

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 821

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 821 – The sensitive touch made Nick let out a low, muffled groan. He shifted his gaze slightly, a faint blush coloring his face. “Mm.” “You... why did you hide it here?” Khloe’s ears burned as she asked softly. She pulled his hand away and lifted his shirt, reaching inside to retrieve the tracker. Nick’s exposed skin was marked with scars-remnants of his recent injuries. Khloe’s hand lingered over his chest, and he trembled slightly, tears glinting in his eyes like shattered starlight, shimmering faintly.

He whispered, “If there’s any real danger, I’ll protect you with my life first. At least it buys time until help arrives.” Khloe knew him well enough to understand-he never left anything to chance. She didn’t speak, carefully removing the tracker, her hand unconsciously lingering on his firm chest, moving downward. She traced every scar, every trace of pain, wanting to memorize it all. Her gentle touch made Nick feel both comforted and hypersensitive. He called her name again, quietly. Khloe, unwilling to leave him wanting, moved her hand back and pressed into his embrace.

-- “No more injuries, understand?” she murmured, her breath soft but steady. Nick nodded solemnly. By the time Lucas lit his third cigarette, Nick and Khloe emerged, fingers interlaced. Khloe was tall and slender, but standing next to Nick’s broad frame, she seemed almost delicate, her usual presence subdued. She looked entirely different from the image Lucas had seen online-but somehow, they were perfectly matched.

Even with Nick’s pale face and Khloe’s lack of makeup, just standing side by side, they looked breathtaking, whether against the splendor of a luxurious mansion or a ruined building-they were a scene in themselves. Lucas, momentarily dazed, didn’t notice Khloe had already greeted him. “Get in the car. We’ll leave here first,” he said. Khloe nodded, glanced at Nick, and was swept into his embrace. A smile tugged at her lips; she felt lighthearted, wanting only to stay with him. She barely even bothered to check on the people she had hired-they were still settling payments with Lucas’s help.

These helpers weren’t professional bodyguards-just local fruit -- farmers. Khloe had been following some charity projects in Goldmont City, and this year’s orchards had suffered heavy losses. Seeing the news, she had donated on behalf of the Morrison Group. When she needed people she’d never met for this emergency, she contacted them through the donation channel-they agreed without hesitation, eager to help Nick and her in any way they could. After retrieving Nick’s belongings from the farmers, Lucas brought them to his villa.

The staff had been prepped in advance, readying a room for the couple-more elaborate than their wedding suite. It was late, and Lucas didn’t want to intrude on this reunion. He quietly had everyone leave them alone. As soon as Khloe closed the door, she turned-and

Nick pressed her back against it, their lips meeting in a heated kiss. Time apart had only intensified their longing. After surviving life- and-death separation, they wanted to fuse completely, their desire burning through restraint.

1 Though Nick's body hadn't fully healed and was already exhausted, his desire for her remained fierce. Khloe, however, stayed rational. She reminded him of her pregnancy, keeping them from taking the next step. She pulled back slightly, brushing her lips against his and -- murmuring, "By the way... you should let Grandma Loretta know about your situation. She's been worried sick."

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 822

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 822 - Khloe breathed softly. At this moment, she didn't want to think about anything else-except family. "It's too late. If we're going to say anything, it can wait until tomorrow..." Nick pressed his lips to her cheek. "For now, I don't want to show myself. And you... it's better if you don't either." His strong waist shifted beneath her hands, and she held on tightly as he moved. She already understood his intention. Instead of calling Lenny, he had summoned Lucas. Khloe hadn't informed anyone else either. Right now, she was as missing as Nick.

For a brief moment, she wondered if it would be kind of romantic if the two of them simply disappeared together, leaving everything else behind, "Looks like we're on the same page again," she said with a playful smile, gazing into his eyes filled with tender affection. Her disappearance this time was to ensure Clarice couldn't recover. The evidence wasn't sufficient yet, so there was no rush for her to appear. And the bidding event was still days away. Nick's thoughts were likely aligned with hers. The people they -- were waiting for hadn't arrived yet, and no news could leak.

