

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 661

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 661 – Ryan was sharp-he knew the people after him were either the ones who'd orchestrated the original incident or were trying to stir up trouble. So he demanded a high price, sending only a small clip of the video as proof, just enough to secure some quick cash. At the time, he thought he'd gotten lucky-finally, a chance to make a fortune. He never imagined that this single action would put his life in such immediate danger. He had long heard rumors online that the buyer was looking for him. If it had been a simple transaction, they wouldn't have sent people after him.

Realizing this, Ryan hid the rest of the footage and fled. He had assumed his relatives' fishing village was remote enough for him to lay low for a while. But barely a few days later, they came for him. And he wasn't wrong. The people after him had thrown his relatives into the sea, sparing only his life because they hadn't found the footage yet. If they got hold of it now... he wouldn't have long to live. -- "Still so stubborn? Do you actually enjoy flirting with death?" When Ryan refused to speak, the man lost patience. A knife slashed across Ryan's face.

Blood gushed out immediately, smearing down to his neck. Wild, desperate wails escaped him. "Enough. Stop torturing him. Take him back and let Spence handle it. Any living mouth can be pried open eventually." The driver reminded the man, who then casually wiped the knife tip with a tissue, snorting coldly. But night roads are treacherous. Going too fast, they rounded a bend and nearly collided with a pickup that suddenly swerved into their path. The driver reacted quickly, hitting the guardrail to avoid the crash. The impact nearly flipped the van.

The pickup itself skidded and ended up blocking their path. "Damnit!" The man with the knife cursed, slamming his head in frustration. Anger flared instantly. "What the hell is wrong with these blind idiots? I'll kill them all!" -- Before the driver could intervene, the man had already jumped out in a rage. A blinding car light lit him up, and those inside the van couldn't see clearly what happened. Several heavy thuds rang out, as if something large had hit the ground. The driver frowned, worried about his companion, but dared not step out. Suddenly, the van window was violently struck.

The driver barely had time to react before he saw a gun raised. He ducked as a bullet shattered the glass. The attacker's movements were so fast, so precise, there was no time to counter. The next moment, the intruder yanked open the door and pulled the driver from the seat, throwing him out. The driver was big and strong, but it was no match for the attacker's strength. One kick and he couldn't even get back up. Against the light, he caught a glimpse of a familiar face. "Noah.

The man seizing the van wore a hat and mask, but the sharpness of his features-those eyes, that expression-could -- only belong to Noah. But... why was Noah attacking them?

Why was he here, risking himself to rescue someone? Noah slammed the accelerator to the floor. Faster than the two reckless drivers had driven on the mountain road before, he pushed the van to its limits. The vehicle drifted through turns, weaving like a racing car. Ryan, in the back, was so terrified he fainted. When he awoke, the sun had already risen.

And by then, they were long out of the mountains, sitting safely in the VIP lounge of an airport.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 662

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 662 – Noah sat beside Ryan. The table in front of them was piled high with food. Noah ate with a voracious appetite, his movements fast and precise, the aroma making it impossible not to salivate. Ryan, who hadn't eaten properly for over a day, couldn't help smacking his lips. But he was acutely aware of his precarious position. When he tried to slip away, he immediately got yanked back. The sudden tug almost caused Noah to spill the hot soup he had just lifted to his lips. Quick as ever, he managed to avoid it, but the soup still splashed onto the floor.

Noah's expression darkened. He frowned at Ryan. "What do you think you're doing?" Ryan froze, finally realizing that a thick rope was tied around his wrist, the other end secured to Noah's hand. "... [need to go to the bathroom...]" he stammered, trembling. Noah's tone was cold. "After | finish eating." With that, he bent down irritably to clean up the mess. Normally, -- someone else would have handled it, but Noah was fastidious- he insisted on tidying up his own spills. Terrified, Ryan immediately knelt to help.

Once the floor was cleaned, Noah resumed eating, and Ryan watched silently, swallowing hard. "You're hungry too. Eat," Noah said matter-of-factly. Granted permission, Ryan's excitement peaked. He grabbed a large piece of cake, but hesitated before taking a bite, glancing nervously at Noah. He didn't know if this man intended to toy with him or had some other hidden motive. "Go ahead. It's not poisoned. We're in an airport-any disturbance here and | can't even get out," Noah said, scarfing down another mouthful.

