

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 731

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 731 – But Ethan hadn't expected to become the discarded pawn. Clarice suddenly froze all the cards and assets under his control. The funds he'd managed for her businesses were now inaccessible, and debt was fast approaching. And, as usual, he would be the one to take the blame. He desperately needed information from Khloe-but going directly to her might not work. So he had no choice but to turn to Charlotte. By the time he was on his third drink at the bar, Charlotte arrived. She didn't waste a moment, heading straight for him. "Is there a private room? Somewhere quiet," she asked.

Ethan, lounging at the bar, narrowed his eyes at her before nodding to the waiter. They relocated, leaving the noisy bar behind. The atmosphere grew tense and cold. His gaze flicked to Charlotte's wrist. "Still hurting?" he asked. That day, her actions had genuinely shaken him. She would rather risk death than be entangled with him. Truthfully, it had wounded him deeply. — "It's healed," Charlotte replied lightly. "How could an old scar hurt?" "But it still hurts me," Ethan sighed, a teasing smile tugging at his lips.

The cut hadn't been deep, and it had healed quickly-but he had felt genuine pain. Charlotte, annoyed, shifted the topic. "You didn't come here to talk about that, did you?" "Then what do you think | came for?" Ethan asked, calm, leaning back with a trace of challenge in his voice. "Clarice," Charlotte said bluntly. "You want to know where your mother is, right?" "So you came just to tell me?" His eyes flickered with amusement, a teasing glint dancing in them as he leaned slightly closer. Charlotte rolled her eyes internally.

Even with death knocking at the door, Ethan remained annoyingly confident. "Yes," she said, lips curling faintly. "Clarice conspired with an illegal organization and hired assassins. Now that she's escaped, Henry is enraged and reckoning with the Davis family. He's uncovered quite a lot. | think there are some things you have the right to know." — Her voice was calm, but Ethan could hear a hint of schadenfreude beneath it. He watched her without replying, patient and deliberate.

Charlotte continued, "Ethan, you probably still remember how your parents died, don't you?" After a long, suffocating silence, Ethan finally met her gaze. He wanted to laugh, but the laugh wouldn't come. "Charlotte... are you trying to kill me... and my heart?" "I'm only trying to help," Charlotte said softly, leaning slightly closer. "| don't want you to be used all these years, only to be the stepping stone for your enemies in the end. You've helped me in the past.

Isn't this a way to repay that?" Her words were airy, yet each one cut like a knife straight into Ethan's chest-merciless and precise. "Enemies?" "Yes, enemies," Charlotte said, feigning sympathy. "You must have suspected at some point, right? Your parents... were

killed by Clarice.” Ethan’s throat tightened. The truth he had spent so long trying to avoid was finally unavoidable.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 732

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 732 – Charlotte seemed barely able to contain herself. No sooner had she spoken than she pulled a folder from her bag and pushed it across the table toward Ethan. “Back then, Clarice was involved with Niel, and the Davis family and the Morrison Group struck their first collaboration. To maximize the Davis family’s gain-and to reap the benefits unnoticed-Clarice used your parents to transfer the bulk of funds and stole key Morrison Group data from the Davis family.

“Later, when the scheme was exposed, Clarice managed to wash herself completely clean, leaving the Davis family behind while she approached the Morrison family alone, making your parents take the fall.” Charlotte spoke deliberately, each sentence landing like a measured strike. After a long, frozen pause, Ethan finally opened the folder she’d handed him and slowly lowered his head to examine its contents. 1 Khloe had long suspected that Clarice’s timing in taking in Ethan had been far too convenient.

His parents’ misdeeds and flight had left young Ethan unprotected-and Clarice just happened to adopt him and marry Niel. Everything had the appearance of a — meticulously planned, perfectly sealed loop. Khloe had assumed that someone like Ethan, if guided, would naturally grow suspicious of Clarice. Yet, she hadn’t anticipated how deeply Ethan’s loyalty ran-that even in his bones, he clung to Clarice’s “favor.” He had grown accustomed to being the dog, unwilling to leave his master. Now, with Henry moving against the Davis family, a trove of Clarice’s crimes had been unearthed.

The Davis family, desperate to protect themselves, would have done anything to pin the blame on her. Back when Clarice had been with Niel, her goal was revenge on the Davis family. The collaboration between Clarice and Niel appeared to be mutually beneficial, but in reality, it was designed to undermine the Davis family while establishing Clarice’s influence-ensuring that the Davis family would fear and acknowledge her presence through Niel’s position. But Clarice’s calculations were extreme.

