

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 651

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 651 – At last, Nick carefully lowered a kiss onto her lips. Yet, there was no desire in it—only gentleness and quiet intensity, as though he were simply savoring the moment. Khloe wrapped her arms around his back, studying his features and brows, her gaze clear and steady. “Khloe.” “Mm, I’m here.” “Khloe...” Nick kept calling her name, again and again. Each time, his voice grew deeper and lower, until Khloe felt as if her bones were melting one by one. “What is it?”

“Do you miss me?” “I miss you every moment.” His voice was so soft it was almost intangible as he spoke against her ear. Khloe felt that if he kept teasing her like this, she truly wouldn’t be able to take it. She pressed her hands to his chest and pulled back slightly, lifting his face to look at him more closely. — “Nick, something’s not right with you. Are you feeling unwell?” “I’m fine.” He let her touch his face however she pleased, his eyes holding nothing but gentle warmth. He gave a low chuckle and drew her back into his arms. “I just suddenly feel...

very fortunate.” He didn’t say what he felt fortunate about, but Khloe understood. The whispered conversation she’d had with Arista outside the room—he must have heard all of it. Khloe had never thought of him as a burden or a drag on her life. She embraced it willingly. Because Nick was already her future—her path forward, the life she wanted. “I also feel very fortunate. She buried her face against his neck, but before she could finish speaking, Nick lifted her legs and scooped her up into his arms “Nick, what are you doing? Put me down—” Startled, Khloe instinctively clutched him tighter.

“You’ve had a long day,” he said calmly. “It’s time for you to rest properly.” — “It’s just a few steps. I can walk... and besides, your body is weak “Who are you calling weak?” Khloe pressed her lips together, suddenly realizing she’d said the wrong thing Nick stopped in his tracks, holding her without moving. She blinked. “That’s not what I meant...” “So who’s weak, then?” he pressed, lowering his voice dangerously. “Say it clearly.” Left with no escape, Khloe forced a flattering smile. “You’re right. I’m the one who’s weak.

“I’m exhausted—so exhausted I’m weak.” Nick tugged at the corner of his mouth in a half-smile and said nothing more. He carried her steadily into the bedroom and gently set her down by the bed. He didn’t straighten up. Instead, he braced one knee against the edge of the bed and leaned over her, trapping her between his body and the mattress. “Nick... what are you doing?” — A bad feeling rose in Khloe’s chest, and she hurried to stop him. Although she knew that after taking the strong medication, his condition was fairly stable... still, this wasn’t a good time for her.

“Between husband and wife, the most important thing is not to let misunderstandings arise,” he said slowly. “Maybe I haven’t been performing well lately, and that’s why you’ve misunderstood my health.” “There’s no misunderstanding! None at all, hahaha!”

Khloe laughed awkwardly, her hand pressing against his chest again, clearly feeling the steady, powerful beat of his heart. But Nick wasn't fooled by her forced laughter. He lowered his gaze to her, his eyes as deep as the sea at night-calm on the surface, with hidden currents beneath. "Words aren't enough.

It has to be proven with actions." His hand was already moving toward the hem of her clothes. "All right, all right, stop joking. We still have important things to do tomorrow, and I..." Khloe shifted aside and pushed his arm away. "I'm really a bit tired today. | don't feel very well." -- "Not feeling well?" Nick froze. The teasing in his eyes vanished instantly, replaced by genuine concern.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 652

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 652 - "Where does it hurt? Did you catch a chill? Or is there something wrong with your body?" Seeing Nick switch instantly into full worry mode, Khloe felt both warm and a little bitter inside. She pulled his hand down and held it in her palm. "It's nothing. I'm just a little tired. I'll be fine after some rest. You too- you've had a long day. Go take a hot shower, and then we'll sleep together." Nick's brow remained furrowed. "Are you sure you're only tired?

| should call a doctor to take a look..." "Really, there's no need." Khloe simply stood up and pushed him toward the bathroom. "I promise, I'll be fine after one night's sleep." Left with no choice, Nick went into the bathroom. He showered quickly and came out as soon as he was done, heading straight for Khloe. But she truly was exhausted. In just a little over ten minutes, she had already curled up on the bed and fallen asleep. Nick wrapped his arms around her from behind. He listened to -- her steady breathing for a long while before finally closing his eyes in relief.

