

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 851

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 851 – “So, you went to beg Uncle Oscar, and he threatened you into divorce?” Khloe picked up where Charlotte left off. She had calculated everything, yet never imagined that Winnie would sacrifice so much for her. It was one thing for Winnie to act on impulse, but how had Michael agreed to go along with it... “No. This all happened because of me. You can't get divorced.” Seeing Khloe grow anxious, Michael quickly added, “Khloe, don't blame yourself. Our divorce isn't just because of you.” “But Michael...” “That's right, Khloe. We've given this a lot of thought.

The divorce is a decision we made after careful consideration.” Winnie echoed his words. She looked at Michael, the corners of her lips lifting into a faint smile once more. It was true. While their decision to divorce had been prompted by Khloe, the deeper reason was that neither of them wanted to make things harder for the other. After Oscar and Michael had their falling-out, the old man had -- fallen seriously ill Not long ago, the housekeeper had found Michael and told him that Oscar's acute heart condition had relapsed and required immediate surgery.

But still angry, Oscar had refused to go under the knife. The doctors had repeatedly warned that he must not be subjected to any further stimulation-especially emotional distress. Michael had gone to confirm it himself. Oscar's condition was indeed poor. In truth, Oscar had undergone heart surgery years ago. He went for checkups twice a year, and the doctors had long warned him to keep his emotions steady. But this time, Michael had truly angered him. The atmosphere in the living room fell into sudden silence after their exchange.

Even Lucas, who had been distracted all along, was pulled back into the moment. Khloe's fingers tightened around her fork. She parted her lips as if to speak, but something seemed to lodge in her throat, leaving her unable to form the words. -- Winnie lowered her head. “Michael can give up everything for me. I'm willing to be brave for him too. But only if we can both live with clear consciences. Michael can't bear the label of an unfilial son because of me. And | don't want...

our marriage to be condemned by everyone.” Michael lifted his hand and gently covered the back of Winnie's hand resting on the table, offering silent comfort. “As his son, | can choose my own path-but | can't abandon my responsibilities. My father still needs me now. As long as we stay married, he won't see me.” Michael was naturally unwilling. This marriage was something he had fought for with everything he had. Letting it go was easier said than done. But Winnie was right. He didn't want her to bear the same condemnation as him.

Instead of sacrificing themselves for each other, it was better to set each other free. Khloe's gaze darkened. She turned to Nick, her complicated emotions laid bare. Nick

understood. He tightened his grip on her hand. Since ancient times, loyalty and filial piety have rarely coexisted -- in harmony. Even lovers struggle to find fulfillment. They had just gone through the pain of life and death separation -how could they bear to relive such feelings again? Charlotte lowered her head as well She had thought that Winnie and Michael were only doing this for Khloe.

Now that Khloe had returned, there should have been no need for them to part. Lucas let out a long sigh. "Sigh, I don't understand this love of yours. But if you love each other, why still separate? Michael, isn't your father being a bit too unreasonable? You're considering his feelings-why can't he consider yours? Maybe you should just fall sick too..." "Lucas!" Nick cut him off sharply. Lucas never had a filter, and at a time like this, everyone was especially sensitive-especially about illness. Khloe shot Lucas an exasperated glance. Nick turned back to Michael. "So what are you planning?

Just separate like this?" "Of course..." Michael paused, then pulled Winnie into his arms, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. "Not. That's not happening. My stance has never changed."

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 852**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 852 - Michael would bow his head to his father, but never to Oscar's coercion. Michael had no intention of returning to the Morrison family. His divorce from Winnie was only so he could fulfill his duty at his father's bedside. Nick spoke in a low voice, "So... you've only gone through the formalities?" Winnie nodded. "Yes. This is the best solution I could come up with. We'll separate for now. Michael can go home and take care of his father more easily. As for what comes next... we'll take it 'one step at a time.'" So it was a "divorce" in name, not in love.