While she had struck the Davis family through the Morrison family, the aftermath froze all relations between her and the Davis family. When Niel was in power, the Davis family yielded and indulged her, giving her whatever she asked. Yet once Niel left, Clarice’s position weakened; the Davis family no longer offered her any leverage. The earlier deception, in which the Davis family lost critical project data and fell from grace, could not be concealed.

The — Davis family had long suspected Clarice, and their investigation revealed that the project’s missing funds were traced to a secret account managed by an overseas partner

of Clarice's company. Originally, this evidence had been held back as leverage against her. But now, with Clarice dragging the Davis family into the chaos, they had no choice but to sever ties completely. The documents Ethan was seeing were backups: a detailed account of the events involving his parents, investigative conclusions, and all of the evidence the Davis family had gathered against Clarice.

Every indication pointed to Clarice as the architect and sole beneficiary of the original scheme. Ethan's parents had always worked for Clarice, though at the time, to avoid drawing the Davis family's attention, they maintained no overt contact with her. Tracing back further, even Ethan's birthday gift from that period revealed Clarice had transferred 160 thousand dollars—far beyond what would be expected for ordinary employees. “They didn't need to die,” Charlotte leaned back slightly, studying the slow unraveling on Ethan's face. Her fingers brushed the cold rim of a nearby glass.

“Your parents had already reached an agreement with Clarice: ten years of imprisonment in exchange for a sum that would secure your family's future.” — “But Clarice, being ruthless and merciless, feared they would leak secrets. She orchestrated their escape, staged the car accident... and adopted you.”

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 733

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 733 – “After all, only the dead cannot speak. And you, at five years old, just happened to fill the childless gap between her and Niel. Add in her brainwashing, her gratitude, and you became the perfect pawn,” Charlotte said. Ethan stared at the old photographs printed inside the folder— snapshots from the scene of his parents' car accident. He glanced at them once and immediately turned his head away. The next moment, he shoved all the documents aside with a force that seemed to try and expel them from his world entirely. “What proof... do you have... that it was her...

maybe it was all an accident. Otherwise, why wouldn't she fear that I'd eventually find out...” “Ethan, even if you had ironclad proof that the crash wasn't an accident, what could you possibly do to Clarice?” Charlotte's voice cut him off, cold and sharp. She knew Ethan must be in turmoil right now. The more he tried to avoid it, the more it proved that her words had struck at his deepest nerve. His breathing became rapid. His eyes were red-rimmed as he — stared at Charlotte, unable to speak. Her meaning was unmistakable. A tamed dog like him—Clarice never considered Ethan a threat.

Even knowing the truth, he was nothing more than a pawn she could discard, a piece she could erase whenever she wished. Charlotte picked up the glass, took a small sip, and paused before speaking again. “You wanted proof, right? The vehicle inspection report is in there. You can take a good look. The car had been tampered with, “At the very least, it proves it wasn't an accident. “Clarice was the first from the Davis family to arrive at the scene. Her testimony is that your parents entrusted you to her and Niel before they attempted suicide out of guilt.

“Tell me, if someone has already confessed willingly, why would they suddenly escape and attempt suicide?” Charlotte’s words needed no further evidence. Even a fool could understand. No one else had motive-except Clarice. Ethan slammed his fist on the table. Charlotte flinched as he buried his head, radiating a dark, dangerous energy. He had thought... Clarice hadn’t adopted him out of thin air. He -- had suspected his parents had complex ties to her, that they’d been used-or even sold. But her care for him made it impossible to imagine...

that she had killed his parents, Ethan would rather know nothing. Let the lie stand. He couldn’t face the fact that what he thought of as kindness had been built on his parents’ deaths. He didn’t know how to confront their spirits in the afterlife. He felt powerless. Charlotte saw him grind his knuckles into the edge of the table so hard that the skin tore and bled. He kept pressing, relentless She hadn’t even finished what she wanted to say, but seeing him like this, she hesitated. Khloe had told her to gauge the moment carefully-don’t push too hard.

