

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 891

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 891 – Realizing Nick's expression had darkened, Barney finally snapped back to awareness.

"I heard you're pregnant... and that Nick is still recovering... I was worried about you both."

Khloe's voice hardened with impatience. "I'm fine. Nick's condition is stable for now. You don't need to worry."

Nick, who had just raised his teacup, set it down again without taking a sip.

"I recall that Solara Energy has yet to publicly explain the handling of former employee Angela. Perhaps you don't have the leisure to meddle in other people's business right now?" Khloe's tone cut like ice.

Barney's face paled. He knew that by coming here, there was no avoiding mentioning Angela. He had prepared for this, quickly trying to clarify.

"I won't have any further dealings with Angela."

"Barney, you must be joking. Whatever happened with Angela has nothing to do with me." Khloe nodded, suppressing a sigh.

"My lawyer is ready to sue Angela on multiple counts. If Solara Energy's interests were also infringed, it's best to handle it promptly. But if you're here for Angela, then I don't think we have anything to discuss," Khloe said sharply.

Barney's agitation spiked; he stood immediately.

"No! I'm not here because of Angela!"

Khloe tilted her head, eyeing him skeptically. If he truly cared about Angela, he wouldn't be fawning over her so openly. Offending both her and Nick would gain Angela no favor.

Barney faltered, then forced himself to calm down.

"I've drawn a clear line with Angela. Her mistakes-whatever you decide to do about them is justified."

Khloe opened her mouth to reply, but Nick lightly pressed his hand on hers, stopping her.

Barney sat down again, paused to gather himself, then spoke carefully. "Khloe... actually... I came today because-

“Barney, I really don’t have the patience to hear you ramble. If you have nothing important to say, I hope we can quietly disappear from each other’s lives from now on.”

Nick maintained his gentlemanly composure, but Khloe had no such patience-especially for Barney, a rival company CEO who

wasn’t even a friend.

“Khloe... don’t you ever want to find your mother?” Barney gritted his teeth, finally speaking.

Khloe froze. Nick’s gaze snapped to Barney instantly.

“Find my mother?”

“Yes...” Barney began, but Khloe cut him off with a cold, sharp laugh that sent chills down his spine.

“The mother who left me in an orphanage-why would I look for her? If she didn’t want me, then I don’t need her either.” Khloe said calmly and turned to nestle against Nick’s arm, refusing to look at Barney again.

Barney murmured, “Perhaps... perhaps she had her reasons...”

“Any reasons are unacceptable. I will never forgive the person who abandoned me.” Khloe’s tone was terrifyingly calm, yet Nick could feel her body trembling slightly.

“Then... you don’t want... a family?” Barney’s voice was dry, uncertain.

1/2

Chapter 591

Knowing her stance, the words he had almost said now stuck in his throat.

Nick’s eyes darkened, and he tightened his arm around her, silently cursing himself for not protecting her better.

“Show him out.”

He stood, holding Khloe close, and left before Barney could utter another word.

+25 Bonus

212

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 892

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 892 – Barney tried to stop Khloe again, but a servant quickly blocked him.

After he left, the butler handed Nick a delicate velvet box.

Khloe's morning had already been ruined by Barney. She had done some yoga in the gym, then soaked alone in a bath. Nick had wanted to join, but she had firmly refused him.

It wasn't until the afternoon, when Lenny delivered samples for the wedding favors, that Khloe seemed to regain a bit of her spirit. She came out to look them over with Nick.

"These will do. I think this is enough," she said, nodding. Nick had no objections.

Lenny, having finished his work, planned to leave quickly-after all, it was the newlyweds' honeymoon period, and he had no desire to be an unnecessary third wheel. 1

But Khloe called him back. "By the way, don't include Barney on the wedding guest list."

"Oh?" Lenny was surprised. She had been the one insisting on adding him before. And considering the size of Barney's gift, how could they really leave him out?

"That's what she said," Nick said softly. Lenny understood immediately and nodded.