That meant Lucas would continue to be their go-to. Hearing her teasing voice, Nick's lips curved despite himself. "Seems like you've planned everything already. Does Lenny know? That all the commotion with the Morrison and Hunt families was part of the plan?" She asked, lifting a finger to tap his chin, eyes glinting, "What do you think?" "I think..." Nick lowered his head until their noses touched. "These past few days... I've missed you so much." "I've missed you too... so much it hurts." Khloe said, then lightly bit his lower lip. Outside, the night gradually gave way to dawn.

The blackest parts of the sky began to lighten, becoming translucent. Morrison Group, morning. It had been four days since Khloe went missing. Goldmont City's news was flooded with speculation about her disappearance. Clarice's interrogation had extended, but without evidence -- linking her to Khloe's disappearance, she had been released. On the Hunt Group side, although Lenny was following Khloe's instructions and continued working with Michelle and the special team to advance the bidding with Solara Energy, many felt Solara Energy's victory was almost guaranteed.

With Nick gone and now Khloe missing too, how could a national -level project be entrusted to a leaderless group? Charlotte noticed the online buzz fading and made up her mind. She rose and headed toward the CEO's office. Before she could get there, a group had already arrived and blocked the doorway. Ethan, in the middle of negotiating a deal, was suddenly interrupted. The person who interrupted him was Oscar, flanked by several police officers and assistants, barging into the office with an air of authority as if coming to deliver judgment.

"Uncle Oscar, what brings you here today?" Ethan asked, surprised, then smiled politely. "I'm in the middle of a meeting. If you need to see me, perhaps you could come back later?" Though his voice remained courteous, he stayed seated, waving to the assistants to handle Oscar outside, ready to continue signing the contract. 1 -- But Oscar had no intention of wasting time. The officers beside him immediately produced their credentials, stating that Ethan was suspected of embezzling company assets and money laundering, and that he was being taken in for investigation.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 823

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 823 - Seeing this, Ethan shrugged. "You've got it wrong. I'm just handling company affairs. Morrison Group belongs to our family -how could I possibly do something like this?" After speaking, he turned to Oscar. "Uncle Oscar, didn't you say long ago that you weren't going to meddle in Morrison Group's business? What's all this about today?" "Ethan," Oscar said coldly, "no matter what, I'm still family. As for you... let's be generous and call you the family's adopted son. In reality, you're nothing more than Clarice's lapdog.

Whatever she wants to do, the Morrison family knows it all. Even she couldn't touch Morrison Group, let alone you." Oscar sneered. Any more words would be a waste. Ethan didn't resist; he stood and cooperated. "Since you're making such a scene to investigate me, fine. I'll cooperate to prove my innocence. But today's deal is off. According to Morrison Group's regulations, you, Uncle Oscar, will be fully responsible. If it's a false accusation, you'll have to step down from the board-and return your shares." Ethan's words were nothing but bluffing.

Oscar scoffed at the attempt, not even bothering to respond. -- The guards and officers escorted Ethan out of the office. As he stepped outside, he came face-to-face with Charlotte. She stared at him coldly, her eyes flashing with what seemed like anger-but Ethan knew better. Deep down, this woman was probably feeling satisfaction. After all, seeing him caught like this-how could she not enjoy it? Once Ethan was gone, the company erupted into chaos. Oscar stayed behind to stabilize the situation and calm the employees.

Even with Oscar present, Charlotte couldn't help thinking about Winnie and Michael. Unsurprisingly, when Charlotte approached Winnie, it was clear that Winnie already knew what had happened. Ethan's recent behavior had been obvious: consecutive contract signings, all involving deals capable of affecting Morrison Group's lifeblood and financial chain. Clarice's time was limited, so Ethan had to act fast. But with no one at the Morrison Group able to counter him, Oscar had to step in to request an investigation. 7 "It wasn't me who called him; I don't have that kind of authority.

