

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 691

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 691 – Khloe could no longer keep her composure. She tried to stay calm, but tears ran freely down her cheeks. Nick, already near the edge of madness, yanked the man toward her. “You said we could switch seats, right? Then sit now!” The muzzle of his gun pressed hard against the man’s temple, the force enough to pierce his skull “Switch seats? You’ve got some nerve. Any tiny mistake and everyone dies... and since I’m about to die anyway, why should | listen to you?” Even under Nick’s brutal pressure, the man’s voice remained calm.

Fear was there, but he was, after all, a man used to risking his life. If the final moment came, he figured he might as well die on his own terms. Noah, worried Nick might act rashly, intervened. “He won’t cooperate. Killing him won’t help, and moving seats is far too risky.” Khloe’s breathing grew erratic. She clutched her seat and closed her eyes, trying to calm her fear. Noah noticed her pale, strained face and tried to reassure her. “ Breathe in, breathe out. Don’t panic. We still have time.” -- Nick ground his teeth in rage.

He leveled his gun at the man again, but after a tense moment, he did not pull the trigger. Instead, he slammed his fist into the man’s neck, throwing him off and confiscating the weapon. Kneeling beside Khloe, Nick trembled as he took her hand. ” Don’t be afraid. | won’t let anything happen to you. | won’t let anything happen to our child.” Tears filled Khloe’s eyes. She knew his words were meant to comfort her, but she nodded fiercely anyway. Hearing this, Noah hesitated for a moment, glancing between the two. Nick met his eyes and spoke in a low, steady voice.

“I’m counting on you.” There wasn’t time to wait for professional rescuers. They had to take the risk themselves. And the only one who might have a chance at disarming the device was Noah. Nick knew that Noah, like most, could have walked away. He was just a man doing a job for money. But Nick could see that he wouldn’t abandon them. If he had, he wouldn’t have risked boarding the bus to save Ryan, and he wouldn’t have prioritized getting everyone else off first. When Nick and Khloe had first boarded, Noah had recognized -- them.

The message Nick had just received on his phone-before it was seized-was from Noah. Though they had only met once, their trust and tacit understanding were already strong, It was clear: whether out of professionalism or personal conviction, Noah would not leave before the final moment. Noah nodded. “I’ll do my best, but | can’t guarantee... if | can’t disarm it, then...” His voice trailed off, leaving the unspoken threat hanging in the air. Nick tured to Khloe and whispered, “I trust you.” “Nick, you should go first.” Khloe closed her eyes, drawing in a deep, trembling breath.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. She didn’t want Nick to share her despair and gently brushed his face with her forehead. “You know | won’t leave. I’ve said it before: no one

will touch you unless they walk over my dead body. If you or our baby aren't here, living has no meaning for me." Nick's voice was soft, yet every word carried unyielding resolve. He seemed to exhale, finally accepting the moment, and leaned forward to kiss her. Her lips were streaked with tears, bitter and icy against his. "You were both very brave just now," Noah said, breaking the tension.

He couldn't bear the heavy, despairing conversation and -- wanted to lighten the mood, even just slightly.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 692

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 692 - "I believe that fate won't be so cruel as to let those who love each other meet a tragic end," Noah said. Nick's lips curved slightly. His gaze was fixed on Khloe. "Do you trust me?" Khloe, her eyes blurred with tears, nodded faintly. He inched closer, wrapping her in his arms, half of his body pressing against the edge of her seat. "What are you doing!" Noah reacted first. The pressure device-any added weight couldn't be removed afterward.

Every bit of movement had to stay exactly as it was; one misstep could trigger the device Khloe shivered, then realized what Nick intended. "Nick... don't be reckless." "Be good. Listen to me one more time." His voice was soft, almost like the tide of a hidden ocean beneath a calm surface, but his expression remained steady. "No... no, you can't" Khloe shook her head frantically, panic -- rising. "Careful, don't move hastily!" Noah warned, sweat beading on his forehead from tension. "Listen to me." Nick's thumb brushed gently across her cheek, wiping away her tears.