Early the next morning, Khloe finally received an email from Delilah. It contained an incomplete piece of surveillance footage. The footage showed that on the day Niel's accident occurred, George had gone to the industrial park where it happened. However, the surveillance footage from inside the park was missing. This made the suspicion that George had deliberately caused the accident even stronger. "How could there still be surveillance footage? Back then, didn't George say that it was all gone when the park was demolished?" "Looks like someone deliberately kept it.

And if one segment still exists, there's a good chance there's more?" Khloe and Nick immediately thought of the same thing Delilah's email stated that the footage had only been handed to Henry by Clarice yesterday, and that she had apparently purchased it from a secret buyer. -- Both of them, without hesitation, thought of Rick Orion. Now there were two possibilities. The first was that Rick possessed the complete footage from that day and was working together with Clarice to frame George. The second possibility... The footage was not originally Rick's.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have waited until now to bring it out as evidence against George. Moreover, Rick had long been active on the dark web. It was very likely that some of the park's former staff had secretly kept the footage, and he had bought it from those hidden sources. If that was the case, then they must also be searching for the complete surveillance video right now. After exchanging a glance, Khloe and Nick quickly dialed a number. No one answered. After the call was cut off, several messages came in.

The person Khloe had contacted was someone she had sent earlier to keep an eye on Clarice. Clarice was extremely cautious. Khloe's people had blended in -- among Clarice's bodyguards and hadn't been able to obtain much useful information. But the past two days were different. After Khloe left, Clarice had gone out from Evergreen Manor every morning and only returned very late at night. After exhausting every means to inquire, Khloe's people finally learned that Clarice seemed to be meeting some kind of distinguished guest.

Although the information was limited, it was enough to confirm their suspicions. The person helping Clarice was very likely Rick. The two of them had been meeting constantly, which suggested that their plan was not progressing smoothly. Once everything was pieced together, Lenny immediately contacted their people back home and retrieved the materials they had long prepared. Before noon, all the records of the park's staff who had been on duty that year were obtained. After screening them, only two people were found to have possibly had access to the surveillance footage.

One of them was already quite old and didn't seem like someone who would be capable of selling videos on the dark -- web. The other was still in the country, but his registered address was in a rural township-a wide area that would take time to narrow down.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 653

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 653 - "Lenny." Nick called for Lenny at once, but before he could say anything, Lenny already understood what his boss meant. "Madam's judgment was correct. The other person fell critically ill and was hospitalized not long ago, and it's now confirmed that he has passed away. As for the one named Ryan Douglas, we've already sent people to look for him. | believe we'll have news within two days." "Two days... that's too slow," Khloe spoke thoughtfully. Clarice had moved faster than they had. At this point, the key to breaking the deadlock was time.

If Ryan was found by Clarice's people first, the only piece of evidence would disappear completely. Nick's expression darkened as he glanced at Lenny. Lenny was sweating as well. Of course, he understood how urgent the situation was, but the search area was far from small, and there was no guarantee that Ryan was still living at his old address. Two days was already a relatively optimistic estimate. If Ryan -- had moved, then searching for him within the country would be like looking for a needle in the ocean. "| want to go in person." Khloe stared at Ryan's file and blurted it out.

“No.” “No!” Nick and Arista spoke almost at the same time. They exchanged a glance. Nick said nothing, while Arista took Khloe’s hand. “This matter is dangerous no matter what. It’s a long journey, and if you run into any trouble... not only would you miss the agreed time limit, you might even be walking straight into Clarice’s trap.” Khloe frowned. Indeed, she had only said it offhand. The stakes were too high for her to simply sit and wait for news. And if she went, Nick would most likely go with her. Considering both of their physical conditions, Khloe knew it could only remain a thought.

