

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 861

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 861 – “If not that, what else?” Ethan slumped onto the sofa, almost collapsing into the cushions. Only when he leaned back against the soft fabric did he seem to release a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. “I can't cook. Even getting takeout means walking to the door. Too much hassle.” “Then why not have someone help? Don't you have money to hire someone?” “I prefer not to.” He said it matter-of-factly, but Charlotte caught the faint, almost imperceptible trace of... pride in his tone.

“Have your wounds been redressed?” Charlotte set down the fruit and some nutritional supplements she'd brought and moved closer to him. “They have.” Ethan's eyes were closed, his reply lazy. “Did you do it yourself?” “Mm.” Charlotte fell silent. So many wounds, and he'd tended to them alone... She could almost imagine the grueling effort it must have taken. “What do you feel like eating?” she asked. “Nothing in particular. But...” Ethan's eyes suddenly opened, a crooked smile tugging at the corner of his lips. “If you want to.

make something nourishing, I wouldn't mind.” Charlotte didn't argue. “Okay. I'll improvise a bit.” She turned and headed to the kitchen. The fridge was nearly empty-just a few bottles of water and some eggs. The cabinets held rice, noodles, and some dried goods. She tied on her apron with practiced ease, rinsed the rice, and pulled out the ribs and vegetables she'd picked up that morning. She planned to make a hearty porridge and a couple of light vegetable dishes.

In the living room, Ethan listened to the subtle sounds coming from the kitchen-water running, vegetables being chopped, the crisp clatter of pots and pans. Gradually, those ordinary household noises breathed warmth into his lonely new home. He closed his eyes again. His pale face remained expressionless, but the tension in his body began to ease. By the time the porridge's aroma filled the room, he was already drowsy. His vitality had been severely drained, leaving him weak. “Eat something first, then go back to bed,” Charlotte's soft voice sounded near his ear.

Ethan frowned, opening his eyes to see Charlotte placing a steaming bowl of rib and greens porridge, along with a small plate of sautéed vegetables, on the coffee table in front of him. The porridge was thick and tender, the greens bright, the ribs fall-apart soft and fragrant. He didn't reach for it, only watched her. Charlotte, feeling slightly uncomfortable under his gaze, handed him a spoon. “What are you looking at? Eat quickly-it'll get cold, and that's bad for your stomach.” “Charlotte,” Ethan suddenly said, “why did you come?” Charlotte hesitated.

“You got hurt protecting Khloe and me. And you're alone, seriously injured. Someone had to take care of you. “Just that?” After a pause, she said, “Ethan, we didn't see eye to eye

before, but now... considering what happened this time, let's put our "Put it behind us? So you don't hold a grudge?" Ethan studied her for a few seconds, asking carefully. Charlotte didn't answer directly. Instead, she nudged the porridge slightly closer to him.

"Khloe said that once you recover, if you want to return to Morrison Group, she'll welcome you anytime." The key evidence that convicted Clarice came from Ethan. Though he had been somewhat implicated, as long as Khloe didn't pursue it, he could walk away unscathed. Naturally, he could also remain at Morrison Group. "I'm asking you," Ethan pressed, unwilling to let the conversation drift, repeating the question.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 862

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 862 - "Why should I care? We're colleagues. From now on... well, live and let live," Charlotte said. "What if I refuse to 'live and let live'?" Ethan's words caught Charlotte off guard for a moment, and she immediately let out a bitter laugh. "Do you even know who's running Morrison Group now? Clarice is not in charge anymore- try it and see what happens." "Huh... still hate me as much as ever, I see." Not replying was already an answer, yet he stubbornly refused to let go. Ethan let out a sigh. "Still. there are some things I have to make clear to you." "No need.