Relieved, Ryan quickly devoured the cake, then continued on to other dishes until he was full. Only then did he dare look at Noah again. "Um... you saved me last night, but... why were you looking for me?" he asked, feigning ignorance. Noah's physique and skill made it clear he wasn't an ordinary man. Even if he wasn't part of the group intent on silencing Ryan, he was organized and deliberate-tying him up was proof -- enough "Don't pretend you don't know," Noah said, finally finishing his meal. Despite his full stomach, he tossed a cookie into his mouth, still unsatisfied.

His gaze swept over Ryan's face, where a bandage covered fresh wounds. "You have no way out now. Leave me, and that group will catch you immediately. You should know they aren't joking. Whether or not you have what they want, you won't get out alive." "There's

another option,” he continued. “I can hand you over to the authorities. You’ll get protection, but you’ll be locked up for years.” Noah had uncovered Ryan’s secret. He was a junkie, covered in needle marks, unclean, and couldn’t withstand an investigation. Frankly, if it weren’t for the mission, Noah would have let him fend for himself.

Ryan wilted instantly. He had thought reaching the airport would give him a chance to escape. But now, even if Noah loosened the rope, he dared not move. “Please... save me. I didn’t mean to provoke anyone. Just let me live, and I’ll give you the stuff... whatever you want “The stuff is on you, isn’t it?” Noah leaned back against the sofa, eyes cold.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 663

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 663 – Ryan nodded, then shook his head again. Noah let out an exasperated sigh and reached over to tap him on the head. “Do you believe me if I hand you over right now?” “It’s on me, but I can’t give it to you now,” Ryan admitted, a helpless note in his voice. He lifted his shirt, revealing a wound on his abdomen. Noah’s eyes flickered in surprise-Ryan had hidden the item inside his own body. “Please... have mercy. Help me get out of the country. I know I have no choice, but without this, I’m afraid they won’t let me live either...” Ryan’s voice wavered as he lowered his head.

Noah opened his mouth, then closed it again. Back when he had run Lacuna, he could guarantee that innocents wouldn’t be harmed. But now. When he had gone to find Ryan, the man’s family had already vanished. That alone told him how ruthless Spence had been this time. Noah said nothing, but his face darkened to an extreme. -- Meanwhile, in Naraida, evening. Arista received a message from Noah and immediately went to find Khloe and Nick. The door was answered by Nick, the room inside empty except for him. “Where’s Khloe?” Arista asked, curious.

They had been inseparable these past few days, clinging to each other constantly. At this hour, where could she have gone? “She went to a project launch event,” Nick said lightly. Arista raised an eyebrow, surprised. “I asked her to go,” he added. Khloe had a collaboration with Ralph. The Remington Group was hosting a launch event that evening, and they had invited Khloe to the dinner. Many investors would be present. Even if not strictly for business, it was a rare chance to expand her network. Yet when Ralph personally called, Khloe had initially refused without hesitation.

It was only after Nick persuaded her repeatedly that she finally agreed. Both of them knew the truth. At a time like this, Henry would -- surely be aware of the event. It was probably another test- seeing whether Khloe would weigh the interests of the Morrison family against Nick. If she refused to go, it would give others a chance to talk behind her back. Khloe didn’t care about gossip, but Nick did. Arista nodded, understanding, but worry lingered. “You should have gone with her.

Alone, she won't get into trouble, will she?" "She won't." Nick's voice was cold, though his eyes were stormy beneath the calm exterior. Khloe was well-protected, and Ralph, attentive as he was, would ensure her safety. Arista caught a faint trace of jealousy in his tone and quickly shifted the conversation to urgent matters. Noah had already found Ryan. Barring any unexpected setbacks, he would arrive by tomorrow evening. Once the truth came out, Clarice and the Morrison family would have no reason to trouble them further. Arista was excited, but Nick's expression remained tense.

