

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 551

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 551 – Chapter 551 But Charlotte's offhand remark became the final straw that broke the camel's back. Ethan felt as if a knife had been driven straight into his heart. "Charlotte, my mom treats me well! | lost my parents when | was young. If she hadn't given me everything, | wouldn't be living the life | have now. She may be strict with me, but she's taught me a lot." Charlotte had intended to leave, but Ethan, like a cat with its tail stepped on, kept shouting at her. She couldn't help herself and stopped. "Clarice is good to you? Ethan, aren't you just fooling yourself?"

Not everyone who feeds you is your mother. Growing up by her side-were you really happy?" She despised this kind of childish argument, and her tone turned sharp before she realized it. Besides, there was no need for her to be polite to Ethan now. She truly hadn't expected him-usually so shrewd-to be so pigheaded about something like this. If he stayed with his mother for benefits, that would at least make sense for someone like him. — But if it was out of gratitude... forget it. Ethan had no answer. She struck precisely where it hurt most.

With abundant material comfort and an unmatched social status, he was nearly a winner in life-except for emotional fulfillment. But life was never perfect, was it? "What would you know? You can't understand my happiness." He paused, already losing the upper hand in momentum. Charlotte didn't argue further. She gave him a cool glance and cut the conversation short, yet her silence only drove Ethan deeper into self-doubt. Charlotte's rental apartment was small, and after Christopher moved in, there was even less space for Ethan to sleep.

She had planned to make him leave once he had rested enough, but Christopher kept pleading and even made a pallet on the floor himself, insisting Ethan take the sofa while he slept on the ground. Charlotte was utterly helpless. Ethan's skin was thicker than city walls-since Christopher asked him to stay, he accepted without a shred of embarrassment. In truth, both of them understood that if Ethan went home now, he would be punished. And after he had just joined Charlotte and -- the others in opposing Clarice's lackeys, there were surely many eyes watching him outside.

Charlotte had already made up her mind: tomorrow she would look for a new place. This apartment was no longer safe, and she couldn't stay here anymore. Elsewhere, at dusk, Central Hospital. "Is conservative treatment very risky?" In the empty office, it took a long time before the man's voice finally broke the silence. Only one specialist sat across from Nick. They both wore grave expressions as they studied the test results on the desk-though the doctor's was heavier still. Before receiving the report, he had been fairly optimistic.

Nick was usually in good physical condition, healthy in every respect, A tumor seemed unlikely; perhaps it was just a false alarm. But after the biopsy, the severity far exceeded his expectations. The shadowy mass had been confirmed as a gastric neuroendocrine tumor. Although it was classified as low-grade malignancy and had not yet metastasized, the risk was high. Without aggressive treatment, it could worsen in the later stages.

-- "Conservative treatment is the best option for now," the doctor said carefully, doing his best to explain "This kind of neuroendocrine tumor isn't as aggressive as gastric cancer, but it's comparable to a 'chronic cancer.' Still, you don't need to be overly worried. There are no signs of metastasis at present, and there is a chance it won't spread. If that's the case, it can be completely cured." At this point, the doctor pressed his lips together and lowered his gaze

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Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 552 - In truth, the probability was so low it was almost negligible. Low- grade malignancy was still malignancy. In clinical practice, it was rare for such tumors to never metastasize and be completely cured. At best, it could be said that there was no need to worry too much-for now. Nick heard the hesitation beneath the doctor's words and said coldly, 'If there's something you want to say, say it. Don't hide it.' "I'm telling you the truth. It's just that..." "The chance of a complete cure is very low, isn't it?" Nick said calmly.

When he saw the doctor nod, the unease in his heart finally settled. The corners of his mouth lifted faintly. Luckily, he had waited until Khloe left before coming in for the examination. Otherwise, the few days they had spent together would have been wasted. Seeing that Nick could still smile, the doctor felt even worse. "Mr. Hunt, if you're truly uneasy, you could take the risk and opt for surgery. The prognosis after surgery would be more thorough than with conservative treatment. But..." -- These were the same words the doctor had already said earlier.

