

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1071

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1071 – Baby, something urgent came up at the company. I have to deal with it immediately. I didn't have time to tell you just now—go home first and wait for me,” Trey said.

“Trey, how could you just leave without saying anything to me...” Ariana complained.

“Sorry, it's my fault this time. I'll explain everything when I get home later,” Trey replied.

Ariana's chest tightened. Before she could respond, the call was abruptly cut off.

He had never treated her like this before.

All this time, she had been understanding and considerate—did Trey really think she was someone easy to push aside?

Ariana gripped her phone tightly, her emotions churning and refusing to settle. She had always been emotionally stable, yet at this moment, her feelings surged out of control like a tide.

Instead of letting the driver take her home, Ariana went alone to the most bustling bar street in Goldmont City.

Back in Yustonia, when she was under pressure, she would sometimes go out for drinks with friends.

But in Goldmont City, she knew no one. Even when she was in a bad mood, she only had herself.

She didn't book a private booth. She sat directly at the bar counter, drinking one specially mixed sweet cocktail after another.

But no matter how sweet the alcohol was, she couldn't taste any sweetness at all.

'It's all just nonsense drunk talk.'

'I'll explain it to you later.'

'...a fake marriage with her, and a real marriage with another woman—and even had a child...'

Those voices kept echoing in her mind.

Since returning to Goldmont City, she had already sensed the change in Trey—he was no longer the gentle, composed man who revolved entirely

around her. Instead, he had become increasingly restless and distant.

She had thought it was only because he was eager for revenge, and she had been trying to understand him all along...

But hearing those words, it was impossible for her heart not to waver.

And yet, she still couldn't believe it-how could a man who was so perfectly in tune with her who looked at her as if she were his entire world, possibly be deceiving her?

“Hey gorgeous, drinking alone?”

Suddenly, a flippant male voice cut through her thoughts. The man had been watching her for a long time. Seeing her drink more and more, he finally pulled out a chair and sat down beside her.

Ariana ignored him and continued drinking.

The man chuckled and leaned a little closer.

“Drinking alone is no fun. How about I keep you company? My treat?”

Ariana frowned and finally snapped a cold word at him. “Get lost.”

She would never have said something so crude before. But that was because in the past, she was always surrounded by people. There was never any chance for harassment like this.

The man’s expression changed. “Young lady, you’re a foreigner, aren’t you? So pretty, but so rude? I heard foreigners are usually pretty open-minded.”

“Get lost! You bastard!” Ariana slammed the table, her temper flaring with the alcohol. She cursed through gritted teeth and stood up to leave.

But the man’s pride was wounded. He reached out, trying to grab her.

At that moment, a hand shot in from the side and firmly seized his wrist.

“Sir,” a similarly teasing voice rang out, “the lady clearly doesn’t want to talk to you.

Have you no shame? Why are you still clinging on so disgracefully?”

Ariana looked up.

Beside her stood a young man. He wore a dark shirt with the collar casually open. Tall, long-legged, broad-shouldered with a slim waist—his figure was strikingly good.

Even though his tone was just as light and teasing, compared to the sleazy man harassing her, he somehow appeared refreshingly refined.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1072

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1072 - “You think you are someone important? Who are you to tell me what to do?”

Humiliated and enraged, the man swung his fist at the young man—but the latter dodged effortlessly.

The young man was clearly skilled. In one smooth motion, he seized both of the man’s wrists, then delivered a sharp kick. The man dropped to his knees instantly.

The commotion was loud enough that Ariana let out a startled cry. Bar staff quickly rushed over and separated them.

The manager came forward to comfort Ariana, apologizing repeatedly before guiding her

to a safer area and informing her they would call the police to handle the matter.

Ariana froze for a moment, then immediately asked about the young man.

Although it had been a fight between two parties, he had only gotten involved because he was helping her.

She opened her wallet, intending to compensate him for the trouble.

But the manager quickly waved her off. “Ah, you don’t need to worry about him. He’s basically a half-owner of this bar.”

With that, the manager left.