It was Michael," Winnie said calmly, as if everything had fallen into place naturally. Charlotte studied her, searching her face for clues. "How did you -- convince him?" In truth, Charlotte already had her answer. Winnie smiled faintly. "Simple. We gave him what he wanted." "Winnie..." Charlotte began, but Winnie interrupted. "We went to get divorced. Now we're in the cooling-off period." Winnie lowered her gaze to her empty hands. The wedding rings she and Michael had worn-just one day. Yet even that was enough for her.

When they went to the courthouse, they were calm and composed, just as they had been on their wedding day- satisfied, at peace. Charlotte had no words. Her heart felt unbearably heavy. It was Winnie who broke the silence. "Don't pity me. I'm not sad." "Winnie, I really do feel sorry for you two. After all, you..." After all, they loved each other. Michael had fought hard for Winnie's certainty, giving up wealth and status, even sacrificing his reputation in Goldmont City. Yet in the end, they still couldn't end up together. It was tragic. Is love always hardest to perfect?

Are the ones we love most -- always the ones we can never keep? "Actually, I'm quite happy," Winnie said, cutting Charlotte off, her voice surprisingly free of sorrow. Charlotte blinked, taken aback. Winnie's heart had always been tangled and conflicted, yet now... she seemed remarkably changed.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 824

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 824 - I used to worry about everything-so many fears, so little confidence in myself, no trust in others. I never dared to love who I liked, never went after what I wanted, and what I could fight for always slipped through my fingers. "But Michael gave me strength. And Khloe did too. I've also come to understand something. "Narrow-minded emotions are what trap a person. True love has no forms, no deadlines, no chains. Even if it only lasts for a moment, it's never something to regret." Winnie had once feared that friends would dislike her, feared that a lover might change.

So she had built a hard shell to shield herself from the world. But inside, she had been fragile and powerless. Ironically, the person least able to handle love was herself. Sometimes, the ones who fear getting hurt the most are the ones who end up hurting others. Now, loved sincerely by Michael, courage bloomed in her heart to match his. The fears of the past no longer held her captive. Charlotte listened and felt a warmth in her chest. If Winnie could grow strong, she couldn't afford to collapse either.

-- That evening, Charlotte left the office and saw Noah standing at the entrance of the Morrison Group building, The man was always elusive; this didn't surprise her-but it did excite her. "Noah, do you have any news about Khloe?" Charlotte assumed Noah had a lead. But he shook his head. Charlotte's shoulders slumped. "How... how is it that even you can't find her..." In Charlotte's mind, Noah was the last hope. If he couldn't locate Khloe... it would be as if no one could. "Used to have the organization behind me, a network of intelligence | could tap into.

Now, I'm just one person, with no sources," Noah explained. Lacuna's intel network had been powerful, filled with top-tier hackers. Even when he took missions alone, he could always rely on its resources. Now, all of that was cut off. He guessed Spence hadn't dealt with him yet; otherwise, with Lacuna's reach, he'd be in deep trouble by now. Under these circumstances, Noah knew he shouldn't even still be in Goldmont City-especially with Khloe missing.

Logically, -- That evening, Charlotte left the office and saw Noah standing at the entrance of the Morrison Group building, The man was always elusive; this didn't surprise her-but it did excite her. "Noah, do you have any news about Khloe?" Charlotte assumed Noah had a lead. But he shook his head. Charlotte's shoulders slumped. "How... how is it that even you can't find her..." In Charlotte's mind, Noah was the last hope. If he couldn't locate Khloe... it would be as if no one could. "Used to have the organization behind me, a network of intelligence | could tap into.

