

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 571

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 571 – The young doctor's body stiffened at his words. "What... what do you mean?" "Ah," the director said quietly, "Mr. Hunt has a secretory gastric tumor." They had arrived in a rush, so he could only give her a brief explanation for now. The young doctor was responsible solely for monitoring him during this trip. The director, as the attending physician, oversaw all medical decisions. She was there as backup in case anything unexpected happened and needed to be aware of Nick's condition. After reviewing the report, her face paled noticeably.

Seeing her on the verge of tears, the director cleared his throat. "I understand your concern, but this isn't like hospitals abroad." In foreign hospitals, they were trained to empathize deeply with patients. When confronted with serious illnesses, they sometimes cried more than the patients themselves. But this wasn't a performance. She truly felt heartache. Nick was such a good man, so young, and yet... afflicted with -- this disease. "What can we do... he just got married. Does his wife know?" she asked, her voice tight with worry. The director shook his head. "No.

It's being kept from her. They have a strong relationship-he doesn't want to worry her." He exhaled softly, thinking of how fate always seemed to test those who deserved happiness. In this world, the more perfect something seemed, the more inevitable the flaw. "Can he really keep this from her forever?" The young doctor's chest tightened inexplicably. She had only met Nick once, barely exchanged a word, yet she was already agonizing for him. "Perhaps for a while. But this isn't something you or I need to fret over," the director said firmly, cutting off her spiraling thoughts.

He reminded her again to maintain absolute confidentiality. She was only on this trip temporarily-she must act as though nothing had happened. Otherwise, if she angered the Hunt family, even with her high academic standing and talent, no hospital in the country would dare employ her. "I understand," she said, nodding seriously, and took the medical files to study them quietly. -- Though multiple biopsies had confirmed the diagnosis, she instinctively hoped to find some hidden detail, some loophole The director mentioned Nick's recent injury-a widely reported incident in domestic news.

He had risked his own life for the nation while representing the Hunt family, showing remarkable courage and ensuring the success of a major public welfare project. Someone like him... how could fate treat him this way? The young doctor recalled the advice her father had once given: for certain neutral tumors, conservative modern treatments aren't always more effective than traditional remedies. She had been raised by her mother; both parents were doctors, but from different schools of thought. Her father believed in traditional alternative medicine and ancient formulas.

They required patience and precision; without it, results were slow and occasionally disastrous. Their ideological differences had split the family when she was young. She had followed her mother, learning modern medicine. Her father had written to her repeatedly, sharing insights on treating neutral tumors. He was stubborn in his beliefs-willing to fail repeatedly rather than compromise. She had dismissed his advice... until now. -- Nick's gastric tumor... aligned perfectly with the focus of her father's recent research. Meanwhile, in Naraida, the Morrison family estate

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 572

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 572 – After breakfast, Khloe was about to head out to meet her assistant when Delilah stopped her. “Miss Khloe, you should change first. We're about to leave for the exhibition center at the Blumino Hotel. Blumino is the family-owned international luxury hotel brand, and today's exhibition focuses on jewelry and art.” Delilah gave a brief overview of the morning's schedule. Khloe remembered Henry had mentioned the event yesterday. The exhibition had invited numerous internationally renowned artists and business magnates.

It was part social engagement, part publicity for the newly opened hotel. As the Morrison family's heiress and a wealthy figure in her own right, Khloe's presence would naturally elevate the event. Moreover, this was an activity arranged by Henry-it would have been improper not to attend. She didn't argue. Following Delilah's guidance, she went back to select a gown and do her makeup. Henry had other morning matters to attend to and had left ahead of her. Once in the car, Khloe noticed that her assistant and entourage hadn't arrived. Her calls went unanswered.

She asked Delilah, ” -- Where's my assistant?” Her team had been stationed in a separate building adjacent to the main residence, some distance away. It was Henry's rule: family and staff could not stay together in the same quarters. Delilah herself never stayed in the main house. Khloe found it inconvenient but knew better than to complain- guests always had priority. Last night, when she had called her assistant to arrange her return trip, the assistant hadn't sensed anything unusual.

Still, Khloe had taken precautions: she had planned to sneak out later, leave the estate under some pretext, and go straight to the airport to return home. But plans rarely survived the morning. “Are they still resting?” she asked. Delilah kept her composure, speaking softly before instructing someone nearby to go fetch them. Khloe wanted to accompany them, but Delilah glanced at the time. “Miss Khloe, the opening is about to start. Traffic in the central district is heavy. Ill have them brought here to join you afterward. Is that alright?” Khloe hesitated.