Just then, Ariana’s phone rang. It was Trey.

She glanced at the time—indeed, it was already very late.

But she didn’t answer. Instead, she turned her phone off and stayed in the bar a little longer.

Only after the troublemakers were taken away did the young man walk back over.

“I thought you’d already left.”

He sat down across from her and casually picked up a drink from the table, finishing it in one go.

Ariana studied him.

Under the dim bar lighting, his features were sharply defined, carved with a distinct, handsome edge. Not bad-looking at all—rather dashing, even somewhat roguishly charming.

“Sir, I don’t recall saying I was treating you to a drink.”

“If you weren’t treating me, why did you stay and wait for me so long?”

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The man chuckled, leaning back in his chair. The contours of his chest were faintly visible beneath his shirt—strikingly sensual. But Ariana wasn’t particularly drawn to this type. Still, she was in a bad mood today and she didn’t feel like refusing the company of someone willing to talk.

“You’re the owner of this bar?” Ariana asked.

“More or less. I hold a small share here.” He smiled and pulled a business card from his inner pocket, placing it in front of her.

“Shall we get acquainted? My name is Ethan Morrison.”

“Ethan...”

The name sounded vaguely familiar. Ariana picked up the card, glanced at it, then set it down.

“And you?” the man asked.

“My name is Ariana Talois.”

She said it flatly. Then she picked up the newly delivered cocktail on the table—but before she could take a sip, Ethan took it from her and drank it instead.

She was stunned for a moment, then laughed. “If you want to drink, just order your own. I

can afford it.”

“Alright.” Ethan set the glass down and called a server over. “Bring her a glass of water, and a fruit juice as well.”

Ariana said nothing, staring at him with obvious confusion.

“Keep drinking and you’ll be sleeping here tonight,” he said lightly.

Ariana rolled her eyes. “Why do you care? It’s your bar—selling more alcohol is a good thing, isn’t it?”

“More consumption is certainly good,” he said with a faint smile, glancing toward the scattered patrons inside the bar. “But it won’t make much difference. This place is closing soon anyway.”

“Closing?” Ariana asked softly.

“Yes. Running this kind of business here is too exhausting—endless problems. And of course...” he paused, his smile faintly deepening the most important reason is that it isn’t profitable.”

He turned back to look at her.

His face carried a sharp intelligence, yet his eyes were clean—devoid of anything uncomfortable or predatory. In an instant, it put Ariana at ease.

“You really are the owner here?” she asked again.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1073

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1073 – “Let’s just say I’m the boss, but really I just help keep things running and earn a living. When this place closes, I have no idea where I’ll be heading for my next job.”

Looking at Ethan—dressed head to toe in luxury brands, a limited-edition watch on his wrist, even his cufflinks custom-made—Ariana raised a brow. “Are you joking? You don’t look like someone who’d worry about unemployment.”

Noticing her gaze, Ethan glanced down at himself and laughed. “Oh, this outfit?

Borrowed,” he said. “For picking up girls.”

Ariana couldn’t help but laugh.

She didn’t exactly have much affection for the man in front of her, but he was undeniably interesting—at least enough to make her feel a little lighter in this moment.

The night grew deeper.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Khloe had returned to Cloud Palace.

Two hours earlier, she had threatened Trey over the phone and forcibly obtained a contract drafted by Olympus.

With the official seal already stamped, Olympus would henceforth completely withdraw from competition with the Hunt Group. As for the information Trey held on Lacuna, he had handed over half. The rest would only be delivered after Khloe divorced Nick. Khloe immediately forwarded the intelligence to the police. Since Spence's capture, Lacuna's influence within the country had been completely cleaned out. Domestic police, working alongside international authorities, had been closely monitoring the organization's movements. However, due to its extensive connections and extreme secrecy, dismantling it was not easy. Khloe's current focus was the group responsible for harming Michael—the former subordinates of Spence. She knew Trey's connection to Lacuna was tied to Clarice, and to that faction that had been relentlessly tightening the net, intent on wiping them out completely.

