

Billionaire's Match Novel

Chapter 1171-1180

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1171 – In this state, without makeup, even Khloe herself could barely accept it.

The moment Khloe stepped out of the restroom, a figure came straight toward her. She instinctively tried to dodge, but it was already too late. Her arm was seized, and in the next instant, her back was pressed firmly against the wall, his arm bracing her against it.

The corridor outside the restroom was ornate yet enclosed, the lighting dim and subdued.

It took her a moment to clearly make out the man in front of her.

But her body recognized him faster than her eyes did. Almost instantly, Khloe blurted out his name.

“Nick.”

“If you came, why didn’t you say hello? Or do you really not want to see me that much?”

His voice followed immediately.

Nick leaned slightly forward, caging her beneath the weight of his presence.

His voice was hoarse, carrying a faint, ambiguous smile. To Khloe, it even sounded faintly teasing.

She looked up at his face.

The waiter had been right—Nick looked exhausted. His cheeks were slightly hollowed, his features far more gaunt than before.

Even though the lighting was dim and it was hard to judge his complexion, he looked as if he had aged several years overnight, weighed down by an unmistakable fatigue.

And yet, no matter his condition, he was still strikingly handsome.

His eyes, deep and dark, were like a swamp—one glance was enough to pull her into emotional disarray.

“It’s not like that...” Khloe blurted out, then quickly averted her gaze. “I just didn’t know you were here.”

“If you didn’t know I was here, then who was that fruit platter for?”

As he spoke, he released her arm.

But even as he straightened slightly, he didn’t step back. Instead, he lowered his voice further and leaned in closer.

He could have spoken at a normal distance, but instead chose to speak directly beside her ear.

A faint itch spread from her ear down the back of her neck, and Khloe’s face flushed almost instantly.

“How did you know it was me?”

She had originally intended to play dumb, but now that he had called her out, curiosity slipped through anyway.

His chest rose and fell lightly as he shifted from her ear to the corner of her lips.

“On the second delivery, the fruit platter only had two or three kinds of fruit-things like. And when the waiter poured the wine, he only filled-one glass.”
Khloe’s heart sank.
Of course. His perception was disturbingly sharp.

She had indeed chosen the fruit specifically based on his preferences, and she had also not instructed the waiter that he couldn’t drink alcohol.
But in a normal business discussion, few people would notice such small details.
“Yes. I sent it,” she admitted slowly, pressing her lips together. “Since I was already here, I just wanted to see you.”
“To see me?” His tone deepened. “See what?”
“To see... whether you’ve been well.”

A faint smile appeared on his lips.
But there was no warmth in his still, not
just emptiness, like a dried-up well.
“You’ve seen me,” he said. “So what do you think?”
Khloe frowned. “Mm... you look fine.”
His fingers traced lightly over his own face.
“I think I’ve aged quite a bit. I look more worn-down now. Does that disappoint you?”
“No.” Her answer came quickly. “You always look good.”
“Thank you,” he said.
The moment the words left his mouth, their eyes met.
Their breaths mingled, soft and intimate, as if they had already been intertwined long before either of them realized it.
Khloe snapped back to the moment, her breathing just a little unsteady. Her round belly rose and fell with each breath.
Nick’s eyes drifted down to her stomach.
Slowly, he placed his hand on it.
The second he felt her body tremble, his throat tightened almost imperceptibly.

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1172 – “Are you doing okay?”
Nick’s question came out of nowhere, but Khloe understood exactly what he meant. He was asking about her—and the little one growing inside her.

Khloe nodded and answered softly, "I'm doing pretty well."

"I heard Barney has been taking care of you."

"Mm..."

"Having family look after you is a good thing. Are the pregnancy symptoms still bad?"

"Not really. I eat a lot and sleep well."

Her answer almost made Nick laugh. He knew she was exaggerating a little, but she wasn't lying.

He had stayed in contact with the doctor handling Khloe's prenatal checkups. Even the professional caregiver Barney had hired for her regularly updated him on her condition.