"Khloe, you know I'm quicker and steadier than you. The key to switching seats is the instant of replacement-the weight shift must never exceed the threshold. The movement has to be perfectly smooth and rapid. | can do it. And | believe you can." "No..." Khloe shook her head again, staring into his eyes, her heart in agony. "What about our baby? We can face life or death together, but what about him?" Nick's words cut through her resistance like a knife. Tears streamed down her face in uncontrollable rivulets. Her head still shook, but she was persuaded. "Trust me.

| won't let anything happen." His voice remained gentle, steady, and reassuring. He held her hand firmly and began moving, ever so slowly. Noah's entire body was drenched in sweat from tension, while Ryan sat frozen, not daring to breathe. One tiny miscalculation now and they would all die in an instant. -- Khloe trembled violently, and Nick gripped her hand tightly, giving a final reassuring squeeze before letting go. When he had shifted two-thirds of his weight over the seat, he looked into Khloe's panicked eyes and counted down "Three." "Two.

“One-” At the final count, Noah and Nick coordinated perfectly, lifting her from the seat. Her legs gave way, and she would have fallen if Noah hadn’t caught her. “It’s okay. You’re safe now!” Noah exhaled, feeling his own heart almost leap out of his chest. He looked at Nick with genuine admiration. He had never expected anyone to go this far for someone they loved. Even more surprising, Nick—who appeared so detached and unworldly—was capable of such courage, ingenuity, and precise calm under pressure.

“Nick...” Khloe threw herself into his side, crying like a wronged child, clutching his hand and unable to speak. Seeing her finally safe, Nick’s tense expression relaxed — completely, relief and joy washing over his features. “Khloe, don’t cry. If you get upset, what if our baby feels it too? He might even blame me for making his mother sad.” Nick’s voice was tender, as if the danger had already passed. Noah immediately returned to work, racing against time to disarm the device.

But the subtle weight shift from Nick’s maneuver had disturbed the mechanism, seemingly accelerating the countdown.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 693

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 693 – Now, Noah couldn’t be sure how much time was left. Noah reported the situation honestly. Nick immediately turned to Khloe. “Khloe, take Ryan and get off the bus. Go somewhere safe.” “No... no, I want to stay with you...” Khloe said without a second thought. Before she could finish, Nick pressed his lips to hers in a deep, lingering kiss. It was bitter, like a farewell. Khloe struggled for a moment, and he gently nibbled her lower lip—not hard enough to hurt, just enough to ground her.

“For the baby, and for me, you have to protect yourself now.” He cupped her face, fingers threading through her hair. “When it comes to those who would hurt us, we cannot be soft. We cannot give up. You’ve always been strong. You will continue to be strong.” The more Nick spoke, the harder it was for Khloe to stay composed. At that moment, a dazzling set of headlights cut through the darkness. — Ryan flinched and ducked behind Noah. “Noah... is it them again? The ones who tried to kill me?” Khloe and the others followed the light.

Noah raised his gun- but then, someone on the bus raised their hands and called out her name. “Sir! Madam! It’s me!” It wasn’t Clarice’s people-it was Lenny. After ensuring Arista’s safety, Lenny had rushed to find Nick and Khloe. Nick’s positioning signal hadn’t been precise. When contact was lost, Lenny had no choice but to search along the approximate location until he found the bus. “Lenny.” Nick saw him and immediately instructed, “Take Khloe and the witness away.” Lenny didn’t fully understand the situation, but seeing Khloe’s tear-streaked face, he sensed the danger. “Sir...

you” At that moment, Noah’s signal receiver buzzed. It had been recovered from the fallen man-it was a tracking device, meant to communicate with the organization. -- They had just sent the location; reinforcements were likely on the way. They were armed. The police hadn’t arrived, the professional rescue team hadn’t arrived, and Nick was still trapped. The most rational choice was to get Khloe off the bus first. Noah relayed the situation, echoing Nick. “I can evacuate last.

Khloe, listen to your husband and leave now.” Nick spoke again, “Khloe, if you stay here, neither Noah nor I can focus. For the baby, and for my peace of mind, go wait for me, okay?” Khloe clutched his hand, torn by despair. “Promise me. No matter what, you will come back. I’ll wait with the baby.” She dug her fingers into his palm, teeth clenched, tears blurring her vision again. “All right.” Nick nodded, then looked at Lenny. “Take her away.” Lenny understood the urgency. Though his heart ached, he followed Nick’s orders and firmly pulled Khloe toward safety.