Seeing how worried she was, Nick gave Lenny a look. Lenny immediately spoke up, saying that he had already deployed all available manpower and had even hired several — capable private detectives, asking Khloe to rest assured, “Making too much noise will only attract attention. There’s no need to send too many people. Keep a few professionals, and also have someone monitor every move of Clarice’s people within the country,” Nick said calmly. Khloe nodded in agreement. After receiving the instructions, Lenny left the room at once to rearrange the plan.

Just then, Arista suddenly seemed to recall something. “Professionals?” Khloe looked up and saw that Arista seemed to have an idea. “What is it?” “Speaking of professionals, I do know one.” As she spoke, Arista opened a memo app on her phone and scrolled for a long time before finally finding the entry. A smile appeared on her face. “This person is a mercenary. I heard he later joined an international bounty hunter organization. He takes payment to do jobs—and they’re all extremely tricky ones. He’s helped me before. He’s reliable and very capable.” Khloe saw the name on the memo.

— Noah Henderson. Beneath it were only an email address and a code. Arista explained that when she was younger, she had spent some time working as a war correspondent to toughen herself up. While assisting battlefield doctors in rescuing the wounded in an international conflict zone, she discovered someone who had crossed the border illegally and had also been injured. He was only a teenager, but he didn’t meet the criteria for aid. The area was highly sensitive, and all individuals of unknown identity had to undergo strict investigation. The safest choice would have been to ignore him.

But Arista felt pity for him. Under the cover of the night, she secretly brought him a large supply of medical items and some food. Less than two days later, just as she had managed to obtain official permission to help him, the boy had disappeared. Many years later, Arista suddenly received an email from an address that could not be traced. It was a letter of thanks. The sender said he wanted to repay the kindness she had shown him back then and told her that from now on, whenever she encountered any difficult or dangerous problem, she could — contact him

## Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 654

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 654 – The signature on the letter was the name Noah Henderson. Arista had been surprised, but she hadn't taken it too seriously at the time. Back then, she was preparing to marry George. Because of the disparity in their family backgrounds, the match had drawn some pressure from both sides. Not long after she received that letter, however, her family's financial chain suddenly collapsed, and they were in urgent need of help. George happened to step in and support Arista's family, and so their marriage was smoothly settled. Still, the incident left Arista deeply shaken.

Arista's family, the Collins family, was no ordinary household. Their wealth had accumulated over dozens of generations; it was impossible for everything to implode overnight. After investigating, she learned that the core data center of the Collins Group had been attacked and all its data destroyed. The methods used were brutally direct, and tracing the mastermind behind it was nearly impossible. -- For a time, the Collins family suspected they had offended some powerful figure who had hired someone to sabotage them.

Arista instinctively thought of Noah and immediately sent him a message to ask. To her surprise, he admitted it outright. Noah told her he was a mercenary who had since joined a borderless international bounty hunter organization. The organization was highly capable and filled with specialists, serving powerful clients. But he had his own principles: he made money to save people and help the world. His methods might be gray, but he never crossed the bottom line. He had already replaced the Collins family's main server in advance. All the data had been preserved and sent back to them.

Arista was not merely a sheltered young lady. She had some understanding of these hidden international networks. She just hadn't expected to encounter someone like this, or to form such a connection. Noah had helped her of his own accord. Arista felt grateful, but also a little afraid of him. After that, the two of them stopped contacting each other. Still, she kept his contact information, just in case she might need it someday. -- "An organization like that... won't it cause trouble?" Khloe asked curiously. She had only ever seen such groups in TV dramas and novels.

Arista hesitated as well. Before either of them could think it through, Nick had already turned on his computer and sent the contact code to the email address. As he worked, he asked Arista, "People with the identity of bounty hunters are best at operating in gray zones. Are you sure he's reliable?" Nick cared about results, not methods. Given his position, what method was truly unacceptable to him? Besides, Clarice was also searching for Ryan. Rick knew the rules of the dark web well. Well-known individuals or organizations always compared prices before taking jobs.