Now, I'm just one person, with no sources," Noah explained. Lacuna's intel network had been powerful, filled with top-tier hackers. Even when he took missions alone, he could always rely on its resources. Now, all of that was cut off. He guessed Spence hadn't dealt with him yet; otherwise, with Lacuna's reach, he'd be in deep trouble by now. Under these circumstances, Noah knew he shouldn't even still be in Goldmont City-especially with Khloe missing.

Logically, -- the best choice would be to leave the country, assume a new identity, and vanish from the world Still, he had wanted to come to say goodbye. Noah had no friends. Khloe and Nick, though acquaintances for only a short while, had shared hardship, and he admired their character-he considered them friends. And then there was Charlotte. Because she had once made him a meal. In all his years walking the world, besides his parents, this was the only food made specifically for him. Seeing Charlotte so concerned, he couldn't bring himself to say goodbye.

Charlotte lifted her hand to her eyes, as if she might cry. Noah pulled out a pack of tissues from his pocket. "Do you drink?" Charlotte asked, head lowered. "! feel a bit sad. stay and have a drink with me." He nodded. Charlotte ordered delivery to her home: barbecue, fried chicken, and a variety of beers. She usually saved money, but tonight she was generous, picking the more expensive options.

-- Noah wasn't much of a drinker-tasks often left him no time- but he liked meat to replenish his strength Seeing Noah's eyes light up at the food, taking one bite after another in silence, Charlotte pushed the plates closer. "Take your time. If it's not enough, | can order more." "This is enough," Noah said, finally noticing he had been eating mindlessly. He put the food down and wiped his mouth. Charlotte smiled softly. "I find watching you eat... kind of comforting."

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 825

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 825 - Charlotte had already finished two cans of beer, and the tension she'd been holding in her chest finally began to ease. Her mood lightened, and she felt ready to talk to Noah. "Really? | thought | was eating pretty roughly." Noah felt a little shy at her words, brushing his mouth with the pads of his fingers. "But you eat with such focus, and it looks... satisfying." Charlotte was genuinely complimenting him-she liked men who were rugged yet capable of being absorbed in something, completely grounded in the moment.

Noah, however, misunderstood and thought she was criticizing him for not being comforting. He said softly, "Sorry... I'm not good at comforting people." "usually don't either. I just... accompany people," Charlotte replied with a small smile. She popped open another beer and tilted her head to look at him. "That's enough for me. | like quiet people." Beneath his rough exterior, Noah could be surprisingly gentle. Charlotte noticed this and took another slow sip of beer.

-- The two of them sat quietly in the small living room, one silently eating, the other slowly drinking, until Noah finished his food and Charlotte's eyelids grew heavy. With her eyes still closed, she asked, "Khloe won't be in any danger, right?" "She won't," Noah said evenly. "She's strong." "| think so too," Charlotte said firmly, nodding. Noah cast her a glance. "But... why are you so worried about Khloe?" Seeing Charlotte didn't answer immediately, he realized he might have been too forward. "| know you're friends.

But you seem so rational most of the time .." His voice softened further. Actually, that night when Charlotte went to see Ethan, Noah had been nearby. It was late, yet she had gone to the hotel. Worried, he had discreetly checked the guest information-it was Ethan A late-night hotel meeting... His mind raced, jumping to conclusions, and he left quickly. But he soon realized he had misjudged. Charlotte and Ethan weren't involved in the way he feared. She had gone for Khloe. -- But to do this for a friend... could it be that she gave too much of herself? "Because Khloe isn't just my friend...

she's my emotional anchor, " Charlotte sighed. The alcohol made her drowsy, and her words came instinctively. Khloe had guided her into the workplace, teaching her countless lessons. Charlotte admired not only her professional ability but also her character and temperament. She had modeled herself after Khloe in nearly every way. To protect Khloe

was, in a sense, to protect her own direction in life. Of course, this was only part of the reason. There was another. Nancy. Nancy had once been Charlotte's source of warmth and support.