Let's just eat." Charlotte cut him off. "You asked me for evidence before, didn't you? It's in that drawer over there. Found it through Nancy at the university." He lifted his chin, gesturing for her to go look for it herself. Charlotte hesitated for a few seconds, unwilling, yet she eventually obeyed and opened the drawer. Inside were several KT. ee proof of sponsorship. Years ago, when Ethan was helping Niel promote a project and giving lectures at universities, he met Nancy, who was working as a reporter for the school paper.

At the time, Nancy was already struggling with a serious mental illness, which suddenly flared during an interview. To maintain appearances and his image, Ethan personally took her to the hospital, arranged treatment, and even contributed his own money to establish a small fund with the university focused on college students' mental health. Initially, Ethan's goal was purely pragmatic-to increase his influence in universities and complete the project assigned by Niel, advancing the project on Morrison Group's behalf. Unexpectedly, Nancy took him as a lifeline.

She began confiding in him regularly, writing letters to share her thoughts and struggles. Though she appeared sunny and positive on the surface, she carried a heavy load of negative emotions inside. She was her family's pride, her friends' emotional anchor, and her boyfriend's financial support-but never her own source of comfort. To gain recognition at home, she shouldered academic pressure. Hy nyylavirr i Hy tur ie ene every moment of personal time and leaving herself no joy. (te bebe eae She had many friends, yet her devotion was taken for granted.

People would trouble her, yet when Nancy needed support, she faced it alone. Her close friends often borrowed money without repayment, demanded emotional attention for years, or manipulated her when she was hurt, twisting the blame back onto her. Nancy was kind but without sharp edges; she absorbed everyone else's pain, never venting her own. But her tolerance only invited further harm. “I never had any romantic interest in Nancy,” Ethan said, “It’s just ... very few people were this persistent, sending me letters constantly. “So, out of idle curiosity, I read some of them. And I realized...

in some ways, she’s not so different from me. “We’re both lonely, hollow at times. Sometimes we don’t know why, but we want to hold onto something, anything, just to feel some sense of comfort.” He coughed lightly, a subtle reminder of his own weakness. Nancy’s illness wasn’t sudden; it was the accumulation of long-suppressed emotions, compounded by trauma inflicted by her. As Charlotte carefully opened each letter, the truth slowly unfolded on the silent pages. Nancy had a boyfriend for four years. At first, their relationship was sweet, and she poured all her happiness into him.

She believed that giving everything would ensure his genuine affection in return. She didn’t realize that he only valued her devotion. She was willing to spend money supporting him, exhaust every effort to satisfy him, and give herself entirely, while receiving little in return.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 863

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 863 – But Nancy’s boyfriend was insatiable. The more he demanded, the higher her expenses grew. Nancy, once the dutiful girl supplementing her family’s income, gradually sank into debt after debt, entangled in a financial quagmire. Her burden became unbearable. One day, when a collection notice reached her boyfriend, he—afraid of trouble—simply broke up with her. Still clinging to hope, Nancy humbly begged for reconciliation, only to witness the unforgiving truth: her boyfriend had long moved on with a younger girl from the same university.

He gleamed from head to toe in luxury, everything bought with Nancy’s sweat and money. Even the gifts for the new girl were lavish beyond measure—things Nancy had never received. She had poured her heart into him, yet the most “valuable” gift he ever gave her was a ninety-cent discounted cake on her birthday. At the time, she had been moved to tears. When reality hit, Nancy felt utterly pitiful and even more foolish. Her hatred for the scumbag could never match the loathing she felt for herself. A crushing sense of powerlessness enveloped her.

But her ex-nerds even spread word around school that she owed massive debts. Everyone avoided her. The university called her family, urging them to resolve the debt quickly so that other students wouldn’t be affected. Desperate, Nancy reached out to Ethan. He was busy at the time and barely paid attention, merely transferring her some money and advising her not to cling so tightly to love. But Nancy never accepted it. By the

time Ethan heard from her again, she was gone. 1 “Nancy never told me about the debt. If she had, | would’ve helped her,” he said. “That amount of money...

