

Billions Match Novel Chapter 771

Read Billions Match Novel Chapter 771 – As Angela spoke, Michelle couldn't help but furrow her brows. She had heard about Khloe's past, not in full detail, but enough to know how disgustingly vile Angela and Trey had been. Michelle had assumed that anyone with such a notorious reputation wouldn't even dare show their face in Goldmont City anymore. Yet, here was this woman, not only back in the city, but now part of Solara Energy. And she had the nerve to put on a fake apology? It was like she was deliberately trying to make people sick. Michelle glanced at Khloe and felt a grudging respect for her composure.

"Sharing the same misfortune? You really know how to polish your own halo," Khloe said, her tone dripping with cold amusement. Angela attempted to step forward, only to have several security guards grab her arms, waiting for Khloe's command. Michelle scoffed, unable to hold back. "I've seen some despicable people, but you... you take the cake. Khloe, you've had it rough, that's for sure." A faint smile curved Khloe's lips. She didn't even bother to mock -- Angela. Instead, she signaled the guards to throw her out. Angela had already anticipated Khloe's move.

Gritting her teeth, she threw herself to her knees with a loud thud just as the guards tried to drag her out. "Khloe! I was wrong! If you want to deal with me, go ahead-just don't target Solara Energy!" The crowd in the lobby grew larger as more people came to watch the spectacle. Some even pulled out their phones to record the scene. 1 Khloe immediately realized Angela's intent: she was deliberately trying to create a public scandal. It was a petty tactic, but undeniably disgusting "Are you insane? Who's targeting Solara Energy?

The Hunt Group and Solara Energy are competitors in the bid-it's nothing personal! Don't flatter yourself!" Michelle, clearly exasperated, shot Angela a sharp glare before defending Khloe. "The competition between the Hunt Group and Solara Energy should be the Hunt Group's business. Khloe, aren't you taking this personally? This project isn't a sure win for the Hunt Group, and Solara Energy has been preparing for a long time..." "Don't talk nonsense! Khloe isn't settling scores for anyone!

And Nick can't even compete with Solara Energy right now..." -- Michelle was about to speak further, but Khloe grabbed her wrist. She turned back just in time to see Angela's previously unhinged expression freeze instantly. "Nick can't compete with Solara Energy? Did something happen to him?" Angela's eyes narrowed as they flicked toward Khloe. Michelle's face flushed as the realization dawned on her. "You... you conniving woman! You were fishing for information!" "Khloe, Nick hasn't been coming in to work. Did something happen? Has the Hunt Group changed hands?

If that's true, and you've been keeping this from us... isn't that unfair to the bid?" Angela suddenly stood. The guards restrained her, but she didn't resist. Khloe raised a hand,

signaling them to hold their fire. She studied Angela for a few seconds before smiling. “So... that’s why you came.” Angela lifted her chin, shedding all traces of the earlier act of humility. Her eyes gleamed with laughter and bold defiance Khloe rolled up her sleeves, strode forward, and gripped Angela’s face. She applied enough force to dig her nails lightly into the soft skin. Angela frowned.

“Khloe, | just came to apologize. | didn’t expect — that you’re not only ruthless, but utterly merciless in how you handle things...” “Exactly. There are a lot of things you didn’t expect. And what can you do about it?” Khloe said, her tone sharp as steel.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 772

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 772 – Khloe didn’t respond to Angela’s words. Instead, she let a mocking smile play across her lips—a smile that landed like a slap, sharp and heavy, across Angela’s face. Angela’s brows furrowed in frustration. She was being held firmly, unable to struggle or move. Michelle stepped forward, her tone cool and teasing. “Now | see what it means to be a villain who complains first. ‘Ruthless’? Don’t flatter yourself by calling yourself that—you’re so far past it that even that word is an insult.” “Khloe,” Angela continued, teeth gritted, “I heard Nick is gravely ill ..

I’m genuinely worried for you. You finally got married, and now -are you already starting your widowhood?” The words made Angela’s blood boil, but she knew squabbling with Michelle was pointless. She pressed on, speaking slowly and deliberately toward Khloe. But Khloe loosened her grip on Angela’s face slightly, her lips curling into an even sharper, colder smile. Angela’s insults didn’t even register as an emotional ripple. When Angela finished, Khloe opened her hand, as if signaling she had no more interest in the confrontation. Angela’s eyes — narrowed in suspicion.