Delilah's words were flawless, yet she felt a subtle obstruction, as if she were being deliberately delayed. “Miss Khloe, is something on your mind? If there's anything you --

need to take care of, you can. “Nothing. Let’s go.” Before Delilah could finish, Khloe turned and got into the car. At this point, Khloe couldn’t do anything. Any resistance would only leave her at a disadvantage. On the way, Delilah observed her quietly. Khloe merely gazed out the window, calm, absorbed in the passing scenery. Even the phone she had been holding all morning remained untouched.

The exhibition proceeded smoothly. Khloe accompanied Henry for the ribbon-cutting, toured the exhibits, posed for photos, and even selected a few pieces of jewelry for crafting and auction. All morning, she became the center of attention, like a true celebrity. Her beauty shone under the flashes of cameras. Even the few internationally renowned actresses present were outshone, instead highlighting Khloe’s unique elegance. Yet, her looks weren’t what drew the greatest admiration. Her speeches and remarks were the real showstopper—fluent and precise, matching the standards of the local elite.

Her impromptu remarks carried depth and emotion, commanding attention with effortless charisma. She was, quite simply, a natural-born socialite—the epitome of a — golden heiress, dazzling in every sense

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 573

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 573 – Henry’s face shone as he personally introduced Khloe to the international media. He emphasized that Khloe was not just the Morrison family heiress or a billionaire inheritor. Her primary role now was as CEO of Morrison Pharmaceuticals—the future head of the family’s commercial empire. Though young and facing inevitable doubts, he fully supported her and hoped everyone would assist and back Khloe. Hearing her grandfather’s affirmation, Khloe’s eyes glistened. Amid the applause and cheers of the media, she embraced him.

Even when Henry had once handed the Morrison family legacy to Niel, the fanfare had never been this grand. It was certain that the media would turn this moment into viral headlines praising Khloe. The public would quickly debate the deep affection between grandfather and granddaughter, marveling at Henry’s doting. Yet behind the spectacle, the real success would be the exposure of the family’s newly opened luxury hotel brand. Khloe understood her role perfectly—she was merely a piece of the show. — Henry seemed pleased.

He gifted Khloe several exquisite pieces of jewelry and carefully introduced her to high-profile industry leaders. Khloe could tell that today’s engagements were far more valuable than yesterday’s family banquet. He genuinely wanted to place her at the center of the inner circle. It wasn’t until after the luncheon that Khloe finally found a moment to breathe. She realized her assistant still hadn’t arrived.

Just as she was about to ask Delilah about it, Henry appeared with Ralph and the two elder members of the Remington family, blocking her path. Since Khloe had refused Ralph's message last night, he had deliberately kept his distance today. Even during the morning's events, he hadn't dared approach her. "Khloe, it's been a busy morning, Are you tired?" Henry asked, smiling warmly. He also introduced Khloe to two old friends: Ralph's father and his third uncle. Both were highly respected figures in finance, commanding considerable influence.

The project Ralph had mentioned yesterday seemed promising to them as well. If a collaboration with Khloe and Morrison Pharmaceuticals could be secured, it would be mutually beneficial. For Morrison Pharmaceuticals, the project represented a major partnership. Khloe shook her head politely and continued -- engaging with them. Ralph remained unusually quiet throughout, only offering clarifications or explaining points when necessary. Khloe's mind was sharp and her answers precise.

By the end of their discussion, both elder Remington family members were satisfied and tentatively agreed to formal negotiations once the project details were finalized. That evening, the Remington family hosted a business banquet and sincerely invited Khloe. She declined, under pressure, determined not to abandon her plan to return to her country. Her careful performance in public was meant to avoid alerting Henry. On the way back, Khloe finally asked Delilah why her assistant and team had been entirely absent today.

Delilah, as if prepared for the question, responded evenly, "They didn't make it this morning. After the exhibition closed, I had them taken to a nearby leisure area. Miss Khloe, you were busy, so I didn't have a chance to report this. But rest assured, anything you need done here, I will handle. Your team should just enjoy their time off." Khloe smiled faintly. "Are you saying whether my people take time off is up to you?" "Miss Khloe..." "Was this deliberate? My grandfather's instruction? To separate -- me from my team? To restrict my freedom?"