Lucas was also assisting in tracking down the people who hurt Michael, but since Michael's condition was extremely poor and he refused to provide any information, they had made no progress so far.

Khloe understood that Michael was now avoiding even Winnie, clearly unwilling to face what had happened that night. She knew the right thing to do at this point was to give him space to calm down, so she had asked Barney to look after him temporarily.

Her phone vibrated, pulling her back from her thoughts. She looked at the screen—it was a message from Nick asking when she would be coming home. Above it were several earlier messages from the afternoon into the evening, while her only reply had been one word: Busy. Her attitude was clearly unusual, even unusually cold. Yet, Nick showed no displeasure. Instead, he continued sending caring messages, reminding her to take care of herself and not overwork. Of course, she hadn't replied after that—because at that time, she had been meeting Trey.

At the thought of having lied to Nick, an uncomfortable feeling rose in her chest. She even felt a deep disgust toward herself. She would rather he be angry, blame her, even hate her. than treat her with such gentle

tolerance.

Khloe steadied herself inside the car for a long while before finally heading home. Just then, Ethan's call came in. She picked up immediately, straightening her tone. "Did everything go smoothly?"

"Everything went very smoothly. I found her, and the conversation went well."

As he spoke, Ethan pulled into a parking spot.

He hadn't been to a bar in a long time, and tonight, on his way back, even his steps felt a little lighter.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1074

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1074 - Notably, going to a bar at night really did make people feel more relaxed.

"Tell me the situation," Khloe said calmly.

"She's called Ariana Talois. A young lady from a collateral branch of the Yustonia royal family. In Olympus, she currently holds status but no real authority."

At the same time as Ethan finished speaking, a photo was sent to Khloe's phone. Khloe had already anticipated that Trey would attend a class reunion and inevitably introduce his new girlfriend. At a time like this, if she moved in on Trey, it would be the perfect way to create a rift between them.

She understood his personality well—once he had set his sights on a woman, he became utterly reckless.

Even the most foolish woman would eventually sense something was wrong when a man behaved so inconsistently, especially when she was abruptly abandoned like this.

Based on the information Khloe provided, Ethan had quickly narrowed down the bar districts where Ariana might appear. Combined with a few distinctive traits—new face, foreigner, high spending power—the target was soon pinpointed.

Ethan already had a plan in place.

His approach was the classic "hero saves the beauty." A method of introduction that never went out of style.

After that, he would present himself in his usual unreliable manner and engage her in conversation.

For a young heiress like Ariana—naïve due to youth and lack of social experience—her perception of people was overly simplistic. Allowing her to judge him directly, based on first impressions, would instead lower her defenses.

Once they started talking, things would only become easier.

Ethan was an old hand at this sort of thing and highly skilled at extracting information, so he had effortlessly confirmed Ariana's identity—and also learned the role she played within Olympus.

"Later in the conversation, I told her I really needed a wealthy young lady like her. If she was interested in me, I could provide any service at any time. But this young lady is actually quite principled—she said she already has a fiancé, so at most she could offer me a job."

Khloe let out a faint snort.

The “fiancé” Ariana mentioned was clearly Trey.

It seemed the woman had already been thoroughly brainwashed and was currently in the most infatuated stage.

Khloe had once been on that same road, so she knew exactly how Trey’s methods worked on women.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1075

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1075 – Khloe’s tone turned cold. Only then did Ethan fully understand her intention.

“I know what to do now.”

Ariana had been completely brainwashed by Trey. If they confronted her directly, she would only be defensive and resistant. So the best approach was to separate them first—then let her see the truth for herself.

“Then I’ll leave it to you.”

“Relax, Khloe. You can always trust my work.” Ethan deliberately dragged out his tone, teasing her lightly.

After finishing the serious discussion, Khloe felt a slight sense of relief and couldn’t help but tease him back.

“Of course. I’ve always trusted my judgment—you’re quite suited for this kind of work.”

“You—”

Ethan was mildly stung by the jab, then suddenly thought of something. “By the way, does Nick know about this?”