It’s nothing to me.” Seeing Charlotte’s expression darken further, he added, almost instinctively, “| mean it. | really do feel guilty about her.” Throughout it all, Nancy had trusted him as a friend. He had secretly enjoyed the devotion of a bright, young girl, occasionally responding, But he had never truly understood her pain. It wasn’t until she disappeared that Ethan realized the severity of the situation and the depth of his own indifference. His “help” had been mere charity. Though he knew of Nancy’s eee ees eee ae, Miia ei VÀ to truly understand her, perhaps he could have saved her.

Yet even in death, Nancy had still believed he was the best person in the world-better than the comfort her parents could offer. The last letter she left him was stained with blood, filled with gratitude. Ethan couldn’t even bear to read it twice; he had thrown it away immediately after leaving the police station. The only thing he kept was a photograph, cut from Nancy’s student ID. Before she disappeared, she had asked him to talk to her for even a few minutes, but he had refused. So he kept the photo instead, speaking to it occasionally as if it were her-a feeble attempt at atonement.

“She never told you about the debt,” Ethan said softly. “She treated you like her final sanctuary. That was her last shred of dignity.” Charlotte bit her lip. She understood Nancy now. She finally understood why Nancy had cut off all contact, “I failed her,” Ethan continued, his voice heavy. “But | won’t blame myself entirely. I’ll even resent her a little-dying for a relationship isn’t worth it. “Love can hurt, but it shouldn’t destroy someone. She... she was OE LT OE NE iu ES tu riy that... was because she never learned to love herself.”

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 864

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 864 – Charlotte stayed quiet. Ethan had, in fact, revealed the true reason behind Nancy’s despair. Yet even so, Nancy remained the victim, and Charlotte couldn’t bring herself to blame her. “Does that mean that kind people-those who genuinely want to do good for others-are destined to be wrong in this world?” she murmured. Ethan was silent for a moment. “Not wrong. It’s just... human nature, life itself.” “That scumbag...” Charlotte began, voice tight with anger. “I’ve already dealt with him,” Ethan interrupted.

Seeing that Charlotte believed him, he picked up his bowl of porridge and started eating. He bore some responsibility for Nancy’s ordeal, and those disgusting people had always repulsed him. Legal action or social condemnation would have been too gentle for them. He wasn’t someone who played by the rules. If restitution was to be had, it had to be thorough-painful, even. Ethan had moved swiftly. He orchestrated a chain of misfortunes

for the scumbag's family. The old saying "a son inherits the debts of his father" became literal: the ex was forced arranged by Ethan.

The methods of collection were far harsher than what had ever harassed Nancy-being "hospitalized" every three days was the least of it. Even the new girlfriend wasn't spared. Attempts to break up couldn't save her; she had to shoulder the debts alongside him or face the same consequences. And Ethan didn't stop there. He extended a seemingly benevolent offer to the helpless ex: take a job at a private club and rely on wealthy benefactors.

Meanwhile, the new girlfriend was ruthlessly abandoned in the same dramatic style Nancy had once endured, the ex's misdeeds exposed to the university, and the pair even got dragged into a police case. Humiliated and without any standing, both dropped out of university. Yet even then, Ethan wasn't done. Nancy's life demanded full repayment, and he ensured the scumbag would spend a lifetime paying for what he'd done. The private club was unforgiving, the wealthy patron part of a gray-market operation, and news coverage of the fallout forced the ex out of the country-he disappeared entirely.

"Ethan... you really did learn your craft from Clarice," Charlotte snorted, a note of grudging admiration in her voice. She was smiling, though-the heaviness that had pressed on her chest moments ago had lifted, replaced by a warm sense of justice upon hearing the scumbag's downfall. Ethan continued eating, glancing at her. "Are you complimenting me or insulting me?" "Thank you," Charlotte said softly. "| misjudged you before. You're different from Clarice. Sure, she led you a little astray, but ... you're still a good person. It was my prejudice. So, a lot of the things | said.