Since leaving him, Khloe had only become a slightly lighter sleeper. Everything else remained normal. In fact, her appetite had improved considerably.

"You really are heartless."

Nick let out a low snort. His voice was so faint it was nearly inaudible, yet Khloe heard every word.

She didn't argue. Instead, she asked, "What about you?"

"I'm doing fine too."

The answer came casually, but the moment he finished speaking, he couldn't stop himself from coughing.

Khloe looked over.

He immediately turned away, shielding his jaw from view. Though he tried hard to suppress it, his body still bent slightly forward. One hand pressed against his stomach, and his brows knitted tightly together.

"Is it hurting again?"

Khloe instinctively reached out to support him, but Nick had already straightened up and avoided her hand.

"I've endured worse pain than this before. I just haven't eaten. It's nothing more than a little discomfort."

He brushed it off lightly, but Khloe's anxiety immediately rose.

"Then didn't you take the medicine? The instructions clearly say it has to be taken after meals every day, on schedule—"

"Didn't you want to cut ties with me completely?" Nick interrupted sharply. "Why do you care so much whether I'm taking my medication?"

Khloe paused.

"You're the father of my child. It's only natural for me to care about your health."

"Then tell me this." His gaze locked onto hers. "Do you care because I'm the child's father, or because I'm the person you love most?"

Khloe never expected such a question. For a moment, she was completely caught off guard.

Wasn't he supposed to be angry with her? Then why...

She pressed her lips together.

"Nick, answer my question first. About the medicine—"

"You've treated me like this, and you still expect me to indulge you the way I used to?"

Nick stared at her. "Khloe, have I spoiled you that badly?"

There was something vaguely intimate hidden beneath his words, yet an indescribable

pressure radiated from him. And there was nothing playful about his expression. "I just want to know whether the medicine from my company is actually being put to good use Khloe met his gaze seriously. That shouldn't count as asking you to indulge me."

She truly couldn't understand what he was trying to do. Was he looking for a fight? Trying to make things difficult for her? Or did he have some other motive? Yet, the moment she saw him, her emotions had already overwhelmed her reason All she felt was longing and concern. Nothing else could squeeze its way in. And the last thing she wanted was to argue with him. "Then I'm afraid I can't tell you." Nick's voice turned cold. "Since we've decided to divorce, we should be strangers in each other's Worlds from now on. The best thing for both of us is to stop asking about each other's lives. Isn't that right?"

"But you still care about me too..."

"I care about my child." His eyes lowered to her stomach. "You're the one crossing the line."

Khloe almost laughed.

The excuse was painfully weak.

When he worried about her, it was perfectly justified.

But when she asked a single question about his health, suddenly she was crossing a boundary.

"Nick..."

"You know my principles." His voice remained firm. "Once someone is no longer with me, I don't discuss my affairs with outsiders."

Outsiders.

That word pierced straight through Khloe's heart.

Had she really become an outsider now?

Yet, he was standing so close, right in front of her.

For a fleeting moment, she had almost forgotten.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1173 – Khloe looked dejected.

"If you really don't want me anywhere near you, then you didn't have to come looking for me."

Nick studied her expression. His Adam's apple bobbed slightly.

After a long pause, he finally spoke again. His voice was calm, detached, devoid of any emotion.

"I came here for one reason only—to tell you that whether today was intentional or not, please don't appear in front of me again. Since we agreed to separate, we should both disappear from each other's lives. The more completely, the better."

Khloe's chest tightened.

A hot, bitter ache surged from her heart to her eyes, but she forced it back down.

Disappear completely?

But...

She missed him.

Did she no longer even have the right to secretly catch a glimpse of him?

By the time Khloe snapped out of her thoughts, Nick had already turned and walked away.

Instinctively, she followed him for a few steps. Her lips parted, ready to call out to him.

But his words still echoed in her ears.

If anyone else had said such things, she could have ignored them without a second thought. But the person making that request was Nick, the man

she now treasured more than anything. The man she could barely bear to touch, afraid he might vanish.

She watched as his tall figure gradually disappeared at the end of the corridor.

In the end, she never called his name.

