

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 681

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 681 – Khloe's hands were icy, trembling uncontrollably. "We're going to the hospital right now," Nick said sharply, his voice leaving no room for argument. "Just hold on." "No—" Khloe's voice faltered, weak but firm. "I'm fine. First, we need to find Ryan. Whatever's happening over there... It's not good." "No, we need to go to the hospital," Nick gritted out, trying to reason with her. "Nick, there's no time! We have to find Ryan first-or he'll die..." Khloe's words were cut off by the staccato crack of gunfire from behind. Another car was tailing them.

These people had gone completely insane. Heading toward a crowded place now would only make things worse Nick clenched his jaw, stealing a quick glance at Khloe's pale face, then at the headlights closing in from the rearview mirror. With a hard twist of the wheel, he shot the car toward the coordinates Noah had marked, He drove like a man possessed, tires screeching, almost lifting off the asphalt as he weaved and swerved, desperate to shake their pursuers. — Khloe bit her lip so hard it bled. Time ticked by, and the tailing car seemed to fall back. Relief hit them like a wave.

They finally got confirmation from Lenny that Arista had been secured by the police and was safe. Everyone else was also okay. The attackers were now wanted criminals, and their people were racing to find Ryan at the same time. Nick had reported their route to the authorities, and Khloe updated Henry in full detail. There was no way he would allow Clarice to continue orchestrating such a deadly plot-help would surely come. But to be safe, Khloe also reached out to Ralph. "Nick... your hand's bleeding," she said, her first instinct after the chaos was to check him.

When he had gone out to distract those two men, she'd nearly lost her mind. Now, though he was mostly unharmed, blood was smeared across the back of his hand gripping the wheel. Khloe frowned and dug through the car for tissues, dabbing at the wound. — "Lhit hard. Just a scratch. Nothing serious," Nick said calmly, as though it didn't hurt at all. His gaze flicked to Khloe, noting the cut on her forehead, and his chest tightened with worry. "And you... how could you put yourself in such danger just now? Your head okay?" Khloe touched her left temple.

It ached faintly but hadn't broken skin. She shook her head. "Next time... no matter what, you can't do something so reckless again. Understand?" Nick's voice carried both warning and raw emotion. He didn't want to scold her now, but thinking of the moments before, he felt his heart stop. If anything had happened to Khloe .. he couldn't bear the thought. "I couldn't just watch you get hurt," she whispered Nick let out an unexpected laugh. "You're laughing? Now?" Khloe's voice was a mix of disbelief and slight shock. "I remembered what you said before..."

that in a critical moment, you'd look out for yourself. Seems like some choices... you only -- really see when danger hits, how you'll act." Her heart lurched at his words. She had thrown herself into danger to save him, instinctively risking her life-but now, the memory made her shiver. Her hand drifted down to her abdomen, a reflexive motion of caution. How could she have been so foolish? At that moment, she wasn't just risking herself... there was someone else depending on her, too.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 682

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 682 - Khloe's subtle reaction caught Nick's attention again. His gaze darkened, throat moving slightly, though he said nothing. The coordinates Noah had provided pointed to a seaside scenic area-a town modeled after a classic water town. It was several dozen kilometers away. Driving their battered car that far was exhausting and too conspicuous. Nick quickly checked the address and discovered a nearby station with an express line straight to their destination. He decisively got Khloe off the car, calling someone to handle it, and they boarded the train.

An hour and a half later, they arrived at the old town just as the sun dipped below the horizon, twilight settling into night. Using Noah's coordinates, Nick located the hotel where their target was staying. Presenting the room number and the information Noah had left, the front desk immediately called to confirm. After a short wait, they were told the room was temporarily empty. It was mealtime, and according to the cleaning staff, the occupant had just stepped out. They would have to wait for the -- person to return before making contact.

Khloe glanced nervously at Nick, who, however, remained composed. He booked an adjacent room on the same floor. Their backup team would take a little longer to arrive, and for now, they should rest. Nick guided Khloe into the room firmly. But Khloe couldn't settle. Barely minutes had passed before she made to leave to search for Ryan. Before she could, Nick wrapped his arms around her waist, catching her off guard and gently pressing her against the edge of the bed. Khloe's long hair fanned across the sheets, and he cupped her face, his movements increasingly intimate. "...Nick, stop it.