No matter how despicable Trey was, there had once been a past between him and Khloe. Would Nick really not be jealous?

Khloe froze.

At that moment, she suddenly heard footsteps. Looking up, she saw Nick coming down from upstairs.

“I’m hanging up.”

She ended the call quickly.

The next second, Nick was already in front of her. His gaze locked onto her face without blinking—probing, searching, intense enough to feel almost scorching.

Khloe didn’t dare meet his eyes. She only glanced at him briefly and forced a smile.

“It’s late. Don’t wait up for me like this anymore.”

As she spoke, she reached for his hand, but he tightened his grip slightly and didn’t move.

“What is it? I’m so tired. Let’s get some sleep.”

Her voice was soft, coaxing—but faintly perfunctory.

She tugged him once, but he didn’t budge. Instead, he pulled her straight into his arms.

Nick’s expression had completely cooled. He stared at her, his gaze sharp and piercing like a predator locking onto its target.

“Nick...”

“What are you doing? Why aren’t you replying to my messages?”

He looked as if he had been holding it in for a long time.

Guilt flickered through Khloe under his stare. She lowered her head.

“I already told you. I had work today—”

“You left the office very early. Tonight... what exactly were you doing?”

He pressed on relentlessly. Even without looking up, she could feel the weight of his gaze and the oppressive pressure in the air.

He was truly unhappy now.

“Are you having someone follow me?” she suddenly looked up, her voice turning sharp.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1076

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1076 - “Tell me what’s happening, please?”

Nick held her tightly—so tightly that Khloe didn’t even dare struggle. At such close range, she could feel his heartbeat racing and his body burning hot.

He was anxious, unsettled... and yet, even so, he still hadn’t lost his temper at her.

The mental barrier Khloe had been holding onto collapsed in an instant.

Looking at Nick’s tense, trembling frame, she almost reached out to touch his back.

But at the very last moment, reason stopped her.

Khloe closed her eyes. “Nick, can you not be like this? I’m really... just a little tired.”

Her voice was steady, word by word—calm, firm, and cold enough to cast someone into an abyss.

She felt his body shudder again.

Taking advantage of the moment his grip loosened, she pushed him away without hesitation.

As expected, Nick looked at her with confusion, completely caught off guard by her indifference.

Beneath his furrowed brows was a face even more unsightly than before.

These past two days, Khloe had deliberately come home early and left late, as if avoiding him at all costs. Nick had been increasingly suffocated

by it, sleeping poorly. Dark redness lingered in his eyes, his lips pale and cracked—he looked utterly worn down.

Seeing him like this up close, Khloe’s heart ached sharply.

But she knew very clearly: without T7, Nick’s condition would only deteriorate day by day.

She quickly withdrew her gaze. “Alright. Go back and rest.”

“You’re deliberately avoiding me, aren’t you?” Nick still refused to step aside. “Khloe, don’t think you can fool me. I know you too well...”

“No one can ever fully understand another person!” Khloe snapped sharply.

She lifted her eyes again; they were slightly red, but her expression was impatient.

Nick froze. His lips parted, but his throat tightened as if it had been strangled. For a long moment, he couldn’t utter a single word.

His brows locked tightly as he looked at her in disbelief. “Khloe...”

“Sometimes, even I don’t understand my own thoughts. How could anyone else possibly understand me completely?”

“You’re right,” Nick said after a pause, his voice still gentle. “But

even if I don't fully understand your
still want to. No matter what
happens, I want to stay by your
side face everything with you,
share everything with you.

After a moment of silence, he continued softly, though his emotions were clearly strained.
"But seeing you like this... it really hurts."

"Nick, do you know that seeing you like this also hurts me?"

Khloe knew she was reaching her limit. To keep herself from wavering, the only response
she could give was cruelty. Cruel enough that he would
grow to hate her sooner.

Nick froze.

Gritting her teeth, Khloe went on,
"Watching you like this every day so
weak, so sick-wondering whether
your condition will worsen Ecant
even sleep peacefully.

o you think I
feel any better?"