Although surgery would act faster, Nick had an old injury in his stomach. Adhesions in the surgical area made the risk extremely high... there was a real possibility he might not even come off the operating table. Moreover, even with surgery, the chance of a radical cure was only a little over sixty percent. After weighing everything, conservative treatment was the better choice for now. If the results were good, surgery could be avoided-or at least postponed. "With medication alone, how long can | live?" Nick interrupted before the doctor could finish.

"Well..." The doctor chose his words carefully. "If the tumor does not metastasize and the drugs control it well, you can treat it as a chronic illness and coexist with it long-term. Ten years, twenty years, or even longer-many patients live this way. But that's the best-case scenario." "And the worst-case scenario?" Nick pressed. "The worst case..." The doctor

paused for a while before continuing, ‘If all medical treatments fail, within one year.’ -- The flight from Goldmont to the capital of Naraida took twelve hours.

When Khloe arrived, it was still morning local time, while night had already fallen in Goldmont. On the private jet, Khloe had kept in constant contact with Nick, and the moment she disembarked, she called him. “I’ve arrived. Have you eaten yet?” With her assistant and two bodyguards who also served as stewards in tow, Khloe walked through the VIP passage as she spoke. Originally, she had only wanted to bring one assistant and travel light. But Nick had refused, insisting on assigning his two most trusted men to stay by her side.

“Yeah, I’ve eaten.” “What did you eat?” By now, Khloe was used to supervising even Nick’s daily routines. Only when he named exactly what he had eaten would she consider him honest. When they reached the parking garage, the people sent by Henry were already waiting. Khloe ended the call with Nick in a hurry. Three cars had come to pick her up: two Maseratis and a -- Bentley. Each car held two men in suits. Only the lead vehicle- the black Bentley-had an extra passenger, a very young woman. She, too, wore a black suit. She inclined her head slightly toward Khloe.

“Welcome, Miss Khloe, for coming from afar. Let me introduce myself. ‘m Master Henry’s personal secretary, Delilah Frances.” Khloe gave Delilah a quick once-over. Her features were dignified and composed, and she looked no more than twenty- five or twenty-six. Yet her presence was no less commanding than the powerful female clients Khloe encountered in the business world-steady and sharp. Still... Henry was nearly ninety. Why would he choose someone so young as his secretary?

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A private vineyard lay near the estate, stretching seamlessly from the winery to the residential area. The entire complex was built in a retro European palace style-grand and imposing, so lavish it resembled a historical ruin turned tourist attraction. Naraida had low population density and high urban greenery coverage, so even casual snapshots looked like paintings. Khloe took a few photos and sent them to Nick. When Delilah saw this, a faint glimmer passed through her eyes. Just before Khloe got out of the car, Delilah finally spoke.

-- “Miss Khloe, you’ll be meeting Master Henry in the library. There are rules there—you’re not allowed to bring your phone inside.” “Not allowed to bring my phone? Why?” Khloe asked in surprise. Delilah explained, “There are many collections in the library that are not meant to be made public. In addition, Master Henry keeps a number of important documents there, many of them confidential.” Her expression showed no trace of unease, and a faint smile rested on her lips. “I hope you can understand.

Once you’ve finished meeting Master Henry, your phone will be returned to you immediately.” “I won’t do anything you forbid. I’m a member of the Morrison family—his own granddaughter. Are you really guarding against even me?” Khloe’s words did not make Delilah retreat. She continued apologetically, “I’m very sorry, but this is Master Henry’s rule. Even when your father, Niel, and your mother, Clarice, come to see him, as long as they enter the villa, they must temporarily hand in their phones.” Khloe had heard this from Oscar and Michael before.

Henry was meticulous and especially fond of setting rules for -- his own family. He was extremely strict with his children and demanded absolute respect and obedience from everyone. If he was not present, no one was allowed to pick up their utensils at a family banquet. If he was present, no one could touch their phones—nor were they allowed to chat among themselves. So, to please the old man, whenever the Morrison family visited him, they would voluntarily hand over their phones. Khloe sighed and helplessly extended her phone. Delilah was about to take it when Khloe pulled it back. “Wait.