Then, almost immediately after taking a step back, Khloe spun around and slapped Angela hard across the face. Angela was startled and hadn’t even had time to react when Khloe followed with three consecutive slaps, each one heavy and precise. Blood instantly filled Angela’s mouth. The guards held her arms firmly, and though her rage surged, she couldn’t retaliate “Khloe!!!” Angela’s voice cracked with fury, words stumbling out in disbelief. “You... you dare hit me! I-I’m calling the police!” Khloe lowered her head. Her palms stung from the force she had used.

Michelle blinked, shocked at how a woman who looked so composed could erupt with such ferocity—but then her lips curved in satisfaction. “Angela,” Michelle said, stepping closer with a wicked gleam, “I can vouch for Khloe. You just cursed someone, and those slaps? You earned every one. But judging by why you came here today- trying to make trouble- you go ahead and call the police. Don’t worry about medical bills, Khloe won’t pay... | will.” She leaned in closer to Angela’s ear, her tone dark and teasing. “I promise, you’ll stay in the hospital... forever.” Angela’s face went pale.

-- With a flick of Michelle's wrist, the guards dropped any pretense of courtesy. They yanked Angela out roughly, smashing her phone to pieces in the process. Michelle had already made sure nothing else would be left intact. Combined with the Morrison Group's previous ban on Angela and Trey stepping foot on their turf, the Hunt Group now had some useful intel to work with. Outside, Lenny sat waiting in the car. By the time he caught wind of what was happening and came to pick up Khloe and Michelle, it was already over.

"Madam, are you alright?" Lenny asked, his face tight with concern as he looked at Khloe. She shook her head. Angela hadn't laid a hand on her, but the scene had ruined her appetite and her mood. Michelle walked alongside Khloe and shot Lenny a sly look. "Don't underestimate Khloe. All you ever do is ask if she's okay. This is Hunt Group territory- what exactly did you think was going to happen?" Lenny fell silent, a little embarrassed by the jab, and didn't dare respond. Michelle caught his flustered expression and couldn't help but feel a flicker of satisfaction.

-- Always hovering around Khloe like she might fall apart at any second... but when Michelle was right there with her, no one even thought to ask if she was okay. Still, as they walked, a faint unease crept over Michelle. Something felt off.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 773

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 773 - Why was she so fixated on a mere assistant? After lunch, Khloe had Michelle escorted back to her hotel by Lenny. Before parting, Khloe emphasized once more: under no circumstances should the news about Nick's accident leak before the bidding ended. Michelle, still shaken from almost being led into a trap by Angela, nodded earnestly. "Don't worry," she promised. For Nick, this time, she would follow Khloe's orders without question. On the ride back, Michelle noticed Lenny was unusually tense. He barely spoke, barely made eye contact as she got in and out of the car.

Whenever their eyes met, he would quickly look away, as though she were some untamable beast. By the time they arrived at Michelle's hotel, Lenny silently unlocked the car, waiting for her to step out without a word. "You really hate me that much?" Michelle finally asked, unable to hold back. Lenny froze. "What do you mean? | wouldn't dare-" "You wouldn't dare? Every time you see me, you act like I'm plotting against Khloe. Tell me-do | look that evil? That... unlikable?" -- Michelle's voice, sharp and full of anger, left Lenny momentarily speechless "No...

that's not what | mean." "Then what do you mean? I'll give you the chance to explain." Michelle crossed her arms and glared at him coldly. Lenny felt as though a boulder had landed on his shoulders. One misstep, one wrong word, and he could offend her again- especially now that she was working with Khloe. "t's... actually me," Lenny said, taking a deep breath, "I think..." He spoke before he could stop himself, pouring out the truth. "I

think some of the things you do to win over Mr. Hunt are... reckless. Sometimes it even leaves people speechless. "So | have to be on guard.

In doing my duty to protect Mr. Hunt, | must keep his wife safe. I've only been trying to do my job responsibly. I've done nothing excessive." Michelle's eyes blazed. "What did you just say?" "But | don't dislike you," he hurried on. "In the past, when you were focused only on sabotaging the relationship between Mr. Hunt and Madam, | had a bias against you. Aside from that, | think..." -- "You're... really talented," he admitted, voice low but firm. "If | put aside your relationship with Mr. Hunt, personally... | actually like you." The words hung in the car like a shockwave.