This-now isn't the time-" she whispered. "The scenic area is crowded, nothing unusual happening... Ryan should just be out eating," Nick murmured, his warm breath brushing her ear. His eyes narrowed, carrying a glimmer she didn't quite understand. Khloe's mind raced. What he said made sense-they had arrived first. Clarice's people were likely still circling with Noah, and Ryan was safe for the moment. Waiting here for the target to return was far wiser than rushing out. Besides, they were still -- messy and noticeable, which would only draw attention.

"You're right..." Khloe admitted reluctantly, matching his calm logic. Yet, Nick's eyes remained locked on her, his arm pinning hers without the slightest hint of slack. "Nick...

why are you staring at me like that?” she asked, unease curling in her throat. His Adam’s apple rolled slowly, gaze smoldering yet restrained. “There’s something you should tell me,” he said softly, yet his words left no room for denial, as if he had seized a secret advantage. Khloe froze, opening her mouth to protest, but Nick’s large hand covered her abdomen.

He pressed lightly, as though testing her, then moved downward with subtle, deliberate motions. Khloe couldn’t resist. A shiver ran through her body, a rush of heat and tingling nerves. She hummed, instinctively pressing his hand away. “You... what are you doing- Don’t-” “You’re sensitive too. So why push me away?” Nick’s eyes locked with hers, searching her shimmering gaze, -- growing serious. Khloe fell silent, and his attention shifted to her abdomen. “Still not telling me?” He sighed.

“You’re going to wait until the child is born before telling the father, aren’t you?” Her face flushed “You... you knew?” [noticed these past few days-you haven’t been eating, your appetite is poor, and you kept refusing to see a doctor. You’re not the type to avoid help... | suspected a little,” he said.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 683

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 683 – Ever since that last doctor’s visit, Nick had suspected Khloe was hiding something from him. Today, amid the life-threatening danger, her subtle reactions and nervous tics confirmed his suspicions-he hadn’t been wrong. He let out a long sigh, then his eyes softened, swelling with uncontainable joy as they fell on her small belly. “Why did you keep this from me? If | can’t protect you and our child, I’d never forgive myself,” he said, voice low, edged with worry and tenderness. I’m sorry,” Khloe whispered.

Seeing the shadow of sadness on his profile, she immediately pressed herself into him. She knew how perceptive he was, but hadn’t imagined that even in moments like this, he could notice something so subtle. And even if he had guessed earlier, he had patiently waited to speak now. “| just didn’t want you to worry. | planned to tell you as soon as everything settled down. Once we leave here, the three of us will be together, and I’ll take care of you while you recover,” she said, voice soft, tinged with the kind of coaxing warmth one uses to soothe a child.

Having just survived such a harrowing ordeal, even she felt the -- lingering fear and unease. Nick didn’t respond verbally. He simply massaged her delicate shoulders more firmly, as though he wanted to pull her completely into his body and shield her from the world, yet hesitated to hold her too tightly. After a long moment, his tension eased slightly. He cupped her face and gently stroked the faint purple bruise blooming on her forehead. “You really scared me just now.

Now that we have a baby, you have to put yourself first, understand?” he said earnestly, his voice steady and serious Khloe quickly nodded, her gaze returning to wide-eyed innocence in a heartbeat. Nick couldn’t help but smile, tinged with disbelief. Khloe always played the fragile, pitiful role in front of him, yet every time danger struck, she was braver than anyone, sharper than anyone. He had no idea how to handle her, so he pressed a soft, frustrated kiss to her lips.

“Khloe, what am I supposed to do with you?” She whispered against his ear, nipping him playfully, “Just keep being good to me... and be a good father.” A tush of warmth flooded his chest. He cupped the back of her head once more. -- “How many months now?” he asked gently. “About one month,” Khloe murmured. “Once we get back, we’ll go to the hospital for a thorough check- up,” he said. “Okay, I’ll listen to you,” she replied obediently. “I heard that after three months, if everything’s stable... we could --” His eyes sparkled, but both their faces flushed as the sentence hung in the air.

Khloe cleared her throat. “What are you thinking? You’re about to be a father. “I’m just asking,” he said, clearing his throat and quickly shifting the topic. “You’ve had a rough few days... By the way, has the baby been active?” At the mention of their child, Nick immediately straightened, eyes returning to her belly. He hesitated, hand hovering uncertainly before finally resting it lightly, carefully sensing the tiny life within, “No, the baby’s very calm,” Khloe said, her voice soft as flowing water, smiling.