Once Lenny left, Nick turned to Khloe. She was playing with one of the invitation samples, still looking unsettled.

He reached for her hand. "It's not worth getting upset over Barney."

She froze, saying nothing.

"Whatever happened in the past... as long as it's something you don't want to bring up, it will never touch us again." Nick's voice was gentle, a soft anchor. He drew her closer, resting her head against his chest, letting her fully relax.

His chest was solid, warm as fire. His heartbeat was steady and strong, a rhythm that slowly soothed her.

Khloe leaned against him in silence for a while, and her tangled thoughts finally began to settle.

"You're not going to ask me why I reacted so strongly to Barney?" she asked after a long pause, her voice muffled.

Nick stroked her long hair, a faint smile on his lips. "I wanted to ask... but I was afraid it would make you feel worse."

"Nick... do you know what I hated most as a child?"

His chest tightened. He gently traced her face with his fingers, speaking softly, as if afraid to disturb her. "What?"

"Sunset," she said.

"The orphanage closed at six-thirty every day, after the sun had fully set.

"That's when parents came for the children-those adopting, those visiting. The courtyard would fill up, noisy and bustling. Many children would gather by the gate."

Everyone knew that at that hour, the children called out would receive new clothes, treats, and, if lucky, get to leave the orphanage with their parents. The excitement was palpable.

Khloe had felt it too.

But day after day, every child in her class was chosen-except her. She would watch the sun slowly sink, the last golden rays framing the silhouettes of other children leaving, and feel a deep, crushing disappointment. A sadness that lingered long after the day ended.

Eventually, she developed a visceral dislike for twilight itself.

1/2

Chot 92

Until now.

+25 Bonus

Now, with Nick at her side, warmth replaced the loneliness and fear that had been carved into her bones. From this moment on, she would no longer be the fragile child left behind, endlessly waiting for someone who might never come.

Comments

Support

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 893

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 893 – “Khloe.” Nick’s brow furrowed tightly.

Her words pierced him like a thousand delicate needles, sinking deep into his heart.

Khloe’s voice was calm, almost indifferent-but inside him, emotions churned like a storm.

A tide of helpless tenderness swept through him. His eyes darkened with emotion as he lifted her face and pressed a firm, lingering kiss to her brow.

“You’ve grown up... just in time.”

He didn’t say more, but neither of them needed words. They understood each other perfectly.

It had been Khloe’s silent choice not to listen to Barney’s unsaid words.

The moment Barney had mentioned her mother, Khloe had felt a twinge of recognition. Yet beyond that fragile, easily pierced membrane lay truths she was neither ready nor willing to confront. She had never prepared for this.

“I’ve already decided,” Khloe murmured softly, “my only family... is the Hunt family. Only you.”

Niel had once revealed his fleeting affair with her mother, admitting that he had only discovered he had a daughter later. Khloe’s mother, by contrast, had deliberately abandoned her to the orphanage. 1

As a child, she had resented her parents. As she grew older, she tried to console herself, telling herself maybe they had their reasons. But no amount of self-soothing could compare to the reality she felt now.

She could not forgive, nor could she face the one who had left her behind.

“I know.” Nick held her tightly, his throat tight with emotion.

“From now on, I am your family. Your partner. You don’t have to force yourself to be anything you’re not-just live true to your heart.”

Khloe’s eyes glistened with a hint of moisture, but her lips curved into a small, grateful smile.

“Alright.”

She had always been strong, used to facing life head-on, able to process every emotion on her own. But with Nick, she understood what true happiness was.

To have someone carefully hold your heart, to catch your vulnerabilities... it was such a gentle, tender thing. So tender, sometimes, it could make you forgive the world.

Seeing her finally at peace, Nick reached into his pocket and pulled out the velvet box the butler had given him earlier.

“This was left behind by Barney before he left. If you don’t want to see it, I’ll handle it.”

Khloe leaned back slightly, eyes narrowing at the deep blue velvet box, hesitant to take it immediately.