"I just need a little time to process things—"

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"Given the situation now, you know
exactly what's going on. Lacuna is
watching us, our rivals in the
business world are watching us, and
Michael's situation has blown up. All
I want now is to resolve everything
quickly and protect the people
around me. Even if you want to
Share the burden with me, what
exactly can you help me with?"

Nick's expression changed. His chest tightened, a sharp pain spreading from his heart
throughout his entire body.

But only a moment later, he stepped forward, trying to pull her into his arms again.

"I'm sorry... I've made you carry too much. But I can help you with all of this too..."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1077

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1077 - "Nick, am I not being clear enough?" Khloe
cut him off mercilessly, her voice turning even colder and more emotionless. "No one...
wants a patient
to help them."

Nick's voice finally quieted. After a pause, he suddenly asked, "A patient? In your eyes, I'm

already a burden?”

“Nick, I’m tired. Really tired.” Her voice grew lower. “Maybe... it would be better if I sorted myself out alone for a while.”

His body swayed slightly. One hand pressed against his abdomen, as if the pain there had flared up again.

Khloe tensed instinctively. In the next moment, she saw him stagger and lean against the wine cabinet, gripping the edge for support.

“You mean...” His voice was hoarse to the point of being barely audible. “You want... to leave me?”

Khloe said nothing.

Silence hung between them like a blade.

Nick’s breathing grew heavier. His lips pressed tightly together, his face growing increasingly pale.

At last, Khloe couldn’t help but glance at him.

The man who had always stood tall and straight had suddenly collapsed inward. His head hung low, and even as she finished speaking and walked past him, he did not reach out to grab her hand again.

Every step she took felt as if her heart were being cut open by knives. But she couldn’t stop. Nor could she look back. Because she had already made her decision—no matter what, she would make sure Nick survived.

Even if she could retrieve T7, as long as his feelings for her remained, he would never accept any form of compromise. Especially not a compromise involving someone like Trey. Or divorcing her.

Nick’s pride would never allow him to take medication obtained by sacrificing her.

If Nick couldn’t do it, then she would be the one to become the villain.

Even if the price was that there would be no future left between them.

“Cough... cough...”

Khloe hadn’t gone far when she heard a violent coughing fit behind her. She wanted to ignore it, but after only a few steps, the night-duty servants were already alarmed and rushed over, helping Nick to sit down on the side.

“Sir! Sir!”

“Madam, something’s wrong with Sir...”

The servant’s voice was filled with panic, and someone called out for her.

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Only then did Khloe snap back to herself. She hurried back to Nick’s side and saw him curled up, one hand clutching his stomach the other covering his mouth.

Blood quickly stained the tissue the servant handed him.

“Call the doctor—now!” Khloe ordered immediately.

To prevent emergencies, she had already arranged for a doctor and nurse on standby in the nearby building.

“Nick?”

Unable to hold back any longer, she crouched beside him to check his condition.

At this moment, Nick was in intense pain. He seemed to want to speak, but no words came

out.

The servant brought over the medical kit. Khloe didn't wait for it to be handed to her—she reached for it urgently herself.

Soon after, Nick swallowed the medication. Leaning back against the sofa, his violently heaving chest finally began to settle.

Standing beside him, Khloe felt a sharp ache in her heart, almost to the point of tears. But when he finally recovered and looked at her again, her expression had already returned to normal.

“Feeling better? Don't be afraid—the doctor will be here soon.”

After a moment's hesitation, she reached out and took his cold hand.

Nick exhaled deeply. A faint, almost mocking curve appeared at his lips, his gaze carrying an emotion so complex that Khloe couldn't decipher it at once.

He stared at her for a long while, then slowly raised his hand, as if to touch her face. Seeing how weak and heavy his movement was, Khloe leaned in slightly to meet him.

His fingers brushed her cheek gently, then tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. He lingered there for only a moment before carefully withdrawing his hand again.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1078

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1078 - “Khloe,” he called her name. Though weak, his voice remained tender to the extreme. “It's my fault.”