At that, the tension in everyone's brows eased. Khloe fell into thought, while Nick stood and poured himself another glass of water. "In that case," he said, lifting his glass slightly, "this toast is to your courage now and the turning point ahead." "Alright." -- Michael immediately poured himself half a glass of wine and raised it with a smile. Winnie picked up her glass again as well, lightly clinking it against his. Khloe watched the way their gazes intertwined, the light in their eyes still burning, and at last, the weight in her chest settled. Time passed quickly.

In the blink of an eye, night had fallen. Michael had a project to attend to early the next morning, so he and Winnie were the first to leave. Since both had been drinking, Khloe asked Lenny to drive them back. She, Nick, and Charlotte walked them all the way to the entrance of the residential complex. As they turned to head back, Charlotte caught sight of a familiar figure near the gate. "Khloe," she called. Khloe followed her gaze. The man standing there was Noah. Although their complex had strict access control-no visitors were allowed without her authorization-Noah was an exception.

-- A mercenary for many years, there were few places he couldn't come and go from freely-short of a presidential compound Khloe knew he avoided leaving traces, so she didn't interfere. However, she had asked Charlotte to leave him a message in the game, inviting him to join them for dinner today. He had likely wanted to avoid a crowd, which was why he had waited until now. When Nick saw Noah, a faint glint flickered in his dark eyes. Noah was still dressed in a simple black jacket and cargo pants.

His tall frame carried an air of distance, as though he could melt into the night at any moment. He held an unlit cigarette between his fingers, idly rolling it. "Noah," Khloe called softly. "Charlotte made a whole table of dishes today. Why didn't you come eat with us?" "Too many people. I'll pass." Noah smiled faintly, his gaze sweeping briefly over Charlotte standing behind Khloe. He smiled at her in greeting. Charlotte, however, didn't quite know what to say. -- Noah's eyes shifted past her shoulder, landing on Nick standing beside Khloe.

He stepped forward, stopping in front of Nick, and gave his arm a light punch. Beneath the brim of his cap, his face was clearly illuminated by the streetlamp. "See? | told you-Heaven isn't blind. | knew you'd be fine." "You too," Nick replied evenly. They both smiled. A thousand unspoken words settled quietly between them. "Alright. Seeing that you're all safe, I've got my answer." Noah's voice was low and rough, as concise as ever. He nodded, a trace of relief in the gesture. Khloe caught the meaning behind his words. "Noah, are you leaving?" "Yeah," he said. "It's time for me to go."

Spence is under investigation. Lacuna won't be able to stay in Goldmont City much longer. If | get caught in the middle, I'll be in trouble soon enough." Yesterday, he had gone to see Spence-under the identity of a -- lawyer.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 853

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 853 - When Spence saw Noah, he was calm. Noah had expected hatred. Instead, Spence smiled and began reminiscing about their past. Back then, they had both been homeless. Noah had treated him as family, as someone to rely on-and Spence had done the same, seeing Noah as his own younger brother. Even when Noah left, Spence had already sensed that one day, the blade in his hand would be turned against him. And yet, he had never resolved to eliminate Noah. Now, seeing him again, Spence felt more relief than anything else. Relief that he had never harmed Noah.

He felt comfort in knowing that Noah had not forgotten where they began Noah had always regarded Spence as a kind of faith-but to Spence, Noah was also the version of himself he had once protected. "Just for a woman-you've sacrificed so many lives, everything you worked for, even our ideals. Was it worth it?" Spence might have let it go, but Noah couldn't. Even now, he -- couldn't accept what Spence had become. That he would personally destroy the home they had once built together, "You've never experienced the darkness | have," Spence said lightly, "so you wouldn't understand."

People like us-if we're not ruthless enough, even survival is a luxury. Ideals? What are ideals? Nothing more than a way to comfort ourselves." He smiled faintly. Noah was too naive. Few who had clawed their way out of the battlefield remained as unguarded as him. And it was true-once, he had been exactly as Noah imagined. It wasn't that he had changed. It was that those ideals had long since become stepping stones in his life. There were things he had once wanted. But as losses piled up, they had stopped mattering. "Noah, you asked me whether it was worth it-for a woman. | can't answer that.