The moment Nick stepped out of the hallway, his pace immediately slowed. He turned and glanced behind him, even though he knew perfectly well

that Khloe had not followed. Yet, the tiny spark of hope in his heart refused to die.

"Sir!"

Lenny's voice suddenly rang out.

He had only been gone for a short while before realizing Nick had disappeared. The fright had nearly driven him to call the police on the spot.

"Where did you go? Why didn't you say anything? I thought—"

Nick's condition had been extremely unstable lately. The doctors had advised complete rest. Strictly speaking, he should never have attended this meeting in the first place.

"I'm fine."

Nick's voice was calm, but neither his tone nor his expression could conceal the loneliness lingering beneath them.

"Sir..." Lenny frowned, unable to understand. "Did something happen?"

Following Nick's gaze, he looked down the corridor.

There was nothing there.

"Let's go."

Nick said nothing more and walked away. Barney had been waiting in the car for a long time. His calls to Khloe

went unanswered, and unease gradually crept into his chest.

Unable to sit still any longer he hurried back into the venue.

The moment he entered, he saw Nick and Lenny walking out. The two approached head-on, yet Nick strode forward as though Barney didn't exist. Barney opened his mouth to greet him, but before he could say a word, Nick had already passed by.

"Nick!"

Barney quickly chased after Nick and stepped in front of him.

Khloe had said Nick had already left, yet he was only coming out now.

That alone made it obvious why Khloe still hadn't appeared.

Barney's actions caught Lenny completely off guard. He immediately glanced at Nick. Nick, however, remained perfectly composed. He didn't spare Barney so much as a glance.

"Barney, Khloe and I are currently going through divorce proceedings. It would be better if you stopped approaching me altogether." "I'm a man who respects the rules,"

Barney spoke with a teasing smile,

clearly trying to lighten the

atmosphere. "As long as you two

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arent official divorced, you're still.

my brother-in-law." But Nick showed no intention of

playing along. His cold gaze settled

on Barney. His expression remained

unchanged yet the pressure he

exuded became even more.

imposing.

"Do you need something?"

Barney laughed awkwardly.

"Nothing serious. Just saying hello." He paused before adding, "And asking about my sister. She still hasn't come out. I assume the two of you just met?"

The moment he heard that, Lenny's heart tightened. He glanced at Nick with even greater concern.

No wonder Nick's expression had seemed so strange earlier.

Turned out he had run into Khloe.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1174 – Nick suddenly fell silent.

He merely looked at Barney, neither answering nor denying anything.

The air around them seemed on the verge of freezing. Even Barney shivered under Nick's chilling gaze.

Although Nick's expression remained indifferent, the aura surrounding him was so heavy with resentment that it looked as if someone had dug up his entire family's ancestral graves.

Clearing his throat, Barney hurriedly tried to smooth things over.

"Nick, you know Khloe. She's proud and stubborn. Sometimes, even when she knows she's said the wrong thing or made a mistake... even when she's hurt someone... turning back can be harder than anything. She can't even

convince herself to do it.”

He paused before continuing carefully.

“At times like that, if someone were willing to offer a way out, maybe both sides could take a step back and find common ground again.”

“A way out?” Nick repeated. “You mean you want me to beg her to come back?”

Barney had been tactful.

Nick, however, was anything but.

The blunt question instantly left Barney speechless.

“That isn’t what I meant. I just think misunderstandings are unavoidable between husband and wife—”

“I already begged her once.”

Nick’s voice remained steady and unmoved, like a sheet of ice floating on a dark sea, impossible to gauge.

Barney froze.

Before he could respond, Nick continued.

“But now, I respect her wishes more than anything. Sometimes, it’s not that nobody offers a way down. It’s that the person involved doesn’t want to take it.”

With that, Nick turned to leave.

Barney finally snapped back to himself.

“Nick, are you saying that if Khloe were willing to take that step, then you would—”

“There are no ifs.” Nick cut him off coldly. “And I don’t accept ifs.”

The answer left Barney completely stunned. He opened his mouth to continue, only to be interrupted by a voice calling from behind.