Michelle froze, arms crossed instinctively, then slowly dropped them. Her eyes widened to the size of saucers, staring at Lenny in disbelief. Lenny, too, felt like he'd been hit by his own confession. His face flamed red to the ears, his knuckles whitening as he gripped the steering wheel. He opened his mouth to clarify—"! didn't mean that kind of like, | meant... admiration... for your professionalism and ability..."—but no words came out. He was completely frozen. "You..." Michelle's voice trembled for a long moment before returning, a mix of shock and heat flooding her cheeks.

But she forced her tone back to defiance. "What nonsense are you spouting? Who... who asked you to like me!"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 774

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 774 - Lenny parted his lips, silently chiding himself. Had he just said the wrong thing? He hoped it wouldn't lead to some messy misunderstanding: That afternoon, Khloe asked Lenny to deliver some documents to Michelle. Just as he stepped out of the garage, he caught sight of a familiar figure exiting the hotel lobby. His heart skipped a beat- it was Angela. What was she doing here? Could she be looking for Michelle? Lenny's gaze instinctively sharpened, searching for clues when he spotted Michelle. "Why are you staring at me like that?

Is there something on my face?" Michelle's eyes flicked up from the documents, catching his gaze. Though she had been annoyed with him before, after what he said in the car... she decided to let it slide, for Nick and Khloe's sake. "Nothing," Lenny quickly looked away, rubbing the bridge of his -- nose. Michelle raised her head. "Alright, | got the documents. You can go now." "Michelle..." "What?" Lenny hesitated, then finally spoke. "Did you just see someone?" "Someone?" Michelle paused. "When | arrived, | saw Angela leaving the hotel. She..." Michelle's eyes glimmered faintly. "Oh, right.

She came looking for me." Lenny tensed. "You met with her?" "No," Michelle said decisively. "Then how did she know you were staying here?" "How should | know? My place isn't exactly a secret. I've even been live-streaming here these past couple of days."

As she spoke, Michelle realized something was off. Lenny was acting like an interrogator. “And did you tell Madam?” — Michelle’s expression darkened. She curled her lips slightly. “° Khloe isn’t my boss. I don’t have to report every little thing to her. Lenny fell silent, but the concern on his face was clear.

Honestly, he didn’t fully trust Michelle. People rarely change overnight. In the past, she had done questionable things to get close to Nick, even at Khloe’s expense. What if she betrayed Khloe now? Michelle noticed his hesitation and felt a pang of discomfort. She had wanted to explain, but instead she swallowed her words. Waving him off, she abruptly shut the door with a bang before he could fully leave. Lenny, though frustrated, immediately reported the encounter to Khloe upon returning. Khloe, however, remained calm, letting out a small, mocking snort. “Angela is going after Michelle?

She just wants to dig up news about Nick. Let her be.” “But... what if something happens between Michelle and Angela? Lenny reminded her, noticing Khloe hadn’t considered the potential risk. — Only then did Khloe notice the worry in his eyes, and a faint smile tugged at her lips. “You really don’t trust Michelle that much?” “It’s not complete distrust, but one must always be cautious. Michelle has acted recklessly before in trying to get between you and Mr. Hunt, and Angela is someone who stops at nothing.” Lenny explained honestly.

Over the past months, he had witnessed much alongside Nick and Khloe. When interests are at stake, even the most loyal hearts are easily tested. Nick had been harmed already; Lenny would rather act cautiously than see Khloe put in danger. “Michelle is not Angela. But thank you for the warning. I’ll stay careful.” Khloe’s tone was calm, but her words reflected confidence in her own judgment. Michelle had grown up spoiled, with her own pride. Even if she had acted out to win back Nick, she was not like Angela- without limits, unscrupulous, or malicious.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 775

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 775 – Moreover, Michelle had come back this time solely to help Nick. Seeing Khloe’s firm expression, Lenny didn’t press the issue further, silently hoping Michelle wouldn’t betray the trust Khloe had placed in her. That evening, after finishing her work for the Hunt family, Khloe returned to the Hunt estate. She had avoided visiting Loretta and Leon for days, worried that the memories might stir her emotions and affect her fragile state. But now, having regained some composure, she felt she could no longer delay the visit.

Arista had prepared a sumptuous dinner, knowing Khloe would come. Even George had arrived early, unusually helping in the kitchen with utensils. Yet, when the table was set, there was one extra place setting. “Wasn’t Nick supposed to be on a business trip? Is he coming home tonight?” Loretta’s eyes brightened at the sight. Arista quickly shot George a

glance. He hesitated, then instructed a servant, "I took too many utensils. Remove the extra set. Nick won't be back tonight." Khloe said nothing, but the exchange stung her heart.