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 574 - Khloe's rapid-fire questions left Delilah momentarily speechless. But she quickly lowered her gaze. "It's nothing, Miss Khloe. You're overthinking. Really, it's exactly as I said-they should be back soon, and then you can confirm everything with them yourself." Khloe didn't respond further. As soon as she returned to the villa, she headed straight for the adjacent building. Delilah blocked her again. "Miss Khloe, you're going the wrong way." Either you return my people to me, or I'll go find them myself. Step aside!" This time, Khloe's tone left no room for argument.

Delilah couldn't stop her and had no choice but to follow. At the door, several bodyguards were already waiting in the corridor. With just a gesture from Delilah, they moved to intercept. "Miss Khloe, please stop." "What is the meaning of this?" Khloe shot a sharp glance at -- Delilah. "Miss Khloe," one of the bodyguards began respectfully. "Your friends were feeling unwell and were just taken to a nearby hospital for treatment." The

explanation was clumsy enough that Khloe almost wanted to laugh. She turned her gaze back to Delilah.

“Delilah, should I ask my grandfather myself, or will you tell me?” Delilah nodded, her face cold and unreadable. She said only softly, “Miss Khloe, you cannot leave at the moment. This is indeed Master Henry’s order. If you don’t press the matter, he doesn’t want you to bear any mental burden. But rest assured... your friends are safe—they simply cannot meet you right now.” “Cannot leave? Are you seriously restricting my freedom?” Khloe’s voice was icy, and a flicker of surprise crossed her mind. She had already sensed Henry’s ulterior motives, but... how could they know she wanted to leave?

Delilah said nothing. She sighed lightly, and the bodyguards quickly formed a tight circle around Khloe. “Miss Khloe, please return to your room with us.” Khloe froze, speechless. — Meanwhile, in a car, Lenny watched Nick repeatedly dial his phone, his anxiety growing. Since the plane had landed, Nick had been trying to reach Khloe. The hour wasn’t too late, and the line was open—why wasn’t anyone picking up? Nick didn’t speak. His face was shadowed, his chiseled features blending into the night. He knew Khloe wouldn’t have gone to sleep this early.

She hadn’t sent many messages today, but whenever she was busy, she always let him know. The last one had come in the afternoon, saying the engagements were over and she was heading back. Every message Nick sent after that had gone unanswered. “Have you located Henry’s address?” he asked coldly after a long silence. Lenny nodded, understanding immediately. The driver changed course. Nick’s impromptu flight had been meant to surprise Khloe. To avoid disturbing her, arrangements for accommodation had been made in advance so she could settle in before they met.

Under the cover of night, Nick’s convoy slowly navigated the — winding mountain tunnel. The roads to the Morrison estate were treacherous; the drivers were on high alert. No one noticed the SUV silently tailing them from behind. The passenger-side window was rolled down halfway, a muscular arm resting on the frame. A cigarette glowed briefly before the wind caught it, and a few puffs later, it was tossed aside. Tiny sparks scattered into the darkness, vanishing almost instantly.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 575 – “Madam, we’ve got good news.” As the call connected, the person inside the car withdrew his arm, rolled up the window, and let out a low chuckle. “Understood.” Clarice ended the call and lowered her gaze to the set of photos that had just come in on her phone. Nick had actually arrived in Naraida this quickly. Spence’s people had been keeping Nick under constant watch. But with the strict surveillance in Goldmont, there was no chance to make a move. They could only wait for him to leave the city.

Clarice knew very well that as long as Khloe stayed abroad and didn't return home, Nick would eventually lose his patience. It was only a matter of time. Everything was unfolding exactly as she had anticipated. She took a bottle of dry red wine from the cabinet and poured herself half a glass. Before she could savor it, a knock interrupted her. -- The visitor was one of Henry's people-Delilah. "It's quite late. What is it?" Clarice asked. "Madam Clarice, Master Henry would like to discuss something with you. Please come with me." Delilah lowered her head respectfully.

A faint glimmer flickered in Clarice's eyes, as though she had guessed what this was about. She curved her lips into a smile. Wait a moment. I'll change my clothes." "I want to see Grandpa!" Khloe knocked hard on the door that had been locked from the outside and spoke coldly. Four bodyguards stood guard outside. Hearing her voice, one of them answered immediately, "Miss Khloe, your request has already been reported. If Master Henry wishes to see you, we will escort you to him. It's late now.