“Do we even know if it’s a girl or a boy?” he asked, lowering his -- head to listen gently against her belly. After a moment, he said with mock certainty, “I think it’s a girl.” “Why?” she asked. “Because she’s so calm... so gentle.” “You can tell that?” Nick smiled softly, leaning closer. “You feel it with your heart. And anyway, if it’s a girl, she’ll be as wonderful as you.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 684

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 684 – “And what if it’s a boy?” Khloe teased, poking the bridge of Nick’s sharp nose. “Just like you-tall, handsome, and gentle to the bone.” Nick said, “A boy should be like you, too. If he takes after his mother, he’ll be even more remarkable-smarter and finer in every way.” Khloe bit her lip, unable to hide the smile creeping across her face. “Don’t think I don’t hear you just flattering me.” “I’m telling the truth,” he replied. Suddenly, Khloe’s brow furrowed, and she let out a soft, startled “Eh!” Nick’s hand froze midair, breath caught in his throat. “What’s wrong?”

Are you uncomfortable... Did the baby kick?” he asked, alarmed. “I think... I felt the baby move just now!” she whispered. A flash of joy lit up his eyes, his voice trembling with excitement he didn’t even realize he had. -- “Really? Right now?” “Now... maybe the baby’s scared of daddy, so it’s not moving anymore.” “Ah?” Khloe couldn’t help laughing at the sight of him, staring at her belly like it were a battlefield. “Just teasing you,” she said. Nick looked slightly embarrassed, yet the warmth and fondness in his eyes only deepened.

He bent down again, resting his ear gently on her belly, eyes closed, listening intently. The room was quiet, filled only with the mingled sound of their breathing. “Nick... why don’t you pick a name for the baby?” Khloe murmured, her fingers idly twirling strands of his hair. “But we don’t even know if it’s a boy or a girl yet,” he said. “Then think of two names,” she said, eyes sparkling. “One for a boy, one for a girl.” Nick sat up straight, expression solemn as though contemplating an important decree. After a long moment of — thought, he finally said, “If it’s a daughter...

we’ll call her Rue. “She’ll be the greatest focus of our lives from now on, the embodiment of our love for each other. I hope that, in the years to come, her heart will always have people and things worth cherishing.” Khloe’s chest softened. She nodded. “Alright. And the boy?” “For a son,” Nick continued after a pause, ‘we’ll call him Nash. May he always be blessed, safe, and guided through life. And may he grow to protect those he loves.” Rue... Nash. Khloe repeated the names silently, smiling to herself. “Good. We’ll go with those,” she said, leaning into him. “Baby, did you hear that?

Daddy has already picked your names. Be a good little one, and come to us safely.” Nick held her close, silent, but his chest swelled with a happiness too deep for words. They would have a long life ahead, watching their children grow. But even if he died tonight, he would feel no regret Outside, night deepened. Lamps across the old town flickered out one by one, the streets falling into peaceful silence. The soft light in the room wrapped around the two of them, casting a warm, serene silhouette by the window. — But the tranquility was broken by the shrill ring of a phone.

It was the front desk. Nick had left a tip earlier and asked them to notify him immediately if Ryan returned. “Got it,” Nick said, hanging up, though his expression had darkened noticeably.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 685

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 685 – Khloe immediately asked, “What’s wrong? Has Ryan returned?” Nick nodded. “The front desk said he was seen in the hotel lobby. But he didn’t go back to his room. He took a call there, then hurried out and got on a coach that had just pulled up to the hotel entrance.” “A coach?” Khloe frowned, sensing something off. “Where’s it headed?” By now, Ryan must’ve realized he was trapped. Was he planning to escape on his own?

“The front desk said it’s a countryside route, runs every half hour, stopping at several scenic spots and towns along the way.” Nick hadn’t even finished speaking before Khloe leapt to her feet. ‘We can’t let him get away! He’s in danger!’ Nick gripped her arm, wanting to hold her back. But he also knew that if they didn’t pursue Ryan now, the opportunity would be gone for good. Leaving Khloe alone while reinforcements hadn’t

arrived made him even more uneasy. “Don’t act impulsively. Don’t take reckless risks. We can’t afford a misstep,” he said, his voice heavy with urgency.