She lowered her head, only to feel Loretta take her hand and press -- her gently close. Loretta watched as the servants cleared the dishes and sighed heavily. "Nick promised he'd take care of the wedding when you returned, and now he's off working again. Will he ever get it done?" "Mom, it's a special circumstance. Nick isn't doing it on purpose, " Arista quickly intervened, not wanting Khloe to feel burdened. The family had planned to shield her from the situation as long as possible. Khloe, though, had her own filial sense.

She worried about Loretta, so despite her own fragile state, she had pushed herself to come. Leon frowned. "Special circumstances? Hmph, | think he's the only special one here." Loretta gently patted Khloe's hand, warmth shining in her eyes. "Khloe, you have to be patient with my grandson. Sometimes he's a little clueless, never showing his feelings outwardly, but Grandma can see he really loves you." "| know..." Khloe nodded, her eyes welling up, nose tingling, smiling as if on the verge of tears. -- Seeing this, George cleared his throat to redirect attention.

" Come on, let's eat." "Yes, before the food gets cold," Arista echoed, helping the grandparents serve Khloe first. Loretta and Leon both smiled, adding food to her bowl, reminding her that now she had a baby and needed to eat more. Khloe nodded and began eating with more vigor than ever, almost as if devouring the meal could make up for her guilt. Her heart ached. Nick had risked his life to protect her, and the Hunt family had always treated her sincerely. Yet, she hadn't been able to protect him.

Now, knowing he was alive, she couldn't see him, didn't know where he was or whether he was okay... After dinner, Khloe stayed with Loretta, watching some television and chatting quietly. The elderly woman seemed to sense her worries but didn't press; she just held Khloe's hand, murmuring softly as if offering comfort, "Don't be too hard on yourself, Everything will pass." Perhaps due to her age and limited energy, Loretta grew tired early. After she went to rest, Arista instructed the servants to remake Nick's bedroom for Khloe to stay the night.

-- But as Khloe reached the doorway, she paused. "Mom, | think I'll head back. | just remembered-I have a meeting at the Hunt Group first thing tomorrow morning."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 776

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 776 - Arista watched Khloe, knowing it was just an excuse. Nick's bedroom held the sweetest memories the two of them had shared. Khloe probably feared that seeing these familiar objects would make her think of him even more, keeping her awake through the night. Arista nodded and called the driver to take

Khloe back. On the way home, Khloe gazed out the window. The night was quiet, streetlights sparse, their dappled glow casting a hazy filter over her face.

She thought of the times she had returned home with Nick-always in a whirlwind, as if they wished to stretch every fleeting moment into a lifetime. Meeting, registering their marriage, even... saying goodbye. When the car stopped at a red light, another vehicle pulled up alongside. Through the window, Khloe glimpsed a familiar profile. Her heart skipped a beat, and for a moment, she thought it was a trick of her mind. But before she could react, the car swerved away. "Follow that car!" Khloe immediately ordered the driver. The other car, however, seemed aware of being tailed.

It -- changed lanes a few times and, by the next intersection, vanished from sight. Khloe had the driver stop, jumped out, and ran, but the empty streets left no trace of the car. She had clearly seen him-behind that half-opened window, it was him... Nick! Was it all just her imagination? If it wasn't, then why was he avoiding her? Her mind was a frozen wasteland, sinking bit by bit into a bottomless chasm. The endless night seemed to suffocate her. The driver hurried over, panicked. "Miss Roswell, what's wrong? It's cold out tonight-please get back in the car!

You could catch a chill!" Khloe's thoughts were pulled back. She had no choice but to return to the car, telling herself perhaps it was a hallucination. Nick wouldn't have not come to see her if he'd returned. After Khloe's car drove away, another vehicle slowly emerged from a nearby dark alley. Nick sat in the back seat. He had only wanted a glimpse of her from a distance, but hadn't expected her to be so perceptive. He lowered his gaze, staring at his own hands trembling -- violently from a racing heartbeat.

His brows furrowed, and he pressed them hard against his thighs to steady himself. Late at night, Barney kept calling Angela. He had spent the entire day tied up with bidding affairs, attending remote meetings with headquarters. It wasn't until evening that he realized Angela had left early that morning and hadn't returned all day. After dozens of unanswered calls and countless messages, his patience ran out. He grabbed his coat, determined to go find her. But just as he reached the door, Angela returned. She kept her head lowered, her whole demeanor exhausted and fragile.