Let me tell my husband first, so he won’t worry if it takes too long.” “Of course,” Delilah said with a gentle smile. Khloe left Nick a message, but he did not reply right away. Calculating the time difference, it was already past eleven at night in Goldmont. He was probably asleep. She waited a moment, and when she saw that everyone else was also standing by, she finally handed over her phone. There were six villas in the manor. The library was located in the one at the very back.

-- Khloe’s accompanying staff were led to wait in the main building’s hall, while Delilah personally guided Khloe forward and delivered her to Henry. The heavy carved rosewood doors were pushed open. The male attendants standing on either side immediately bent at ninety degrees and welcomed her in deep voices. Khloe took a quiet breath, inwardly complaining that Henry’s display was even grander than the combined presence of the entire Morrison family. Even the Hunt family’s estate, though equally luxurious, still fell short in sheer authority. The difference...

lay in Henry’s overwhelming sense of rules and pressure. “Master Henry, your granddaughter, Miss Khloe, has arrived,” Delilah announced softly from the side.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 554

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 554 – The vast red hall was open and spacious, designed much like a church. Along both sides, towering bookshelves stretched from floor to ceiling. Between them were bay windows on all four sides, each corner adorned with carefully carved antiques. At the far end of the room stood Henry, his head tilted up as he admired a wall covered with oil paintings of various sizes. After speaking, Delilah did not wait for a response. She gestured to Khloe, then led everyone out. The door creaked shut, and the echo lingered in the air.

“Come here.” Henry turned slightly and beckoned to Khloe with an easy motion. She hesitated for a moment, then walked toward him. His hair was completely white, yet thick and lustrous, and his spirit was vigorous. He wore a dark blue, traditional-style long robe with a matching vest. On his hand were a top-grade emerald bracelet and thumb ring. He looked simple, yet unmistakably noble. As Khloe studied his features, she seemed to see Niel. — Oscar had once told her that between him and Niel, Niel resembled Henry most.

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She had seen Niel's photographs, and the contours of the old man's face were almost carved from the same mold. But when Henry smiled, she was reminded of Michael. His nose bridge and brow were sharply defined, yet his overall features were gentle. When he smiled, he carried a natural scholarly warmth. “Grandpa, | finally get to meet you.” Khloe had prepared a whole set of opening lines—some proper and respectful as a junior, others slightly sentimental as a granddaughter. Yet the moment she saw him, a natural sense of closeness welled up.

Everything felt so easy, as if there were no need for many words at all. Henry smiled and placed his aged, heavy hand on her slender shoulder. “Yes. We finally meet.” He studied her for several seconds. As if struck by a thought, he suddenly fell silent. Just as Khloe was reminded of Niel, seeing her also made him think of Niel. Niel had been his favorite son. Not because he was exceptionally outstanding, but because compared to Oscar, Niel — had once been the most considerate and filial, the child who had moved him the most.

“Come, look at these paintings.” Henry gestured toward the wall filled with artwork. These had been taken out in advance after he learned Khloe was coming. Nearly all of them were family paintings. They depicted a little boy in childhood, adolescence, and middle age... As well as scenes of the boy traveling, dining, and playing with his parents as a family of three. In one painting, however, there was not just one boy. Beside him stood another boy, half a head taller. It was a family of four. Clearly, the smaller boy was Niel, and the other was Oscar.

“When Niel was little, he didn't like taking photos, but he liked having people draw him—portrait paintings. Later, | often invited famous artists to come and record our lives like this... though when Niel was young, | was also very busy.” Halfway through, the old man smiled, his voice tinged with regret. Khloe listened quietly, her lips slowly pressing together. Perhaps father and son had once been close, but rumors said that after Niel took over the Morrison Group, they grew distant. — Even when Niel passed away, Henry had not shown much outward grief.