Because she isn't my woman. She's just... a place where | wanted to set my heart down. When a person wanders for too long, they start to imagine... a place where their heart can finally rest." 1 Spence looked into Noah's eyes, a bitter curve touching his lips. "Maybe one day you'll understand. But I'd rather you didn't." Noah didn't fully understand his words. But as Spence spoke, he found himself thinking of Khloe and Charlotte. -- Whenever he was with them, a faint weariness would creep in- toward the cold, lonely days of his past. Spence was right.

When a person has wandered long enough, they begin to long for a place of peace. It doesn't have to be anything grand. But it has to be somewhere the heart can finally settle. As Noah was about to leave, Spence suddenly called out to him. "Go. Go as far away as you can. Lacuna won't survive this. They already know about your betrayal. Goldmont City won't have room for you-and neither will they. They'll do whatever it takes to eliminate you. Even the people around you won't be spared." Noah remained calm. He had already expected these consequences.

Spence didn't need to remind him-he knew that any semblance of peace in his life was over from this point on "Take care." He didn't say much more. Behind him, Spence's low voice followed, "Live well. | hope you get the life of freedom you've always wanted." Spence's words settled heavily in Noah's heart. -- As the man himself had said, he shouldn't have come to say goodbye. He had never been one for farewells. For people like them, absence itself was proof of existence. And yet, this time, Noah made an exception. He wanted to see Khloe and Nick.

He wanted to have one more meal cooked by Charlotte. And he wanted to do as Charlotte had once suggested-stay in Goldmont City for a while, explore it properly, and, one by one, do all the things he had never done in his life

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 854**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 854 - But Noah knew he didn't have that kind of time. Khloe parted her lips, the words of protest circling at the tip of her tongue, yet she couldn't bring herself to say them. She understood that Noah's world was different from theirs. He came and went like the wind. Goldmont City, to him, was perhaps nothing more than a temporary stop "will you come back?" she asked at last. Noah shook his head. "I

don't know. Maybe... we won't meet again." There was a finality to his words. For no reason she could name, Khloe felt a sting in her chest.

Though his voice was calm, there was an indescribable sadness beneath it. Nick seemed to understand as well. "Even if we don't meet again, take care of yourself." At that moment, Charlotte stepped forward, moving past Khloe to face Noah. Khloe noticed her fingers unconsciously twisting the hem of her -- clothes, her gaze fixed tightly on Noah's face, her lips pressed so hard they had turned pale. Noah seemed to sense her stare. His lashes lowered slightly, his gaze pausing on her face for the briefest moment-so fleeting it was almost as if it had never happened.

Then he reached into his pocket and took out a palm-sized black box, unmarked and plain, handing it to Khloe. "For your son-or daughter," he said simply. "Nothing valuable. Just for protection." Khloe accepted it. It felt slightly heavy in her hand, cool with the chill of metal. Probably a custom-made dagger of some sort. She didn't open it. "Thank you." Noah gave a quiet "Mm," as if he had nothing more to say. He turned, ready to leave. "Noah." Khloe suddenly called out again. She glanced at Charlotte beside her, who looked as if she wanted to speak but couldn't.

"Charlotte, go walk him out for me. Nick and I will head back -- first." Charlotte froze for a second. Before she could react, she felt a gentle push at her back-by the time Khloe finished speaking, she had already been nudged forward. Her eyes met Noah's. She quickly lowered her head in acknowledgment. Khloe had only taken a few steps before stopping. She had wanted to sneak back and watch the two of them from the side, but Nick took her hand and led her away without giving her the chance. There were so many lovers in this world.

Khloe had almost forgotten to let this one find its way first. Charlotte felt a little awkward, unsure what to say for a long moment. She hurriedly took out her phone. "Where are you going? I'll call a car to take you." "No need." "That won't do. Khloe asked me to see you off-I have to." Charlotte's voice was soft, tinged with a faint trace of disappointment. Noah smiled. "Then let's just walk for a bit." -- Charlotte looked up, meeting his deep, cool gaze beneath the brim of his cap She nodded.