"Where have you been? Why are you back so late?" Barney's tone carried urgency. He had called her dozens of times, sent countless messages, and she hadn't replied once. "I went out to take care of some things... I'm tired. I'll rest first," Angela said softly, attempting to slip past him. Barney, now more annoyed, blocked her path and grabbed her arm, pulling her back to stand beside him. -- "What's going on with you? | called so many times, sent so many messages-didn't you see them, or were you just trying to worry me?" His voice hardened.

Angela lifted her head, and he finally noticed something was wrong. Her cheeks were swollen and red, her face marked as if she had been beaten, with obvious bruises at the

corners of her mouth and eyes. “What...” Barney froze, stunned. Angela quickly lowered her head again and pulled her shattered phone from her bag.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 777

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 777 – | didn’t ignore your calls... it’s just... my phone broke,” Angela said. “What happened? Did someone hurt you? Tell me, what’s going on?” Barney’s voice trembled with urgency. He lifted Angela’s face in his hands, his eyes widening in disbelief at the bruises and swelling. Before she could respond, he pulled out his phone, ready to call the police. “Stop... these injuries are my own doing,” Angela pressed his hand down gently, finally telling him what had happened with Khloe.

She explained that she had gone to the Hunt Group only to apologize and, while there, hoped to discreetly check on news about Nick for Solara Energy. Instead, Khloe had taken the opportunity for revenge-slapping her multiple times, humiliating her in front of the guards, and even having her phone smashed. To cope with the shame, Angela had stayed out late, intending to return only after Barney was asleep, not wanting him to worry. “How could Khloe do something like this? No matter how much she hates you, she can’t just lay hands on someone!” Barney’s — fury flared.

Even as Angela tried to calm him, he couldn’t swallow the anger. “At a time like this, getting into a fight with Khloe would only put us at a disadvantage... Besides, | went knowing | might be humiliated. For Solara Energy, and for you, | can endure anything, ” Angela stopped him from seeking vengeance. Barney understood. The conflict between Khloe and Angela was clearly Angela’s fault. Whatever excesses Khloe committed were hardly unjustified. But still... Angela had admitted her mistake. Was such brutality really necessary?

“Angela, | told you, you shouldn’t have come to Goldmont City.” “| know. That’s why I’m taking full responsibility for everything!” Angela shook her head. “As long as you don’t blame me for acting on my own...” “How could | blame you? You did it for me,” Barney said, letting out a sigh as he traced his fingers over the bruises on her face, pain and worry filling his chest. “But next time, no more of this.” “Mm... though today wasn’t entirely wasted. | can be sure now... it’s highly unlikely Nick can return to the Hunt Group.

Maybe our suspicion is true.” Seeing Barney’s emotions fully caught up in her, Angela — softened and turned to the matter at hand. She had seen Michelle at the Hunt Group today. Angela knew Michelle’s background; she and Nick had a history. Rumors of their past relationship still flooded the internet. No matter how well-mannered Michelle was, could she genuinely be friends with the wife of the man she loved? Clearly, their current cooperation must have something to do with Nick. Under what circumstances could rivals put aside their differences?

Angela thought it through—there was only one explanation: Nick... no longer belonged to any woman. That was why she had gone to see Michelle. If Michelle and Khloe were truly aligned, it would only prove that something had happened to Nick. Otherwise, Angela could leverage Solara Energy's position to drive a wedge between Michelle and Khloe. "Even if we're right, we still have no proof," Barney said, aware of Angela's intentions. It would be difficult. Without concrete news of Nick's condition, the Hunt family couldn't be affected. "No evidence? Then we make evidence."

Once the news of Nick's death is out, it will be explosive."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 778

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 778 – The next day at noon, a headline rocked the business world of Goldmont City. It claimed that Nick Hunt, CEO of the Hunt Group, had unexpectedly died. Within hours, control of the company was uncertain, its projects in limbo, and the stock had already tumbled several points in just one morning. Khloe received the news just as she was about to hold a meeting to address company matters. At the same time, her phone rang—Loretta was calling. Lenny, standing nearby, saw the color drain from her face as she stared at the screen.