It was Khloe. She hadn’t been far away. She had heard every word of the conversation between Nick and Barney. Especially Nick’s final sentence.

Nick had clearly heard her voice as well, yet he never slowed his pace.

Only Lenny turned around, his eyes meeting Khloe’s from a distance for a brief moment.

Soon, both men disappeared from sight.

Khloe remained remarkably calm. After calling out to Barney, she headed straight for the car.

Barney stood there in a daze for a second before quickly following after her.

Y dared t

The car had been on the road for quite some time before Barney.

finally ask, “So did you”

two have a fight?”

When it came to Khloe and Nick, their moods were equally oppressive.

Sitting beside Khloe now, Barney felt no less pressure than he had standing beside Nick moments earlier.

Khloe seemed lost in thought, her gaze fixed on the scenery outside the window.

Barney called her name again. Only then did she come back to herself.

“What did you say?”

“What happened between you and Nick? You ran into each other, didn’t you? The two of you looked equally upset.”

Barney couldn’t be bothered with subtlety anymore.

Being tactful only made things harder on himself. One of them was too straightforward, the other too stubborn. Neither could ever be predicted.

"Yeah. We ran into each other." Khloe's tone was light. "We exchanged a few words."

"With the look on Nick's face, I take it things ended badly again?"

The moment he said that, Khloe turned her head sharply toward him.

"What do you mean, again? We never fight."

It was as though she had redirected all the emotions bottled up inside her straight at Barney.

He immediately understood and gave a helpless smile.

"Don't get upset. My mistake. You two have always had a good relationship."

Khloe said nothing more and lowered her head again.

Her fingers worried at her hand.

She hadn't taken off her wedding ring today.

When she had been standing with Nick earlier, she had been clutching it the entire time.

"No matter what," Barney said after a moment, "at least you got to see him. And everything went according to your plan. Things unfolded exactly the way you wanted."

His voice softened, carrying a hint of comfort.

"So try not to be so upset anymore, okay?"

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1175 – Khloe rarely showed much emotion in front of Barney.

Unless she truly could no longer hold herself together, Barney would never see her wearing such a strained expression, looking as though tears might spill from her eyes at any moment.

It was practically unprecedented.

"I... I'm not upset."

After a brief pause, Khloe answered, her voice carrying a deliberate firmness.

Barney glanced at her.

She had already turned her face toward the window.

Not upset? People always seemed to overestimate how much pain they could endure.

And Khloe was no exception.

Having survived a scumbag like Trey, she had become even more convinced of her own resilience.

But as an outsider, Barney could see the difference clearly.

Trey and Nick were not the same. False affection and genuine love were worlds apart.

What Khloe had invested, what she had gained, and what she was losing now were completely different as well.

What she stood to lose wasn't just a relationship. Sooner or later, she might lose her

heart and soul along with it. At this rate, a complete breakdown was only a matter of time.

"Honestly, I just don't understand the two of you," Barney muttered under his breath before swallowing the rest of his thoughts.

Perhaps it was because he had never loved someone to the point where no one else would do. That was why he couldn't understand people who loved each other too deeply.

Nick was obviously waiting for Khloe to take a step toward reconciliation. Yet, his final words had been deliberately spoken for Khloe to hear.

And Nick, of all people, should understand her personality. She had never been someone who could easily turn back.

Now that she had heard him say those things, breaking the ice between them would become even harder.

Perhaps next time, they wouldn't even have the chance for an accidental encounter. Why make things so difficult?

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"Sir, were you arguing with Madam just now?"

At the same time, Lenny could no longer hold back his question.

He was certain that Nick had heard Khloe approaching before suddenly saying those final words. Of that, he had no doubt.

Nick remained silent.

"I think Mr. Lemont's comments were probably Madam's way of testing the waters," Lenny continued.

"Maybe she has difficulties she can't talk about. Or maybe she regrets her decision and wants you to give her an opening. Even the medicine delivery proves she still cares about you. Otherwise, the Morrison Group wouldn't have sent the medicine over."