He knew Khloe’s determination—at this point, trying to stop her was futile. — All he could do was warn her again, more seriously than before. “Okay,” Khloe replied immediately, decisive as ever. They rushed downstairs, but it was too late. The coach at the hotel entrance had just started moving, its taillights fading into the night. Nick quickly flagged down a taxi that had just dropped off passengers. “Driver, follow that coach!” he barked. The driver, a middle-aged man, glanced at their anxious faces in the rearview mirror. Without question, he nodded and slammed the accelerator.

The night was deep, the roads to the countryside nearly empty. They drove for over an hour, leaving the scenic area behind. The surroundings grew increasingly desolate, with only a few scattered lights twinkling in distant valleys. Finally, the coach stopped at a rundown roadside station. A few passengers got off, and two more boarded Nick pulled the taxi alongside, paid the driver, and, seizing the coach’s brief stop, led Khloe on board.

The driver looked surprised—few ever boarded mid-route, especially so late—but he accepted their payment without a word, nodding for them to move to the rear. Khloe scanned the coach. There weren’t many people—just the — two of them, the driver, and a total of eight passengers. Her eyes immediately landed on Ryan, seated in the very center of the last row. She quickened her pace, about to approach him, when Nick grabbed her arm. “Honey, you get motion sickness—don’t sit all the way in the back,” he warned. Khloe froze, startled, looking at him in surprise.

Without another word, Nick drew her into his arms and guided her to a seat in the front two rows. Only then did she notice the man sitting next to Ryan, wearing a green camo hoodie and a black soft hat. Another similarly dressed man occupied the diagonal seat in front of them. The man beside Ryan rested a hand casually on the seatback, but the posture carried an unmistakable controlling edge. Ryan sat perfectly upright, frozen, his eyes betraying unease. “He’s being watched,” Nick whispered in her ear as they settled in. “Not sure how many others are on this bus.

Don’t act rashly.” He pulled out his phone to contact his men, while Khloe, alerted by his words, noticed the tense atmosphere inside the coach. The two men near Ryan were alert, constantly glancing at him while also scanning the surrounding passengers. Their — expressions were sharp, unfriendly, and vigilant.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 686

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 686 – Beyond the two men near Ryan, the rest of the front rows were sparsely occupied. There was an elderly woman, a young college - looking woman, a middle-aged man, and another tall man wearing a loose jacket and a

baseball cap. The tall man barely looked up from his phone, seeming entirely disengaged from Ryan and his guards. But the moment Nick began operating his phone, the two men in the rear seemed to notice something. One of them rose slowly and walked toward the front, asking the driver for a lighter.

The driver frowned and snapped impatiently, “No smoking on the bus!” Before he could finish, a cold metal barrel pressed against his temple. The driver’s initial anger froze into terror as he saw the gun. For a moment, he couldn’t react—then a sharp scream tore from his throat. Suddenly, the bus screeched to an abrupt halt. At the same time, the man in the camo hoodie beside Ryan stood, revealing another gun pointed directly at everyone on the bus. — With the immediate threat gone from Ryan’s side, he remained rigidly upright, not daring to move an inch “Hands up!

Drop everything you’re holding!” To emphasize his point, the man fired a shot at the roof of the bus. The deafening “bang” sent nearly everyone into sheer panic. The elderly woman, who hadn’t understood what was happening, flinched violently when she saw the gun was real, falling into her seat with a terrified cry, her body trembling uncontrollably. The young college girl threw her hands over her head, her face drained of color, too scared even to look around, her breathing shallow and rapid. The middle-aged man and the tall man with the phone seemed calmer by comparison.

The middle-aged man dropped to his knees, placing his briefcase on the floor, raising his hands and pleading, “I have money! Please... let me off! | won’t say a word!” But his words only seemed to anger the man controlling Ryan. He stepped forward, kicking the man aside, pressing the gun directly against his temple. “Shut the hell up! Who told you to speak?!” — The middle-aged man clamped a hand over his mouth, terrified. “Sit down! Phones, wallets, everything on your person—put it all on the floor! Now!” the man barked.

The driver, gun pressed against his head, obeyed, steering the bus off course. By now, the bus had left the scenic area and the city proper. At this hour, no patrols would intervene. They would take a back road out of town, where someone would meet them. Officially, their orders were only to capture Ryan. But since they could handle everyone on board anyway, they might as well take whatever they could, maybe make some extra money in the process. Nick and Khloe exchanged a glance. Their nerves were stretched to the limit.