Even for such good news, he only raised the corner of his mouth and said flatly, "Good." She noticed him glancing at the clock from time to time. Khloe had only recently left. By the time she returned, it would be late. -- At the dinner, Khloe would naturally interact with Ralph. No matter how gentlemanly he was, they would at least share the meal, talking and laughing. Nick appeared calm on the surface, but inside, a storm was raging. He had thought he could remain magnanimous, yet at moments like this, he was still on edge. Arista, seeing through him, couldn't help but smile. "Actually...

you could have accompanied Khloe to the Remington Group dinner too." Nick said nothing. She knew him well: the more he cared, the harder he tried to restrain himself. He wanted to give Khloe complete freedom, lest she worry that he might be jealous.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 664

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 664 – But clearly... Nick had already stirred up an ocean of jealousy in Naraida. "You're going to see her when she comes back this late, right? And with news this important, I'm sure Khloe would want to know immediately," Arista said, her eyes glinting as she spoke again. This time, her words struck Nick right in the heart. He lifted his gaze, and for a fleeting moment, a soft light flickered in his eyes. His chest sank slightly, as if he were breathing a little lighter. After a moment, he spoke, "What you said...

makes a lot of sense." Though his tone was calm and deliberate, before the words fully landed, he had already stood, hurried to the bedroom to grab his coat, and in three long strides reached the door. His speed caught even Arista off guard. When the door clicked shut behind him, she couldn't help laughing aloud. Nick-usually so composed and steady-when it came to Khloe, all reason and restraint seemed to vanish into thin air. -- At the restaurant, glasses clinked and laughter rang out.

Khloe had just finished making the rounds of introductions with the Remington Group representatives and returned to the table with Ralph, only to be inundated with toasts from eager guests. She had originally planned to make a brief appearance and leave. But Henry was present, guiding her and the investors through interactions, leaving no room for her to treat the evening lightly. Khloe was used to such events, and the grandfather-

granddaughter duo worked seamlessly together. It seemed the prior tensions and differences over the Hunt family had evaporated completely.

“Khloe has already had quite a bit to drink. I’ll take care of the rest of the toasts on her behalf,” Ralph said firmly, stepping forward to shield her from overindulgence. Outwardly, everyone maintained appearances, though playful teasing was unavoidable. “Ralph, heroically saving the lady!” “I don’t think any other young lady has had the honor of you personally blocking a drink!” “Khloe is truly charming!” — “In my opinion, Ralph, you and Khloe would make the perfect couple-talented and beautiful!” Khloe’s cheeks flushed in embarrassment.

She opened her mouth to clarify, but Henry’s hand gently grasped her wrist. “Khloe, don’t resist everyone’s goodwill. Ralph means well.” “Cough, cough, cough...” Ralph, caught mid-drink, choked slightly from excitement. The crowd was unaware that Khloe was married, and jokes lacked restraint. He had intended to explain, but Delilah, seeing Ralph choke, instinctively reached for a napkin. Henry intercepted it with his cane, blocking her motion. Instead, he handed the napkin to Khloe, giving her a subtle look, and whispered into her ear, “The investors are watching.

This is just part of the performance-treat it as being on stage.” Khloe suppressed a smile. She hesitated for a moment, then accepted the napkin. With eyes from the crowd upon her, and numerous cameras clicking away, she understood the grandfather’s intent. She didn’t hand the napkin to Ralph. Instead, she placed it on the table and slowly pushed it toward him. — “Everyone, don’t misunderstand. Ralph and I have no relationship beyond work. If anything, it’s purely friendship.” Her voice, calm and polite, decisively ended the gossip. The room fell silent for a few seconds.

Now, Ralph and Khloe were no longer embarrassed, but Henry’s face darkened. “Of course. My wife is already married; Ralph may like anyone else, but not her.” Before Khloe’s words fully faded, a cold, clear male voice cut through the room.

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 665

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 665 – “Nick...” Khloe turned with a spark of surprise at the sound of his voice. Nick spoke calmly, his tone low, but the aura he carried pressed down on the entire room. Standing behind her, a draped suit jacket hanging over one arm, he wore only a sharply tailored black shirt, the collar slightly undone, sleeves casually rolled to his forearms. Each step he took was deliberate, his gaze fixed solely on Khloe-but in truth, no one in the banquet hall could tear their eyes away from him. For a few moments, the air itself seemed to still, before whispers and murmurs erupted.

“Who is that? So handsome...” “Did he just call Khloe his wife? She’s already married?” “To think someone could come and compete with Ralph for the Morrison family’s prized

granddaughter... he must have quite a background..." "Shh... quiet... this is the Remington family's banquet..." In the midst of curious gazes and murmured speculation, Nick — naturally wrapped an arm around Khloe's waist and stood beside her. Seeing him, Khloe let down all her guard. A gentle warmth flooded her face as she introduced him to the room.