Khloe’s hand stayed tightly clasped around Nick’s until the very -- last moment. Watching her finally get off the bus and disappear from sight, Nick’s eyes darkened-but a sense of relief settled over him. “Noah, there isn’t much time. You should leave too. There’s no need to risk your life for a single job.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 694

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 694 – Noah didn’t answer immediately. He quickly searched the two unconscious men on the floor, gathered a few tools, then roughly dragged and kicked them off the bus. With that done, he turned back to Nick’s side. Nick frowned. “Noah.” “I don’t have the habit of playing the hero,” Noah said, “but after what happened today... I feel a sense of guilt.” “Guilt?” Nick raised an eyebrow, surprised. Noah didn’t pause, nor did he explain further. He had followed Spence faithfully for years.

Now that Lacuna had turned into this, he felt he had betrayed himself in some way-but these were thoughts he couldn’t share with Nick. Nick didn’t press further. Perhaps, at the edge of life and death, many things simply ceased to matter. Even if his life was short, it had been fulfilled. He had experienced wealth, power, and status. He had met the person he loved and possessed a genuine bond. Until this very moment, he could do everything in his power to protect his wife and unborn child-and that was enough. “Honestly...

Follow new episodes on the Crushnovels.Com

I really admire you,” Noah said, trying to ease his -- own tension by talking. “Nowadays, even among couples, there are few willing to risk their lives for the other... and you’re no ordinary man.” Nick smiled. “The feeling is mutual. She’s worth everything I have to protect.” His voice was calm and gentle, far from the tone of someone facing death. In truth, when Nick had first learned of his condition, he had been terrified-terrified not just of losing the days he still had, but of the loneliness and helplessness that awaited him in death.

Yet, when he learned that Khloe was pregnant, he felt the grandeur and joy of a new life. There is only one kind of bravery that can overcome all fear: genuine, unshakable love. Before Khloe, he had never loved like this before. Loving her was like loving his own life—fearless, unwavering—even in the face of death. “Then... no regrets at all?” Noah asked. “Regrets? There are some... and none,” Nick said with a soft laugh. Noah, sweating from the tension, frowned. “So... which is it?” — “Noah,” Nick asked quietly, “have you ever loved anyone? Or cared deeply for someone?” Noah hesitated.

“I’ve never been in a relationship. There were people important to me before... but now? I’m not sure.” He didn’t believe in love. Years as a mercenary had shown him life and death, loyalty and betrayal, warmth and coldness. Even among couples, very few were like Nick and Khloe. Love was fragile, unreliable, and rarely endured. What he had pursued all along were ideals. Spence had been his ideal, his family. But now... after what happened with Ryan, that trust was broken. Once this was over, he would leave the organization, even face enemies he once allied with. The path ahead was uncertain.

“You can’t die,” Nick said firmly. “Someone without regrets, who hasn’t truly loved... doesn’t deserve to die.” Noah paused, then smiled, understanding the meaning behind Nick’s words. Only those who have truly loved can die without fear, because love brings both longing and courage. “All right. Let’s hope neither of us dies. When this is over, I want to try love too...”

see if I can have a connection like yours.” Noah half-joked, “But just so you know, if I save you, that’s extra pay.” Nick chuckled, but at that moment, several beams of headlights — cut through the darkness and streamed into the bus.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 695

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 695 – On the way back, Khloe’s stomach churned violently, and she kept dry-heaving. The adrenaline from the earlier ordeal had finally caught up with her body. Cold sweat drenched her, and every time she closed her eyes, the image of the bus exploding flashed before her. A gnawing sense of dread tightened in her chest. Regret pierced her like a blade—she had left Nick behind “Lenny... please, let’s go back...” she whispered, her voice trembling. Lenny’s mind was a storm of anxiety as well. He worried for Nick’s safety, but they themselves were still in danger.

Those terrorists could very well pursue them at any moment. For Khloe’s sake, his first priority had to be getting her to a safe place. “Madam, please don’t worry. Sir will be fine, I promise!” Lenny said firmly. There was no sign he intended to slow down. On the contrary, he pressed the accelerator even harder, racing along the road. Khloe’s phone had already died. Communication in Naraida was slow, and the police were unreliable—precisely why this criminal — organization could act so brazenly here.

She had sent urgent messages to Henry and Ralph earlier, yet hours had passed, and only Nick's people had arrived. Despair gnawed at her chest. Rationally, she knew returning now would be unwise, but thoughts of Nick risking his life to save her made calmness impossible. Even Ryan, restrained in the car, could not help but try to console her as he saw her weeping uncontrollably. "I believe in Noah and Nick... good people are always protected... let's just get out of here first." The car raced onward.