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Please rest first." Within just a few hours, Khloe had knocked on the door countless times, and every response was the same. After Delilah had bodyguards forcibly escort her back to her room, Khloe's phone lost its signal. Even if it did have service, she suspected it was already being monitored. -- From the very beginning, they had clearly planned to detain her. If she hadn't been perceptive enough, Henry would have stalled her with one excuse after another. And if she discovered the truth, they would resort to force.

The fact that her plan to return home had been exposed was most likely due to her phone-and her every move-already being under surveillance. But Henry was not like Clarice. He had no desire to seize her inheritance. If he had wanted the Morrison Group, he could have acted long before Niel died. Khloe truly could not understand his motive. Over the past two days, he had publicly acknowledged her status, introduced her to the Dust Capital project, and even had her stand in for the family at the hotel exhibition, connecting her with international elites.

All of this looked more like deliberate grooming-preparing her to take over. From the first day she arrived, he had instructed Delilah to brief her on the remaining business holdings in his hands. When he -- reminisced with her, every word carried the regret of having no children by his side... For a man like Henry, what he wanted her to feel was precisely his objective. + Khloe was certain of one thing: he did not intend to harm her. "Open the door! If you don't open it, I'll break it down! My health isn't good.

If something happens to me, you'll all be held responsible!" She shouted her threats several times. When there was still no response, she rammed the door hard with her elbow. The pain was excruciating. She quickly turned around, grabbed the quilt from the bed, wrapped it around herself, and began slamming into the door again with brute force. Each impact was louder than the last, each strike more violent than before. The bodyguards outside began to panic, exchanging uneasy glances. Finally, one of them couldn't hold back and called out, "Miss -- Khloe, please don't do this!

You're delicate-if you really get hurt, Master Henry will be heartbroken too..."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 576 - There was no response from inside. The bodyguards' one-after-another reassurances only seemed to fuel Khloe's determination, and the banging against the door grew louder and more violent. Fearing she would seriously hurt herself, one of the bodyguards quickly pulled out his phone to contact Henry. But just as Khloe felt herself nearing exhaustion, the door suddenly swung open from the outside. She couldn't stop in time. Wrapped in the quilt, she tumbled forward, hitting the floor with a thud. The guards were quick, but they couldn't fully catch her.

Fortunately, the quilt cushioned her fall. She wasn't badly hurt- definitely not as painful as when she had been ramming the door just moments ago. But she didn't have time to care about the soreness crawling through her body. Pushing the guards aside, she scrambled to her feet and surged forward a few steps. "Is this Henry's idea? Is this how you were told to treat me? Do you even know how many times | slammed against that door?"

"My body feels like it's about to fall apart!" -- Khloe deliberately flushed her cheeks, shouting to make herself look more dramatic, terrified they might try to approach her again. Sure enough, at her words, every single guard froze, then immediately bowed their heads in fear. "We're sorry, Miss Khloe! Master Henry would never give such instructions! Please don't misunderstand!" "Misunderstand? You mean | have to see Henry myself to clear things up? Then hurry and take me to him! Otherwise..."

"I'll break myself on this door today!" She deliberately deepened her tone, giving it a ruthless edge. The guards still didn't move to stop her, heads bowed low. The lead bodyguard quickly spoke up. "No problem, Miss Khloe. Master Henry is waiting for you. We'll take you there right now." Seeing that Khloe was no fragile heiress but a force to be reckoned with, the guards' nerves stayed taut all the way. She strode at the front, slippers nearly flying off her feet. By the time she reached Henry's bedroom, she hadn't even given anyone a chance to announce her-she practically stormed in.

The bodyguards watching her felt a chill run straight down their — spines No one had ever dared show such disregard for Henry! Even Oscar, Niel, or Clarice, when visiting him, had to wait respectfully at the door for a formal announcement. Inside, Henry was in the antechamber of his bedroom, sitting with Clarice on the sofa by the fireplace, sipping tea and discussing matters. Delilah, standing beside him, caught sight of Khloe barging in. Her expression immediately hardened, eyes darting to the people behind Khloe. “Are you crazy?”

Someone’s here, and you didn’t even report it?” Delilah’s voice was usually calm and measured, as though nothing could disturb her composure. But now, anger crackled in her tone. Henry’s rules were inviolable, and from the first day she’d started serving him, she had set it as her own principle: anyone’s disrespect would be her failure. “Not anyone else’s fault. | couldn’t wait. | want to see Grandpa.” Khloe spoke for the guards behind her in a cold voice. Meeting Delilah’s glare, she didn’t flinch an inch.