Don't take them to heart." Since Nancy's ordeal was a misunderstanding, Ethan's character wasn't entirely black in her eyes. Charlotte wasn't ready to like him completely yet, but she wanted to clarify her stance. "Ha. Don't take it to heart? You open your mouth and curse me, stab at me with words-why shouldn't | take it to heart?" Ethan said, a trace of mischief in his tone. "Then what do you want me to do? I can only apologize," Charlotte replied, feeling slightly awkward, wary of him using the moment to tease her further. "Apologies need action.

Like today's meal..." Ethan didn't even lift his gaze, gesturing to the dishes on the table. "This is quite to my liking." "Then take your time and enjoy them," Charlotte said with a NN LLL DTD cđ tidy the kitchen and put away the ingredients she had brought.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 865

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 865 - 'When Charlotte returned to the living room, Ethan had already finished eating. He was slouched against the sofa, eyes closed, breathing even, looking almost asleep. Sunlight fell across his pale face, and the long

lashes cast a faint shadow. Perhaps it was just her imagination, or perhaps Ethan's current weakness made it so, but the usual arrogance and roguish charm were gone. In their place was a rare stillness, almost docile—a calmness that made him less off-putting than usual. Charlotte carefully picked up a thin blanket and draped it over him.

Suddenly, Ethan reached out and grasped her wrist. His hand was hot, and his eyes, tinged with fatigue, carried a complicated gleam. “If you're tired, go rest in your room. I'll help you,” she murmured. Charlotte felt a twinge of discomfort but didn't pull away. Ethan hesitated. He had the instinctive urge to pull her closer, the kind of impulse he usually acted on without thought. But today, the way she looked at him—with less defensiveness and disgust—made him hesitate. Slowly, he released her. “Are you leaving?” “Mm,” Charlotte nodded. “Get more rest so you can heal faster.

“I'll come every day to cook for you.” “Was this arranged by Khloe?” “I came here willingly.” Hearing this, a faint smile tugged at Ethan's lips, though he immediately coughed and pressed a hand over his mouth. “Thank her for me,” he added. He knew Charlotte had come with Khloe's approval. That woman had a sharp eye for kindness—always delivering warmth to the right people. Ethan's early discharge wasn't just about his own pride; he didn't want Khloe to see him looking weak or helpless.

After all, even if their rivalry had softened into an uneasy friendship, he still wanted to maintain his dignity in front of her, preserving the image of a capable man in the family business. “I will. You focus on getting better,” Charlotte replied. Meanwhile, Barney was cleaning up the last remnants of Solara =>. DET disappointed both senior management and shareholders, and once he returned to Jayelle City, he would inevitably face questioning. SOS ENS He knew exactly what had to be done first: securing new partners for Solara Energy in Goldmont City.

But after the clash with the Hunt and Morrison Group, his former allies in the city were now keeping their distance. Solara Energy's business plan in Goldmont City had effectively frozen. As Barney's car pulled up to the hotel, a group of people blocked his path. It was the detective agency—they'd been tracking him for some time. The moment he stepped out, several of them rushed forward, only to be stopped by his bodyguards and assistant. Barney glanced at them, then waved, letting them through. “Mr. Lemont, you've seen the investigation report we submitted, right?”

“Is there anything else you need?” one asked. Barney paused in mild surprise, then glanced at his assistant. “Show them inside.” Inside the hotel suite, the detectives wasted no time. In the past, Barney had always been attentive about matters. He hadn't settled the final payment or even contacted them. Recent news about Solara Energy's failed bid made them nervous. Barney froze for a moment, then a surge of excitement swept through him. “Where's the report? Bring it over, now!” he ordered his assistant, his expression brimming with barely contained enthusiasm.