“It’s fine,” Nick said, reaching to withdraw it.

But she pressed her hand against his, holding it still.

After a few moments of silence, she finally took the box and gently opened it.

Inside lay a necklace.

A platinum chain, its pendant a delicately crafted feather, with a top-grade black jade stone set in the center. Beautiful. Expensive.

1/2

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By its design and style, it clearly had age-an heirloom with high collectible value.

“He... did he say anything?” Khloe’s voice wavered with conflict, torn between wanting to know and fearing the answer.

Nick shook his head. “He said nothing. Just left it for you. But I looked into this necklace. It was part of an auction at an international exhibition thirty years ago, fairly well-known. If you want, I can tell you the details.”

Clearly, Nick already knew much more.

Khloe looked at him, uncertain.

But his hand remained firmly holding hers, his warmth like an anchor to her heart.

For the first time, she didn’t feel so helpless.

He was right-she was an adult now. And she was no longer alone...

“Alright... tell me.”

Khloe looped her arms around his neck, leaning close to whisper in his ear.

Feeling her finally relax, Nick continued.

+25 Bonus

212

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 894

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 894 – The necklace had originally been purchased by a jeweler in Jayelle City. At the time, it had drawn the attention of many affluent socialites, and it didn't take long before someone bought it.

The buyer, as it turned out, was Barney's grandfather.

Nick had learned that Barney's grandfather had bought the necklace as part of a wedding gift for his daughter.

"This necklace belonged to Barney's mother," Nick explained gently. "It was always her treasured possession, and it's been preserved beautifully."

The statement was left deliberately incomplete.

The implication was clear-Barney giving her something that once belonged to his mother needed no further explanation. Khloe understood immediately.

All of Barney's recent odd behavior now made sense.

Her face paled slightly, and her palms turned cold.

If Barney's mother was the very woman who had abandoned her...

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Then Barney was her biological brother.

Barney wasn't reckless; if he had come to find her, it was unlikely he had made a mistake.

Verifying it would be easy.

But beyond that, the truth that Barney was her brother by blood was something Khloe couldn't easily accept.

“So... she...” Khloe hesitated. “...is she-”

“She’s already passed away.”

Her heart jolted. For a moment, her mind went blank. The emotions she’d been bracing for seemed to lose all their outlet at

once.

Seeing her fall silent, Nick quickly ended the subject. (1

“Come on. Get dressed. Let’s go out for a walk.”

He slid the jewelry box into a nearby drawer. Khloe’s eyes flickered with light, and she nodded.

The scenery near Cloud Palace was beautiful, with two major national parks nearby.

The first time Nick had seen the place, he had imagined himself and Khloe growing old here, walking together every evening under the glow of sunsets and moonlight.

Life was inherently lonely. That made it all the more important to speak, to share, to be together in the time they had.

“Does the sunset here look different from the one you saw as a child?” he asked suddenly.

He paused, standing close to her, his broad, tall frame like a steadfast pine, lending her an even more delicate, radiant air.

Khloe lifted her gaze.

The sky blazed with a riot of colors as the sun sank. Ripples of light reflected across the calm lake, layering warmth over the entire world as if painting it in hues of amber. 1

She saw only the beauty, the warmth, the full, intoxicating light. Any lingering sadness from the past no longer touched her.

Chop 4

+25 Bonus

“Mm... it’s different,” she whispered, a small smile curling her lips. “It’s beautiful here.”

“On sunny days, we watch the clouds. On rainy days, we watch the ripples. On snowy days, we watch the frozen lake. I want to fill every day of your life with beauty, so that no matter what dark times we’ve had before... from today on...”

He paused, turning to face her, his hand brushing gently over her brow.

“...you have me.”

Two words, soft and tender, yet heavier than any she had ever felt in her heart.

Love, in its deepest form, endures to the end of life. Happiness is simply the longing for the same moments, repeated.

Nick loved her with all his heart. That was why he couldn't help but tell her the same words over and over, why he repeated the same gestures tirelessly.