But back then, Charlotte had been too weak to protect her friend. When Nancy suffered, Charlotte realized just how much pain and helplessness her friend had endured. She blamed herself. If she had noticed sooner, if she had reached out to protect Nancy as Nancy had protected her... would things have ended differently? For years, regret and guilt had gnawed at her. -- Now, Khloe was like Nancy to Charlotte. Charlotte's frantic desire to protect her was a way of trying to make amends for past regrets. Noah listened to Charlotte's halting words. Though fragmented, he understood the essence.

The girl was young, yet carried a heavy heart. Her thoughts reminded him of himself at her age. He had lost his parents early and had once relied heavily on Spence-his anchor, his guide. He would have risked his life for Spence. But now... everything had been shattered

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 826**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 826 – Noah felt once again like a rootless soul, drifting without direction-unsure of where home was or where he should go.

“Everything's in the past now. The past is the past. If your friend knew that you still cared for her, she'd feel happy.” He spoke the words sincerely, trying to comfort Charlotte, but when his voice faded, he realized she had already fallen asleep. In her arms rested the empty beer cans. Gently, he picked up the cans, then lifted her carefully in his arms, laying her back on the bed and tucking her in.

Noah tidied the table, clearing away the leftover trash, and then made do with sleeping on the sofa for the night. The next morning, Charlotte woke to find Noah gone. The living room was neatly organized, and an unnameable feeling settled in her chest. Had Noah carried her back to the room last night? And when had he left? Sitting on the sofa, she recalled how intently he had listened to her the night before, and warmth crept across her cheeks. What had she been thinking-bringing a man she barely knew home and getting drunk in front of him? -- ‘Charlotte, oh Charlotte...

what were you thinking?’ Outside the Morrison Group building, a crowd had gathered early in the morning. The noise drew Charlotte to the window. Below, police cars and reporters were lined up, and Ethan-the man who had been taken away yesterday-strode confidently out of a car, under the glare of the crowd. He waved, greeting reporters as though walking down a red carpet. People clustered around him like fans escorting a celebrity into the building. “What's going on? Wasn't Ethan under investigation?” murmurs spread among the onlookers. So quickly, he had been released?

Could it be that Oscar's accusations were all false? Charlotte wanted to rush downstairs to see for herself, but security and building staff immediately stepped in, barring employees from leaving their posts. By the afternoon, all employees received a corporate email. It was a notice about shareholder changes: Oscar would fully step down from the company. The email also clarified the -- investigation incident that had sparked public attention. Ethan, acting as interim CEO, had made no illegal decisions. Employees were asked to take note. Charlotte's face went pale as she read the message.

She stood, about to leave, when Ethan appeared, bringing drinks for the employees. A notice in the work group explained that he wanted everyone to focus on their tasks and offered an afternoon tea as a gesture. The drinks were delivered to Charlotte's department, and everyone stood to thank him. Charlotte, however, sat back down. "Don't like milk tea?" Ethan's voice suddenly came from behind. Charlotte hadn't looked up when a cup was placed in front of her. She pursed her lips. Under repeated prompting from colleagues, she forced out a few words. "No. Thank you." "You're welcome.

Work hard, aim for promotion-I have high expectations for you." Ethan didn't seem to notice her attitude. He smiled faintly and stepped away. As soon as he left, Charlotte flung the milk tea into the trash. Once his team had completely gone, Charlotte went to find Winnie. -- No one had expected this outcome. The investigation had cleared Ethan-he had performed his duties responsibly, without transferring company assets. All projects had proceeded normally. In fact, it was Oscar's interference yesterday that caused significant disruption, resulting in substantial company losses.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 827**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 827 - Could it be that Ethan had anticipated Oscar's move and set things in motion ahead of time? With Oscar forced back and his pride wounded, it would be even harder for him to come up with a way to retaliate against Ethan. Winnie, knowing Charlotte was anxious, could only urge her to. stay calm. After all, Clarice hadn't acted yet, and Ethan hadn't stirred up trouble at the Morrison Group. Perhaps there was still a chance to turn things around As soon as Ethan returned to his office, he received a call from Clarice. She had already heard what had happened on his end.