— Delilah pressed her lips tightly together, her gaze suddenly sharp for the first time, laced with lethal intensity. “Miss Khloe, even if you are Master Henry’s granddaughter, you- “That’s enough. They’re here now; there’s no point arguing over this. Besides, my granddaughter is eager to see me. You may leave.” Henry interrupted Delilah. He waved his hand, signaling Delilah and the others to step back Delilah gritted her teeth, watching Khloe, but forced herself to swallow her words. Khloe ignored her completely and strode straight toward Henry.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 577

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 577 – The bodyguards trailing behind nearly felt their souls leave their bodies, their legs trembling under them. After all, Henry had never been this lenient. Even Michael, the most spoiled grandson, risked a stiff reprimand whenever he displeased Henry. For the servants and attendants, angering him could cost more than a reprimand-it could be life-threatening. But today? Henry simply waved his hand, allowing them to step aside, indulging Khloe with an almost weightless leniency. It was clear: he truly liked her.

Henry saw Khloe standing there and smiled warmly, patting the seat beside him. His hoarse voice drifted across the room, slow and deliberate, as he uttered a single word, “Sit.” The tone was gentle, yet the aura it carried was entirely different, from before-immense, commanding, and impossible to ignore Khloe hesitated. She studied him for a moment, then glanced to the side at Clarice. “Clarice, you’re not leaving?” — Henry had dismissed everyone else, but had left Clarice behind. She sat there calmly, sipping tea as if watching a play, utterly unbothered.

Her unusual quietness was unsettling; anyone who thrived on Khloe's misfortune would never act so neutral. "Khloe, Clarice is like a mother to you. There's no need for formalities. Sit. Speak slowly; take your time." Clarice still didn't move. Henry, noticing this, poured a cup of tea for Khloe as well, the cup landing with a slightly heavier sound. Khloe still didn't sit. "Grandpa... do you dislike me?" "Dislike you?" The old man shook his head. "How could I? You're my granddaughter, and you're so capable. I feel nothing but pride." Khloe pressed on.

"Then what have I done to upset you?" "Nothing," Henry replied again. Clarice's lips curved in a faint smile. Henry's composure was remarkable. He knew exactly what Khloe was questioning, yet he showed no hint of impatience. "Then why did you forcibly detain me-and my people? Why call me here at all?" -- Khloe knew she should stay calm, at least in front of Clarice. But her anger burned hot. A thread of familial loyalty tugged at her, but she had still been manipulated. Her words hung in the room Suddenly, silence fell. The large room felt as still as a tomb.

Henry gently swirled his tea, watching the young leaves drift to the bottom. After a long pause, he set the cup down and pushed it toward her. "Take a sip, calm yourself. I heard you rushed to see me and hurt yourself. Shall I call a doctor to check you?" His voice softened, but Khloe refused any concession. She didn't even glance at the tea cup, her tone sharp and unyielding. "Grandpa, I came to Naraida to see you, not because of the power of the Morrison family, but because you are my grandfather-my elder. I respect you, I trust you-but all you've given me is deception.

Is this how the Morrison family operates? Her eyes narrowed, voice steady. "Perhaps I'm only an illegitimate daughter, and you feel no filial bond toward me. Fine. Then speak plainly-there's no need for pretense or hollow -- politeness." A flicker of surprise passed through Clarice's eyes. Facing Henry, she had always tread lightly, carefully navigating every word. Yet Khloe had come in full force, giving no deference. By refusing to leave Henry face, Khloe left no backdoor for herself either. If she truly offended him, could she still maneuver within the Morrison Group?

Clarice's experience told her: unlike Niel, Khloe wasn't a seasoned veteran of these family battles. Even if she lost Henry's favor, she would still have the skill to withstand some risk-but crossing him openly... that was dangerous.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 578

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 578 - It was the fearlessness of youth that even Clarice had to admit some admiration for. Henry looked at Khloe, a trace of surprise flickering across his face. His granddaughter-so outwardly obedient, tactful, and considerate-was, at her core, as stubborn and fierce as her father had been. Back when Niel had clashed with him, he had turned on him in an instant, refusing to yield even a

fraction. At the time, Henry was young, wielding power without ever having to bow. And with his own children, submission had never been an option. That rift had lasted a lifetime.