Lenny knew Nick didn't want to discuss Khloe. But he simply couldn't bear watching him torment himself because of her.

Even if Khloe had gone too far, and even if Lenny had felt resentment toward her on Nick's behalf, he still hoped the two of them could reconcile.

Yet, despite everything he said, Nick didn't respond with a single word.

The atmosphere inside the car grew tense.

Lenny kept glancing uneasily into the rearview mirror.

Nick sat quietly in the back seat with his eyes closed, appearing to rest. It was impossible to tell whether he had been listening at all.

Finally, the car came to a stop.

Lenny turned around, about to wake him.

Before he could speak, Nick suddenly opened his mouth, as though only now returning from his thoughts.

"You think so too? You think she left me because she doesn't love me anymore?"

Lenny's pupils trembled. For a moment, he was speechless.

"No... How could Madam possibly—"

But even he could hear the lack of conviction in his own words.

Nick nodded slightly.

A faint, mocking laugh escaped him.

Panic flickered across Lenny's face.

"Sir, no matter what, Madam went through hardships with you. There had to be genuine feelings between you. I'm sure she has her reasons. Maybe she was deceived by Trey!"

Truthfully, Lenny had once believed Khloe would never betray Nick. But everything she had done recently had gone too far. Nick was gravely ill yet she had insisted on divorcing him at a time like this.

Although Lenny knew there had to be more to the story, from Nick's perspective, he simply couldn't bring himself to sympathize with Khloe.

More importantly, he couldn't believe someone who truly loved another person could be so ruthless. I.net

If Khloe had really begun to retreat because of Nick's illness... then perhaps, that was only human nature. When love was at its strongest, people could willingly die for each other. But once that love faded, it became natural to weigh the costs and benefits instead.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1176 – "Trey could never fool Khloe. If he could, Olympus wouldn't be on its last legs so soon," Nick spoke calmly, his voice steady and unhurried, carrying an undeniable confidence.

It didn't sound like Nick was putting up a front. Lenny paused, taken aback, still trying to process what he'd just heard.

"Sir, what exactly are you saying...?"

"The reason she left me," Nick said, his tone growing heavier, "is precisely because her feelings for me run too deep."

A faint, almost imperceptible smile tugged at the corner of his mouth—half amused, half pained. But it only made him look more bitter.

Lenny froze for a second, letting out a low grunt from his throat. "Sir..."

If the atmosphere hadn't been so tense, he would've sworn Nick was making a dark joke.

"Sir, forgive my dullness, but I don't quite follow."

Lenny frowned. He genuinely didn't get it.

"Have you ever heard the saying, 'Deep love does not last'?" Nick asked, his tone leisurely.

Lenny nodded. "I have."

Nick continued, "Loving someone too much can sometimes make you lose your principles."

He knew that all too well.

Because he loved deeply, his expectations ran high.

Khloe loved him—so much so that she was willing to sacrifice their relationship for his sake.

But he was the same way. He would rather die than let her push him away like that.

The conversation ended there.

Though Nick hadn't spelled everything out, Lenny had grasped the gist of it—Khloe indeed had her reasons, and Nick had long since figured them out.

But the situation between them now, as Barney had put it, left no room for compromise.

After seeing Nick off, Lenny went to pick up Michelle for dinner.

They were officially dating now.

Michelle had told her family she'd found someone she was serious about and no longer let her mother set her up on blind dates—but she hadn't brought Lenny home yet. Even though Nick had already smoothed things over for them, Michelle was still worried her family might feel disappointed and wanted to take it slow.

Lenny wasn't in a rush either. He wasn't exactly ready to meet the parents himself.

Over dinner, Michelle asked about Khloe and Nick.

Just mentioning it made Lenny's chest tighten. Neither Khloe nor Nick had meant to hurt each other. But if it were him, he couldn't imagine bearing that kind of heartache without swallowing his pride. What surprised him even more was that both of them would rather part ways than give an inch.

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"And that's exactly what makes them extraordinary," Michelle said with a sigh.

Lenny muttered, "If that's what being extraordinary means, I'd rather pass."