Khloe understood. She had already been healed by him.

She rose on her tiptoes, grasped his collar, and lifted her lips to his in a quiet, perfect kiss.

No words were needed; everything was said.

The crimson clouds in the sky gradually faded, and night slowly claimed the heavens.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was at Ethan's residence.

Time slipped by, each minute heavier than the last, long past the hour she normally returned home.

Night had fallen. Ethan still slept in his bedroom, while she waited alone in the kitchen.

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Comments

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 895

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 895 – It was all because Ethan insisted on drinking freshly cooked, soft rice porridge.

Charlotte had work today, and she had already arrived late.

Ethan had mentioned earlier that he hadn't been exercising much lately and had little appetite, so she had brought along some ready-made side dishes, planning to just cook a simple porridge.

But Ethan refused to compromise-no ordinary porridge would do. He insisted on freshly cooked, completely softened plain rice porridge.

Charlotte couldn't even order food for him.

The moment she hinted at not wanting to cater to him, he started guilt-tripping her about his aches and pains, even calling Christopher on the spot.

Her younger brother, ever the manipulative type, was practically begging Charlotte to cook for Ethan.

Forget it. A promise was a promise. Since she had agreed to take care of him, she would do it perfectly.

Charlotte glanced at the clock. To cook the porridge to Ethan's exacting standards would take over an hour.

She plopped down on the sofa and opened her phone.

The screen displayed the icon of a game she had just reinstalled. Ever since Noah had left, she had brought it back onto her phone.

Every day, she logged in-just to see if Noah's account had come online.

Today was no exception.

But each time, she only logged in. She never actually played.

After a brief hesitation, Charlotte tapped the game icon again, just to kill some time.

The moment she logged in, a friend request popped up.

The avatar was identical to the one Noah had used before.

Her heart skipped. She immediately accepted.

Almost instantly, a team invitation arrived.

!

Charlotte didn't hesitate. She joined. She was still a semi-newbie; she understood the game mechanics but wasn't yet skilled.

Her teammate was also using a small account, but their gameplay was far more advanced. They were no amateur.

In the first round, Charlotte barely had to move-her teammate carried the match. A total "lay-down" win.

Before she could catch her breath, he started a second match.

This time, the characters they picked required close coordination. Charlotte's clumsiness caused several fatal mistakes, leading her teammate to die repeatedly.

Finally, a message popped up: (Charlotte, just support me. Don't go up there. Keep hiding. I

Charlotte jolted.

She typed instantly: [You... know me?]

But it was the crucial moment in the game. He didn't reply.

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+25 Bonus

She followed his instructions, improving her coordination. His reflexes and skills were impressive; once she stopped making mistakes, they quickly turned the tide and won within minutes.

As soon as the match ended, Charlotte shot him a message: [Are you Noah?]

The identical avatar, the account found through the search-there was no other possibility.

He was online, but he didn't reply immediately.

Worried he might log off, Charlotte sent another message: [I don't mean anything else. I just... wanted to ask if you've been okay. You haven't logged in for a while, so I've been a bit worried.]

Finally, the typing indicator appeared, then stopped and started again, like he was struggling with what to say.

After what felt like an eternity, a brief reply came: [I'm fine. And you?]

Charlotte's heart sank.

Half a dozen lines typed, and he replied with just four words.

[I'm fine.]

She answered instantly, not letting the conversation die. After a moment, she tried a new angle.

[You play so well... am I just really bad?]

Comments

Support

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 896

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 896 – This time, the reply came quickly: [Practice more if you're bad.]

Charlotte paused, her fingers hovering over the screen.

Noah's words were direct, but did he have to be this brutal?

Seeing her silent, he added: [Actually, it's okay. You react pretty fast. Next time we play, I'll guide you.]

[Alright.]

Charlotte's lips curved into a small, relieved smile. If he said that, it meant he'd be logging in regularly.

Her message had barely gone through when his avatar dimmed, signaling he had logged off.