Khloe's stomach rebelled violently, her grief nearly overwhelming her, threatening to break her. Then, halfway along the road, a convoy of police vehicles and luxury cars blocked their path. Ralph stepped out. Upon receiving Khloe's message, he had immediately contacted the authorities. In the city, Ralph's connections made him far more effective—local police were slow to respond to criminal organizations, and formal rescue efforts required multiple approvals. Fortunately, Khloe had briefed him on the situation. Ralph had dropped everything and personally led a team to the area.

Khloe's messages had cut off at the hotel near the scenic area. — Ralph had traced the bus's route based on information from the hotel front desk. But the bus had deviated, winding through desolate outskirts and forcing them to take a longer path "Khloe!" Ralph called as he reached the vehicle. Lenny immediately unlocked the doors, helping Khloe out. Her eyes lit up at the sight of him, hope surging through her. She practically lunged at the car door. "Ralph! You're here! Thank God!

Go-go save Nick!" "What happened to Nick?" Ralph asked, confused, before Khloe could answer, her body went slack, and she collapsed. Lenny caught her immediately, while the others quickly checked her condition. She had fainted from sheer emotional shock, but her body was otherwise unharmed. Lenny gently returned her to the car and explained the situation to Ralph. He nodded, instructing his team to escort Khloe and Lenny back for medical attention while he led a team to Nick's location. But before Ralph's convoy even approached the bus, a series of violent explosions erupted in the distance.

Black smoke billowed into the sky, twisting and churning like a dark storm. Ralph's heart leapt. By the time his team arrived, the bus had — already been engulfed in flames. The entire vehicle lay in ruins. If Nick had still been inside... there would be nothing left of him. Ralph leapt from his car, but before he could take more than a few steps, someone blocked his path. "Ralph... you should retreat. It's too dangerous here. Leave it to the professionals."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 696

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 696 – Ralph's throat went dry, and a sharp sting welled up in his eyes. Seeing Khloe just moments ago, trembling and helpless, had pierced him with a sudden, deep sorrow. "Expand the search. We have to find... Nick, no matter what," he said hoarsely, issuing the command even as he knew the odds were slim. The burning wreckage crackled, sending acrid smoke and the scent of scorched metal and plastic into the air. Nick couldn't possibly still be alive. Meanwhile, Henry rushed to the

hospital after receiving the news. Khloe was still unconscious, an IV drip attached to her arm.

The doctors had already examined her. Physically, she was unharmed, but her pregnancy left her fragile. Strong emotional shock had caused temporary cerebral hypoperfusion, leading to her fainting. “What did you say... she’s pregnant?” Henry’s shock was palpable. His eyes instinctively darted to Delilah. She had been by Khloe’s side every moment these past days, -- responsible for reporting any abnormality immediately. How had she missed something as crucial as this? Delilah lowered her head immediately. “It’s my fault...

| failed in my duty.” At that moment, Arista arrived with a group, Lenny by her side. She had rushed over as soon as she heard the news, ignoring all else. Seeing Henry outside the ward, Arista’s anger flared uncontrollably. Behind her, Ryan stood silently, his expression sullen. “Henry! Are you satisfied now?” Arista’s voice shook with fury. “You’re Khloe’s grandfather, a parent yourself. Never mind that our family could never intentionally harm Niel-regardless of past grudges, you shouldn’t drag the next generation into this!

You listened to others’ schemes and allowed our loved ones to be harmed-how can you still stand here with a clear conscience?” Her words grew sharper, losing any pretense of decorum. She was livid. The most infuriating thing wasn’t the villains-it was when someone close became an accomplice. That had been the case with George and Nick; she hadn’t expected the Morrison family -- to treat Khloe worse than that! Henry’s face darkened completely. Before coming, he had already heard Delilah’s report: Khloe had sent a distress message, claiming that Clarice had sent men to kill her and Nick.

He had brushed it off, thinking Clarice was simply interfering on his behalf, trying to separate Nick and Khloe. He never imagined Clarice would dare openly hire killers. And the target? His own bloodline. It wasn’t until Ralph contacted the police and personally called him that he realized how out of control the situation had become. By the time he sent people to confront Clarice, everyone and everything had vanished. Before Henry could respond, Lenny stepped forward, bringing Ryan to his side.