"This is my husband, Nick Hunt, current CEO of the Hunt Group." "Nick Hunt..." "He's the CEO of Hunt Group, Nick Hunt..." "| know-he was in the charity news before. The hall erupted again, louder this time, the energy nearly boiling over. In Naraida's financial scene, the Remington family commanded unquestioned authority, riding a wave of influence. Yet, the Hunt Group was a globally renowned powerhouse, its wealth rivaling even the Morrison family. And Nick's heroic rescue of children had once made headlines.

Though he was low-profile and rarely appeared in public, his actions had already elevated both his personal and corporate reputation. Not only the public, but the entire business world held the Hunt family and Nick in great respect. It was clear-Ralph had no grounds to be humiliated here. — Henry's grip on his cane tightened, his complexion losing color. "Khloe, Nick is here... why didn't you give me a heads-up?" Clearing his throat, Nick finally turned his head, offering a formal half-bow to the elder. After a moment, he spoke quietly, "Grandpa, | came on short notice.

It has nothing to do with Khloe. Truthfully, | should have come to visit you earlier, but | didn't want to intrude abruptly... and, as you know, I've been unwell lately." Henry studied him in silence, saying nothing for a long moment The room fell quiet again, everyone sensing the subtle tension between the two men. Of course-if Khloe already had a husband, why had Henry consistently presented her as seemingly single to the audience? In just a few days in Naraida, rumors had spread about the Remington family's intentions toward a potential alliance with the Morrison family.

Photos of Khloe attending events with Ralph had already circulated, and media outlets had eagerly speculated on their closeness. Many investors at the banquet assumed that the cooperation was a veiled move toward a marriage alliance. The press had likely already drafted tomorrow's headlines: [Billionaire Heiress — Falls for Finance Prince-A Match Made in Heaven] But now...

Now the story was about to get a lot juicier: [Billionaire Heiress Has a Man-CEO Nick Hunt Boldly Claims His Wife, Finance Prince Heartbroken On the Spot...] Nick's words went unanswered by Henry, whose lips twitched slightly before he turned and took his seat. Nick was the CEO of the Hunt Group. Henry's cold treatment of him, despite being his grandfather-in-law, made things undeniably awkward.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 666

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 666 – The scene sparked endless speculation. Yet, Nick's composure was unshakable. He gave Henry a slight, courteous nod—a subtle greeting—and then, with effortless grace, moved to the empty seat beside Khloe and pulled out the chair. Originally, Khloe had been seated next to Ralph, both occupying the main seats. Now, with Nick beside her, Ralph had to settle at a side angle. The entire atmosphere of the dinner shifted the moment Nick arrived. Outside of Ralph, the Remington family had no inkling of the relationship between Khloe and Nick.

They genuinely wanted to bring the two families closer together and strengthen cooperation, hoping to match the pair. But when they'd mentioned it to Henry, his ambiguous responses had left them unsure, thinking he merely wanted to gauge their sincerity. So, they'd invested heavily in the project, anticipating a real collaborative opportunity with the Morrison family and expanded access to international markets. Instead, they had been left hanging, their costs increased for — nothing. Naturally, this left the Remington family a little disgruntled.

Most of the Morrisons' Naraida contacts were from the Remington network, and the scene now carried a slight tension. Ralph, unwilling to let the atmosphere freeze, picked up the unfinished glass of wine. "Nick honors us with his presence tonight, making this banquet even more distinguished. | raise this glass to you, Nick." As his words fell, Nick rose smoothly and lifted the champagne from Khloe's table. Instinctively, she tugged at his sleeve. Nick wasn't much of a drinker. But he merely smiled, held her hand in his, and took the glass along with Ralph's toast.

"Such a refined lady, and a gentleman drawn to her... Nick, I'm sure you'd want to watch over your wife even while she's absent, wouldn't you?" Ralph teased, slightly flushed from the wine, his words brimming with friendly humor. Nick replied with effortless wit, "If | didn't care, that would be strange. My wife is exceptional—standing beside her without being moved would be the odd thing." Their playful exchange instantly defused the tension in the room, bringing laughter and light chatter back into the hall. Even the — media hurried to capture the moment.

The Remington family, though internally uneasy, couldn't show displeasure in the presence of such a harmonious display. Especially since the other party was Nick himself. They could only offer polite agreement. "Ah, such a remarkable daughter-in-law as Khloe... our family will never have her." "Nick, you must be incredible. How did you win Khloe's heart? Do tell us." Nick merely smiled faintly, ignoring the bait, his eyes locking with Khloe's in a way that left no doubt about their affection.