She played a few solo practice matches to kill time.

After a while, the bedroom door opened, and Ethan stepped out.

Charlotte glanced at him. "The porridge isn't ready yet."

"How much longer?"

He sighed, pacing slowly toward the sofa. He had hoped Charlotte might help him sit, but the stubborn girl ignored him completely, eyes glued to her phone.

"Almost ready... Half an hour."

Charlotte didn't even look up.

He cleared his throat. "That's enough. I'm hungry. Let's eat now."

"Wait, I still..." Charlotte trailed off, but Ethan snatched her phone before she could finish.

In a few swift moves, he had exited her game and locked the phone on the table beside them.

“Are you some kind of gaming addict? If you keep ignoring me like this, I’ll call Khloe. Let her see how her favorite subordinate neglects her benefactor.”

“Ha.”

Charlotte almost laughed with exasperation. She had been starting to warm up to Ethan, but his insufferable habits kept wiping out her goodwill in one fell swoop.

He lowered his eyes, pretending to reach for the phone again.

“Fine, we’ll eat. Please wait.”

Charlotte nodded. She’d let it slide. If he complained to Khloe, she’d only be more exasperated.

When the porridge was served, it wasn’t quite to Ethan’s perfectionist standard, but it was fragrant, smooth, and thick.

Seeing him eat with satisfaction, Charlotte tidied up her things, ready to leave.

“Leaving already?” he asked, looking up.

She picked up her bag. “Take your time with the porridge. I’ll clear the bowl tomorrow. Your doctor said you need more rest, so I won’t disturb you.”

“Tomorrow’s Sunday,” Ethan said, stirring the porridge gently. “You don’t have work.”

“So?”

1/2

+25 Bonus

“So you don’t need to come tomorrow,” he said evenly. “But tonight... stay.”

Charlotte blinked in disbelief. “What are you playing at now?”

He put down the spoon, leaning back in his chair.

“My leg isn’t working well. If I need water or anything tonight, there’s no one to help. And early tomorrow, I have to head out. You staying makes it easier.” 2

“You could call the property manager, or your personal assistant,” Charlotte replied, keeping her tone calm.

“My assistant is still on leave. I approved a long vacation before I returned to Morrison Group, and by now, he’s probably not even in the country,” Ethan said, narrowing his eyes at her. “Also, this is a villa district. The property doesn’t provide in-home service.”¹

“So you could...” ¹

He cut her off. “Charlotte... whose fault is it that I’m injured?”

That line hit like a masterstroke.

“Khloe asked you to take care of me, and this is how you plan to take care of me? Leaving me alone at night-what if I fall or something happens? How will you explain that to her?”

¹

Charlotte stared at him for a few seconds, then suddenly asked, “So... the reason you want someone with you at night is... you’re scared of being alone?”

2/2

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 897

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 897 – Ethan’s expression stiffened, then he let out a short, incredulous laugh. “Ridiculous.”

Charlotte knew that Clarice had been extremely strict with him since childhood, often locking him in dark rooms as

punishment. If that had left lasting trauma, his dislike of being alone now was understandable.

Whenever Ethan had left Clarice’s place before, he had never liked staying in hotels. He’d rather linger at Charlotte’s doorstep. The only time he stayed in a hotel, he had done everything to make sure she accompanied him. ¹

Charlotte exhaled softly.

“Just so you know, I’m a deep sleeper. I can’t be expected to get up at night to take care of anyone.”

A faint curve tugged at Ethan's lips.

"That's fine. I'm not setting up a guest room. You and I will share a room."!

"Ethan!" Charlotte jumped back in shock. "Don't be ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous?" Ethan's eyes flicked with mischief. "We're just sleeping in the same room, not the same bed. There's a sofa in my room-it's more than enough for you."

Charlotte frowned. "I can sleep on the living room sofa. You can call me if you need anything."

"The living room is too far from the bedroom," Ethan said leisurely. "Besides, didn't someone just mention she sleeps deeply and can't get up at night?"