The two of them walked side by side, leaving the residential complex and heading toward the streets beyond. After a few minutes, Charlotte suddenly remembered something. "Oh-right. That night... how were you?" The night she meant was when she and Ethan had been attacked at the Morrison Group building At the time, she had been entirely focused on getting Ethan to the hospital, then rushing to the police station to submit evidence... She hadn't even had the chance to say a few proper words to Noah. Noah paused for a moment. The hand in his pocket shifted slightly.

That night, he had saved the two of them-but when he turned around, he saw that Ethan was injured, and Charlotte had rushed to his side, deeply concerned. + In truth, Noah had

been hurt as well. The cut on his hand wasn't deep, but it had filled his palm with blood. — Yet, Charlotte's gaze had not fallen on him even once. It was true... his injuries weren't as serious as Ethan's. And yet, for a brief moment, Noah had wished that someone would care about him too. These were thoughts he had never had before.

He thought back to Khloe and Nick on the bus, the way they had risked their lives for each other. And then, seeing Charlotte and Ethan... the sense of loss within him only deepened.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 855

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 855 - Noah knew it perfectly well-that he would always be an outsider. And yet, some emotions still took root without reason, growing wild and uncontrollable. "I'm fine," Noah said lightly. He pushed his hand deeper into his pocket, as if there had never been a wound there-nor any expectations that shouldn't have existed. "You weren't hurt?" Charlotte's eyes searched him intently. Noah smiled. "Of course | was.

"I'm not a god." Seeing her expression tighten with concern, he added, "Barehanded against a blade-getting a few superficial cuts is normal." "Just superficial wounds?" "Mhm." Noah nodded. The night wind lifted the collar of his jacket, making him seem even more untethered, more free. "I'm sorry," she said suddenly, her voice soft. Noah paused. "Why are you apologizing?" "That night... | was only focused on Ethan." Charlotte stepped in — front of him, tilting her head up to meet his gaze, her eyes earnest under the streetlight. "| should've checked whether you were hurt too.

But | was really panicked-my mind was completely blank..." Something in Noah's chest stirred, as though a string had been lightly plucked. He hadn't expected her to notice. He certainly hadn't expected her to apologize for it. For a moment, he didn't know how to respond. "| don't care about things like that," he said, looking away toward the empty street ahead. "The more seriously injured person comes first. And besides... Ethan seems to treat you pretty well." "Don't misunderstand!" Charlotte rushed to explain, flustered. "Ethan and | are just...

just colleagues." She faltered, unsure how to put it, growing more anxious. "Anyway, there's really nothing between us. | don't like him at all." The moment the words left her mouth, even she seemed startled. Why was she explaining this to Noah? Noah was taken aback as well. "You don't like him?" — "I don't." An awkward silence settled between them. Charlotte lowered her head. "Honestly, | really dislike him." Noah's curiosity piqued. "Dislike him? Why?" "You remember the friend | told you about?" Charlotte said. "He hurt my friend.

Just for that alone, I'll never forgive him." "And if he hadn't wronged your friend..." "I still wouldn't like him." She cut him off, her tone firm, almost like a declaration. "Ethan

just isn't my type." Something flickered in Noah's eyes. At that moment, a car sped out from the intersection. Instinctively, he pulled Charlotte into his arms. Startled, Charlotte's hands came up, pressing against his waist. Just as she regained her senses and tried to pull away, his grip didn't loosen. He lowered his head, his breath brushing her forehead. "Then...

what kind of person do you like?" -- Charlotte felt her heartbeat quicken all at once. But looking at him, her mind went blank, her words refusing to come together. In that fleeting instant, Noah remembered Spence's warning, ' They'll do whatever it takes to eliminate you. Even the people around you won't be spared.' The muscles in his arm tensed slightly. Then abruptly, he let go. The warmth vanished in an instant, and the chill of the night wind wrapped around Charlotte. She looked at him, a little dazed, as he stepped back half a pace, putting distance between them once more.