Everything was unfolding exactly as she had planned. Ethan's bold actions at the Morrison Group would naturally draw the attention of the Morrison family. Even if it weren't Oscar, he would still face an investigation. Clarice had coordinated with Ethan in advance. She wanted everyone to believe she was desperate to extract the Morrison Group's assets. In reality, what she sought were the company's core patents-far more valuable than any project or asset.

And with Khloe's assets already transferred under her control, it -- was only a matter of time before her plans took full effect once Khloe vanished completely. "Everything is under control. Mom, rest assured." Ethan hung up and turned to watch the data transferring on his computer, the smile disappearing from his lips. Meanwhile, Clarice set down her phone and took another call from the butler. On the other end was Spence. They were communicating through an encrypted overseas line. Spence had returned to the country and was waiting for her to wrap up her affairs before escorting her out.

Clarice glanced at the time. With Ethan's data transfer not finishing until at least noon tomorrow, she didn't intend to wait that long-she didn't fully trust him. "I'll leave for the airport first thing tomorrow morning." She paused, then asked about Khloe and Nick. "Don't worry," Spence replied. "As long as you leave safely, everything will be over." Having confirmed that Nick was no longer in Naraida, his attention had returned to domestic matters. Current information confirmed Nick was in Goldmont City, and Khloe's disappearance was likely connected to him.

No matter what the -- two of them were planning, he would return personally to handle the aftermath. Clarice pressed her lips together, her voice softening. "Spence, thank you." "I promised," he said, his voice on the line gentle and full of emotion, "for the rest of my life, I'll do everything I can to protect you." For a moment, Clarice felt a flicker of warmth at his words. But once the call ended, her expression returned to icy detachment. She had believed in men before, only to be awakened to reality by Niel's actions. In this world, the only person she could truly trust was herself.

Late at night, Charlotte took the access card Khloe had left and decided to check the CEO's office. To her surprise, Ethan had also entered. Charlotte had spent the entire day thinking. Perhaps Ethan's actions at the Morrison Group weren't impulsive-they were deliberate. His intentions were not in the obvious, surface-level matters. She had planned to look for any suspicious clues, not expecting to actually run into him. -- She gently pushed the door open, trying to use her phone to discreetly capture Ethan's movements. At that moment, footsteps echoed in the hallway behind her.

It was late, though not yet the time for security patrols. Who could possibly be coming to the CEO's office now? If she tried to leave the same way, she would almost certainly encounter whoever it was. Uncertain whether it was an enemy, an ally, or even one of Ethan's people, Charlotte decided to move quickly into the office and hide in a corner, preparing for whatever-or whoever-might appear.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 828**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 828 - Ethan stood by the desk, the office plunged in darkness, the only light coming from the faint glow of the computer screen. From outside, there was no way to tell anyone was inside-if Charlotte hadn't seen him go in, she would have assumed the room was empty. Her heart pounded as she held her breath, only to feel a hand clamp over her mouth. \*Mm-mm-"Quiet." Ethan's voice was low,

menacing. Charlotte struggled, panic surging through her. She had no idea what was about to happen. At that moment, a shadow passed outside the office door.

The figure lingered for a moment before pushing it open. Ethan immediately dragged Charlotte out of sight, pressing her down, his hands holding her tightly. She couldn't tell whether to scream or cooperate. His chest pressed against hers, and she could hear the rapid beat of his heart. What was he afraid of? Was the person outside not on his side? -- Her mind raced. She tried to get a glimpse of the office, following the sound, but all she heard was the rapid footsteps approaching the desk, followed by faint keyboard taps.