“I know it’s hard to digest, but the truth must be faced. I warned you.” She stood, intending to leave. Ethan slammed the table again with a dull, heavy sound, making her pause mid-step. “Khloe had you show me this... what is her purpose?” Charlotte’s lips twitched “Ethan...” -- “Don’t pretend. You just want to see me suffer, don’t you? Speak plainly. What does she want me to do?” He let out a bitter, chilling laugh. The sound was hoarse, almost breaking, but beneath it was a sorrow so deep it made the spine ache. Even at his lowest, Ethan’s suffering was undeniable.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 734

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 734 - The five-year-old child who once had no one, who had been completely innocent... that child was also a victim. Charlotte furrowed her brows. But the thought of her friend, coupled with Ethan’s inherent coldness and the cunning he had learned from Clarice, made it impossible for her to feel any sympathy. Pain, after all, was also a choice. “Clarice has multiple secret accounts within the Morrison Group. Every time she moves assets, it goes through those accounts. You’re the only one who can access them,” Charlotte said. Hearing this, Ethan understood immediately.

He had always handled Clarice’s transfers. If he betrayed her, he would not escape culpability himself. Yet, he also knew the knife Khloe had handed over-the one now in Charlotte’s words-was aimed at his vulnerabilities. He could not refuse. Clarice was on the run; she needed these accounts for the moment. He couldn’t make her pay for her crimes in blood, but Khloe could. Ethan snorted again, lifting his eyes to meet Charlotte’s gaze. She looked at him with something like pity-but beneath it lay an -- unmistakable, unshakable disdain.

“If you still remember your parents, if there’s any courage left in your veins, you should take revenge yourself,” Charlotte said coldly. “Of course,” Ethan finally rasped after a long pause, his voice hoarse, grating. “Khloe is giving me this chance... how could I possibly let her down?” Even if he didn’t want revenge on Clarice, he already had no way out within the Morrison Group. They held each other’s gaze for a long moment. Charlotte saw the murky complexity lurking in his eyes and, inexplicably, felt a twinge of discomfort. She had nothing more to say and turned to leave again.

“Charlotte.” Ethan’s voice called out, stopping her. “Do you really hate me so much you wish I were dead? Have you felt nothing for me all this time?” “You’re joking,” Charlotte replied with a low, bitter laugh. “And no, I’ve never wanted you dead... I don’t think death solves anything. Pain comes from living.” Ethan chuckled, amused by her coldness. “Is this because of — Nancy?” Charlotte said nothing “What if I told you I never hurt her... that I was once her most important support? Would you even believe me?” Charlotte turned her head, glancing at him sideways.

“Ethan, now is not the time to make excuses! You’ve kept every note Nancy wrote you. She only acted out because her heart was broken. Who else could toy with a young girl’s emotions like that, if not you?” “I don’t believe in love,” Ethan said. “My private life is messy, I’m merciless to women, I seek thrills and shirk responsibility... I’ll admit all of that. But I refuse to be blamed for something I didn’t do by someone I care about!” The last words struck Charlotte’s eyes. She was momentarily speechless, never expecting him to say something like that. “You... like me?” she whispered.

Then, she laughed. “Ethan, you? Like someone? It’s just your pitiful need to conquer. “You probably put in plenty of effort with Nancy too, didn’t you? She’s just an ordinary girl, like me... easy to manipulate, easy to control... “Maybe for you, being with her was just a change of flavor. But — do you realize that all of her genuine feelings... were her life itself?” Charlotte stepped closer, and Ethan furrowed his brow, caught in her interrogation, unable to respond. “I told you, Charlotte... I never did anything to Nancy!”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 735

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 735 – Ethan had never cared to explain himself to anyone. Yet at this moment, he desperately wanted to lay his heart bare before Charlotte. Was this his retribution? Punishment for all the ways he had toyed with love and twisted hearts? So now that he was actually serious, his heart was destined to be trampled? “Charlotte, listen to me carefully—Nancy never loved me!” “She was someone I sponsored for three years. We exchanged countless letters. I knew she was a wonderful girl... it’s just that when I met her, she was already ill.

I tried to guide her for a long time, but I couldn’t save her in the end... “I admit, I said harsh things to her. I thought she was useless! I never understood how someone could be

driven to despair over love. My biggest regret... is that she was one of the few people who ever truly cared for me, yet | couldn't offer her the care she needed... | couldn't be there when she needed me most!" Charlotte froze, stunned for a full minute. Ethan's face was flushed, veins standing out on his neck. Tears glistened in his eyes, as if he were genuinely crushed and wronged.