"Maybe that's why they were always meant to fall for each other," Michelle mused.

"People with unyielding pride are drawn to the same kind of pride."

Her gaze drifted for a moment, lost in thought.

She, too, had once had Nick's full devotion within reach. But when she made mistakes in their relationship, he had cut her off without asking why—

cold and final. With Khloe, though, she could see clearly—Nick had always left a sliver

of room, Whether he was begging
her to come back or picking fights
with her,
he'd never truly plan o
fet her go from his heart.

The thought left a bitter taste in her mouth.

But now, looking back, maybe that was exactly it—two people cut from the same cloth,
neither willing to settle or bow their heads, were bound to love
each other to the bone.

Someone like Khloe—bold enough to love and hate without reservation—was the only
one who could shatter Nick's rigid principles, forcing him to
swallow his pride along with his blood.

And the only one who could make Khloe sacrifice everything for love again was Nick—
the man who would stop at nothing to hold onto her and cling
to his own stubborn convictions.

Two heads that would never bow—and yet, they were meant to love.
It was just... inevitable that they'd hurt each other too.

...

Late into the night, Khloe had gone to bed early, but she tossed and turned, unable to
sleep.

She reached for her phone on the nightstand, unlocked it, and stared at the screen—not
sure what she was even looking for

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1177 – Every time Khloe closed her eyes, all
she could see was the way Nick had looked at her today.

So tender, so full of longing—yet restrained and controlled.

They had stood inches apart, and yet it felt as though the distance between them had
stretched into an endless chasm.

Her phone buzzed with messages and missed calls.

Everyone had been checking in on her lately—some concerned about her and Nick,
others about her pregnancy. There were too many to keep up
with; she'd read some, missed others.

But Khloe hadn't replied to much of anything.

There was so much she didn't know how to say, and her friends understood that. Their
messages were simple—well-wishes hoping that she and Nick
would take care of themselves and stay strong. They didn't press for answers or ask too
many questions.

As for the greetings from business partners, replying felt more pointless than not. Khloe
had already set her status to "recuperating" anyway.

After quickly clearing out the notification clutter, she spotted the messages Lenny and
Michelle had sent her today.

Lenny had kept it brief—just a simple check-in, mentioning in passing that Nick wasn't in
the best mood today and telling her not to take it to heart.

She knew this was Lenny's subtle way of smoothing things over for Nick. Hoping,
perhaps, that the two of them might still find some common ground.

But she didn't need Lenny to tell her—she knew Nick. He was still angry. Of course he was.

Yet despite his anger, his concern for her was written all over his face. The harsher his words, the more they betrayed just how much he still cared.

Michelle had messaged her too, volunteering the news that she and Lenny were officially together. She also mentioned how much Nick had helped them along the way, adding with a wry tease that his efforts felt like he was settling his affairs.

Michelle had said that on purpose, and Khloe could see right through her little scheme—she was just trying to provoke a reaction.

Those two, one after the other, in their own ways, were practically nudging her to go find Nick.

But she didn't need any nudging. He was all she could think about.

Khloe swiped past their messages and opened Nick's chat on her own.

Their previous conversations were still there, crystal clear. Every short exchange was steeped in gentleness. She had been gentle; he had been gentler still.

Khloe hadn't dared to look at them before—but now, when longing gnawed at her, reading them was the only comfort she had.

She clicked on Nick's Instagram and suddenly saw that he'd posted a photo just five minutes ago.

A nightscape.

Through a window, a waning moon hung in the sky—faint, yet luminous.

Before they'd gotten together, Nick had always liked taking photos of scenery.

He wasn't one to overshare; the only things he ever posted were landscape shots. When Khloe had asked him about it

later, he'd said that scenery reflected

one's state of mind—that each photo

captured a version of himself in that

moment

She opened the image and stared at it for a long time, until her eyes suddenly stung with tears.

A waning moon, bright against the endless night sky. It looked so lonely. So desolate.

...

Meanwhile, in a pitch-dark room, Trey's phone screen lit up.