The person they hired had to be trustworthy. Arista said, "| don't know him very well either, but he should be someone who values loyalty. After all, | only helped him once, and he remembered it all these years and did everything he could to find me and repay the favor. "And he has his own rules. He only accepts two kinds of -- commissions: saving people and finding people." Khloe and Nick exchanged a look "Then let's try," Khloe

decided. “Lenny’s side will continue, and we’ll keep this as another path.” Two hours passed after the email was sent, with no reply. Arista grew anxious.

“Could the email address be wrong?” She checked it again and again. Everything was correct. Could it be that after so many years, the contact information was no longer valid? “It’s fine. If we can’t reach him, then so be it,” Khloe said, comforting her. They had only been trying their luck in the first place. They didn’t truly understand Noah or his organization. There was no guarantee he could handle this matter. Khloe noticed that Nick hadn’t rested all morning. She poured him a cup of hot water and handed it to him. “Are you tired?”

“Do you want to go lie down for a while, or should I call the doctor to check on you?” Although Nick seemed in good spirits and had been eating more than before, the fatigue in his eyes was still impossible to hide.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 655

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 655 – Knowing that men liked to put on a brave front, Khloe always paid close attention to Nick’s expression. “I’m not tired. When I’m with you, nothing I do feels tiring,” Nick said softly. Their whispered exchange immediately caught Arista’s attention “Both of you should get some rest. I’ll wait for the news,” Arista said, gently herding them from the sitting room toward the bedroom. Khloe was about to speak, but Nick didn’t argue. He simply took Khloe’s hand. “Thank you, Mom.” Arista smiled with quiet happiness and waved them off. Khloe could only comply.

Before the matter was resolved, she had no real mind to rest at all. After they returned to their room, Nick suddenly coughed. Khloe immediately grabbed him, alarmed. “Are you feeling unwell? I’ll call-” “I already did.” — Nick quickly pressed her back down. It was actually a side effect of the strong medication. Although he had seemed in good condition these past few days and his illness hadn’t flared up again, his resistance was much lower. His body felt as if he constantly had a mild cold. To keep Khloe from worrying, he planned to rest more.

But her complexion today wasn’t much better than yesterday’s, and he was worried about her too, That was why he had called the doctor earlier. As they were speaking, there was a knock at the door, and one of the staff brought the doctor in. Khloe immediately asked the doctor to examine Nick. Nick cooperated fully, lying on the sofa and remaining quiet through the auscultation and examination. “There’s nothing physically wrong, This is actually a good sign.

“As long as the medication keeps things under control, your bodily functions should remain stable,” the doctor said, finally putting his mind at ease. Then he turned to Khloe. “Madam, where are you feeling unwell?” Khloe froze. “I don’t feel unwell anywhere...” —

“From your complexion, it looks like your energy and blood are a bit deficient,” the doctor said, already beginning the consultation before she finished speaking. He reached out to take her pulse. Khloe instinctively stepped back half a pace and looked at Nick.

So he had been waiting for this all along “I really don’t have any problems.” She knew that refusing too forcefully would only make Nick worry more, so she reluctantly extended her hand. But before the doctor could even take her pulse, the moment he touched her, she pulled her hand back again. “Do you have another way to examine me?” she asked softly, lowering her head and holding her wrist, looking a little embarrassed. Nick couldn’t help but smile, as if he understood her thoughts. He said calmly, “Just question her.” The doctor was momentarily awkward. “Ah...

all right.” Seeing the situation, he gave Khloe a brief examination and quickly reached a conclusion. “Madam is only slightly deficient -- in energy and blood. I’ll prescribe some mild supplements. Strengthening the foundation is always beneficial.” Nick looked deeply at Khloe before finally nodding. “Thank you for your trouble.” The doctor tactfully wrote out the prescription and left. The moment the doctor was gone, Nick pulled Khloe back into his arms. “Why were you so uncooperative? | always cooperate when you worry about me.” “| just... I’m not used to letting another man hold my hand.