Though Ralph was generous, seeing this display of devotion still left a pang of disappointment in his chest. But in today's presence of Nick, he could only concede—Nick was truly outstanding. His poise, his unwavering love for Khloe... it left no room for anyone else. Khloe's heart, too, belonged wholly to Nick. Even with the subtle tension in the air, the careful watch of the Remington family, and the elder's gaze upon them, she

leaned close to him, whispering intimately. She hadn't expected him to arrive so suddenly and wanted to ask if anything urgent had happened.

Nick quietly shared the news from Arista. -- "Really?" Khloe's eyes lit up, a smile tugging at her lips. It was the best news she had received in days Nick merely hummed in affirmation, unhurriedly placing a piece of food on her plate. "You've eaten too little these past few days. Eat first."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 667

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 667 - Khloe felt her ears burn. She realized Nick had been watching her closely all along. These past few days, it wasn't that she hadn't eaten-she simply hadn't had much of an appetite. But now, with Nick by her side, her hunger returned almost instantly. Seeing how attentively he cared for her, how seamlessly they moved together as if they were one, Henry's discomfort grew. Khloe had promised not to betray the Morrison family for Nick's sake. Yet, her flushed expression and gentle attentiveness mirrored the same vulnerability Niel had shown back in the day.

Back then, he had been warned about Clarice, that only someone untouched by emotion could safeguard a family's legacy. Luckily, Niel had seen reason before he died, refusing to hand the Morrison family over to her. After the banquet ended, Ralph personally escorted Khloe and Nick to the door. He wanted to have them ride in his car, to personally see them safely to the hotel, but Khloe clung to Nick, and they both refused almost simultaneously. Khloe glanced at Nick, her cheeks tinged with pink. "Ralph, thank you for everything tonight.

You must be tired-please, go back and rest." -- Nick nodded politely to Ralph and offered a courteous smile. Ralph extended a hand to shake Nick's, his voice slightly slurred with alcohol. "Nick, | wish you and Khloe happiness." "We will be," Nick replied quietly. At that moment, Delilah approached from behind. "Miss Khloe," she hesitated, but then interrupted the moment. " Master Henry would like you and Nick to come with him for a brief private word." Khloe and Nick exchanged a glance, seemingly expecting this, their expressions unchanged.

Seeing Delilah's lingering gaze on Ralph, Khloe's eyes curved with a faint smile. She turned to Delilah. "Alright, we'll go first. Ralph seems a little drunk-Delilah, could you help him get to his car?" "Yes." Delilah froze for a moment, then quickly complied. The bodyguards led Khloe and Nick forward. No sooner had they left than Delilah went to support Ralph, who was having trouble standing steadily. "You've had too much to drink today..." Delilah said instinctively. -- She had kept her eyes on him the entire evening.

Though he smiled, he had been deliberately coaxed into drinking more than usual. Ralph, who hated alcohol, always struggled to finish drinks at social events, sometimes even

needing to excuse himself to vomit. Today, even in a familiar setting, he'd pushed himself far more than necessary. "How do you know whether I've had too much?" Ralph muttered, feeling queasy. He leaned slightly, tempted to vomit, but forced himself to stay upright, unwilling to cause a scene at the doorway. Delilah quickly handed him a napkin. "I noticed you're in a bad mood.

Here's some antidote pills-they'll help you feel better." She had already prepared them, sneaking out earlier to buy the remedy as soon as she saw him overindulge. She hadn't expected to have the chance to hand them to him tonight. Ralph raised his eyes, surprised. He finally studied Delilah's face closely. In truth, he was familiar with her. Over the past few years, with his frequent visits to Henry's estate, she had been the one to receive him each time. At dinners and gatherings where Henry was present, she often appeared, and they had interacted on -- numerous occasions.

Yet until now, he had only regarded Delilah as a meticulous, perceptive young woman who handled matters efficiently-a capable, observant little aide.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 668

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 668 - It wasn't until today that Khloe had deliberately mentioned Delilah to him. Ralph had been teasing Khloe about wasting his affections, but she had brushed it off, telling him to cherish the person in front of him. "Person in front of me? What person? I'm just a solitary man," Ralph protested, utterly confused. "You're so exceptional," Khloe said with a sigh, "even if someone has admired you for years, they wouldn't dare approach recklessly." Then she began to tease him, keeping the story tantalizingly vague.