"This is where we part ways." Noah lowered the brim of his cap again, shadowing most of his face. "I should go." "Noah!" Charlotte called out immediately. A hollow ache spread through her chest, mixed with a grievance she couldn't quite name. Noah stopped, but didn't turn back

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 856

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 856 - Charlotte quickened her steps to catch up, watching Noah's back as she gathered her courage. "|... want to ask you something." "What is it?" "Can you... not leave?" Her voice came out a little dry. Even she knew how abrupt the question sounded. Noah fell silent for a moment. "Why?" "Because... because you don't really have a home to go back to either. Didn't you say you wanted friends?" Charlotte pressed on, her voice softening toward the end. "If you stay in Goldmont City, you'll still have Khloe and the others... and me." "Charlotte.

Thank you for your kindness." Noah waited until she finished before speaking again His tone was gentler than before, but still restrained-careful, distant. "But we... aren't people who walk the same path." -- The words seemed to still the air around them. The single step between them felt, in an instant, like an unbridgeable divide. "I know." Charlotte's voice was soft-calm, yet stubborn. "| know what you do. I know you come and go without a trace. | know you carry a lot of secrets, and | know... your world is dangerous. But to me, that doesn't matter...

not when it comes to being your friend." The night wind swept past, carrying the distant hum of the city. Charlotte lowered her head, a trace of loneliness settling over her. Suddenly, Noah turned and gently pulled her into an embrace. His movements were soft, restrained-not intimate, more like a polite farewell between friends. Charlotte froze, then heard his low, husky voice near her ear. "Charlotte... this is as far as you should walk

me.” “Where... will you go next?” she asked quietly, not daring to return the embrace, only standing there. “| haven’t decided yet,” Noah answered honestly.

“But I’ll be leaving Goldmont City first.” — “Far away?” “Mm.” “Then...” Charlotte hesitated before asking, “Can we exchange contact information?” Noah let out a faint laugh. “Don’t we already have each other’s contact?” Charlotte paused—he was referring to their game account. After saying that, Noah tightened his arms briefly, giving her one firm hug before letting go. Then, without lingering, he turned and walked away. His figure quickly disappeared from Charlotte’s sight. “Goodbye.” Charlotte came back to herself, murmuring the word under her breath.

When Khloe and Nick returned home, they found the housekeeper had already tidied everything up and was preparing to leave, but Lucas was still there. He had settled back in front of the projector, remote in hand, replaying the movie they had — just watched Khloe glanced at Nick, a hint of curiosity in her eyes. No matter how much Lucas liked movies, there was no reason for him to linger here just to keep rewatching one. A trace of mischief flickered in Nick’s gaze. Taking Khloe’s hand, he led her over. “Well?

Heading back on your own, or do you want your assistant to pick you up?” “I’m in a hurry.” The moment Lucas saw Nick, he perked up, suddenly full of energy. “This movie really has something to it. | just had another realization.” “A realization?” Khloe couldn’t help asking. “Isn’t this a horror film? You study horror movies too?” “It’s not about studying horror films—it’s about what Nick taught me about investing.” Lucas grew animated. “He said this movie contains a metaphor for Goldmont City’s investment climate.

| didn’t quite get it before, but as the saying goes, read something a hundred times and its meaning reveals itself. | went back and rewatched the details, and now, | finally have a bit of insight.” Clearly excited, Lucas immediately began sharing his thoughts — with Khloe. Nick, meanwhile, remained expressionless. He sat back on the sofa, casually playing with a newly selected wristwatch. “Let’s hear it.”

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 857**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 857 – The moment Khloe heard that, she immediately understood- Nick was messing with Lucas. And yet, even when he toyed with people, Nick carried himself with such seriousness that it felt completely real. She had almost believed him. “Look at this scene.” Lucas paused the screen, pointing at the moment when the protagonist discovered clues in a dilapidated apartment. “The dim lighting, the chaotic clues-this symbolizes the disorder of information in the emerging energy sector.