Nick’s face darkened, and Khloe went pale, lips pressed tight, her hand instinctively moving to her abdomen. These two men had guns—probably the same group that had tried to kill them earlier in the morning. The difference was, this team had come specifically for Ryan, so they didn’t recognize Nick and Khloe. Seeing that everyone else had raised their hands and dropped their belongings, Nick and Khloe hesitated. The patrolling man — immediately approached, gun leveled at Nick. “What’s taking so long?” He had noticed them the moment they boarded.

Their clothing suggested wealth, and the woman was attractive—a type he liked.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 687

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 687 – Killing the woman outright seemed like a waste. Nick didn't make a sound. He bent down and placed both his and Khloe's phones, along with all their belongings, carefully on the floor. His message had just gone through when, the instant his phone hit the floor, it lit up with a notification—a message from an unknown number. Nick hesitated for the briefest moment. The man, noticing, didn't give him a chance. He slammed his foot onto Nick's hand, and the cold barrel of the gun jabbed sharply into the back of his head. "What are you trying to do?" the man growled.

Nick let out a muffled grunt as a sharp pain shot up his fingers, spreading along his nerves like fire "Mister!" Khloe panicked, raising her hands and looking up at the man with a pleading, almost fragile expression. "My husband's a good man! He's just... slow! Please don't get angry... | still have something valuable on me, you can take it..." Her hand held a large, sparkling diamond ring. — Even a cold-hearted man can't resist a beautiful woman's plea. He raised his chin and motioned for her to remove the ring.

Once she handed it over, he shifted his weight, slammed Nick's phone several times with the sole of his boot, and kicked it across the floor. Before Nick could rise, the man yanked him off his seat. Khloe gasped as he clamped a hand around Nick's neck. "So, you're pretty rich, huh? This diamond ring must be worth a fortune... You've got at least a million, maybe more?" Nick let out a short, humorless chuckle, raising an eyebrow. "More than that." The man froze for a second, realizing only then that Nick was provoking him. Without warning, he slammed a fist into Nick's face. "Mister!

Please don't hurt my husband! Anything you want, | can have it sent to you!" Khloe cried again. "Are you tired of living?" the man snapped, grabbing Nick by the collar and turning the gun on Khloe. "Didn't | say shut up?!" Nick frowned, glancing at Khloe, subtly shaking his head. She drew in quick breaths, biting her lip and feigning helplessness. — The man holding the driver grew impatient at the commotion. "Can you people do anything efficiently? Stop wasting time!" Hearing his partner's shout, the first man released Nick. He herded them, gun still raised, into the row with Ryan.

Ryan remained rigid in the central seat, sweating faintly, but keeping a perfectly upright, tense posture. As Khloe approached, she noticed the fine beads of sweat on his forehead. Yet, he didn't slouch or relax an inch, as if forcing himself to maintain composure. Suddenly, the elderly woman in the front row collapsed. The man immediately aimed his gun at her. "What are you doing?!" But the woman was beyond reason. Panic had triggered a heart attack; her face turned bluish, gasping for air, clutching her chest as her body convulsed.

"She must be sick—there's probably medicine in her bag!" Khloe couldn't help but shout. The woman, thrashing on the floor, weakly pointed toward her small handbag that had

been kicked aside by the man. “| said shut up!” the man barked. -- He fired again. Khloe flinched, a sharp pang radiating through her abdomen Nick’s eyes went wide. He immediately pulled her into his arms, desperate to prevent her from any rash action. But their protective movements only fueled the man’s anger further.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 688

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 688 – “Like showing off, huh? You-stand up.” The man pressed the barrel of his gun to Khloe’s forehead. Nick’s chest tightened painfully, but fearing that any reaction might set the man off, he could only watch helplessly as Khloe, trembling and drenched in cold sweat, slowly rose under duress. Her eyes flicked toward the elderly woman struggling on the floor. The man glanced at Khloe, then shifted his gaze to Ryan, sitting rigid and tense in the middle of the bus. “You, get up. You, sit in his seat.” The man ordered Khloe and Ryan to switch places. Ryan’s eyes widened in shock.