If all of his feelings were buried deep inside, then when Khloe returned to the Morrison family, he would naturally want to see her at once. She did not believe that deliberately displayed nostalgia was necessarily genuine, yet she still listened as he spoke at length about Niel's childhood anecdotes. Henry chatted with her and led her around the entire library.

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If all of his feelings were buried deep inside, then when Khloe returned to the Morrison family, he would naturally want to see her at once. She did not believe that deliberately displayed nostalgia was necessarily genuine, yet she still listened as he spoke at length about Niel’s childhood anecdotes. Henry chatted with her and led her around the entire library. This library was personally designed and built by Henry. From the collections it housed to every detail of the interior décor, he had devoted immense care and thought to it. Now, he lived here long-term, working and reading within these walls, spending most of his days inside. Henry prepared a grand and lavish dinner for Khloe. After chatting with her casually about family matters, he led her to the banquet hall in the main building. By then, many guests had already begun to arrive. When Henry brought Khloe into the hall, Clarice was already inside receiving visitors.

Today was a family banquet held specifically for Khloe, so everyone present was naturally a relative or close friend of Henry. “It’s a pity Oscar is busy, and Michael couldn’t make it in time. Otherwise, our whole family would finally be together today.” Henry chuckled softly to Khloe as he took her hand and guided her through the crowd, beginning to introduce her to the guests. Aside from Oscar’s branch of the family and Niel’s, most of — Henry’s direct relatives had already passed away. Only some collateral relatives remained, all of whom had moved here with him.

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By calculation, he had spent more time with these relatives and friends than with his own children. “In a moment, I’m going to introduce you to a very special guest. When he heard you were coming—” Before he could finish, a hurried figure approached and interrupted him. “Henry, long time no see. You’re looking even better these days.” The man’s voice was bright and clear. At first glance, he seemed to be about the same age as Khloe, and his appearance was striking. His features were deep and sharply defined, unlike the refined, delicate handsomeness typical of many Eastern men.

Instead, he looked like a prince stepping out of an ancient Western court—his beauty bold and arresting, yet tinged with an unmistakable gentleness and melancholy. Such looks were rare even among celebrities, and in a crowd, he was impossible to miss. The moment Khloe saw him, she thought of mixed heritage—or perhaps a male model from a fashion magazine. “Well, speak of the devil,” Henry said with a smile. “Khloe, this is — the

distinguished guest | was just about to introduce to you.” He laughed as he gently pulled Khloe forward, positioning her in front of the man.

“This is Ralph Remington, the eldest heir of Dust Capital, the top multinational investment bank on Waffle Street.” Ralph gazed at Khloe with gentle eyes and curved his lips into a smile. Then, picking up where Henry left off, he introduced himself. “My grandfather, Charlie Remington, and Henry were classmates when they were young and have been lifelong friends. Now Henry is also a major shareholder of Dust Capital, so in a way, we’re family as well.” “That’s right,” Henry agreed with a nod. Ralph spoke with ease and charm.

The moment he opened his mouth, the atmosphere became warm and familiar. Khloe nodded politely. “I’ve long heard of Dust Capital’s reputation in Naraida. | never imagined I’d one day be fortunate enough to be considered connected to it by family ties.” The delight in Ralph’s eyes was impossible to hide. He immediately extended his hand. “In that case, may | also have the honor of shaking hands with you, Khloe?” -- “Of course.” Khloe nodded. When he reached out, she lightly pinched the tips of his fingers and released them almost instantly, barely making contact.

Ralph’s palm remained suspended for a moment. Noticing how quickly she withdrew—almost as if she were afraid of being taken advantage of—he found it quietly amusing. “Khloe, Ralph has a wonderful temperament and is very warm-hearted. He grew up in Naraida and knows everything here well. | have decided to let him accompany you around the capital for the next few days. You might even become good friends.” Henry spoke as if this had already been arranged. Khloe’s guard rose immediately.

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Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 556 - “That would be too much trouble. | mainly came to see you, Grandpa. I’ll just stay with you. Even if | need to look around, | can do it on my own—| really can’t impose on Ralph. Besides, there are still many matters waiting for me at Morrison Group office, so | truly don’t have time to stay long.” Khloe’s response was reasonable and tactful. Henry heard the reluctance in her words and smiled, no longer pressing the matter. After a few more exchanges, he finally revealed his true purpose.