At the beginning, the protagonist rushes in and chooses the wrong direction, and one mistake leads to another, drifting farther and farther off course. It shows that the more information there is in a field, the more patience you need.” Khloe had thought he was

speaking off the cuff, but he was unexpectedly earnest. She couldn't help pressing her lips together. "When you put it that way, Lucas... it actually makes some sense." As soon as she finished speaking, she jabbed Nick lightly with her elbow. -- Only then did he lift his gaze, adding in an even tone, "Not bad."

Being able to discern order within chaos is the first step. If you really want to invest broadly, the key is to first determine which clues are noise and which are genuine signals of value." Khloe was speechless. Did that explanation even add anything? It was the first time she had seen Nick spout nonsense so seriously. And yet, with his presence and that face of his, everything he said carried the weight of authority. If Khloe weren't an expert herself, she might have believed it too.

Lucas nodded thoughtfully, as if he had just received valuable insight, and turned back to rewatch the scene. Khloe quietly brushed the back of Nick's hand, lowering her voice. "Are you done yet? He's your friend, and you're teasing him like this? Isn't that a bit mean?" "| didn't say anything particularly outrageous." Nick pulled her into his arms, murmuring softly by her ear. At that moment, Lucas's phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID, his brows knitting slightly, and walked over to the window to -- take the call After a brief exchange, he returned, his expression a touch more serious. "I've got something to deal with. | need to head out," Lucas said, his tone still carrying a hint of reluctance. "! got a lot out of today. Nick, we'll have to discuss this again sometime." Nick stood, his expression unchanged. "Take care. Want me to copy the movie for you?" "Definitely. This film is excellent-so many layers of metaphor.

I'll need to study it carefully." Lucas's eyes lit up as he agreed immediately. After seeing him off, the house finally fell quiet again, leaving only the two of them. Khloe let out a breath, amused. "Luca: . really is quite the scholar." "That's right. He was always top of his class-competitive, never willing to lose. Someone like him will succeed at anything. He doesn't need me to teach him." Nick followed behind Khloe, wrapping his arms around her from behind, unwilling to let her go even for a moment. "Are you jealous of his talent?

Afraid he'll come to Goldmont City -- and steal your business?" "Maybe." Nick's fingers brushed lightly along the curve of her ear. "After all, dealing with Solara Energy is exhausting enough. | don't want my wife to have even more competition." "Why would he be my competitor? Aren't you the more formidable one?" Khloe turned her head, the tip of her nose grazing the corner of his lips. "Besides, once | have a baby... | can step back to the second line." Though Nick hadn't appeared much these past few days, it hadn't slowed him down in dealing with Solara Energy in the slightest.

With minimal effort, he had steered the situation, digging up the other side's dirt and applying pressure from every angle. No tactic was off-limits-he used a combination of strategies with ease. As the head of the Hunt Group, Nick's overall capabilities were undeniably solid. Khloe excelled on the front lines, never faltering in a direct

confrontation. But when it came to the kind of effortless, strategic maneuvering Nick displayed, she still had room to grow.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 858

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 858 – If Nick hadn't left this time, Barney probably wouldn't have stood a chance. That thought reminded Khloe of something else. "By the way, what was it you used to threaten Barney last time?" "Threaten Barney?" Nick paused, as if recalling the details, before explaining the information he had uncovered about the Lemont family. Even before Barney had shown interest in the bid, Nick had already sent people to dig into both him and the Lemont family. Families like theirs always had secrets.

What Nick needed was something Barney deeply cared about- something he would do anything to protect. Growing up, Barney's parents had never had a good relationship. His father had many women outside the marriage and rarely came home, so Barney had been closest to his mother. But because of his father, his mother's mental state had always been fragile. When Barney was six, she fell into depression and passed away. -- A few years ago, Barney had begun quietly hiring private investigators to search for a younger sister.

What Nick's people uncovered was this: during her marriage to Barney's father, his mother had secretly had an illegitimate daughter. If that truth were exposed, it wouldn't just be a scandal-it would deal a devastating blow to his mother's reputation. Barney would never allow it to come to light. "An illegitimate daughter..." The words stirred something deep inside Khloe. After all, she herself was also an illegitimate daughter-one of Niel's children born outside his marriage. Because of her existence, the Morrison family had been thrown into turmoil lately.