He slumped on the couch, casting a sidelong glance at it, a cold smirk curling at the corner of his mouth.

Khloe... since you won't show me an ounce of consideration, don't blame me for what comes next.

The Morrison family. Nick. Everything you hold dear—I'll tear it all down.

...

The next morning, a bombshell broke across Goldmont City.

Within less than three hours, the story had hit the top of the national trending charts, igniting a firestorm of public outrage:

"No way—the Morrison Group secretly teamed up with Naraida to manufacture a banned drug domestically?" Rumor has it the drug is called

T7-an illegal compound extracted by Naraida, supposedly linked to those human experiments from a nado... “Yeah, I heard the ingredient is derived from newborn infants... can’t get into the details, but it’s strictly prohibited in our country. Other countries ban it too-only Naraida would be twisted enough to use it.”

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1178 – “The Morrison Group? How could they do something like this? Weren’t they supposed to be one of the country’s most ethical companies? They were

literally partnering with the Hunt family on public welfare projects!”

“A lot of companies do charity work just to cover up their dirt. And let’s be real—businesses are in it for the profit. The Morrison Group is no exception!”

“But I really don’t think Khloe is that kind of person. Call me biased, but she’s always struck me as such a strong, positive figure...”

“You can’t judge a book by its cover. Word is, Khloe was the one who brought in the banned substance. The Morrison Group’s been secretly manufacturing it, and they say the drug’s already been produced.”

After the news broke about the Morrison Group’s alleged illegal drug manufacturing, public opinion split down the middle, with people going back and forth in heated debates.

The Morrison Group had long enjoyed a solid reputation in Goldmont City, and many refused to believe Khloe would be involved in something like this. But not long after the story surfaced, an anonymous user posted several photos online showing Khloe meeting with the director of a foreign medical institution.

The post claimed that this director had once been a core member of a team involved in confidential Naraida pharmaceutical projects.

It also alleged that Khloe had helped Winnie sever ties with the Olson family and secure her mother’s patent technology—all with the sole purpose of secretly manufacturing this drug.

Since the drug hadn’t been approved or declared within the country, that would constitute illegal manufacturing.

If the allegations proved true, Khloe wouldn’t just be in serious trouble—the Morrison family would be facing total collapse.

With a scandal of this magnitude, it was only natural that it became a nationwide sensation.

But as the morning dragged on and Khloe failed to respond, even those who’d initially wanted to stand by the Morrison Group fell silent.

After all, this was no small matter. The fact that Khloe hadn’t shown up yet meant she could very well already be under investigation.

Rumors ran wild. Some said the Morrison family's offices had been sealed off, with investigators already inside. Others claimed Khloe, being pregnant, had fallen ill and been rushed to the hospital. The tide of negativity online was growing by the minute. Seems like inheriting a billion-dollar

fortune isn't all it's cracked up to be. Khloe barely had her moment in the sun—her fairytale wedding barely over before the divorce news broke, and now the Morrison family was on the verge of collapse...

Trey stared at his computer screen, scrolling through the comments one by one. He was the one behind it all.

He'd planted this trap long before he even started competing with Khloe over T7. The only reason he'd agreed to help her in the first place wasn't out of the goodness of his heart.

It was because he knew full well that T7 was no ordinary drug. As long as Khloe used it domestically for Nick's sake, the Morrison Group's fate would be in his hands.

He hadn't wanted to go this far. He wasn't as heartless as Khloe, after all. All he'd wanted was for her to pay back what she owed him.

All he'd wanted... was to see her get down on her knees and beg.

But Khloe had forced his hand. She was the one who'd chosen to go scorched earth. He smirked. 'Khloe, did you really think that divorcing Nick meant you had no more weaknesses—that you could walk away clean and Untethered? Take a good look el.n

You're about to sacrifice your entire family empire for one man. Do you regret it? 'And Nick—if he ever finds out you used a drug like this to save him, that you bent your principles so far for his sake—do you think he'll be moved when he thinks of you now? Or will he be disgusted, knowing he and his family will bear this shame too?'