It turned out that Dust Capital was preparing a special fund focused on acquiring assets in the domestic and broader global medical sector. The project required cooperative research with Morrison Group. Khloe happened to be a rising star in finance, perfectly matched to the field. If a partnership could be formed, it would be ideal. Once she realized it was about work, her guard finally dropped. Henry had summoned her in such a mysterious way—she knew it could not have been solely for family affection. He must have had something in mind. Still.

if it was only to discuss cooperation, a remote conference -- call with the domestic team would have sufficed. Perhaps Morrison Group had just undergone major changes, and neither Henry nor the other party fully trusted her yet. This visit might simply be a way to test her capabilities. Not long after the banquet began, Henry had to leave for other matters. At his request, Ralph stayed behind to accompany Khloe. Most of their conversation revolved around Dust Capital's projects. Khloe did not excuse herself immediately, partly because of her natural sensitivity to promising ventures.

From the little she had heard so far, the project already sounded impressive. With Dust Capital's support, Morrison Group might well make a leap onto the international stage. Khloe's objective was clear, but she also knew that until a partnership was confirmed, such matters were not appropriate topics for the banquet hall. What she had not expected was that Ralph would be even more forthcoming than she imagined. No matter what she asked, he answered without hesitation. He even volunteered detailed internal data and information-things she had not yet inquired about.

-- "Ralph, you're really generous with information. | imagine working with you would be very pleasant. But you're telling me such confidential figures-aren't you afraid | might leak them?" Khloe smiled and teased him lightly. After all, even when she had gone to see her own grandfather, her phone had been confiscated and only returned right before dinner. In the business world, even family members had to guard against one another. At her words, Ralph's smile turned a little awkward. "Of course, I'm afraid. But | believe you would never do that." "Oh?" Khloe raised an eyebrow.

"And why do you trust me so much?" They had only just met for the first time. "To be honest... I've admired you for a long time." Ralph paused before speaking frankly. When Khloe was still studying in the country, she had published papers continuously in academic journals. That was when he first noticed her. -- Her writing was excellent, and many of her research data and ideas were strikingly original-truly exceptional Ralph considered himself a top student. From childhood, he had received elite education, and many leading figures in the industry had praised him as outstanding.

As a result, he had always set his standards high, and there were few peers he genuinely respected. At first, he had assumed Khloe's papers were written by some famous scholar on her behalf. It was only after discovering that her advisor and his own professor moved in the same academic circles that he confirmed the truth-there really was a remarkably gifted young woman in the country. Later, when he met Khloe's mentor in person, he casually asked about her. Just as he had expected, in the mentor's words, Khloe was a genius in the field-and also someone with a very pleasant character.

From that moment on, Ralph had secretly resolved that once Khloe graduated, he would recruit her into his own team.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 557 – Ralph had never expected that when he timed his move perfectly and sent Khloe a generous job offer with a high salary, she would reject him outright. Back then, Ralph felt a heavy blow-his family had lost an outstanding talent, and he himself had lost someone who might have become a like-minded friend. But a few years later, he saw Khloe again in a video from an international charity conference. At the time, he did not recognize her. He only thought that the Morrison family's heiress was impressive-not only beautiful and charismatic, but also eloquent in her speech.

Her technical display in the relevant field was particularly striking; the more knowledgeable he was, the more he understood the true value of what she had shown. It was only later, when he met with his mentor again, that he learned the truth-this Khloe was the very talent he had once regretted losing. The revelation left Ralph stunned for days. The Remington and Morrison families were long-standing acquaintances.

After so many twists and turns, the woman he -- admired turned out to be so close to him: From that moment on, Ralph planned to make a trip back home to visit Morrison Group and arrange a meeting with Khloe. But without a proper bridge, such an abrupt move felt inappropriate to him. Then this project came along, and Khloe was the first person he thought of. He went to Henry several times in advance.