Niel had been his most beloved son for his obedience, but also the one who had hurt him the most, for his decisiveness and resolve. Now, looking back, perhaps Niel had never been the compliant child he appeared to be. He resembled Henry not only in appearance but in temperament. His seeming docility may have been merely a strategy-suppress him too harshly, and he would resist with no reserve. -- But age had mellowed Henry.

In his youth, he had sought to control everything, only to realize that control was merely distrust of the human heart-and the heart, the emotions, were the one thing that could never be commanded. That was why, with Khloe, he refused to go to extremes this time. "I'm not trying to deceive you," Henry said gently, "I'm doing this to protect you... to protect the Morrison family. | want you to stay here for now. Can you understand that?" Hearing him speak like this, Clarice's eyes darkened, her chest rising and falling slightly with unease. Khloe's lips lifted in a faint, sharp smile.

"Protect me? | don't consider depriving me of my freedom through deception protection." "I have my reasons," Henry persisted patiently. "Wouldn't it be better for you to stay here with me for a while? There are some things you shouldn't know just yet-they might not be good for you. Trust me once more. Staying here, you'll meet more people. The Morrison family is more than just Morrison Pharmaceuticals. If you listen to me, you have much to gain. Wouldn't you want to inherit the family's enterprises in the future? Clarice turned her face slightly, a wry smile flickering across her -- lips.

This old man, she thought, had absolutely no qualms about speaking openly in front of her. "Grandpa," Khloe said, her voice firm, "do you want me to speak to you as your granddaughter, as myself, or as the current CEO of Morrison Pharmaceuticals?" Her words made the expectation on Henry's face gradually fade. He sighed. "Does it really matter?" "Speaking as your granddaughter," Khloe said steadily, "you should respect my opinion. Speaking as myself, | demand to know the truth.

Speaking as Morrison Pharmaceuticals' CEO, | should be part of the decisions, regardless of whether it benefits me or not." At that moment, her stance was as clear as it could be. Henry couldn't help but smile. He looked at Clarice. "You were right. She is stubborn, just like Niel." Clarice, however, did not share his amusement. Only a faint chill passed through her eyes, her lips lifting mechanically. "Very well, then | may as well speak plainly," Henry said in a low, grave voice. "Your father's death... was caused by human action." Khloe's chest tightened, and she froze for a moment.

-- After a long pause, she frowned. "Niel... didn't he die of illness? How could it..." "Niel did die of illness," Clarice interjected softly, taking over Khloe's thought, "but his illness was triggered by an accident."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 579

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 579 – Khloe's expression shifted, as if a realization had struck her, and she turned her gaze to Henry. He closed his eyes slightly, signaling Clarice to continue. Clarice regarded Khloe's tightly controlled expression and began calmly, "Your father had always been in excellent health. There was no reason for him, at such a young age, to suddenly develop such a severe illness. And this sudden illness struck so violently that he barely had a moment to catch his breath.

By the time he sought out you, his daughter, there was no opportunity for a proper meeting." Hearing this, a chill crept up Khloe's spine, and her hands instinctively clenched together. The lawyer who had come to contact her about inheriting the estate had mentioned that the will had been made in haste. Niel, after much consideration, had decided that the lawyer should wait until his death to reach out to her. Even the lawyer had not anticipated how quickly the will would come into effect. Clarice was not lying- Niel's illness had indeed been sudden, a violent emergency.

Khloe felt a cold dread settle in her chest. -- Clarice's tone was measured, but she didn't waste time easing in. "Even if you and your father never spent much time together, as his daughter-and inheritor of his entire estate-you wouldn't simply ignore those responsible for his death, would you? Surely you wouldn't stand idly by..." Khloe didn't take the bait. Gritting her teeth, she asked bluntly, " So... my father's death... does it have something to do with the Hunt family?" Her heart thudded in her chest as the question left her lips. Clarice's hints had been too obvious from the start.

From her probing that first night, she had already planted information. Khloe's sudden desire to return to the country was, in large part, the result of Clarice's manipulation. It only now occurred to Khloe that everything had been orchestrated-to get her to act. Henry had no intention of letting her know so early. Clarice, however, knew Khloe well enough to predict that she would detect the abnormality and would never allow herself to be passive. Once Khloe started moving, a conflict with Henry was inevitable. And if she and Henry came to blows, the situation would become far more dangerous.