She strained her eyes in the dim light, glancing at Ethan, who frowned and shook his head at her. Though she couldn't make out his expression, her instincts told her to stay still. After a long moment, the person shut off the computer. But they didn't leave. Instead, the office lights suddenly flicked on. Luckily, Ethan had already hidden Charlotte behind a tall cabinet. From the center of the room, the intruder couldn't see them directly-but he seemed to sense something, stepping forward cautiously. Charlotte's chest tightened. A wave of fear coursed through her.

This person didn't feel friendly. Ethan closed his eyes, holding his breath. Just as the footsteps neared the cabinet, his phone vibrated. "Yes. Nothing unusual." "Good." The voice on the line was cold and sharp. -- "Ethan is nowhere to be found. But don't worry, by tomorrow, he'll be gone for good." Charlotte's eyes widened. She looked at Ethan in alarm. Only after the person left did Ethan slowly release his grip. Charlotte gasped, stumbling back a few steps. She pulled out her phone to call the police, but there was no signal. "Listen to me. There's no time.

I'll find a way to get you out. You need to deliver this to the designated police station as quickly as possible." Ethan pressed a USB drive into her hand. Confused, Charlotte froze. "What... what's going on?" "No time to explain. Just remember-I'm doing this for Khloe. Someone wants to kill me right now. If you want to stay alive, obey." Without another word, he grabbed her hand and rushed out of the office, taking the stairwell through a secure route. Ever since Clarice had secured his release, Ethan had been in contact with Khloe.

This time, he was going to personally collect the debt owed to her. Clarice's plan was to seize the Morrison Group's patents. Ethan -- had to make his actions convincing, helping Khloe secure the final evidence so that Clarice would be utterly defeated. He had initially considered fabricating data for Clarice, but Khloe had warned him: Clarice knew the Morrison Group too well-any forgery would be immediately exposed.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 829**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 829 – As expected, nothing unfolded outside Khloe's predictions. The data Ethan had transmitted was being monitored in real time by Clarice. He had only tampered with the data on Khloe's terminal drive. Once the transfer was complete, a wipe sequence would automatically trigger. And the person who had just appeared? That was one of Clarice's agents. She wanted to verify Ethan's actions herself, having someone check the computer daily. That's why Ethan waited until the very last moment to act. He had made two copies of the data: one manipulated, one untouched.

The tampered copy was in transit, while the untouched copy was the original, kept safe in case Clarice left a backdoor for monitoring. Ethan hadn't expected Clarice to be so ruthless-she wanted to kill him before he even finished his work. But that was exactly what made it useful; once she moved, the evidence would exist. Charlotte didn't know the full details, but she could see the seriousness in Ethan's expression. She didn't ask further and followed him down into the underground garage.

Since Clarice's agents were making a move, the building's -- interior must have already been cleared of obstacles. Charlotte would only be able to call for help once she escaped. After descending floor after floor, Ethan suddenly stopped. "Let's hide for now. For safety, you wait until tomorrow morning, when the building's signal is restored, before coming out. Do exactly as I say." Charlotte froze, then understood. If the agents could block the signal, the basement and exits were likely heavily guarded. If their target was Ethan, as long as he was captured, she would be temporarily safe.

But... if Ethan was captured... would he survive? "Ethan!" Fear gripped her, and she grabbed his wrist. Ethan suddenly chuckled. "What's the matter? Looking at me like that... are you worried about me?" Charlotte knew this wasn't the time for jokes. And if what he said was true, she had indeed misjudged him before. "Your life is at stake. You don't have to be so reckless. Let's think -if you go out now, and something..." "If I die, isn't that exactly what you want?" Ethan's voice was as unflinching as ever. Charlotte wasn't surprised. -- "Ethan, really, now is not the time for this.

Can you just-stop?" "Charlotte, I'll explain one last time: Nancy and I were innocent, I never failed her, and she didn't die because of me." His expression darkened as he reached up, cupping Charlotte's face and pressing her against the corner. Every word was solemn and earnest. Charlotte froze. "If you want to help Khloe, then listen to me." His voice softened against her ear, teasing even in the midst of danger. Ethan had never really changed-crises didn't stop him from provoking her. With that, he gave her no chance to respond, pushed open the corridor door, and strode off.