He paused, as if a thought had struck him, raising a brow.

"Oh, there's another option. You could sleep on the floor right outside my bedroom door."

Charlotte couldn't help but laugh again, finally nodding. "Fine, sofa it is. As long as you're comfortable and recovering, that's all

that matters."

Clever devil. Always one step ahead.

No matter. She'd survive this phase, endure the night, and then it would be over-they'd be completely done with each other.

But moving to the sofa didn't make Charlotte sleepy at all. Meanwhile, Ethan, medicated, slept like a log. A man like him-did he really need her to get up for him at night?

It wasn't until three in the morning that Charlotte finally felt herself drifting toward sleep.

Suddenly, a low, heavy groan jolted her awake.

"Ethan?"

She snapped fully alert, propping herself up to look at him.

He didn't respond. Concerned, Charlotte got up and went to check.

Ethan's body was curled into a tight ball, fists clenched as though caught in a nightmare.

Charlotte didn't dare wake him abruptly. She crouched down, moving close to his side.

Sweat soaked his pajamas, and his body trembled uncontrollably.

Suddenly, his breathing grew rapid and uneven. His arms flailed instinctively, and Charlotte grabbed his hand—but in an instant, he pulled her into his embrace with surprising force. He clutched her tightly.

“Ethan, you’re dreaming...” Charlotte tried to push him away.

1/2

Chapter 607

+25 Bonus

But he didn’t wake. His brow furrowed deeply, and his murmured words came in broken whispers.

“Don’t... don’t lock me up... I was wrong...”

“I’ll never... again...”

“Never be wrong again...”

Hearing his words, Charlotte froze for a moment.

She lowered her eyes. Even in sleep, the fear and panic on his face were painfully real.

If he hadn’t been truly hurt as a child, how could he still suffer these nightmares?

Because of her own father, she occasionally still dreamed of being beaten almost to death.

Even the people you despise... can have vulnerabilities.

Suppressing her breath, Charlotte, pinned by his weight, could barely move. She whispered softly against his cheek, “It’s okay, Ethan. It’s all in the past. You did nothing wrong. No one will lock you up anymore. No one will hurt you again.”

She didn’t know if her words would help, but after she spoke, his body visibly relaxed.

Comments

Support

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 898

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 898 – Charlotte waited a while longer, only withdrawing her hand once his breathing had fully steadied. But she didn't hurry to leave.. Instead, she gently patted his back.

Under her soothing touch, Ethan's brow gradually relaxed, as if he was finding his way back to calm.

But lying beside him, Charlotte herself was quickly overcome by sleepiness. She drifted toward unconsciousness, unaware of time passing.

Just as she was about to slip fully into sleep, a low, husky voice sounded beside her, "Charlotte?"

"Hm?"

Startled, Charlotte blinked and took a few seconds to register before sitting up.

"You're awake?"

"How...?" Ethan glanced at their positions.

Charlotte had been lying next to him, her head resting on his arm. The scene was intimate to the point of being unmistakably suggestive.

"Don't get the wrong idea! You had a nightmare, I came to check on you," she rushed to explain, quickly pulling her hands back to prove her innocence.

Ethan, surprisingly, didn't argue.

"Sorry for disturbing your rest."

"If you really cared about disturbing me, you wouldn't have let me watch over you in the first place," Charlotte muttered under her breath. Her voice was quiet, but he heard every word, and it instantly ruined his fleeting softness.

"Fine. You're here anyway. I'm thirsty-get me a glass of water. Warm, not too hot or cold."

"...You."

Charlotte already knew he wouldn't be truly kind to her. But, begrudgingly, she obeyed.

By the time she brought him the water, Ethan had already rolled over and fallen asleep again.

She wanted to wake him, but thinking back to how unsettled he'd been just moments ago, her resolve softened. She placed the water on the side table, exhausted herself, and finally allowed herself to sleep until dawn.