“Khloe, you really are clever,” Clarice said with a small smile, -- cutting straight to the point. She pulled a thick stack of files from her bag. The results of Niels autopsy had been available for some time. His sudden illness had taken his life in just two weeks, yet the exact cause had remained elusive. Clarice had hired one of the world’s top international testing agencies, running multiple rounds of examinations. Only then did the clues begin to emerge. Years ago, Niel had inhaled a small amount of high-risk radioactive gas.

This exposure had triggered a latent viral mutation, ultimately causing the acute illness that ended his life. And the timing of that exposure coincided exactly with the year he had attended the international business conference hosted by the Hunt Group. That year, Hunt Group had been on the rise. However, George had become entangled in a tragic accident and homicide case, which sparked widespread controversy both domestically and internationally. In the end, due to insufficient evidence, George was acquitted, though the company’s reputation had suffered.

To repair it, Hunt Group took on the business conference and established various charitable foundations. -- Niel had attended the conference that year. Clarice, feeling unwell, had stayed behind. Upon returning, Niel had developed a high fever that lasted several days. Now, with the results of his death confirmed, Clarice had pieced everything together. When Niel had returned from the conference, his demeanor had been unusually grave, as if he had uncovered something. He immediately returned to the country and instructed that no publicity be made about his attendance at the event.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 580

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 580 – Clarice had later conducted her own investigation. On that day, George had personally hosted a table of twelve guests. Niel was one of them. All twelve had later vanished without a trace. The criminal case George had been involved in back then was the result of a toxic gas leak that had claimed hundreds of lives. Clarice speculated that Niel must have discovered something, and George had used this secretive, ruthless method to silence him. “Clarice,” Khloe said, raising her brow, “I thought the evidence you gave me was official police files. All of this...

it’s just your speculation, right? You wouldn’t tell me that George killed my father based solely on speculation, would you?” The materials Clarice provided didn’t appear fabricated, yet reading through them, Khloe felt a strange sense of relief. She didn’t know George personally. Her only reason to distrust him had been his mistreatment of Nick-but she couldn’t imagine him capable of outright murder. “I never said that,” Clarice

anticipated Khloe's reaction and snorted softly. "But based on my investigation, George fell out -- with many of his partners.

Some international circles even have a bounty on him. "Isn't it natural to be suspicious when a man like that is coincidentally linked to your father's death?" Henry's face darkened. "Khloe," he said, "everything is still under investigation. Nothing has been confirmed. But you need to understand: if George truly is the man responsible for your father's death... in your current position, what would you do?" Khloe could feel Henry's displeasure. Her first instinct had already revealed her stance-her subconscious still sought to protect the Hunt family.

To the Morrison family, no matter the truth, hearing that Niel's death might involve the Hunt family, Khloe's restrained reaction was unacceptable. She clenched her fists. If George had truly done something monstrous to Niel, she would indeed be trapped between moral duty and helplessness. By all reason, she couldn't, as Niel's daughter, marry the son of her father's killer. Nor could she, as the current CEO of Morrison Group, have any association with the Hunt family. But the matter of George wasn't the same as Nick.

She didn't -- want to hurt Nick or the Hunt family members who had been kind to her. What to do... she didn't yet have a solution. After a moment, she forced herself to speak. "If it really is like that, I'll answer you when the time comes. | can't give an answer right now, but | know this: | won't betray the Morrison family, and | won't betray my own heart." "The matter of George has nothing to do with Nick," she added deliberately, emphasizing the point. Clarice couldn't help but smile.

She caught sight of Henry's face turning steel-gray-his eyes no longer held any hope for Khloe, only deep disappointment. "Debts of the father fall on the child. A daughter inherits the father's legacy," Clarice continued. "Khloe, you're not going to take the advantage and act clever, greedy for nothing, are you? Nick is the son of the Hunt family. Even if it doesn't concern family honor, he bears responsibility for his family.

And you, as a Morrison daughter, having inherited your father's mantle, must shoulder your responsibilities to your family, the company, and your loved ones." "Otherwise," she added sharply, "you do not deserve to inherit Niel's estate." -- Clarice's words hit Khloe like a hammer--there was no room for rebuttal. Though she knew Clarice was setting a trap, she had to admit: it was true. Having inherited Niel's legacy, Khloe, as a Morrison heiress, could not sever herself from the family or shirk her responsibilities.