-- But Charlotte quickly recovered. Her lips curled into a faint smirk, her brow furrowing "Making up stories, huh? Ethan, you? Sponsor someone who has nothing to do with you? But | have to admit, you're impressive- lying like that and almost making me feel for you. Almost." She ground her teeth, each word dripping with sarcasm. Ethan seemed at his wit's end. He took a few steps forward, slammed Charlotte against the corner of the table, and gripped her arms with all his strength "You still don't believe me? What do | have to do for you to believe me?"

Do you want me to go find Nancy's family?" Charlotte looked at him with apprehension. He seemed unhinged, yet he refused to back down. "Ethan, when someone's dead, there's no proof. Say whatever you want, but I only believe what | see... because | know exactly what kind of person you are!" Ethan fell silent. Her words hit him straight in the chest. What kind of person was he? -- A rotten one. From the moment he was a child, he had been doomed never to be the kind of person anyone could like. All those years flashed through his mind in an instant.

Countless nights alone in the dark, enduring fear, pandering to Clarice. Outwardly, he perfected the art of feigned politeness, never a shred of sincerity In the world of fame and wealth, he was greedy and insatiable; in matters of the heart, he was untouchable, calculating... Everything that made him feel alive became a selfish indulgence, a way to comfort himself. Why didn't he trust love? Of course, he didn't. No one had ever truly seen him. No one had ever trusted him. Even if he had wanted to love. Even if he had done good deeds.

They would always be twisted, interpreted as having hidden motives. That was normal- because that was who he was. A black crow. No matter how many jewels you drape over its feathers, it will always be black. -- And yet, even a crow like him could feel desire. His feelings for Charlotte were indefinable, from the moment he first met her. Beneath her obedient exterior was an iron-willed stubbornness; beneath her fragile appearance, a strength; beneath her coldness, warmth and sincerity. These were things he would never possess.

Even if she hated him with every fiber of her being, when he was near her, it was like a frozen man drawn to fire-momentary peace, fleeting satisfaction. But light abhors darkness. No matter how much he wanted to reach her, it was all in vain.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 736

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 736 - "Why are you so quiet?" Seeing Ethan fall silent, Charlotte spoke again, her tone teasing. She thought he'd run out of lies and saw an opportunity to mock him. Ethan smiled, though the tears glimmering at the corners of his eyes betrayed him. When he tilted his head, they were quickly brushed aside with a finger. "What more is there to say? I've explained everything | could. Since you don't believe me, there's nothing left to say..." Charlotte wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but it felt like he had cried.

She drew in a deep breath, grabbed her bag, and left the private room Bursting out of the bar, she immediately hailed a taxi and climbed in, as if afraid Ethan would chase after her at any moment. It wasn't until the car had driven a good distance that she rolled down the window, letting the night wind hit her face, finally calming her racing heart. She had seen him humbled, tormented, forced to bow-and the satisfaction that brought her lasted only a fleeting moment -- before dissolving completely. She realized, in the aftermath of vengeance, all that remained was emptiness.

The next afternoon, the internal company chat at Morrison Group announced personnel changes. Ethan's position as vice president was revoked, temporarily replaced by a company veteran. As Charlotte moved through the departments delivering documents, she overheard employees discussing Ethan. "Did you hear? There were police cars at the company gate this morning." "Yes, | saw it-Ethan went in." "Ethan? | thought he left for personal reasons?" "Personal reasons? More like under investigation..."

Apparently, over the past two years, he helped Clarice transfer a lot of company assets, seriously violating non-compete agreements. There's even a suspicion of criminal activity. Now that Clarice is being investigated abroad, Ethan can't escape scrutiny either..." "Does that mean prison?" "Not sure if it's that bad, but he definitely won't be able to stay in -- Goldmont City..." Charlotte hadn't planned to pay attention, but their conversation was loud enough to be impossible to ignore.

She walked over, deliberately tapped the desk, and said, "It's work hours-keep it down." The moment they saw Charlotte, everyone fell silent. Though she was just a junior manager, everyone knew she was Khloe's trusted assistant-the company's invisible voice of influence. After finishing her deliveries, Charlotte went to the pantry to get some coffee. But in a rare lapse of attention, the coffee overflowed, spilling all over her hands. "Lost in thought again? Because of Ethan?" A familiar voice spoke, and a few paper towels were handed to her. It was Winnie.