The next morning, Charlotte woke at ten o'clock.

Ethan was already gone from the room.

She raised her eyebrows in surprise. Hadn't he said she needed to get up early and accompany him somewhere?

After washing up, she stepped out to find him limping slightly through the hall, carrying two plates of breakfast.

Though it was just fried eggs and toasted bread, it was no small effort for someone as delicate and unwell as Ethan.

"Ethan, the sun must've risen in the west today. How come you have time to make breakfast?" Charlotte teased.

"Make do with it. We're heading out soon," Ethan replied coldly, seemingly too drained to spar with her.

Charlotte's gaze lingered on his face. His complexion was pale, and he didn't look well.

Once seated, Ethan coughed twice before taking his medicine.

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+25 Bonus

"You look off. Do we really have to go today?" Charlotte asked, pouring herself a sip of milk.

He grunted in acknowledgment but said nothing further.

The breakfast itself was ordinary, yet Charlotte found it unusually comforting. Rarely did she sit across from Ethan so quietly, sharing a meal, and feel such calm.

She had expected to spend the day acting as his personal chauffeur, but Ethan had specifically arranged a car. She had nothing to do but sit in the back and accompany him.

"The ride's two hours. You didn't sleep well last night, so feel free to rest some more," he added once they were in the car.

Charlotte felt a tug in her chest. She had been about to tease him, but the words caught in her throat. Could it be that even delaying the trip was meant to let her sleep longer?

“Where exactly are we going today? Now you can tell me, right?” she asked.

Ethan was silent for a moment before answering softly, “To see my parents.”

2/2

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 899

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 899 – “Your parents...” Charlotte’s eyes flickered, and for a moment, words failed her.

“I didn’t want to come alone, and I don’t really have any better friends... so I forced you to come with me,” Ethan said quietly.

Before Charlotte could respond, he added, almost as an afterthought.

Charlotte pressed her lips together and nodded in silence.

Two hours later, the car pulled up in the outskirts, in front of a quiet, modest cemetery.

It was small. Ethan’s parents shared a single, narrow headstone. Wild grass had overrun the area, and a thick layer of ice clung to the stone, grime seeping into the surrounding ground. (1)

It looked... as though no one had been there in decades.

At the gate, Ethan bought a small bouquet of fresh flowers and set them down beside the path. Then, with difficulty, he knelt, pulling out tools to clean the dirt and ice off the headstone.

Charlotte followed behind, wanting to steady him, but he moved too quickly, already absorbed. His emotions seemed to plummet to the bottom of a pit; he was entirely focused on the grave, as though nothing else existed.

Charlotte crouched beside him, helping as best she could. Though he was quiet, the sheer weight of his sorrow radiated from him, pressing down on her chest. (1)

After a while, Ethan grew frustrated with the tools and tossed them aside, trying to scrape the grime with his bare hands.

The centuries-old filth was stubborn, and soon his patience snapped. He dug at it furiously, and Charlotte's heart jumped when she saw blood mingle with the ice and dirt. She grabbed his hand instantly.

"Ethan. Enough," she whispered.

She pressed her palms against his icy wrist with all her strength, her voice softer than she intended. "Anything that doesn't come clean now, we'll finish once the weather warms and the ice melts."

Ethan lifted his gaze to hers. Charlotte finally saw it: his eyes were rimmed red.

His long, pale, aristocratic hands were now a map of scratches, blood smeared across dirt and ice alike. His body was already fragile; if infection set in, it could be serious.

"They'll blame me," he murmured, his gaze wandering.

"No," Charlotte said firmly. "They'd be happy just knowing you came. They wouldn't blame you."

"This is only the second time I've come to see them," he said, a trace of humor in his voice. "The first time was after Clarice adopted me. She brought me here... so I could say a final goodbye."

He was only five at the time. Out of fear-or perhaps because he was always a careful, weak spirited child- he had been terrified.