He immediately suggested, "Should I handle this..." "No need." Khloe drew a deep breath, pushed open the office door, and forced herself inside. Outside, Lenny paced anxiously. How could this news have leaked? Nick's accident abroad had long been kept under wraps. And in Goldmont City, no one dared to challenge the Hunt family lightly—without solid proof, where could such a report have come from? Naturally, his thoughts first went to Michelle. — Half an hour later, Khloe emerged from her office, her expression even grimmer. The call from Loretta had been to ask about the situation.

Khloe had expected despair or panic on the other end, but instead, Loretta's first concern was for her. Even through a quivering voice, Loretta tried to sound lighthearted. "It's nothing, don't worry." In reality, Loretta had noticed Khloe's state long ago. Nick loved Khloe so deeply; there was no way he would leave her behind for work alone. Ever since Khloe left last night, Loretta had suspected something. When the news broke, she didn't panic. She contacted Arista to understand the full situation. Of course, she worried for her precious grandson.

But what needed the most care, encouragement, and comfort right now was the pregnant Khloe. The call wasn't about inquiring details; it was to tell Khloe that no matter what the world said, the Hunt family and the Hunt Group would always stand behind her. Even if the company suffered or lost the bid, it wasn't the end of the world. All Loretta wanted was for Khloe to take care of herself, to bear no unnecessary burden. Khloe was speechless. Tears swelled in her eyes, circling and threatening to fall—but she refused to let them. She wouldn't cry. — Not now.

At a moment like this, she allowed herself only one emotion: anger “Madam, what should we do now? Should we try to silence the media?” The moment the news broke, the company’s PR and legal teams had contacted Khloe. If the report was false, they needed to issue a statement immediately and track down the source. But Khloe gave no immediate answer. Her team couldn’t act freely, afraid the other side might have hard evidence. Since she had taken full control of Nick’s affairs, this news had already stirred unrest within the company. Her voice was low but firm.

“It’s too late.” Perhaps they could have contained it before the news went public. But now, unless they issued a formal statement or had Nick himself appear, any action would only make the rumor worse. Whoever leaked it had clearly prepared for this, ready to catch and record every move as evidence. “So... what should we do?” “Refute it. I’m heading to a meeting with legal. Have Michelle come over-I need her.” Khloe’s instructions were brief. She went straight to her meeting. Lenny immediately followed orders, but Michelle’s phone was -- unreachable.

He had no choice but to drive to her hotel. Meanwhile, Clarice had just returned to her villa that day. Khloe had agreed to use Morrison Group to exchange for Nick’s safety and no longer pursued any charges against Clarice-so she was free.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 779

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 779 – Clarice, however, understood Khloe’s little game perfectly. Khloe was merely stalling-buying time, trying to confirm whether Nick was truly under her control. Clarice wasn’t worried. She had all the time in the world to play this out slowly with Khloe. Besides, she was already at the gambling table; there was no turning back. Spence still hadn’t sent any news about Nick. The probability was high- he was gone. After sustaining such severe injuries and disappearing in the wilderness, even with extraordinary skill, survival seemed impossible.

“Madam, he’s here,” the butler whispered as he hurried into the elegant parlor where Clarice was sampling her wine. Her eyes sharpened. She waved a hand, signaling for the man to be brought in. Soon, Ethan was escorted into the room. Clarice set down her glass. The butler understood immediately and led everyone else out. Ethan looked a mess. Days of cooperating with the police investigation had left him unshaven, his clothes unchanged. The -- once proud and noble young master now resembled a street wanderer.

Standing before Clarice, facing her calm, unreadable scrutiny, he clenched his fists at his sides. He swallowed hard. The past few days had been rough. At the station, he’d been reckless, indifferent. He hadn’t expected to be brought here- and worse, by someone he never wanted to see again. “Hungry? Have something to eat,” Clarice finally broke the silence after a long pause, sliding a tray of delicately arranged snacks toward him. But

Ethan remained upright, refusing to move. “What’s the matter? Just a short time apart, and you’re already this distant?” Clarice smiled faintly.

He finally spoke. “What do you want to do?” “Do? What do you mean?” she replied, arching a brow. “You. You betrayed me,” Ethan said bluntly, cutting to the chase. “What do you want to do with me?” Clarice remained silent for a long moment, sipping her wine. She took a blanket, poured a bit of wine for him, and placed it before him. — Ethan let out a self-mocking smile and drained the glass in one go. Clarice chuckled softly. “I know Khloe must have worked hard to persuade you. But no matter how she tried to sow discord between us, I don’t care.” Ethan’s gaze darkened, conflicted.