Clarice hated both Niel and her to the core. At times, Khloe couldn't help but feel a quiet, gnawing doubt-as though her very existence had been a mistake, something never meant to be. "Don't overthink it. Children are innocent. The ones at fault are irresponsible parents." Nick sensed the subtle shift in her emotions and spoke quickly. -- "I know." Khloe buried her face in the curve of his shoulder, drawing in a deep breath. The clean, cool scent of him always brought her the greatest comfort. "It's just... sometimes | feel like | was born carrying an original sin.

That some of the resentment directed at me... isn't entirely unreasonable." "No one gets to choose where they come from. Even if you call it 'original sin,' it should never be an excuse for others to vent their selfish desires." Nick's voice was low and gentle, like a breeze brushing over strings. "And in the end, the only thing you can truly decide... is your own life." He paused, his fingertips brushing softly against her cheek, as if he wished he could melt every ounce of his tenderness into her bones, soothing even the faintest trace of sorrow within her.

Khloe lifted her head and gave a soft “Mm.” Oh, right. Even though Solara Energy lost the bid this time, they’ll probably still try to develop in Goldmont City. If that happens, we’ll be competing with them in a lot of areas going forward. “Barney may seem polite on the surface, but I get the feeling he’s highly ambitious. And now that we’re holding his biggest — weakness, he definitely won’t let this go.” Nick looked at her, the smile in his eyes soft as starlight. “Then let him come.” “You already have a plan?” Khloe looked at him, admiration clear in her gaze.

Nick didn’t answer directly. Instead, he asked, “What do you think Goldmont City’s current landscape is missing?” Khloe thought for a moment. “A true ‘bridge,’ maybe? There’s still a disconnect between traditional industries and the new economy. Everyone talks about integration, but there aren’t many platforms that can genuinely connect resources and build trust between them.”

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 859

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 859 – Nick smiled faintly. “Solara Energy wants to leverage its proprietary technology to pry open the market quickly. But some markets can’t be forced open with money alone. What we need is a more solid anchor.” “You want to be that anchor?” “We,” Nick corrected, taking her hand. “Hunt Group and Morrison Group—our partnership has already begun.” Khloe felt her heartbeat quicken. This vision was far grander than simple business competition and far closer to the kind of future she had always wanted. So everything they had done at the bidding conference...

Nick had already planned far beyond that moment. “But it’ll take time,” he continued. “And we’ll need more allies.” Khloe thought of Ralph. For expanding Morrison Group internationally and integrating projects, he would undoubtedly be one of them. “Exactly.” Nick’s lips curved slightly. “Lucas holds a lot of international connections. He could be a good entry point.” Realization dawned on Khloe. “So you weren’t just teasing him tonight for fun?” “Half and half.” Nick narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Watching him seriously try to figure it out was entertaining.” “You really are something,” Khloe laughed, finally understanding what true strategic cunning looked like. A true master of business didn’t wear calculation on his face. Instead, like Nick, he earned trust effortlessly—drawing people in without them ever realizing. “Mutual benefit, that’s all.” Nick lifted a brow. Khloe’s gaze drifted to his lips, and for a moment, she fell silent. The atmosphere shifted, deepening. Her lashes fluttered as his presence drew closer.

1 Outside, the night had grown darker, yet the city lights still glittered brightly. On an empty street, Charlotte stood for a long time before finally turning away. Somewhere far off, Noah boarded a night train. The scenery outside rushed past in a blur, as if swallowing the fragile defenses of his heart bit by bit. Meanwhile, in a quiet, softly lit

bedroom, Khloe and Nick stood entwined, fingers interlocked, holding each other close. Nick's kiss began as a gentle test, lingering at the edge of her lips. She felt his breathing deepen, the arm around her waist tightening slightly.