It’s kind of embarrassing,” Khloe said quietly, turning her face away. Even she felt that her excuse was a bit forced. She wasn’t that coy by nature, and with Nick’s sharp eyes, he would probably see through her in the next second. Sure enough, after hearing her words, he fell silent.z

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 656**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 656 – Nick watched Khloe in silence, his gaze heavy and intent, as if he wanted to see through every subtle change in her expression. Khloe caught sight of him from the corner of her eye and felt a flicker of guilt. She was about to speak again when Nick suddenly lifted his hand. His warm palm brushed gently against her cheek “Khloe,” he finally said. His voice had grown even lower, carrying a tenderness he was struggling to restrain. “Do you know that when you lie, your eyelashes flutter very fast?” Her lashes trembled again at once, like startled butterfly wings.

“Nick...” Her heart sank. Had she been found out? The worry in his eyes only made her more unsettled. It wasn’t that she insisted on hiding it from him. She just knew his temperament too well and was afraid he would make rash, extreme decisions to protect her and the baby. “You didn’t let the doctor examine you because you were afraid I’d get jealous, right?” -- Khloe froze for a few seconds. Then she gave an awkward smile. “So you noticed...” “| know you care a lot about how | feel,” Nick said.

“But I’m not that sensitive or unreasonable.” He leaned closer as he spoke, and a faint blush rose on his own cheeks. When the doctor had reached for Khloe’s wrist earlier, his eyes had been fixed on her the whole time. He was the one being dishonest with himself. It wasn’t that Khloe disliked being touched by the doctor-it was that his possessiveness toward her had grown increasingly intense. Even when it was a doctor, the moment he saw another man touching her, examining her, his nerves tightened, and he felt deeply uncomfortable. Khloe’s body-every inch of it-belonged to him.

Only he could look at her, touch her, hold her. Seeing the faint red on the rims of his ears, the breath Khloe had been holding finally eased. She couldn’t help but find it amusing. She didn’t hold it in and laughed softly. — “What are you laughing at?” Nick frowned. “Nothing... | just think you’re kind of cute.” She spoke quietly and lifted her eyes to him again. A soft, shimmering light surfaced in her gaze, making his throat tighten as he felt the urge to kiss her. Seeing him draw closer, Khloe understood what he intended and couldn’t help but close her eyes.

Just then, the door was suddenly pushed open. Khloe instinctively shoved Nick’s face away and jumped to her feet. The push was too abrupt. A rush of cold air hit Nick’s chest, and he immediately began coughing. Alarmed, Khloe turned to check on him, but her footing slipped. She fell straight into his arms. Her lips happened to land on his cool mouth. Nick’s solid chest took the unexpected impact. To keep her from moving around in his arms, he pressed down with his arm, holding her in place. At the doorway, Arista turned her head away awkwardly. “Ah... sorry to interrupt.

| just wanted to say... the email got a reply.” — She cleared her throat, annoyed with herself for not knocking first. The doctor had only just left, and yet they were already so impatient... What made Arista blush even more was that Khloe looked rather proactive. No wonder she had Nick completely under her spell. Her daughter-in-law was impressive-cold and elegant on the outside, yet unexpectedly fiery inside. “Okay, we’ll come right away.” Khloe’s face burned red. She instantly stopped struggling, while Nick replied to Arista with calm composure.

After Arista left, Khloe quickly stood up and tidied her messy hair, her face so red it looked as if it might catch fire. She looked at Nick, half wanting to cry. “My image in front of Mom is completely ruined...”

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 657

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 657 – Seeing Khloe complain in a slightly coquettish way, Nick’s eyes softened with uncontainable tenderness. Smiling indulgently, he said, “No, it won’t. In our family, your image is always the best. If you don’t believe me, | can go ask Mom later.” “Nick!” “All right, I’ll stop teasing you.” He stood up and personally straightened Khloe’s slightly rumpled clothes and hair.