She described a young girl who had been captivated the moment she first saw him, silently watching over him, caring for him-an unrequited crush that had lasted three years. Despite Ralph having interacted with her on many occasions, she had always quietly admired him from afar. In Khloe's words, he flirted and then ran, utterly oblivious to the feelings around him. "Who? | didn't even know someone like that existed," Ralph muttered, stunned. -- It was true he had always devoted himself to work and academics, rarely engaging with women.

Ambition had always been his focus, his interest drawn only to strong personalities, regardless of gender. Even when family or friends introduced potential matches, there was rarely any connection. Romance simply hadn't developed. So, the notion that he had been leading someone on? Preposterous. "It's Delilah," Khloe finally revealed, ending the suspense. She smiled lightly. "You may not remember, but anyone who admires you remembers every frown, every smile, every movement." Having her feelings exposed by Khloe strangely relieved Delilah.

She had nursed a secret crush on Ralph for years, believing it would remain locked inside forever. Yet now, the very person she had once envied-Khloe-had become someone she

could confide in. Khloe knew Delilah lacked confidence and wouldn't dare pursue her ideal. She could only guide her this far. After telling Ralph, she refused to elaborate further, leaving the development of their relationship to the natural chemistry between them. If Ralph was curious enough, he would need to explore it patiently -but first, he had to notice the person right in front of him.

"You've been paying this much attention to me all along?" Ralph -- asked, gazing at Delilah, his brow furrowed. Whether it was his queasy stomach or the echo of Khloe's words, he felt a heavy weight in his chest. He had just experienced the sting of unrequited admiration firsthand, and could sympathize with Delilah's feelings. Delilah's face flushed, her heart racing, and she found herself at a loss for words. She froze, staring at him until he downed the antidote pills in her hand and wiped his mouth with the napkin. "Thank you," he said. "N-nothing..."

it's part of my job," Delilah stammered, her mind spinning. The usual phrases she could spout with ease felt scorching in her mouth tonight Why did his gaze and words feel so strange? Had he seen through her thoughts...? Embarrassment flared hot in her cheeks. "Uh... Master Henry asks me to be meticulous. | usually keep these on hand... and since you're a distinguished guest, taking care of you is part of my duty. Of course I'd attend to your needs Delilah stammered, struggling to frame a reasonable explanation. -- "You prepared too much," Ralph observed, noting how flustered she looked.

"Henry doesn't drink, yet you went to such lengths." Seeing her blush as she explained, a faint amusement flickered in his eyes.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 669

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 669 – Ralph suddenly found Delilah unexpectedly endearing. Usually, she was all sharp lines and crisp suits, exuding the confidence of an iron-willed woman. And yet... she could harbor such tender, girlish feelings for him? "Yes," Delilah murmured, lowering her gaze and coughing lightly. "... | think so too." Ralph turned his head slightly, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. " | feel a little dizzy.

Take me to the car." "Alright." Delilah walked beside him, but Ralph cast a sidelong glance and extended his arm " | said I'm a little dizzy-shouldn't you support me?" he murmured. Caught off guard, Delilah nodded and carefully took his arm. The scent of alcohol clung to him, mixed with the sharp sophistication of his cologne, leaving an intoxicating, almost dangerous allure. -- Once inside the car, Delilah continued to fuss over him, reminding the driver to go slowly to keep him comfortable. She didn't notice that Ralph's eyes were fixed on the side of her face.

In the darkness, half of her features were shadowed, and her careful, attentive posture made her seem unusually delicate. Just as Delilah was about to step away, Ralph's hand grasped her sleeve. She froze, then watched him pull out his phone and lower his head "Add me," he said. "Ah?" Delilah blinked, utterly surprised. "You bought me medicine today, right? I'll transfer the money to you." "No... that's unnecessary. It wasn't much..." "You've worked hard. | can't take advantage of you." He handed her his account information.

"If you really don't want the money, we can have a meal together sometime instead." Delilah hesitated for a moment, then nodded, quickly adding her number to his contacts. Once they were connected, Ralph's car pulled away. -- She stood in place for a long while, heart racing, before finally returning to the restaurant. Outside the private guest rooms, several people were stationed, and Khloe and Noah had already been inside for some time. Inside, Khloe waited alone in the outer hall.