He had assumed the findings were minor scraps of information. With everything else piling up, he hadn't had time to pay attention big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 866

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 866 – Barney hadn't expected it-his sister had really been found. It was incredible. After everything that had gone wrong lately, this one piece of news alone seemed enough to wipe it all away. "I'll go get it right away!" His assistant froze for a moment before rushing into the study to fetch the report. The detectives relaxed slightly as Barney finally reacted. One of them smiled nervously. "We knew you've been busy, Mr. Lemont. We were worried you might question our findings." Barney waved a hand, his mood buoyant. "We've traced this thoroughly-there's almost no chance of error.

Here's her contact information. The final DNA verification, of course, will require you to reach out and collect the evidence yourself." "Of course," Barney said, still radiating joy. "You've all worked hard. Once I contact her, the remaining payment will be sent today. After the final report comes in, I'll also provide a bonus to thank you for your effort." Hearing their client speak so generously, the detectives couldn't omer " At that moment, Barney's assistant handed over the report, Barney didn't care about the investigative process; he flipped straight to the conclusion.

The report listed the person's name and contact information. But when he saw the name, his expression instantly darkened. He parted his lips, looking up at those around him, utterly at a loss. "Mr. Lemont, what's wrong?" one asked cautiously. "The person you found is..." Barney's voice faltered as he lowered his eyes back to the report. "Khloe Roswell," came the reply. The detective continued, "It took a long time. We traced back to the organizers of that winter camp... most of the children's records were lost.

We identified a few schools, cross-checked as much as possible, and with some luck, we finally got a lead on her." Khloe had been an outstanding student, and her participation in that winter camp had been recorded by the school. By tracking down her teachers from that year, they finally found clues mem her became much easier. OM EIS SUNS NOS ND OTD Barney's mind raced. "There are so many people with the same name. How can you be sure this contact is hers?" "Yes," the detective admitted. "We had to use some special channels to verify it.

But beyond that, such as photos or other personal details, we couldn't confirm." Barney's memory was razor-sharp. He knew that number intimately. His grip slackened, and the report slipped from his hands onto the table. Khloe. Niel's illegitimate daughter was his biological sister. For a moment, Barney couldn't process the truth. The joy he had felt evaporated instantly, replaced by a crushing weight. His heart trembled, his breathing

caught in his chest. The person he had faced as an opponent in the business world, the one he'd sparred with, matched wits, and even used tricks against...

was actually his long-sought, same-mother, half-sister. What kind of cruel joke was fate playing on him? It felt like the loudest slap imaginable had just struck his face. All the confrontations with Khloe-the strategies, the words he had said, the things he had done-suddenly came back to him like boomerangs, stabbing straight into his heart. His mind went blank, and the blood in his veins seemed to turn cold. "Mr. Lemont? Are you alright?" one of the detectives ventured, sensing something was wrong. "We've verified everything multiple times: the dates, locations, witnesses...

even this number, cross-checked through multiple channels," they added cautiously. "Out." Barney lowered his head, slamming his hand onto the icy coffee table. Through clenched teeth, he forced out two words, each one heavy with suppression and terror: "Get... out." big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 867

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 867 – Barney's assistant and the detectives both jumped in shock. "Mr. Lemont-" "Out!" Barney snapped sharply. The assistant dared not speak again and immediately gestured for the detectives to leave the room first. Silence fell, thick and heavy, like the air itself had been sucked away. Barney remained alone on the sofa. After a long while, he picked the report back up, eyes fixed rigidly on the printed words. He had found his sister. And yet... it felt like he had already lost her. At that moment, Angela arrived at the doorway.

Her eyes immediately fell on the assistant and the detectives, who were murmuring among themselves. "What's going on? What does Mr. Lemont mean? Didn't he say he'd pay the remaining fee today?" "Mr. Lemont isn't going to owe you this small amount. There must be an issue with your investigation. Do you even know who – "Khloe Roswell... who's that?" The assistant was speechless. Didn't these people even follow the news? Before he could answer, Angela had already approached. "What are you talking about... Khloe?" The assistant glanced at her.