Charlotte quickly thanked her and turned to clean up at the sink. "| was just thinking about work." "Really?" -- Winnie turned, taking a cup of water. With her back to Charlotte, she added, "I thought you'd be happy that Ethan is completely out of the company. Why do you look so serious?" "Lam happy." Charlotte exhaled, a slight smile tugging at her lips Winnie didn't press further. She didn't think Charlotte's emotions would be swayed by Ethan anyway. But having grown close over the past weeks, even a girl who disliked someone could sometimes find herself caught in sentimentality.

Winnie opened the fridge and took out two carefully packaged pastries—one for Charlotte, one for Khloe. “I heard Khloe hasn’t been doing well. She’s not at the office today, and you’ll be going to see her soon, right? Please take this to her—it’s a bit of a hassle, I know.” Winnie had gotten up at six that morning to line up at a popular local shop known for its trendy pastries. She had bought one of each of their signature items.

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 737

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 737 – Khloe’s situation had already reached Winnie through Michael. Winnie knew she wasn’t good with words and couldn’t really comfort anyone, but she had still sent Khloe a message to check in. Khloe’s reply came late, short and curt. Winnie understood—there was no other way to reach out, so she had done what she could. Charlotte nodded, then remembered something. “How’s it going with Michael lately?” she asked Winnie. She had seen the chatter online: Michael had left the Morrison family and was struggling to even find work.

Predictions suggested their marriage wouldn’t last three months. Oscar was clearly determined to make things difficult for Michael. Unless someone intervened, there was little hope of easing the conflict—and that someone had to be Khloe. But Khloe, having just returned to the country, was wholly focused on the Hunt family’s affairs. Everyone tacitly agreed not to mention this issue to her. “He’s doing... okay. He’s working hard,” Winnie replied, hesitating slightly. Her tone didn’t match her words. Charlotte’s eyes suddenly lit up. “Right. Ethan’s been dismissed.

— His position is vacant, and other places can’t take Michael in— but the Morrison Group still has a place for him, doesn’t it?” Winnie hesitated. “But the Morrison Group is still partly owned by the Morrison family... that doesn’t really fit the agreement.” “Then Michael’s father deliberately making things difficult for him doesn’t fit the agreement either.” Charlotte pursed her lips. She thought Michael and Winnie were still far too obedient. She picked up the pastries and added, “You could ask Michael.

If he’s willing to come help Khloe, I think she’d be very happy.” Winnie nodded, watching Charlotte leave, her eyes flickering with a hint of thought. Meanwhile, in Naraida, it was morning hour. Lucas was in the dining room, eating breakfast while listening to his assistant report on the day’s matters, when someone hurriedly barged in. His brow furrowed. Dozens of bodyguards immediately stepped in, blocking the person at the entrance. “What’s going on?” Seeing the man was unfamiliar, Lucas wiped his hands and — walked over. When he reached him, he noticed the man was in a white uniform.

The assistant quickly signaled the guards to step aside. This man was part of the secret team assigned to guard Nick. Because the team operated under strict secrecy, they were only allowed to move around the estate in emergencies. “Mr. Clarke, he’s awake,” the man said. 1 At that, Lucas’s eyes flickered. Without a word, he strode toward the room. Nick

had been unconscious for three days. When he finally opened his eyes, the unfamiliar surroundings left him dazed- but the person he most wanted to see wasn't there.

The nurse beside him asked excitedly how he felt, but his throat felt raw, as if sliced by a knife. It took him several moments of effort just to force out one word. "Kh...lo...€..." It felt like waking from a long, endless dream-a lifetime compressed into a single breath. But in this life, he had a wife and a child by his side. The doctor came over to examine him, and more footsteps entered the room. A slightly unfamiliar male voice called out, -- excited. "Nick, you're finally awake. How are you feeling?" Nick frowned, confused, looking at Lucas. Lucas leaned close to the bedside.

"I'm Lucas. Do you remember me?" "Lu..." Nick's voice was hoarse, his mouth dry, his body weak. Seeing his confusion, Lucas quickly reminded him of things from their school days. After a few moments, Nick's eyes lit up faintly with recognition "W's you..." "It's me. | knew you were in danger, so | had you rescued. The situation is complicated right now, so you'll need to recover here for a while." Lucas's voice was low. Seeing Nick struggle to speak, he quickly checked with the doctor.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 738

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 738 - The doctor explained that it was normal under the circumstances. Nick's body was still inflamed; his throat was congested, and after days without food, his energy and blood were severely depleted. He had almost no strength left. "My... companion..." Nick's lips quivered as if a thousand words were trapped in his throat. Ignoring the doctor's gentle admonitions, he forced himself to speak slowly toward Lucas. He remembered-the last person he had been with was Noah.