His body trembled violently at the command, but he didn’t dare move. The man’s patience snapped. “Hurry up! Or I’ll blow you away first!” Ryan gritted his teeth, leapt up, clasped his head, and dropped to his knees, gasping for air. The next instant, nothing happened. Khloe, with the gun stil -- pressed against her forehead, was forced into the seat Ryan had just vacated. “| warned you-don’t move.” The man’s cold voice hissed in her ear. He turned toward Nick with a mocking smirk and casually picked up a small black device blinking with a red dot. Fear flared in Nick’s eyes.

He seemed to understand the danger, but before he could react, a “beep” sounded from the device in the man’s hand. A foreboding chill ran through Khloe. Her brows knitted as she felt a subtle vibration under the seat. “What did you do?” Suddenly, the man’s accomplice stepped forward from behind. As the man turned, a heavy fist smashed into his face. The accomplice snatched the device from his hand, furious. “What the hell are you doing?! Do you want to die?!” “Why get so worked up? They’re all going to die anyway.

Isn’t it more thrilling this way?” The man wiped his mouth with a shrug, letting out a cold, unconcerned snort. But the accomplice ignored him, shoving the crazed man aside. He turned to Khloe, voice sharp and urgent. “Sit still! The bomb -- under your seat has been activated. The moment you leave it, you’ll be blown to pieces!” The words froze everyone on the bus. The middle-aged man nearly lost control, his body betraying him in panic. Khloe’s mind went blank; terror stole her breath for a few seconds. Ryan, on the floor, finally understood.

When he’d been forced onto the bus, the seat assigned to him had been rigged with a bomb. They had claimed it would detonate if he moved-but the man had left a final safety mechanism. Without triggering it, leaving the seat wouldn’t immediately set off the

explosion. Now, the safety had been disabled. Anyone leaving that seat would trigger a catastrophe for the entire bus. The man looked around at their terrified expressions and suddenly laughed. “Relax. People die sooner or later anyway. Don’t you think... there’s some grandeur in the way you’ll go?” The accomplice snapped.

He grabbed the man by the collar, furious, as if he wanted to smash his skull right there. “Crazy bastard! Even if you don’t want to live, don’t drag me into it” — Their job was simple: take the money, follow the orders. Whether the passengers lived or died didn’t concern them. But now, his partner was unhinged. The accomplice had dismissed rumors about the organization accepting reckless new recruits-now he realized just how terrifying that recklessness could be. The crazed man patted his partner’s hand and sneered, “Relax. We’re getting paid to risk our lives anyway.

Don’t you enjoy the thrill?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 689

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 689 – In the brief moment his accomplice was stunned, he seized the opportunity-landing a solid punch and knocking the man down. Khloe, however, seemed to notice something. She suddenly acted, clapping her hands abruptly and unexpectedly. “Young lady, you’re... quite something,” the man muttered, staring at her. A dark, twisted amusement crept into his eyes. Because Khloe was beautiful, his sadistic impulses flared. He wanted to see her panic, beg, even weep with those delicate, tear-streaked expressions. One impulsive thrill had already made him overstep.

Who could have imagined that she-sitting atop a bomb-would behave in such a reckless, defiant manner? He leaned closer, forgetting caution, and cupped her face. His grip tightened suddenly. “You’re not afraid of dying?” “Afraid...” Khloe’s voice trembled, “...but didn’t you just say it doesn’t matter whether one dies sooner or later? And if | leave this seat, everyone here dies. In other words... your life is in my hands now.” The man chuckled, not expecting such audacity from someone — so delicate. Beneath her fragile exterior, there was madness lurking.

But before he could react further, his gun was pressed once more against her forehead. “Is that so? Then maybe | should just kill you...” His low, menacing words were cut off as Khloe suddenly lunged forward, clutching both of his hands! Startled, the man barely had time to react before another figure came crashing from the side, twisting his arms and sending him sprawling to the floor. It was the tall man in the oversized jacket and cap. Strong and precise, he wrenched the gun from the attacker’s hand and threw it aside.

The move was sudden, and the man’s accomplice scrambled to raise his weapon in response. But at that moment, a sharp brake slammed the bus to a halt Without aiming,

the man fired, shattering one side of the glass. Simultaneously, a cold gun barrel pressed against the back of his head. It was Nick. He sprang into action, working seamlessly with the cap-clad man to neutralize the threat. The driver, quick on his feet, -- swerved the bus to aid their counterattack, disabling the accomplice's position.