His lips twitched, yet he remained silent. She continued, “The past is the past. No one knows you better than I do. You’re clever, cautious, always weighing risks and rewards. You know why I can stand here unharmed today—it’s because even Khloe can’t touch me. “Out of consideration for our mother-son bond, I’ll give you a chance.” Clarice studied him closely, her expression growing sharper, more animated with each word.

By evening, the Hunt Group issued an official statement on its website, firmly and meticulously worded [Regarding today’s false rumors about our CEO, Nick Hunt, the Hunt Group solemnly declares: — 1. Nick, due to personal health reasons, is currently abroad undergoing short-term recuperation and rehabilitation. He is safe and in good condition 2. During Nick’s recuperation, corporate affairs are fully managed in accordance with company regulations and his authorization by Khloe Roswell. The group’s operations continue normally, and all projects are proceeding as planned. 3.

Any reports or online posts claiming that Nick has ‘died in an accident’ are entirely fabricated, maliciously harming Nick’s personal reputation and the credibility of the Hunt Group.)

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 780

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 780 – [4. Our company has identified the original source of the rumor—” Goldmont City Financial Express”—and the individuals responsible, and has retained a legal team to initiate formal proceedings to hold them fully accountable under the law. No leniency will be granted 5.

We reserve the right to take all legal measures against anyone spreading false information that disrupts our company’s operations or compromises fair bidding for the Moonlight Bay project.] Once the announcement went public, and with Hunt Group’s legal team swiftly sending cease-and-desist letters to” Goldmont City Financial Express” and several major reprint platforms, the media frenzy escalated almost instantly. In a hotel suite, Angela read the announcement and snorted dismissively. “Debunking it? All they can do is issue statements. We gambled right-Khloe’s panicking.

If Nick could appear even for a moment, that would be the best PR move. Even a short video would do. Why would Khloe have to be there, struggling alone?” Barney frowned. “That may be true, but Khloe didn’t just issue a statement-she went after Goldmont City Financial Express, and — looks like she’s prepared to take this all the way. Are you sure she doesn’t have a backup plan? And what about that media outlet? Are you certain it’s fully handled?” Angela smiled confidently. “Relax. I’ve already taken care of their editor-in-chief-paid him well.

He signed a confidentiality agreement and knows exactly what to say. Even if the Hunt Group sued him, he’d claim he only acted on an anonymous tip and wouldn’t spill anything about us. Without direct evidence, they can’t win.” Bamey felt slightly reassured but still couldn’t shake a lingering sense of unease. What neither of them expected, however, was a shocking twist before eight that evening The official account of “Goldmont City Financial Express” suddenly posted a humiliating public apology.

[The information published this morning regarding Nick Hunt of the Hunt Group was inaccurate due to our editorial oversight. We prematurely trusted and published an unverified anonymous tip, which has caused severe harm to Nick, his family, and the Hunt Group. We hereby sincerely apologize to Nick, Khloe Roswell, and all employees of the Hunt Group. The individuals responsible have been severely reprimanded, and all false reports have been immediately removed.

We fully — recognize our mistake and pledge to strengthen content review in the future, upholding the truthfulness of our reporting. We humbly ask for forgiveness from Nick, Khloe, and the public.] The statement sent the media into another uproar. One moment, they were flaunting a bold exposé; the next, they were groveling in apology. Moreover, the statement didn’t mention the specific origin of the “anonymous tip,” seeming more like a “sacrifice a pawn to save the king” compromise than a genuine retraction.

immediately, online discussions exploded with analysis posts and orchestrated comments. All pointed toward a narrative: this rumor storm was a deliberate attack by a commercial rival, aimed at sabotaging the bid and suppressing the Hunt Group’s stock price. Though no names were directly mentioned, “Solara Energy” was frequently referenced, making the intended implication obvious. As speculation swirled, even more explosive “evidence” appeared Screenshots of what seemed to be chat records began circulating online.

In these, a contact labeled “Miss Thompson” was communicating with a profile named “Goldmont City Financial Express Editor – Damien Stanton.” — “Miss Thompson’ instructed the editor to publish the news of Nick’s death, promising a substantial reward for doing so. Whether the screenshots were authentic or not remained unverified, but the label “Miss Thompson” and the content of the conversation immediately led everyone to draw one conclusion: it was Angela