Noticing that the blush on her face had not yet completely faded, and that her eyes now carried a hint of delicate charm, he couldn't resist pressing another kiss to her brow before taking her hand and leading her out of the room: Arista was already waiting in front of the computer, her expression far more serious than before. The email reply contained only three words: [Who are you?] Although Nick's message had included the code phrase, the sender could tell from the writing style that it wasn't from Arista. So Arista had to communicate personally.

-- Once the other side saw it was her, the reply came quickly: [Send me the target's information and his last known location.] Khloe immediately organized Ryan's details and sent them over. After carefully choosing her words, she added another line: [Time is critical. Someone else is also searching for him. If they find him first, his life may be in danger.] This time, the response took longer. [All right. What's the final deadline?] Khloe sent the date and asked about the price. [I won't charge for this job. I'll treat it as a way to repay Ms. Collins's kindness.

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But there's a condition.] [What condition?] During my operation, you must be ready to cooperate at any time. If I judge that the risk exceeds expectations, I reserve the right to terminate the cooperation unilaterally.) That's all?] That's all] Khloe replied at once: [But I also have a condition. The operation must be carried out in secret...] -- Before she could send the rest, the other side seemed to anticipate her and sent another message: [Don't worry. I have my principles.

All of the client's actions will remain confidential, and I won't back out or betray you halfway.) After sending that message, Noah copied the information to his phone, erased all traces of data from the old computer, stubbed out his cigarette, and walked out of his small room. His room was part of a factory dormitory. Along the corridor were young, powerfully built men with solid muscles. Among them, Noah looked almost refined. Especially surrounded by those hulking figures, even though he wore only a tank top and revealed sun-bronzed arms, he still appeared unusually composed and scholarly.

"Noah!" "Noah!" "Morning, Noah!" When they saw him, everyone in the corridor showed him respect. His steps were brisk and his gaze straight ahead, yet all along the way, people bowed and nodded deferentially. He left the dormitory and went up to the top floor of the factory, -- where the offices were. Noah knocked on the door, but before anyone inside could answer, he pushed it open and went in. Spence was on the phone. Seeing Noah unexpectedly, he paused, turned aside, and said quickly, "Got it." He hung up soon after, and Noah walked over to him. "I need to take a few days off.

I picked up a job and have to go out for a while." "A job?" Spence raised his brows in interest. "Who has the nerve to hire you?" Noah was someone Spence had personally trained. He had followed him since childhood, and when Spence left Lacuna, Noah hadn't stayed behind either. Over the years of traveling from place to place, Noah had always been with him. This time, when Spence returned to take over Lacuna, Noah naturally

came back as his second-in-command. But Spence hadn't made Noah his deputy so he could return to dangerous assignments.

Spence had now set up a company that provided muscle and -- private services for powerful figures at home. Noah's role was simply to help lead the men, handle daily management, and train newcomers.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 658

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 658 – As for money, as long as Lacuna had funds, Noah would never be short of it. “An old friend,” he said without elaborating. He took a cigarette case from his pocket, shook out one, and held it between his lips without lighting it. “It's just a small job-finding someone. I'll be back in three to five days.” His tone was casual, as if it truly were nothing more than a trivial errand. Spence leaned back in his wide executive chair. He knew Noah well: the more lightly he spoke of something, the less simple it usually was.

Besides, for a ‘small job’ that required Noah himself to ask for leave, the background of the person involved was bound to be interesting, “Finding someone?” Spence said slowly, studying him. “You know, I've also taken on a job recently-looking for someone. That person... is named Ryan Douglas.” Noah had just picked up a lighter from the desk. Hearing the familiar name, his hand slipped with a soft scrape. His expression, however, did not change.

He calmly lit the -- cigarette, took a drag, and only then said, “Does Lacuna take on jobs like that now?” “It's a commission from an old friend of mine. But this one isn't simple-it involves major business tycoons in the country.” Spence fixed his gaze on Noah. He stopped short of asking anything directly, but the probing intent was obvious. Noah's face remained impassive. “Is that so? Then you'd better be careful.” With that, he returned the lighter and turned to leave. “Noah!” Spence suddenly called out to him in a deep voice. “I've always treated you like my own brother.