Tilting her head up, she returned the kiss. Their lips met and parted in a slow, tender rhythm, reluctant to break apart. After what felt like a long while, Nick finally pulled back slightly. His forehead rested against her collarbone, his breathing uneven. Something stirred in the depths of his eyes, but in the end, he only held her tighter, restraining himself. "Khloe... goodnight." Early the next morning, Charlotte went to the hospital. Though Ethan's injuries hadn't struck anything vital, more than a dozen knife wounds were enough to nearly take half his life.

Charlotte still had a conscience. After all, this time—whether in public matters or private—Ethan had done her a great favor. So the news of Nick and Khloe's return now dominated the business headlines in Goldmont City. As a result, the investigation into Clarice hadn't drawn much attention, though there were still quite a few reports about her. News of Ethan's hospitalization had also been reported alongside it. When Christopher heard that Ethan had been injured and hospitalized, he had wanted to visit.

But with exams approaching, Charlotte didn't want him distracted, so she promised to arrange video calls between him and Ethan over the next few days. What Charlotte hadn't expected was that when she arrived at the ward, the patient inside had already been replaced. She went to the nurses' station to check, only to learn that Ethan had been discharged the day before. His wounds had only just been stitched. He should have stayed under observation for at least three more days.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 860

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 860 – Charlotte was taken aback. She immediately called Ethan and headed straight for the Morrison family villa. But the villa had already been sealed off. Clarice's case was still under investigation. Once all the charges and compensation were settled, the property would be put up for auction. The household staff had long since been dismissed. There was no way Ethan could return home. Looking at the once-grand estate, now fallen into desolation, Charlotte couldn't help but feel a quiet sense of sorrow. Just then, Ethan returned her call.

"What do you want?" His voice was hoarse and weak, his condition clearly not good. Charlotte paused, then asked immediately, "Where are you right now?" "What, need another favor from me?" Ethan let out a self-mocking chuckle, followed by a light cough. "I don't exactly have the strength to help you at the moment." "Ethan, you're seriously injured. You shouldn't have left the hospital early. Give me your address. I'm coming to see you." Her voice was earnest. She knew he didn't have anyone close to him. Most likely, he was alone right now.

Even if he still had some money, recovering from injuries without anyone around to care for him... it was bound to feel bleak. Ethan laughed, his tone still teasing. "Since when does the sun rise in the west? You want to come see me? You're not planning to finish me off, are you?" "If you really don't want to see me, then forget it. I'm being sincere this time." Charlotte was about to hang up, but in the very last second, Ethan suddenly gave an address. "4567 Napel Street. Cough... | haven't eaten yet.

If you're coming, hurry." Hearing how quickly he took advantage of her concern, Charlotte instantly felt a twinge of regret for softening. Still, she headed straight to the address. His new place was in the suburbs, about an hour's drive from ninth: A small brown villa stood there. Inside, a vibrant garden greeted her-full of color, warm, and lived-in. It was completely different from the Morrison family villa, which had been grand and pristine, yet cold and lifeless. Charlotte rang the doorbell. After quite a while, the door finally opened.

Ethan stood there in a dark gray cardigan, loose loungewear underneath. His face was pale, his lips nearly colorless. A gust of wind made him cough immediately. As soon as Charlotte stepped inside, he leaned against the doorframe. "You actually came?" His tone was still casual, but the weakness in his voice was impossible to hide. Charlotte looked him over, frowning, "In your condition, are you really okay being discharged?" "I won't die." At her words, Ethan straightened slightly, though his movements were slow. For a brief moment, his expression twisted.

The movements were clearly pulling at his wounds. "Since you're here, make me something to eat first." As if unwilling to be seen in such a state, he slowly walked past her. Charlotte glanced around. The large villa was empty-no. housekeeper, no staff. The furniture inside was all in warm tones. Not only was the garden outside filled with flowers, but inside, too, there were plants and fresh blooms everywhere-full of life, nothing like Ethan's usual style. But beneath it all lingered a faint smell of medicine... and something else-instant food. Charlotte glanced toward the open kitchen.

Sure enough, several opened instant meal packages sat on the counter. "You ate this all day yesterday?" she couldn't help asking