Henry had deep cooperation with Dust Capital, and if Ralph wanted the firm to expand domestically and bind closely with Morrison Group and Khloe, he would inevitably need Henry's approval. Yet, Henry kept the matter in reserve and gave no clear response -until just recently, when he finally informed the Remington family that they could first make contact with Khloe. Ralph had assumed Henry was simply being cautious. Even when dealing with his own group, he was known for being careful about partnerships. Khloe was not Niel, and her control of Morrison Group was not yet fully established.

In that sense, Henry was also acting responsibly toward the Remington family. "So that's how it is. | never imagined we shared such a distant connection." -- "Thank you for thinking so highly of me, Ralph. | really don't deserve such praise-I'm not as exceptional as you make me sound." Moved by the sincerity in his words, Khloe felt a little embarrassed. She quickly clinked glasses with him and took a sip of champagne in return. Ralph drank as well, without hesitation. "No, Khloe, you're far too modest.

Meeting you today, | finally understand what 'seeing once is better than hearing a hundred times' truly means. You're truly radiant." Perhaps he had drunk too quickly. Under the lights, a flush rose clearly on his cheeks, and the last of his words carried an undertone that felt different. Khloe fluttered her lashes and deliberately lifted the hand wearing her large wedding ring, touching her face casually until Ralph noticed, and his

gaze settled on her fingertips. Only then did she smoothly brush her hair back and lower her hand. “Khloe, your hands are beautiful.

Any jewelry looks even better ‘on you.” She had not expected his attention to drift in that direction, but Khloe smiled and answered calmly, “Thank you for the compliment. But I think it’s my husband who has good taste in -- choosing jewelry.” She displayed her hand again, almost wishing she were wearing more pieces. All the sapphires and colored gemstones Nick had given her were still at home. This time, she had brought only her wedding ring and the matching couple’s bracelets they had chosen together. “Y-your husband?” Ralph laughed in surprise.

He had not, expected Khloe to be married so young Hadn’t she only just returned to the Morrison family? He had heard that once she came back, she went straight into Morrison Group and devoted herself to work... And he had heard no news at all about any wedding of the Morrison family’s heiress. “Yes, my husband.” When Khloe mentioned Nick, her smile was genuinely bright. “You’ve heard of the Hunt Group, haven’t you?”

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 558 – Ralph’s eyes flickered slightly. “Of course, I’ve heard of them. The Hunt Group has enormous influence internationally. Many of their brands and industries are leaders in their fields.” He delivered those polite words with ease, yet the disappointment in his gaze toward Khloe was impossible to hide. “So, your husband is from the Hunt Group...?” “Yes. He is currently the CEO of the Hunt Group-Nick Hunt. If you ever come to our country, my husband and I will host you together.” Ralph felt a tightness in his chest, but he quickly smiled and nodded.

“Then it’s a deal.” With that, the topic came to an abrupt end. The banquet was not yet over, but Khloe felt she had already spent quite some time with Ralph, so she excused herself politely. Before leaving, the two exchanged contact information. Ralph said he would find time in the next few days to discuss the project with her in more depth, and Khloe readily agreed. -- No sooner had she stepped out of the banquet hall than Clarice followed her, Today, she had only greeted Khloe briefly. During the banquet, she had been busy.

Besides, with Henry at Khloe’s side, it had not been convenient for her to go over and interrupt. Every time Clarice came to Naraida, aside from fulfilling her filial duties as a daughter-in-law to Henry, her main purpose was always to expand her network of connections. Henry understood this perfectly. Now that Khloe had taken over Morrison Group, Clarice felt uneasy. Even if she were to withdraw from the company in the future, she still needed to pave a path for herself first. He saw all of this clearly. Since it was mutually beneficial, he allowed her to go about her affairs.

Moreover, in Henry's view, a family enterprise required internal checks and balances. However, this time the situation was somewhat different. Not long ago, Clarice had brought him certain unverified secrets suggesting that Niel's death was connected to Nick's father, -- George. The matter was huge-both involving Khloe and affecting the Morrison Group. According to Clarice, Khloe and Nick were now very close. If the truth were explained to Khloe directly, she might not necessarily side with the family. After much deliberation, Henry decided to summon Khloe alone.