“Sir, Ryan has surveillance evidence from the old park that proves everything was the revenge of Rick, the villain who sought to harm the Hunt family,” Lenny explained. “Moreover, Rick is already in our custody. Once you verify, we can hand him over to the domestic authorities. The truth will become clear.” Hearing this, Henry’s resolve crumbled. He could no longer maintain his arrogance. Lowering his head toward the still-fuming Arista, he said, “This time, it was a misunderstanding.” -- Arista sneered. “A misunderstanding? You think a single word can erase what’s been done?”

The harm you caused Nick, the harm to Khloe-how do you intend to make that right?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 697

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 697 – Henry's smile was all surface, his lips curling without warmth as he scrutinized Arista. No wonder Khloe was so devoted to the Hunt family. Every time she mentioned them, it was all praise and admiration. Indeed, the Hunt family knew how to manipulate hearts and minds. A child like Khloe, who grew up without parents, would naturally be drawn to a family that radiated warmth and care. But he had seen enough of life in powerful families to know the truth: even amidst family bonds, human selfishness, calculation, and greed could devour every ounce of genuine affection.

There was no true love-only fleeting obsession. 1 Nick's attachment to Khloe was just a temporary infatuation. And Arista, a stepmother, wasn't exactly in a position to claim concern for Khloe. "So what do you want me to do? Should I, perhaps, wait until Khloe's wedding and set aside part of my estate as a wedding gift?" Arista's tone dripped with irony. She caught Henry's subtle mockery and let out a bitter laugh. Before their words could escalate further, a nurse stepped out from the ward, informing them that Khloe had woken up. -- Arista no longer had time for argument.

She rushed into the room Khloe, upon opening her eyes, immediately looked for Nick. Seeing that he wasn't there, her eyes reddened again. "Mom... where's Nick?" she asked, gripping Arista's hand. Arista felt a momentary confusion and glanced at Lenny. He had been tasked with bringing Khloe and Nick to safety, but upon arriving, she hadn't seen any sign of Nick. All she knew was that Khloe had been unconscious. "Did something happen to him...?" Khloe's panic surged, and she bolted upright, nearly yanking the IV line with her sudden movement. Nurses and nearby staff rushed over to steady her.

Lenny immediately stepped to her side. "Madam, don't panic. Ralph has already gone for rescue... Mr. Hunt-he's fine, he will be safe." "Right now, you need to take care of yourself. You're pregnant; you must rest," he added gently. Arista's eyes flickered with relief at the reminder of Khloe's condition, but that brief hope dimmed as soon as she recalled the danger Nick was still in. Her chest tightened. 1 -- "[need to go to him," Khloe insisted, trying to rise again. Arista grabbed her firmly. "Khloe, your body is still weak. For the sake of your baby, don't act impulsively." "Exactly.

If Nick sees you like this, so frail, all the risks he took... would they even be worth it?" Delilah added, her voice soft but firm. Khloe closed her eyes, hot tears spilling down her cheeks. She knew she needed to control herself-she had to be strong for the baby. Yet, the ache in her chest was unbearable. She was terrified and devastated. In her dreams, the bus had exploded, and Nick had been swallowed by flames. Henry stepped closer, intending to offer a few words of comfort. After all, she had endured so much in her search for the truth.

In the matter of Clarice targeting her, he had acted imperfectly, merely intending to use Clarice to test Khloe. He hadn't anticipated such dire consequences. And even though the death of Niel was unrelated to George, Khloe remained a Morrison family member. She should not have laid her heart entirely in the hands of the Hunt family. But when Henry

approached the bedside, Khloe turned her head aside, as if she hadn't even noticed him. Slightly awkward, he cleared his throat and spoke anyway, " -- You've kept your promise. Today marks the tenth day.

You've learned the truth about your father's death. As for what happened before, | misunderstood, and | know it caused you great pressure. "| understand that you were wronged by all this. Rest assured, Clarice cannot leave Naraida. | will make sure you get an explanation."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 698

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 698 – Khloe didn't respond. She bit her lip hard, a surge of self-directed anger rising in her chest. If only she hadn't insisted on proving herself... If she hadn't gone head-to-head with Clarice... Would Nick have... She spun around, voice cold and controlled. "Leave. | want to be alone." The words were clearly meant for Henry. Without naming him, Delilah immediately tried to smooth things over. "Master Henry, let's go. Khloe needs to rest right now." Henry's gaze sharpened, lingering on Khloe for a long moment, before he turned and left.