I know that lately you've been distant with me, but I hope you understand-I'm only doing this so our ideals can continue, so Lacuna can grow stronger.” Noah paused for a moment. Then he lifted a hand in a brief wave and walked away without looking back. People change. Except for some stubborn ones-like him. Noah knew that his own principles and beliefs were rigid, even obsessive. But they were the very things Spence had instilled in him back when he had pulled him out of hell. -- Noah's parents had been innocent victims caught up in the flames of war.

It was Spence who saved him, encouraged him to live, taught him his skills, and told him with his own mouth that darkness was not to be feared, nor were bloodstained hands. What was truly frightening... was having no faith Death existed to give meaning to life.

Killing and war, at times, were also for the sake of protection. He was not a desperate fugitive with his life hanging by a thread. He was a blade that could help fragile souls trapped in the dark. When Spence took him along as a mercenary, the two of them wandered from place to place, often going hungry.

Yet, they never accepted just any job for money. They only wanted to help more people. The founding of Lacuna had been the same. In its earliest days, Lacuna took in the homeless, taught them skills so they could protect themselves and those they cared about. When they accepted missions, it was not merely for money or to serve the rich and powerful, but to protect the weak and bring hope to the corners of the world that light could not reach. — So when Lacuna grew strong and Spence left, Noah had followed him without hesitation.

But now, after returning and seeing Spence regain control, Noah found Spence unfamiliar. Lacuna no longer took on ordinary people's requests, nor did it investigate whether its targets were justifiable. Everything revolved solely around profit. And the people taken in by Lacuna were no longer the homeless, but true desperadoes—men driven by fame and gain, who came only for money.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 659

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 659 – After leaving, Noah immediately backed up his phone's data to the cloud, then wiped the device and tossed it into a trash can. Although he had responded calmly to Spence's probing, Spence was suspicious by nature and unlikely to be fully convinced. If Spence discovered that he had accepted the very same missing-person assignment, things would become troublesome. In truth, Noah had hesitated for a moment just now. Spence was, after all, like a big brother to him—like family, like a father figure. He did not want to betray him. But he had already reviewed Ryan's file.

The man was nothing more than an ordinary civilian. Yet, when Spence issued the search order, he had also given a second command: once the target was found, make him 'disappear' in an accident. If what Arista said was true and Ryan was merely a witness, then Spence was helping evil flourish. He was no longer the guy Noah could follow. Noah took a taxi downtown and casually picked a shopping mall, planning to buy a new phone first. The moment he stepped into a well-known domestic phone store, he bumped into a petite figure. — "Sorry..." Charlotte apologized without even looking up.

She was holding a phone in her hand, clearly so absorbed in testing it that she hadn't noticed anyone at the door. "What game is that?" Noah wasn't paying attention to the woman at all. His gaze went straight to the phone in her hand. A popular game was running on the screen. The artwork was beautiful, and the performance smooth, making the phone's capabilities obvious at a glance. He rarely played games, but he was a

hardcore enthusiast when he did. Especially over the past two years, when he had too much idle time-he spent most of it playing mobile games in his room, “It’s...

a traditional-style battle game,” Charlotte paused, then said, “It’s pretty popular lately.” She didn’t really like games herself. Today, she was here to buy a new phone for her younger brother, Christopher. He had repeatedly reminded her to get one with strong gaming performance. Since the sales staff had been busy, she had grabbed a random demo unit to try out. “Nice phone. What model is it?” Noah took the phone directly from her hands and examined it. I’m not sure,” Charlotte replied, a little speechless. -- This man seemed rather rude.