Her marriage had been arranged by him personally. The alliance between the Hunt and Morrison families should have been an exceptionally favorable match. Therefore, before the truth was fully clarified, he did not intend to let Khloe leave. Coincidentally, Ralph appeared-giving him a way to keep her here under the pretext of work, while also allowing him to see whether his granddaughter could, like Niel, shoulder the responsibilities of the Morrison family's heir. Since Khloe returned to Morrison Group, Henry had heard many reports about her.

Some praised her; others criticized her, Clarice, in particular, accused Khloe of acting impulsively and having a chaotic emotional life. In that respect, she likely took after Niel. Clarice spoke out of resentment, but deep down, Henry agreed. -- If Niel had not truly been someone ruled by emotion, the relationship between father and son would not have deteriorated into cold distance in the end. Before Khloe arrived, Henry had already given Clarice strict instructions not to reveal a single word to Khloe on her own initiative. Everything would be decided by him.

For now, the only thing Clarice could do was to thoroughly investigate Niel's case. "Khloe, how did you find today?" Clarice's voice came from behind, interrupting Khloe's conversation with Delilah. They had already reached the elevator. Delilah was about to escort her back to her room to rest. "Quite good." Khloe lifted her brows slightly, a polite, formulaic smile on her face. Clarice smiled more warmly than she did. "Still sulking with me? Why are you being so cold with me?"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 559

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 559 - "How could you think that, Clarice? What would there be for me to be angry about?" Khloe went along with Clarice's words, her tone calm and unhurried. Clarice froze for two seconds before smiling again. "That's good, then. I've had so many matters to handle that I've often neglected you and couldn't support you at the Morrison Group. I was worried you might resent me for that. It seems I was overthinking it." After not seeing her for some time, Khloe had clearly matured. She even spoke so effortlessly now.

Neither servile nor overbearing, Khloe casually shifted the awkwardness back onto Clarice-smooth and slippery in just the right way. She really had inherited Niel's temperament. Khloe smiled faintly but did not respond, waiting for Clarice to continue. She knew perfectly well that Clarice had not come simply to mend their relationship.

“Come on. I’m staying here tonight too. I’ll walk you back to your room.” After saying this, Clarice glanced at Delilah, signaling that she — could leave. But Delilah merely stepped back a few paces and followed closely behind them, never straying far.

Khloe’s room was in the neighboring building, right next to the main house. Henry had personally chosen it for her—deep within the estate, with an excellent garden view, quiet and comfortable. Clarice told Khloe that although Henry appeared calm on the surface, he had made many preparations upon learning she was coming. The furniture in her room had been completely replaced, all with the newest styles favored by young women. Along the way, Clarice talked incessantly. Like Henry, she only chatted with Khloe about family matters, not mentioning anything else. Khloe responded politely throughout.

The atmosphere was so harmonious that it almost made her uneasy. “By the way, how is Nick doing? | heard his injuries have almost healed.” “Yes, he’s much better now. Thank you for your concern.” “He’s my son-in-law. Of course, | should be concerned.” — Before they realized it, they had reached the door of Khloe’s room. Delilah stepped forward to open it for Khloe. The suite was extraordinarily spacious and luxurious, with a view beyond compare. Clarice entered ahead of Khloe, smiling as she looked around. “This is really nice.

The room your grandfather prepared for you isn’t open to just anyone. Many of the items inside were approved by him personally before being arranged. He treasures you, his granddaughter, very much.” “I’ve made Grandpa worry again. After | freshen up, I’ll go thank him later.” Khloe followed behind Clarice. Seeing that she still intended to walk further inside, Khloe stepped in front of her with a slight smile. It was a polite way of seeing her out, and she also exchanged a glance with Delilah.