Seeing Khloe in such a fragile state, Arista also chose not to disturb her and quietly followed him out with her people. Soon after, Ralph arrived at the hospital Khloe had been waiting for him. Even after all this time, she had a creeping sense of dread. She had checked with Lenny repeatedly, scoured the local news, but there was nothing about the bus explosion. No news meant good news... right? She tried to convince herself. -- But when Ralph walked in, the atmosphere immediately felt heavy. Lenny and Arista hadn't come with him; Ralph had arrived alone to see her. "Nick...? Is he...

hurt?" Khloe's voice trembled uncontrollably as soon as she spoke. Fear gripped her so tightly she felt she might stop breathing. Ralph looked down, avoiding her gaze. He didn't know how to say it. After an afternoon of searching, six sets of charred remains had been found near the crash site, their identities impossible to determine. With an explosion like that, Nick surviving was unthinkable. But there was no way to tell Khloe such a thing-not while she was in this state, and pregnant at that. How could he tell her without shattering her completely?

Yet, if he stayed silent, the news would reach her eventually. There was no hiding it. Ralph swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing as he forced his voice steady. "Khloe... calm down. Please, listen to me. "The bus went over the cliff and exploded. The fire was massive. We reached the site... and we found... some remains. But due to the severity of the burning, confirming identities will take time." -- He didn't say the words outright-he didn't say "Nick is dead"- but every word crushed the last fragile thread of hope in Khloe's heart.

In an instant, she felt her blood freeze, her body cold in a way that made no sense. The rest of Ralph's words were just static in her ears, a high-pitched buzzing she couldn't focus on. "No... no, it can't be... He said he'd come back... He promised me A numbness settled in her eyes. She shook her head, instinctively resisting a truth she already knew. She grabbed Ralph's arm with desperate strength. "Did you find him? Did you see him? Did you... confirm it?!" "No! We haven't confirmed anything yet!" Ralph replied quickly, his voice firm but gentle, trying to soothe her.

"The search and rescue are ongoing. The area is being expanded... maybe we just haven't found him yet." Every word he spoke was a lie. Yet, even a sliver of hope had to be left for her. A faint glimmer appeared in Khloe's eyes. "Right... the search... they're still searching... He's not dead... he must still be waiting for me... | have to... | have to go..." — - She tried to struggle out of bed, ignoring the IV still in her hand. "Khloe! You can't go!" Ralph blocked her, voice sharp with urgency. "It's still dangerous there, and your body can't take it!

If anything happens to you or the baby, Nick—" He stopped himself from saying "would have died for nothing" and instead said, "...He would only worry more."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 699

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 699 – At the mention of her baby, Khloe froze. She lowered her head, her hand instinctively brushing over her still-flat belly. Here, a new life was growing-her and Nick's shared bloodline, perhaps the only remnant of him left for her... her last tether to hope. The weight of grief, coupled with the instinct of motherhood, tore at her from within. Finally, she covered her face and wept in silence. Like a small, battered creature with nowhere to turn, she was consumed by sorrow, utterly desolate. Ralph watched her, heart heavy with helplessness. There was nothing he could do.

Even words of comfort felt pale and powerless. All he could offer was his presence, a temporary anchor for her to release her emotions safely. Time passed-how long, he couldn't tell-before Khloe lifted her head. Her eyes were red and swollen, yet her gaze had hardened with resolve. She looked at Ralph and said, "Help me." Ralph asked, "What do you need me to do?" "Confirm those bodies... as soon as possible," Khloe's voice was hoarse, low, trembling yet resolute. "If he's alive... | want to see him. If he's dead... | want to see his body." -- Ralph nodded.

"I'll do my best." "And-before the results come in-find a way to block any news about Nick. The Hunt family... can't be stirred." The sudden clarity in her tone startled him. Her grief hadn't vanished; it had only been suppressed, temporarily overpowered by something stronger. It was a protective instinct, fueled by her love for Nick and the responsibility she felt for him. When Ralph stepped out of Khloe's room, Arista arrived, eyes red and swollen, struggling to accept the news of Nick's presumed fate. Yet, she knew she had to remain strong, for Khloe's sake.