Khloe's pupils trembled. She shook her head slightly. “Don't overthink it. Rest first.”

But he did not listen. “I never realized you were this exhausted. I only remembered the promises between us... remembered you said that no matter what, we would face everything together...”

“Remembered you said you wouldn't leave me.”

“Khloe... this isn't your fault. I know I was too selfish. I only wanted you to keep your promise, but I didn't protect you. That's why you feel this miserable.”

He tightened his grip on her hands with both of his, lowering his head as though he did not want her to see his expression.

Khloe's throat tightened. For a long moment, she could not speak. She did not even know what to say.

His head gradually leaned against her shoulder, and she could feel the damp heat of his breath.

“I promise,” he said hoarsely, voice breaking, “I won't make you worry anymore. I won't put you in a difficult position again... I won't ask anything of you anymore. Can you... not leave me?”

His voice was choked with emotion.
These humble, almost pleading words should never have come from him.
The man who was always calm, always strong, always carrying everything on his shoulders now looked like a child who had done wrong—
desperately trying to make amends.
Khloe’s heart was clenched so tightly she could barely breathe.
At that moment, the doctor arrived.
With him came Arista and George.
Khloe had deliberately arranged for the doctor to stay nearby with them so that if anything happened, the family could arrive immediately to assist in his care.
Originally, she had planned to let him adjust slowly before leaving.
But now it seemed that if she continued to hesitate, it would only make things more painful for both of them.
Seeing them arrive, Khloe immediately stepped away from his side.
He tried to reach for her, but missed.

After the doctor examined him and administered pain medication, Khloe left first, after seeing that he had his family with him.

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Under the effect of the medication, he drifted into a drowsy sleep.
Although he woke closer to noon, the rest had been anything but peaceful—nightmares had come one after another, and when he finally sat up, cold sweat had already soaked through the sheets beneath him.

“Khloe...”

He instinctively reached toward the empty space beside him.

Nothing.

Supporting himself on a weakened body, he rushed out of the room, only to run straight into Arista.

“You’re still weak. Get back to bed,” she said immediately, frowning as she took in his pale face.

“Where is Khloe?” he asked without hesitation.

Arista froze, hesitating. “Khloe... she went out. You should rest first. We’ll talk about her later.”

“She went out? Where?!” His voice turned urgent, dark with foreboding.

Arista tried to brush it off, but he suddenly seized her arm, his grip so tight it made her wince in pain.

“Nick, calm down!” George’s voice rang out sharply as he came up behind Arista anger flashing across his face at the sight.

Even though he was a patient now, the entire family was focused on his condition. Arista had been exhausted taking care of him.

And no matter how upset he was, he should not have acted so roughly toward his mother. “George... it’s fine, we were just talking,” Arista quickly said, worried that George would reprimand Nick.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1079

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1079 – Nick also snapped back to his senses. He abruptly released Arista’s wrist and turned to leave.

“Nick, Khloe is... gone,” Arista said hurriedly, forced to tell him the truth.

Khloe had packed her luggage at dawn. Before leaving, she had specifically spoken to Arista, saying she wanted to be alone for a while, and asking her to calm Nick and accompany him through treatment.

At first, Arista had been stunned. She could not believe Khloe would leave at a time like this.

No one understood better than Khloe that Nick needed her the most right now.

But no matter how Arista asked, Khloe refused to explain. She only said it was better for both of them.

Now that she was pregnant, she was already under strain herself. Arista felt heartache for Nick, but she also felt the same for Khloe.

If this was truly Khloe’s decision—whether she had unspeakable difficulties, or simply felt she could no longer endure staying by Nick’s side—Arista chose to respect it. Because she had always believed in the character of both Nick and Khloe.

Nick’s heart violently jolted. He had already sensed something was wrong, and hearing Arista’s words now, panic immediately flashed across his eyes.

“Gone... what do you mean gone? Where did she go?”

Arista looked at him, her heart aching deeply, but she still forced herself to speak calmly.

“Khloe said she wanted some time alone. She asked you to focus on your treatment. She didn’t say where she was going.”