Delilah understood immediately and spoke up, “Madam Clarice, Master Henry was very satisfied with the luncheon you arranged today. Before he left, he instructed me to ask you to see him again after the banquet ends.” “Is that so? Then I’ll go right away.” Clarice showed no particular — reaction, replying lightly as she turned to leave. Khloe escorted her to the doorway. Just then, Clarice suddenly paused. “Oh, right. Khloe—shouldn’t you and Nick be holding your wedding soon?” As if recalling something, she turned back to look at her.

This time, her gaze was bright and intent, as though something interesting had been brought up. Khloe did not understand her meaning and replied coolly, “We’re preparing for it, but the date hasn’t been set yet.” “That’s good. But don’t set a date too soon... Registering the marriage is one thing. Your news has only been announced internally so far. But a formal wedding would be different. With the stature of our two families, it would stir up a huge commotion both at home and abroad.”

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 560 – When Clarice said this, a trace of barely concealed schadenfreude crept into her tone. Yet, she managed her expression well, putting on a face of grave concern. Khloe immediately caught the deliberate undertone in her words. “What do you mean by that?” “What I mean is-” “Madam Clarice, Master Henry is still waiting for you. It wouldn't be good to keep him waiting too long.” Before Clarice could finish, Delilah cut in. During Khloe's stay here, Delilah had been assigned by Henry to accompany her.

She was responsible not only for attending to Khloe's needs but also, naturally, for protecting her. “All right.” Clarice smiled and promptly dropped the subject. She knew very well that it was impossible to say too much to Khloe under Henry's watchful eye. But that was fine. Words left half-spoken only made people more curious. Sure enough, just as Clarice turned to leave, Khloe called after -- her. “Clarice, is there something you wanted to say to me?” Clarice smiled faintly and reached out to touch Khloe's arm Under Delilah's wary gaze, she spoke again. “It's nothing.

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I'm just old and tend to worry. In our circle, appearances matter most. You and Nick are, after all, a marriage of alliance. Only when you're truly certain you can stay together should you hold a grand wedding.” Once again, her words were layered, never stating things outright. She stared at Khloe, her palm tightening slightly as she gave her arm a firm squeeze. Khloe looked at Clarice with a complicated expression, her face gradually turning solemn. But very quickly, Delilah ushered Clarice away.

Khloe knew that Clarice had no goodwill toward her, and that she should not take her words too seriously. Yet this time, Clarice's hints kept circling around the Hunt family. Henry had summoned her to Naraida and had emphasized that she must come alone, without bringing Nick. Could the real reason she had been called here... have something to do with Nick? -- The two families were already joined by marriage. What could not be said openly? Khloe did not want to fall into a trap Clarice had dug for her, so the moment the thought arose, she forced herself to cut it off.

It was two in the afternoon here. In Goldmont, it was already past two in the morning. The last message Nick had sent her was while she was still in the banquet hall. She had urged him to rest early, and he had replied with a simple “Okay.” Though brief, Khloe knew he had been waiting for her reply all along, unwilling to relax until he knew she was safe. When Khloe had been chatting with Henry in the library earlier, she had seen his messages, yet Nick still called every ten minutes. When she finally got her phone back and called him, his voice was already hoarse.

Although Khloe explained that Henry had many rules, the fact that her phone had been taken still made him uneasy. Even so, Nick said nothing more, unwilling to burden her. Later, when he learned she was attending a family banquet, he -- sent no further messages. Perhaps it was the change of environment, or perhaps the sudden absence of Nick by her side left her faintly unsettled. At this moment, holding her phone, Khloe felt

an intense urge to call him, to hear his voice. Her fingertip hovered over the call button for a long time before she finally put the phone down. He needed rest.

Nick was a light sleeper. If she woke him, he would surely have trouble falling asleep again. Khloe took a hot shower. Once her body relaxed, her nerves gradually followed. In the evening, Henry had Delilah take Khloe and the others to tour his winery first. After he finished his own business, he went to find Khloe again. Ralph and several of Henry's close friends also stayed. Henry had people arrange a barbecue on the winery's stargazing terrace as a late-night meal, inviting everyone to enjoy the night view and drink wine together.

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