Recently, the relationship between Barney and Angela had somewhat improved, so he still treated her politely. But on this matter, he dared not say more. "It's nothing, Miss Thompson. Mr. Lemont is troubled right now. If you want to see him, perhaps later would be better." The detectives opened their mouths to speak, but the assistant silenced them with a sharp look. Angela's eyes flickered, and she raised the lunch box in her hand. "| already told Barney we'd eat together." Without heeding the assistant, she gently knocked on the door.

After a moment, Barney responded, and Angela stepped inside. The air in the room felt suffocating, heavy with an almost tangible pressure. Barney sat on the sofa, elbows on his knees, his head buried deep in his hands. Angela had never seen him so utterly broken and dejected. “Barney?” Her heart sank. She hurried over, set the lunch down, and immediately noticed the investigation report lying nearby. Hearing the name “Khloe” just outside the door, a cold sense of foreboding pricked her chest. She quickly flipped through the report.

The moment her eyes landed on Khloe’s name, it felt like a knife sliced through her heart. “Khloe... Khloe is the sister you were looking for... How is this possible? Are you sure they didn’t make a mistake?” Barney’s attention snapped back fully at the sound of her voice. He raised his head, letting out a bitter, self-mocking laugh. “Mistake or not, | just need to find Khloe to verify it.” “Bamey...” Angela panicked, dropping to a half-kneeling position in front of him. “Even if Khloe really is your sister... she must hate us right now. | know her personality.

If you go to her now, it will probably backfire...” “She should hate me.” Barney’s voice broke slightly, his eyes closing for a moment. “As her brother, | not only failed to find her in time and protect her... | sided with the person who hurt her. She’s suffered so much because of me.” Angela’s hand slipped from his leg, trembling. “Barney... what do you mean by this?” Her eyes glistened with tears. “I’ve already apologized for what happened with Khloe. | never wanted to hurt her... Besides, she was acting for Nick to counter Solara Energy.

Even if we hadn’t fought back or competed, she wouldn’t have spared us. This isn’t your fault...” big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 868

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 868 – “You should go.” Barney’s voice was cold, cutting Angela off before she could speak. His mind was in chaos, tangled with anger and grief, and he had no desire to hear anything more. Yet, out of a lingering sense of responsibility-both from the promises he had made to Angela and for the pain she had suffered because of him and Solara Energy-he proposed a form of compensation. “lil provide you and Pete with a sum of money. Leave the country. Your parents are reaching retirement age. Solara Energy will ensure all proper procedures for their pensions in Jayelle City.

Of course, if you want, you can take them with you.” Angela froze. Slowly, comprehension sank in. He was sending her away. She couldn’t stay in Goldmont City, couldn’t stay in Jayelle City, and now... not even the rest of the country offered her refuge. All she had sacrificed... was it all for nothing? Another cruel joke? Because of Khloe, she had already lost her family... and now, because of Khloe, even her last hope of happiness was being ripped away. Why... why Khloe again? “Barney... you said you would take care of me!

You said we would start over, that you wouldn't care about my past, that we could take it slow! You said not all men in this world are like Trey! Her voice cracked, hysteria rising like a tide she could no longer hold back. Angela's accusations lashed out like flames, scorching the space between them. Barney, however, remained unnervingly calm, as though he had anticipated this storm of emotion. Only after she had vented did he speak, his tone cold and final, "I'm sorry." No explanation followed. To her, those were the only words he could offer.

Angela's heart felt ripped open, blood gushing from the invisible wound. She noticed the fruit knife on the nearby table. In a flash, she lunged for it, raising it to her own neck. + But Barney's reflexes were faster. With one strong motion, he seized the knife, yanking it from her grasp in seconds and tossing it aside "Are you insane? Not this again!" "Yes! | am insane! Since you're all going to hurt me anyway, AM ee EES MESON The struggle between them was fierce. Barney finally pinned her arms, pressing her down onto the sofa with controlled force. "Angela, calm down!