She had already contacted George, instructing him to come immediately-but the grandparents had to be kept in the dark. At their age, such news could be devastating. Meanwhile, Oscar had received word from Henry and was rushing over. Seeing Ralph emerge, Arista cautiously asked about Khloe's condition. Ralph shook his head. "Not good... but not as bad as we feared. She's strong. I believe she can hold on." Arista paused, tears threatening again. "Khloe has been through too much." Lenny silently rested a hand on her shoulder, his own eyes red. -- Silence returned to the hospital room.

Khloe didn't want anyone by her side. She watched the IV drip fall drop by drop, each one echoing in the stillness of her heart. Her mind replayed the look in Nick's eyes when he had swapped seats to save her. Her chest felt crushed by an invisible hand, her breath catching with each heartbeat. She curled into herself, burying her face in the pillow, stifled sobs escaping her throat. But soon, she forced herself silent again, inhaling deeply, then exhaling slowly. She could not cry. She could not break. She had promised to wait for him. Even if...

He truly never returned, she had to guard everything he treasured-Hunt Group and the child she carried. That thought was like a hand reaching into the darkness, keeping her from falling entirely into despair. Time passed, though she had no sense of how long. Darkness had fallen outside once more. A gentle knock came at the door, and the nurse stepped in to remove Khloe's IV. "Khloe, you need to rest now." Khloe turned her head, her voice dry and hoarse. "I know. I'll rest." After a pause, she asked, "Have my test results come back? The -- baby... is it okay?"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 700

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 700 - The nurse smiled gently. "Don't worry. The doctor has examined you-the baby is doing well. But your body is still very weak. You must remain in bed and rest. Any sudden activity could trigger signs of a threatened miscarriage. And try to keep your emotions stable." Khloe's lips curved in a bitter, fleeting smile. Her chest felt heavy and suffocating. "I understand... thank you." Resting in bed meant she was completely cut off from the possibility of searching for Nick herself. She could only wait. Even late into the night, sleep eluded her.

In the evening, Arista and Lenny had come again, urging her to eat more. The city's top police forces had been mobilized to hunt down the organization targeting them. Yet, Clarice's whereabouts remained unknown. If Clarice had indeed fled, her crimes would be sealed, and all the power and influence she had spent a lifetime chasing would vanish. But none of that brought Khloe any comfort. All she wanted was news of Nick.

Khloe no longer showed any irrational behavior in front of Arista. She ate, regained her composure, and even checked on Arista's -- mood in return. Outwardly, it seemed she had accepted the possibility that Nick might be gone. The more composed and thoughtful she appeared, the more it worried everyone around her. The next morning, George arrived at the hospital, almost simultaneously with Oscar. Both had come to see Khloe, having learned the general situation on the way. But neither had anticipated what had happened to Nick.

Though officially "missing," with the bus exploded, the chances of survival seemed grim. Oscar could only sigh in regret. George, after seeing Khloe, finally let the tension he had been holding collapse. Back at the hotel, his blood pressure spiked, leaving him bedridden. Arista knew George had never been indifferent to Nick, though he had long suppressed his true feelings, venting his bad temper on his son instead. Now, confronted with the disaster, guilt and grief consumed him, leaving him almost without the will to live. By evening, after another checkup, Khloe was ready to be discharged.

Except for Henry and George, everyone had gathered in her hospital room. They watched her calm, composed expression with taut nerves. Delilah spoke carefully, "Miss Khloe, Master Henry has arranged -- for caregivers and doctors, and prepared a new residence for you. It's perfect for your recovery and the baby." Khloe still had to remain in Naraida for a while. Staying at her family's estate with Henry would have been ideal-but she was still sulking, refusing to yield. Out of respect for her pride, Henry had Delilah speak on his behalf.

Delilah knew Khloe's temperament well; no matter how perfect the arrangements, Khloe would not go back yet. "have a vacant villa ready for you. You can move in with Nick's parents," Delilah offered. Khloe remained silent. Ralph stepped in, presenting the plan with meticulous care. Yet, Khloe only offered a faint smile and replied, "No need. Lenny and I will just return to the hotel." Her words were simple, her demeanor seemingly indifferent- but there was a weariness beneath it, as if she had no energy left for anything else. Everyone understood.

After the recent attack, the police had deployed additional personnel to protect Khloe around the clock. The hotel had been changed to a secluded, standalone property near the embassy district, ensuring complete security. 1