled. "I'm glad you like them. It's my first time making them-your housekeeper taught me." "You're amazing.

Whoever marries you in the future is going to be very lucky," Khloe said instinctively, though her expression subtly shifted as if recalling something. Charlotte's chest tightened. "| just want to focus on work and ear money. That... kind of thing is far away for me." Khloe said nothing further. At that moment, Charlotte's phone vibrated. She glanced at it and hung up immediately, but the calls kept coming. Khloe raised an eyebrow. "It's okay, go ahead and answer it." "No need." Charlotte frowned, hung up again, and then put her phone on silent.

Out of the corner of her eye, Khloe caught the caller ID. "Ethan?" A flicker of embarrassment crossed Charlotte's face as she -- nodded. Khloe sighed. "You really like him, huh?" "| don't! | really don't like him!" Charlotte exclaimed, quickly trying to reassure Khloe. Khloe shook her head. "Feelings aren't something you can always control. If you truly liked him, that wouldn't be wrong- but he's not a good man. You'd only end up hurt." "Khloe... I'll be honest with you.

I want revenge on Ethan, but | don't have any feelings for him." At this point, Charlotte didn't feel the need to hide anything. She poured out everything-her entanglements with Ethan over the past weeks and the thoughts she had kept buried in her heart. "Khloe, | know you might think I'm foolish, but | just hate him!" Ethan had ruined her best friend, and she wanted payback. Even knowing he could never care for her, if there was even the slightest chance to hurt him, she wouldn't let it pass. Each interaction with him, however, left her on edge.

With Clarice around before, Charlotte had held back, not wanting to make things difficult for Khloe, and had even tried to stir tension between Ethan and Clarice. But now that

Khloe had returned safely, Charlotte knew Ethan was doomed. -- Khloe's gaze then fell on Charlotte's wrist. A thin, red line marred her skin-like a cut. "What happened to your hand?" Khloe asked, concern sharpening her voice. "I... cut myself," Charlotte admitted after a moment's hesitation. A few nights ago, Ethan had used the news of Khloe and Nick to lure Charlotte to a hotel at night.

She knew he meant harm, but she went anyway. For protection, she had brought a small knife. That night, Ethan had been drinking. The moment Charlotte arrived, he pinned her at the door and tried to force a kiss. She tried to fight back with the knife, but her strength was no match. He overpowered her and pinned her to the bed.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 730

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 730 - Ethan hadn't actually assaulted Charlotte-what he wanted was her willing submission. But Charlotte's disgust for him had reached its limit. She refused to give in, so she slashed her own hand with the knife. "You're too impulsive! I've told you before, getting entangled with Ethan will only hurt you... that bastard!" Khloe listened, heart pounding, She couldn't help but feel Charlotte's courage-normally so obedient and careful, yet utterly reckless when it came to action. "| knew it would hurt me. | never expected to win against him anyway." Charlotte lowered her head.

All she wanted was for Ethan to suffer, to feel pain. But if she didn't get close to him, how could she learn his weaknesses? How could she witness his failures? To take revenge on someone else, sometimes meant taking revenge on herself. She had long come to terms with that. "So you... weren't..." Khloe's voice trembled slightly, still shaken. Charlotte shook her head. "I threatened him. He didn't touch me." -- She knew that frightening a paper tiger like Ethan could work. He wouldn't want to escalate matters and get himself implicated, so he would compromise-and she had been right.

In truth, Ethan had already been sidelined by Clarice. He had only heard some news from her circle, learning that Khloe and Nick had been trapped in Naraida. Later, when Charlotte learned from Michael that Khloe was safe, she ignored Ethan. Now that Khloe had just returned to Goldmont City, Ethan was eager to contact her-probably hoping to extract information about Clarice. Hearing Charlotte's words, Khloe finally exhaled, relief flooding her chest. She gently touched Charlotte's wound, torn between worry and helplessness. "Charlotte, don't do anything foolish again.

No matter how much you hate someone, your own life and safety are always the most important. Not for your friends, not for me-it's never worth it." Charlotte nodded silently. Lowering her gaze, Khloe continued, "The reason | haven't acted against Ethan yet is because, although he was Clarice's adopted son, the business lines he controls are the foundation of the Morrison family. If | kicked him out without proper justification, no one

would respect it.” — “But that doesn’t mean | can’t deal with him.” Khloe lifted her gaze, her eyes locking onto Charlotte’s.

Slowly, a chill began to creep into her stare. “Khloe...” Charlotte felt it—a shadow of Khloe’s intentions. “| know you have no feelings for Ethan, so | can be at ease. He’s done enough absurd things, and with Clarice gone, the real trouble for him is just beginning.” Khloe leaned close to Charlotte and whispered a few words into her ear. Charlotte’s pupils trembled as she understood Khloe’s meaning “You want me to do it?” she asked softly. “Don’t you want the chance to take revenge yourself?” “I do.” Charlotte smiled faintly. By evening, Ethan was driving home when his phone rang.

Seeing the familiar number, he pressed his lips together. “! thought that after Khloe came back, you’d never contact me again.” “Let’s meet—I have something to tell you.” Charlotte’s voice came through the receiver, crisp and cool, unusually formal. — Ethan didn’t think much of it. “Hmm,” he said, casually giving the name of a nearby bar. Clarice had gone missing. Ethan had been unable to reach her for a long time. Even the news of Khloe’s sudden return to Goldmont City had come to him through Oscar.

Previously, when he heard that Khloe and Nick had been trapped in Naraida, he assumed Clarice had deliberately blocked information, either to prevent him from leaking anything or because she no longer trusted him, excluding him from all major matters.