Noah had been injured too, and in the remnants of his consciousness, it was his voice encouraging him, urging him to keep going. Lucas froze, casting a glance at his assistant. When their team had rescued Nick, no one had mentioned there were others with him. The assistant looked innocent. Their mission had been simple: find Nick. Even if there had been others by his side, without explicit instructions, they wouldn't have been rescued. Moreover, Lucas had emphasized secrecy-bring back Nick, and only Nick. "I'm sorry. | didn't know there was another person with you.

My -- team only rescued you," Lucas said evenly. He hadn't planned on rescuing anyone else. And given the circumstances, those who were with Nick might not even have been allies. Even if he personally went to save them, he would have only brought back Nick. Nick suddenly tensed, trying to prop himself up, but as he reached for support, his hands and arms refused to obey him. It was as if he had become paralyzed. Panic flickered across his eyes, and he gasped, a piercing pain tearing through his throat. "What's...

happening to me?” “What’s wrong with him?” Lucas demanded, alarm flashing in his eyes. The medical team immediately rushed to examine Nick. Previously, they had only noted severe external injuries and some brain contusions or damage, but nothing indicated such serious nerve trauma. Tests now revealed partial loss of sensation in both his hands and legs. At present, he struggled to control his movements. It was uncertain whether the function would gradually return-or if he would lose the ability to move permanently. “Am I...

paralyzed?” Nick’s voice was hoarse, trembling with the beginnings of despair. -- Lucas’s expression darkened further. He turned to the doctors, voice sharp. “How is this possible? Isn’t your team the best? Didn’t you say he would be fine once he woke up?” “Were you previously injured?” one doctor asked cautiously in halting English. Nick nodded, veins standing out on his forehead as he gritted his teeth. “Yes... | had nerve injuries before.” The air in the room froze. “Then that explains it,” the doctor said, choosing words carefully as he glanced at Lucas.

“The nerve damage is more severe than we initially estimated. Temporary sensory and motor dysfunction is not uncommon in such cases. “This may be caused by post-traumatic swelling, localized compression, or temporary nerve ‘shock.’ We will conduct a full evaluation and use the best medication and rehabilitation protocols. There’s a chance for recovery soon.” Before Nick could speak, Lucas’s voice cut sharply through the room. “A chance? Be clear-can he recover, or not?” The doctor hesitated. “We... cannot guarantee it.” For an instant, Nick’s world collapsed.

Hope slipped through his fingers like ice water. He felt as if he had fallen into endless -- darkness, the final shred of optimism ripped away. “Nick, don’t panic. The team I’ve brought is the best... they will find a way. You will recover soon.” Lucas tried to comfort him, but Nick’s gaze had gone completely dim. Even in the moments he had been trapped in a bus about to explode, he had never felt such despair. If he were to become paralyzed, unable to care for himself, life would be unbearable. He would rather die.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 739

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 739 - Nick thought miserably that Khloe and their child did not need a burden like him at their side. And he himself could not accept being paralyzed for life. He had thought that surviving a brush with death meant he could return to her. Nick suddenly closed his eyes. He tried to steady himself, but tears slipped uncontrollably from the corners of his eyes. His breathing grew rapid, his chest heaving violently as he forced it down. Yet, no matter how much pain he endured, the truth did not change. His hands were weak. His legs had no sensation. He was useless now.

A useless man with little time left to live. “Nick, pull yourself together!” Seeing him like this, Lucas felt deeply unsettled. Though they had not seen each other for many years, he knew Nick’s pride well. He was not someone who would be easily crushed by hardship. Nick said nothing. He bit down hard on his lip. Before long, blood seeped from the corner

of his mouth. The nurse hurried over, but Nick would not let anyone come near — him. In a hoarse, low growl, he said, “Get out. Leave.” Lucas wanted to say more, but Nick’s emotions had clearly collapsed.

He knew that nothing he said now would help. In the end, he only left a few people standing guard outside and gave Nick time to calm down on his own. That night, Lucas came again. Nick was propped against the headboard, staring blankly toward the window. Lucas had never imagined that the once-proud man of destiny would end up like this. His emotions were complicated beyond words. “I spoke with the doctors. You don’t need to worry too much. You should be able to recover gradually.” Even as he said it, Lucas knew he was lying to himself.