Orphaned, he had been afraid of being abandoned again. Afraid that even Clarice might leave him. To prove his loyalty, to show he accepted her as his only mother, he had never returned to his parents' grave for all these years. Thinking about it now, he couldn't forgive himself.

Charlotte seemed to read his thoughts. She lowered her head, pulling out a tissue to carefully wipe the blood from his hands, letting the dried traces fade.

"Ethan... I'm not just trying to comfort you. I think... you weren't wrong about your parents," she said softly.

He froze, looking at her in sudden surprise.

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+25 Bonus

She continued, "Clarice is the one who started all this. Your parents made mistakes, yes, but they were the ones who were sold. And you... at five years old, you were an innocent

child. An innocent child, forced to survive by learning obedience and flattery- that's not your fault. It's simply your instinct to live."

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 900

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 900 – "You really think that?" Ethan looked at Charlotte in surprise, as if her words were foreign to him.

Her voice was unusually gentle. "No one has the right to blame you. And your parents... they would never have blamed you either.

The red in Ethan's eyes deepened. Charlotte wrapped his hand carefully in a tissue.

Then she rose and bowed slightly toward the headstone, before extending her hand toward him.

"Now isn't the time to blame yourself. You came to see them, which is rare. What you should do is talk to them from your heart. I'll wait for you."

Ethan's gaze met hers-calm, steady, warm.

He paused for a few seconds, then slowly lifted his uninjured hand to grasp hers. Charlotte gave a little support, helping him to

his feet.

Seeing him rise, she finally let out a small sigh of relief.

Not long after, Ethan stepped out of the cemetery. Charlotte's figure stood ahead, bathed in the gentle warmth of the afternoon

sun, a soft glow surrounding her.

For a fleeting moment, Ethan felt an impulse to pull her into his arms.

"How do you feel? Better?"

But before he could reach for her, Charlotte had already turned and walked toward him.

“Mm.” Ethan nodded. “Let’s go back.”

On the way home, he was even quieter than before. Charlotte was utterly exhausted; after a night of little sleep, she could barely keep her eyes open. 1

When she woke again, dusk had fallen. She jolted upright, realizing she was in Ethan’s bed.

The door was ajar. Hearing a noise from the room, Ethan’s voice came quietly. “Sleep well?”

Charlotte looked down at herself-she had slept fully clothed. It had been a surprisingly comfortable rest.

“Ethan... why didn’t you send me home?”

“You were asleep. It’s the same wherever you sleep. And I’m the patient here. I’m not obligated to send you home, am I?”

She stepped out and saw a blanket on the sofa, with pills and a water cup neatly placed on the coffee table. He had made do in the living room for a few hours while she slept.

Charlotte’s lips twitched. The time read around five o’clock.

“You can leave now if you want,” Ethan said.

She had meant to go, but for some reason, seeing him struggle to carry the first-aid kit back to the sofa made her pause. Today was... the anniversary of his parents’ passing.

So she knelt beside him, taking the kit, and carefully disinfected and re-banded his crookedly wrapped fingers.

“Don’t get them wet over the next few days,” she reminded him.

Ethan noticed her absorbed gaze, only coming back to himself once she had put the kit away.

“Mm.”

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+25 Bonus

Charlotte rose, but he called her again.

“Yes?”

“Thank you for today. Truly.”

“You... hungry?”

Ethan looked at her in astonishment for a moment, then realized her meaning and chuckled, as if pleasantly surprised. He had expected her to leave as soon as possible.

“Yes! I haven’t eaten anything all day besides breakfast.”

“Perfect. I’m hungry too. I’ll make you dinner before I go,” Charlotte said flatly, rolling up her sleeves and heading to the kitchen to check the fridge, offering no other hint of emotion.

“I want noodles,” Ethan said.

“Tomato and egg noodles okay?”

“Fine.”

Charlotte worked efficiently. Ethan didn’t fuss this time, and a simple dinner was easy for her to prepare.

But just as she was about to start cooking, she glanced up and saw Ethan, leaning on his cane, walking into the kitchen.

212

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