Charlotte heard movement below, fear tightening around her chest. Gritting her teeth, she reluctantly headed back upstairs. Meanwhile, late at night, Khloe's side of the world was shattered too. Gunshots rang out through Lucas's villa. -- The bed in Khloe and Nick's bedroom became the epicenter of the chaos. After a few shots rang out, the intruders noticed no movement beneath the blankets. They quickly yanked them open -but instead of two bodies, they found two oversized pillows, feathers flaring in all directions. "Shit!

We've been duped!" The gunmen turned to retreat, but a gun was pressed to one of their foreheads before they could move.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 830

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 830 – The figures approaching were none other than Khloe and Nick. Khloe wore a delicate, silk-like robe, her long hair flowing freely, her expression calm and untroubled, as if the chaos around her barely registered. "Too late to realize you've been fooled," she said. In her slender hands, she gripped a black pistol, angled straight at the man before her. Nick's tall frame moved to shield her, his brow furrowed with a hint of tension.

Yet, before the man could react, Nick's elbow struck with precise force-disarming him effortlessly as if plucking an object from a bag-and handed the gun over to. Khloe. Holding two pistols now, Khloe shot Nick a sweet smile. "So this is what it feels like to hold a gun. No wonder these criminals are so arrogant." Nick shook his head helplessly. "Be careful. Don't fire recklessly." Khloe wanted the thrill, but Nick worried she'd overdo it. Normally, he wouldn't even want her showing up at a moment like this. -- "You... you think you can just hide like this?

"I'll tell you now- you'll die tonight..." The man sneered, but his words hadn't finished when several people, bound and gagged, were thrown toward him Lucas and his men stepped forward. "Too bad for you. We've caught all your men." Even from a distance, the sirens of approaching police cars echoed through the villa. The man's eyes widened in rage, lips twitching Seeing Lucas's men subdue him, Khloe finally lowered her weapons and linked her arm through Nick's. Having been tricked once, there was no way they'd fall for it twice. Lacuna had seriously underestimated them.

Though their influence in Goldmont was limited, even if they tracked Nick, they wouldn't dare act recklessly. But Khloe's deliberate disappearance had forced Clarice into a vulnerable position. Knowing she'd risk everything, any opportunistic attack was inevitable. Khloe trusted Lacuna's capabilities, but she had no idea when they'd strike. That's why she and Nick waited here, watching, -- ready. And they hadn't counted on one person-Lucas. When Khloe had asked about the villa's security, Lucas had only smiled. It was a makeshift villa-nothing fancy.

But poor security didn't mean his people were helpless. Most of Lacuna's men were former mercenaries, yet Lucas, with years running his Naraida gambling operations and a hyper-vigilant streak, had surrounded himself with top-tier talent. Even the housekeeper could be deadly. Whether ten men or a hundred came, they would be stepping into a trap set by Lucas. Khloe planned to wait for the attackers to move before contacting the authorities. She wanted the criminals caught red-handed. Before dawn, Clarice arrived at the airport. Her team handling Ethan had yet to report back.

Fearing an unexpected setback, she had Spence meet her ahead of schedule. They hadn't seen each other in years. Sitting in the VIP lounge, she couldn't help but reminisce. Had she never met Niel, the -- most important person in her life would probably have been Spence. Spence had been like a father and brother rolled into one- tolerant, protective, reliable. He made her feel secure. But Niel was different. He appeared gentle but was, at his core, obsessive and exacting.

After they met, Niel treated her as a marriage prospect, sparing no resources to guide and support her-but his kindness came at a price. He never lowered his expectations. To be his woman, Clarice had to be strong. Niel was willing to invest his effort to shape her, to elevate her-but warmth and tenderness were rarely part of the deal.