The situation was grim, and no one could guarantee what Nick’s future would be. He was still young, but if he lost the ability to move, he would be no different from a living corpse. For Nick, that would be more painful than death itself, “Don’t comfort me,” Nick said coldly. His voice was hoarse, his breathing heavy, yet he forced out every word as if sheer will could resist the weakness in his body. — “Do you want to contact your family? If you want to go home, I can arrange it once your condition stabilizes. But I suggest you stay here for treatment.

Medical care in Naraida is more advanced and will be more convenient.” Nick was silent for a long time before he said, “I want to know about one person.” “Your wife?” The moment Nick woke up, he had been calling a woman’s name. Lucas also knew that Nick had risked his life coming to Naraida because of her. Heroes had always fallen for beauty. He never expected that even a man as rational and clear-minded as Nick would be trapped by love. “Is she... all right?” Nick’s voice was drained of life. “Why don’t you contact her yourself?” Lucas said.

“An overseas call only takes a few minutes, You can ask her personally.” “My information should be blocked by now, right?” Nick’s mind was unusually clear. He knew that since the police had not found his body, to everyone else, he was most likely already dead. — Lucas confirmed his suspicion. He said that Khloe had already returned to Goldmont City Nick felt both sorrow and relief. She was doing well. She had not drowned in grief. She had not collapsed in despair. Perhaps the best decision he had ever made was handing Hunt Group over to her.

That way, she would not have time to sink into the pain of separation. Maybe in a few months... she would no longer feel so lost. She would no longer grieve for him so deeply. “You... don’t want to see her again?” Lucas suddenly sensed Nick’s true thoughts.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 740

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 740 – Nick remained silent. His answer was already obvious. He should have contacted Khloe the moment he could. She would have waited—no matter what state he was in, as long as she knew he was alive, she would have

been satisfied. But... this time, he would break his word. "Don't you believe in your love? You've sacrificed so much for her. What if she only..." "I believe," Nick interrupted, teeth clenched, voice barely audible, each word tasting like blood. "But I don't want to ruin the best version of us." His words were heart-wrenching.

Even Lucas, a man naturally indifferent to emotion, felt his throat tighten. "But... she might miss you. Maybe for her, just knowing you're alive is enough." "Time will heal all pain. She is strong. One year, two years, three years... it will pass. But if I make her stay with a broken man, she will suffer her whole life." Nick was rational to an extreme. -- He understood perfectly that seeing his suffering would hurt Khloe a thousand times more. Even if in the future she wouldn't resent him, they would no longer walk side by side. How could he allow her life to darken just for his sake?

1 He was going to die anyway. Better early pain than late. So no matter how much he ached for her, he had to restrain himself... He would never see her again. "And your family? Can you bear to let them think you're dead?" Lucas pressed. Nick's eyes reddened. His tone remained cold. "It is my filial failure." His grandparents were old. Forcing them to grieve over him was unfilial. But with Arista and Khloe around, he trusted they would get through it soon. As for his father... probably not that heartbroken.

After all, from the moment Nick was born, he had been his father's greatest grievance Nick had never understood George, who had held deep resentment against him. But now, he felt a sliver of sympathy. When one loves but cannot have, the pain is unbearable. This kind of pain drives the rational to madness, and the mad to -- clarity. Lucas stayed silent for a long time. He had never imagined that Nick would rather torment himself than compromise another's happiness. But Nick had his pride, and all Lucas could do was understand. Late at night in Goldmont City, Khloe returned home with Lenny.

She had spent the entire day at Hunt Group, reviewing every document related to the bidding process. Perhaps to distract herself, she had allowed no rest, no pause. Even her meals had been sandwiches she ate while working, barely touching her food. The room was dark. When she went to turn on the light, her eyes instinctively flicked toward the sofa. Nick, when home alone, disliked lights. He would wait, wrapped in darkness, until she came and illuminated it.

Seeing Khloe freeze, Lenny hurriedly switched on the light "Madam, are you feeling unwell?" He looked concerned Khloe shook her head, coming back to herself. She set her bag on the entryway cabinet and stepped into the living room. -- The housekeeper and Charlotte had already left, but Charlotte had left a note on the bar counter. On it rested a box of pastries. Khloe was hungry. She quickly opened the box and, with no pretense of manners, stuffed large bites into her mouth. The rich sweetness eased her tension slightly. "You're hungry, aren't you?"

Should I get you something else to eat?" Lenny asked anxiously.