Still, his build and looks were enough to make her cheeks warm despite herself. It was already winter, yet he wore a sleeveless shirt with a black denim jacket draped loosely over it, exposing a lot of skin. Nearly six foot three, with bronze-toned skin and a wild aura, his muscles were solid and powerful. Yet his face was unexpectedly refined-sharp features, clean lines, and striking symmetry. Charlotte seriously wondered if he was a male model shooting an ad nearby. Just then, a salesperson hurried over and began introducing the phone’s features to Noah.

It was a newly released model with powerful performance, especially suitable for gaming. The configuration was top-tier across the board, and the price-to-performance ratio was excellent. With the current promotion, it cost less than seven hundred after the discount. “I’ll take this one.” Noah didn’t bother browsing further and gestured for the salesperson to ring it up. Seeing how decisive he was, the salesperson’s mood lifted immediately, and he couldn’t help teasing, “A man who spends so generously on his woman-that’s what I call handsome!” Charlotte froze and waved her hands at once.

“No-no, we don’t -- know each other.” “I’m buying it for myself,” Noah added coolly. Only then did he cast Charlotte a casual glance. Her face was already flushed. He said nothing more and turned to wait in the seating area. That left Charlotte and the salesperson standing there, staring at each other in awkward silence.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 660**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 660 – Charlotte quickly moved away to another counter and continued browsing for a phone. Noah sat there with nothing to do, his gaze unconsciously following her. When he saw her repeatedly asking the salesperson about gaming performance, the corner of his mouth lifted slightly. She browsed for a long time but still couldn’t find a model she truly liked within her budget. It seemed the first phone the clerk had recommended was actually the best option after all. A phone was just a consumable item.

Christopher was still a student, and Charlotte didn’t want to start him off with something too high-end. Otherwise, there would be no room for upgrades later. That was what she told herself-but her actions betrayed her. In the end, she still decided to get the best one

for her brother. Just as Charlotte was about to call the salesperson over, the clerk who had first assisted her hurried back. “Hello, here’s your new phone. Please check it.” She was startled. She hadn’t even said she was buying it yet- why was the receipt already inside?

— “Oh, the gentleman from earlier bought it for you,” the clerk said. “He left you this note.” “But... | don’t even know him.” Completely baffled, Charlotte looked around again. The man was already gone. She quickly unfolded the note, expecting to find a phone number. Instead, it listed a game nickname and an account ID from a popular online game. “Excuse me, | want to pay for this myself. Could you refund it to him the same way he paid?” She had no intention of accepting such a strange gift. “I’m sorry, that won’t be possible,” the clerk replied.

“He paid in cash.” Seeing her dilemma, the clerk smiled and added, “Didn’t he leave you his contact info? You can just explain it to him later. There aren’t many men these days who spend so freely to chase someone. And he’s pretty handsome, too.” Hearing that, Charlotte felt her face grow warm. Chase... her? — Two days later, in the middle of the night, back in the country. On a winding mountain road near a fishing village, a battered van ignored the speed warning signs and sped past.

Inside the van, a frail, withered old man was tightly bound hand and foot, his mouth sealed with duct tape. “Lask, you answer. Are you Ryan Douglas?” The man in the passenger seat snapped back to attention and casually poked the old man’s forehead with a combat knife. The bound man nodded frantically, his entire body trembling in fear. They had already confirmed his identity, but teasing a mission target was still entertaining. “Tell me. Where did you put the thing?” They had searched Ryan’s home and his person thoroughly.

They still hadn’t found the surveillance video Spence had ordered them to retrieve at all costs. Ryan had continued to deny possessing any such footage. Left with no choice, they had taken him along to report back first. — Hearing the question again, Ryan shook his head desperately. This time, he was pretending to be clueless. He knew exactly what they were looking for. Back when he worked shifts at the Hunt Group industrial park, he had accidentally copied the surveillance footage from the final day of duty. The file had stayed with him for years, untouched.

Later, life grew harder and harder. He picked up some bad habits and urgently needed money. On the dark web, he happened to see someone searching for records related to the Hunt Group’s gas leak incident from years ago, so he dug out the video. But he hadn’t realized what it contained until he watched it. The gas leak back then... looked very much like it had been deliberate.