You still have your parents. You still have your son!" "Then why? If you knew | couldn't afford to lose, why did you provoke me? Why give me hope only to throw me into the abyss? Why pretend to care, only to crush my heart?!" "Angela-" Barney hadn't expected her to be this unhinged. Her strength paled in comparison to his, yet her desperate, frenzied resistance was terrifying. "You don't even understand how much I've suffered! You have no idea how | feel for you! You're not afraid I'll die-you're just afraid I'll become your problem! Barney, you have no conscience! Her voice was a raw roar.

Tears streamed freely down her face The gentle, familiar Angela was gone-replaced by someone broken, consumed by rage and grief. Barney flinched at her intensity. Acting on impulse, he cupped her face and kissed her. Angela's eyes widened. The violent shock finally silenced her, if only for a moment. Her hands dug into the fabric at the back of his shirt, nails clawing into his skin. Barney groaned, responding with equal force, gripping her face. "Angela, | admit it-I had thoughts of you. | truly considered being with you... At the time, | was sincere. But now... it's impossible.

| don't want to lie to you, nor do | want to blame you. Things have come to this. | owe both you and Khloe. The only thing | can do for you now... is to make sure you're taken care of „. abroad." big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 869

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 869 – When Angela noticed that the coldness in Barney's gaze had finally softened, her breathing gradually steadied after the storm of anger. Tears slid from the corners of her eyes, streaking down her pale face, leaving behind nothing but helplessness and pitiful vulnerability. "A sister you've never even known-does she really matter that much to you?" Barney neither confirmed nor denied it. He said nothing. "So just to please Khloe, you're going to throw me away like garbage and send me overseas to fend for myself?" Her voice trembled. "You might as well kill me.

Maybe that would make Khloe happier.” Barney was rendered speechless by her words. After a long pause, he finally spoke. “As long as you stay away from Khloe from now on—don’t provoke her, don’t show up—she won’t do anything to you.” “You’re wrong.” Angela stared straight into his eyes. “Even you know it—you can’t have Khloe as your sister and still be with me. Do you really think Khloe would forgive you?” “Whether she forgives me or not, I’m still her brother.” Barney avoided her gaze. Her words had struck too close to the truth, hitting the very core of his fears.

“Please...” Seizing the moment of his hesitation, Angela suddenly stood and threw her arms around him. “Please don’t send me away. | just want to stay by your side. | just want a chance to start over with the person | love.” Barney froze. For a fleeting second, as if possessed, he almost lifted his arms to hold her back. But at the last moment, reason returned. He pushed her away and used the intercom to call in his assistant and bodyguards.

: “Escort Angela back to rest.” Her eyes were still red, tears lingering, but after all the commotion, she no longer resisted. Barney looked at her, a trace of pity stirring in his heart. “You can name your terms. As long as they’re reasonable, I’ll try to meet them.” Angela stood there, staring at his cold, distant expression. Her nails dug deep into her palms, the sharp pain nothing compared to the agony in her chest. The tears had long since dried. What remained in her eyes was a chilling, bone-deep hatred. Since they could be so heartless, she no longer needed to hold back. “Fine.

I’ll go.” She turned, her voice icy. “Barney... don’t regret this.” Barney watched her, his throat tightening, his heart weighed down with unease. The next morning, Khloe was at the hospital for her first prenatal checkup, accompanied by Nick. Nick held her hand tightly. As he stared at the ultrasound screen, his expression wasn’t just excitement, there was an unmistakable hint of nervousness. “Do you see it?” the doctor pointed to the screen. “This is the gestational sac. It’s in a good position.” On the monitor, a tiny, round shadow appeared. “For now, it’s an early intrauterine pregnancy.