Nick stood frozen in place, as if completely drained. Then he suddenly rushed back into the room and violently opened the wardrobe and drawers.

Most things were still there, but several sets of personal belongings were gone.

Seeing his near-mad state, Arista grew extremely worried and tried to soothe him. Before she could even speak, he grabbed her shoulders again.

“How long has she been gone?”

“Since dawn...” Arista replied softly.

“Why didn’t you stop her?!”

His voice suddenly rose. Emotion surged through him, and he bent over, coughing violently while clutching his mouth.

Arista was terrified and hurried to support him, but he grabbed her arm again, shaking with fury.

“You knew she was leaving, didn’t you? Why didn’t you wake me up?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1080

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1080 – “George! Shut up!” Arista immediately stopped him.

George’s words were far too harsh—Nick, already mentally and physically shattered, simply could not bear them.

George also realized he had gone too far. But before he could step forward to comfort him, Nick once again spat, “Get out.”

His voice had gone eerily calm. Yet, he still stood with his back to them, as though refusing to allow either of them to come any closer.

George’s anger had not fully subsided, and he was about to speak again when Arista quickly covered his mouth, shooting him a frantic warning look.

Remembering the promise he had made to his wife earlier, he forced himself to hold back.

Arista turned back to Nick and said gently, “Nick, calm down first. Your health is the foundation of everything. If you ruin your body like this, how will you face Khloe and the baby in her belly?”

Nick did not respond. He simply stood there, his tall frame seemingly swallowed by a suffocating shadow that made him feel untouchable and cold.

Arista knew further persuasion was useless for now. She silently pulled George out of the room.

The room fell into silence again.

Only then did Nick’s body suddenly loosen, as though all strength had been drained from him, and he collapsed to the floor.

He slumped against the foot of the bed. A dull pain lingered in his stomach—burning, not intense, but piercing and nauseating.

Yes. Khloe was right. Everyone was right.

It was him who was useless.

This body... was useless.

Suddenly, Nick clenched his fist and pressed it hard against his lower abdomen, digging in with force so deep that the veins on his neck bulged as if they were about to rupture. Only then did he abruptly stop.

Time passed quickly, and before long, dusk had fallen.

Arista paced in and out of Cloud Palace repeatedly, hoping Khloe would return—but she already knew that was impossible.

Nick had locked himself in his room all day. During that time, even the doctor was not allowed in, and he refused to eat a single bite.

Arista considered calling Khloe, but hesitated again and again.

Loretta and Leon repeatedly knocked on the door before finally managing to see him.

Perhaps out of respect for his grandparents, Nick finally got up and went out to join them for a simple meal.

During dinner, George did not dare speak much and even took the initiative to serve his son dishes. Arista tried her best to ease the atmosphere, bringing up lighter topics.

Loretta and Leon were so worried about their grandson that their eyes grew misty with tears as they ate, though their smiles never faded.

Only Nick ate in silence, saying nothing at all.

“Nick, it’s almost April. The nearby islands are beautiful this time of year. Your father and I were thinking of going for a trip—why don’t you...”

Arista finally spoke, tentatively trying to sound him out.

But before she could finish, Nick lifted his gaze and interrupted her.

“No. I’m going back to the company tomorrow. You and Dad should enjoy your vacation.”

He set down his utensils. His voice was calm, cold, and decisive.

The others exchanged glances.

George pressed his lips together and looked toward Arista, who let out a helpless forced smile. Why the sudden rush to go back to work? Your health is...”

“My health is fine. There’s a doctor available at all times. It’s nothing serious.”

His tone was indifferent.

Arista hesitated, unsure how to respond.

She was afraid that pushing too much concern about his health would only upset him further.

But everyone could see the truth-his body was already at its breaking point. Even with medication, he was prone to sudden episodes, and there was no way he could handle work.

“Nick, why are you suddenly going back to the company?” Loretta asked quickly, reaching out to grasp his arm.

Only then did she realize—his wrist bones jutted sharply, and dark bruises on the back of his hand were painfully obvious.