The man in the cap landed a series of heavy punches to the man 'on the ground, leaving him unconscious. "Come help!" the cap-clad man barked at Ryan. "Noah?! Ryan exclaimed, recognizing him as the man removing his mask. Startled awake, he scrambled forward and helped tie the assailant's hands. "Quick-help the others first!" Khloe didn't hesitate. Her gaze immediately went to the elderly woman lying still on the floor. Fear made her heart hammer violently against her chest.

Earlier, during the scuffle between the two thugs, she had noticed subtle communication between Nick and the man in the cap. The latter had positioned himself in the blind spot of the assailant, ready to strike. Both were armed, and to draw attention away, they had deliberately risked attracting one of the thugs' focus. Nick restrained the subdued man and glanced toward the still- shaken female student. "You-go get the medicine for the elderly lady. Quickly!" -- Finally snapping out of her fear, the student rushed to the woman's bag, pulling out a small bottle of medication.

She carefully administered it to the elderly woman, whose body twitched as she struggled to breathe. Meanwhile, the middle-aged man, paralyzed with fright and having wet himself, took a few moments to regain composure. Shakily, he staggered forward toward the bus front. "Driver! Open the doors! Open the doors!" The driver had already turned the bus around. He had contacted his company via the communications device, alerting them to the bomb on board. Now, his priority was to drive the bus to a safe location to meet the rescue team. "This area's remote and deserted...

wait until we're ahead to get off," he muttered. Given the situation inside, evacuating the passengers was now imperative.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 690

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 690 - The driver, too, was worried about the couple's plan to save everyone on the bus. He floored the accelerator, unwilling to waste a single second in the race for rescue. "I'm getting off! I'm not dying here!" The middle-aged man abandoned all sense of composure, hammering frantically at the bus doors. Seeing this, Noah rose to his feet and called to the driver, "Stop the bus. Let him get off first." The driver had no choice but to open the doors. The man bolted out, almost stumbling in his panic.

The young female student froze for a moment, her eyes reflecting a mixture of fear and longing. "The countdown has started," a cold voice warned. "In half an hour, this bus will explode. | suggest everyone get off the bus- now. At that moment, the man Nick was holding spoke up. He looked down at the people on the floor and at the companion who

had dragged him into this mess. His demeanor was unnervingly calm. -- Nick's expression darkened, his grip tightening on the man's head. He could barely contain the urge to fire. "What did you just say?"

Say it again." "Believe it or not," the man said evenly, "the only way to survive now is for everyone to run-together." Noah suddenly understood. He stepped forward and frisked the man, discovering a small tracker on him. The man had already sent the location to the organization. Reinforcements would be arriving soon. Out here in the remote wilderness, Spence's people would certainly get here faster than the official rescue team. And in half an hour, there was no way to reach a safe zone before the bomb went off. Noah's gaze turned icy.

He clenched the tracker in his fist, knuckles cracking audibly. These two men weren't even known to him in the organization-they had to be low-level newcomers. And the men didn't know him either. Spence had completely violated their original rules. ".Deactivate the device, or | will kill you right here." Nick fought to contain his rage and murderous intent. He slammed his boot into the man's calf, forcing him down to his. -- knees with his head pressed in front of Khloe. If Khloe had suffered even a single scratch, Nick would have torn these two to pieces without hesitation.

Seeing Nick teetering on the edge of losing control, Noah acted quickly. He had the driver stop at the next intersection and instructed the student and the driver to escort the elderly woman safely off the bus. Ryan watched Noah, realizing he had no choice. If he left, Noah would have killed him eventually anyway. Better to stick close and survive. This entire situation stemmed from Ryan not following Noah's instructions-he had waited in the room, bought a ticket under a fake identity, and tried to escape via the park shuttle. But every move had already been tracked.

No sooner had he boarded the bus than he was hijacked. Now, he had no choice but to comply. Noah ignored him, instead turning to inspect Khloe's seat. Nick kept the man pinned to the floor, but the man, fearless, spoke again. "It's a pressure-triggered device. | can't disarm it. Either way, we're all dead. So go ahead-kill me if you want." "Nick, calm down!" Khloe shouted, seeing the blood-red intensity in his eyes. Her voice snapped him back to reason. Killing this man wasn't worth it. -- Noah studied the device carefully, his expression growing graver by the minute.

He had seen and handled many devices before, but this one was far more complex than anything he had encountered. It was a pressure-trigger mechanism paired with a timer. "Half an hour... really?" he murmured