It’s still very small, but everything looks normal.” Nick seemed to stop breathing for a moment, a smile slowly spreading in his eyes. He turned to Khloe. She smiled back at him, then tilted her head to look at the screen again. That faint little shape... That was the life growing inside her. Their child. A strange, overwhelming emotion surged through her—something between unfamiliarity and awe—so powerful it almost made her cry. “The fetal heartbeat isn’t detectable yet,” the doctor continued. “It should be clear in another week or two.

Based on the size of the sac, you’re about five weeks along. You’ll need regular checkups to monitor development.” “Okay. Thank you, doctor,” Khloe said softly. After the exam, while they waited for the report to print, her phone suddenly vibrated. It was Barney. She glanced at Nick, hesitating for a moment. He gave a small nod, signaling for her to answer. “Barney? Is something wrong?” Khloe looked at Nick curiously. big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 870

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 870 – The bidding with Solara Energy had finally come to an end, and now Barney was reaching out to her. Could he possibly be looking to cause trouble? “Khloe... I-F’II be leaving Goldmont City in a few days. | don’t know if you have time these next couple of days... or even today. I’d like to invite you to have a meal with me,” Barney’s voice was gentle, tinged with hesitance, almost timid. It carried an unexpected air of humility and sincerity. Khloe was momentarily taken aback. Nick, standing beside her, had heard him too, his eyes reflecting a flicker of complex emotion.

“Barney, | don’t think we need to have a meal together,” Khloe replied cautiously. “Khloe, | know what | did in the bidding wasn’t entirely aboveboard. You may not want anything further to do with me or Solara Energy, but speaking for myself personally, | sincerely want to apologize.” Barney’s words didn’t feel like empty pleasantries. But surely Solara Energy was still busy-he wouldn’t have taken the time just to reflect on himself with her, would he? Khloe blinked, a faint smile tugging at her lips.

“Bamey, that’s very kind, but it’s unnecessary.” “Khloe, | still hope to see you before | leave. There are things | want to say to you.” Seeing her about to hang up, Barney’s tone grew slightly urgent. “You can say it now.” 1..* His words faltered, as if something unspeakable weighed on him Khloe’s patience ran thin. “| have things to do. Since you have nothing to say, I’ll get back to my work.” She hung up without another word. Looking at Nick, she murmured, “What’s going on with Barney?”

We’ve already torn things apart-why would he still want to reconcile?” “This is business instinct,” Nick replied thoughtfully. “He’s trying not to antagonize the Hunt Group or Morrison Group. He hasn’t given up on developing Solara Energy in Goldmont City.” Khloe frowned. “He’s adaptable to an extreme degree.” “Not necessarily spineless,” Nick said. “Maybe he really does He clenched her hand tightly. “But anyone who makes you unhappy-don’t bother with them.” Khloe nodded, a faint smile lifting her lips, and let Barney’s call slip from her mind.

They had far too much to focus on lately: preparing for the wedding, moving to a new home. Since returning to Khloe’s side, Nick’s health had improved considerably. Doctors confirmed that his current medication was stabilizing his condition; if it stayed consistent, there shouldn’t be major issues for the next few years. Khloe had also coordinated with Swinterland. Once matters were settled, she would accompany Nick to pursue additional treatments, nurture the pregnancy, and prepare for the baby. Arista and Loretta would join them as well.

Two days later, Khloe and Nick officially moved into Cloud Palace. To celebrate, Arista arranged a family party in the courtyard, inviting many guests. Besides members of the Hunt and Morrison families, they also welcomed friends of Nick and Khloe. However,

among the Morrison family, only a few senior Morrison Group executives and close relatives attended. Oscar was recovering and couldn't entertain guests; only Michael came briefly to present a gift. Even Ethan, who normally loved to show off in public, stayed indoors, quietly nursing his injury.

Although Khloe had many friends-including Charlotte, Winnie, Michelle, and other members of the Keller family-she still felt a tinge of loneliness at the lively gathering. Seeing Michelle surrounded by her family, Khloe couldn't help but think how nice it would be if she had her own family around too. big sale: 100 bonus free fou you