Although Henry had asked both of them to come together, he had called Nick into the inner room for a private conversation. Khloe couldn't help but worry-would the old man bring up George's affairs to target Nick? Time ticked by. After half an hour, Khloe couldn't sit still any longer. Just as she was about to force the door open, it swung inward. Nick stepped out first, colliding with her in a familiar embrace. His deep eyes flickered slightly at her concerned gaze, and the corner of his mouth lifted in a faint smile. "Getting anxious?" he murmured.

Before Khloe could respond, Henry approached slowly, leaning on his cane "Khloe, just in time. | have something to discuss with you," the old man said, his tone measured, betraying little emotion. As he spoke, Nick gently cupped Khloe's cheek, signaling for her to enter first. Her hand instinctively found his, and he gave a light, -- reassuring squeeze before letting go. Once the door closed, Henry's voice turned sharp. "As long as you divorce Nick, | can draft a will leaving half of my estate to you." "Divorce?" Khloe hadn't expected him to be so direct.

"Grandpa, if this concerns my father's death, there's no need to rush-I've already investigated..." "It has nothing to do with that," the old man interrupted, his tone cutting. "Even if within ten days you prove that George had no involvement in your father's death, | still want you to reconsider your relationship with Nick." "Grandpa. "| already know about his health condition," the old man continued, cutting her off before she could speak.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 670

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 670 - These past few days, Henry hadn't been idle. He had people check on Nick's hospital-though the staff guarded his condition like a fortress, this was, after all, Henry's domain. Khloe's heart was loyal and deep; with Nick sick, her focus would naturally shift entirely to him. She was in the prime of her life, with responsibilities to her family and her own future. How could she allow herself to step into

such a dangerous abyss? The Remington family, at least, was a suitable match for marriage. If Khloe could marry Ralph, she could stay in Naraida long-term, by his side.

Even if she couldn't see it now, in the future, with age and children around, she would understand the depth of his care. "Grandpa... Nick-" "He admitted it," Henry interrupted. "He's an upright man, and I believe he cares for you deeply." His face was stern. "But love is fleeting. You've lived enough to understand that." Khloe hesitated, then said, "You're right, but if we calculate everything by gains and losses, then people aren't entitled to feelings at all." If this were a different topic, she might have calmed herself.

But -- now, with the old man speaking this way because of Nick's illness... she shivered. Surely whatever they had just discussed together was just as grim. Nick had already endured so much- thinking of him hearing this from Henry made her heart ache. "Nick agreed already. Will you continue to resist?" "Impossible," Khloe said without a second thought. Henry's voice dropped lower. "If you are certain of his feelings, you should know: no man wants to fail to protect the one he loves." Khloe fell silent. "Nick is a proud man.

If being with you were to break him, do you think he would still insist?" Though Nick's gaze had been tender when she last saw him, a sharp unease lingered in her chest. She knew him better than anyone-he always put himself last. If Henry said something to hurt him, or used her as leverage, what might he do...? Khloe turned to leave without another thought, but Henry's cane shot out like a barricade, trembling but firm, blocking her path. "Khloe, your love will fade. Don't let your head be clouded by fleeting feelings.

Let Nick go-only then can our family truly support you." -- "No," Khloe's eyes glistened with a flush of anger and defiance. She glanced at the old man, speaking slowly and clearly. "You're not supporting me-you're holding me in place, and that's why you accept me." "Do you really want to make an enemy of the Morrison family for him? To become an orphan again?" "Family is only family when you have one," Khloe shot back, pushing the cane aside. "Stop! The Hunt family is your enemy! I won't allow you to leave with him!" Henry's voice rang sharp.

All the bodyguards blocked her as she opened the door. Seeing her stubborn resolve, the old man's eyes darkened with lethal intent. He slammed his cane against the floor, veins bulging, ready to forcibly restrain her again. Khloe sneered, "Whether the Hunt family is our enemy, I'll find out myself, Grandpa, our agreed period isn't over yet, so I ask you not to act recklessly." Outside, it wasn't just Henry's people who were present-Nick's people were there too. And the media hadn't left. Delilah quickly commanded everyone with sharp glances, clearing the way.

Khloe didn't pause for a second, leaving without a backward glance. -- Henry, furious and humiliated, snapped. With a roar, he hurled his cane toward Delilah