At the thought, Trey let out a laugh—one that grew more unhinged by the second, until tears streamed down his face.

But soon, the laughter faded into silence.

The flood of insults against Khloe on the screen kept growing, yet his chest tightened with each passing moment, suffocating and restless.

The vile words, the slander that twisted truth into lies—they were aimed at Khloe, and yet every single one felt like a needle piercing straight through

him too.

Almost as if possessed, Trey watched—until an inexplicable fury surged through him. He grabbed the ashtray beside him and hurled it at the screen.

The monitor cracked on impact.

In that instant, he snapped back to his senses.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1179 – From last night till now, Trey had barely closed his eyes.

He ignored calls, left messages unread, and couldn't care less about his own situation.

The only thing he wanted was to watch Khloe fall from grace and the Morrison Group crumble.

Now that the moment was finally within reach—why did his expectations feel so hollow, so unreal?

And why... why hadn't Khloe come to him yet?

Trey looked up. The vast room was dead silent.

He sat there alone, as if the world had completely cast him aside.

Khloe should have reached out to him by now.

He hadn't even bothered to hide his tracks—he'd used his old online handle as the leaker's name.

But nearly a full day had passed since the story broke. The Morrison Group had made no move, and Khloe hadn't contacted him.

For all his scheming, he was no different from any other spectator scrolling through the chaos online.

It wasn't until evening that the Morrison Group's official account finally released a statement.

But all it said was that the company hadn't engaged in illegal drug manufacturing, and that the allegations required further verification.

The statement read almost like an admission that Khloe had indeed used T7 for production.

Netizens quickly speculated that the scandal was all but confirmed—and that the next step would be damage control.

Khloe's use of T7 could easily be framed as a personal act, unrelated to the Morrison Group. At worst, she'd resign and take full responsibility, leaving the company intact. It was a clean escape route.

But the outraged public and the paid trolls who'd been gearing up for this moment immediately tore into the Morrison Group's response.

[What do you mean 'requires further verification'? It's been a whole day—if it weren't true, they would've denied it outright!]

[This is textbook damage control. By tomorrow, Khloe will claim it was all her personal doing and had nothing to do with the company.]

[The head of the company secretly manufactures illegal drugs, and the company thinks it can wash its hands of it?]

[Every time something goes wrong, they call it 'personal conduct.' Classic shady corporate playbook.]

[Ugh. I used to think Khloe was one of the few ethical entrepreneurs out there. But now?

Turns out they're all the same. Using something like T7—she has no bottom line.]

The backlash snowballed, growing louder and more vicious.

Late into the night, Khloe finally turned her phone back on—only to be flooded with messages all over again.

She'd seen the news that morning, but she'd been unwell and hospitalized, so she'd left the Morrison Group matters in the hands of Ethan and Charlotte.

The leak had come out of nowhere, but Khloe wasn't entirely surprised.

This was probably Trey's final play.

She'd suspected something off about T7's ingredients from the start. Somewhere deep down, she'd known that this lifeline might one day become the fire that consumed her.

But emotion had overridden reason.

No one could go through life without making mistakes. No one could escape paying a price.

She just didn't want the Morrison Group to bear the cost.

When she'd asked Winnie to help with the production, she'd already covered her tracks—no formal company procedures were followed.

She'd never told anyone about \$7, her intentions, or her purpose. It was entirely a personal matter, one that couldn't implicate any employee or the company itself.

After the news went viral, investigators had come to see her right away.

Given her pregnancy, it was only a routine questioning.

T7 hadn't been approved domestically, but contrary to public outcry, it wasn't classified as a strictly prohibited substance under current regulations either. The Morrison Group hadn't applied to produce such a drug. If, as Khloe claimed, she'd acted without outside influence, and had used it unknowingly for medical treatment, she and the company would face only a public warning and financial penalties. But once officially reprimanded, her reputation and the Morrison Group's would be in tatters. It was anyone's guess whether their

pharmaceutical products would face a boycott in the future.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1180 – Because the Morrison Group had contributed significantly to national development over the years—and after Khloe took over, she'd further reduced profit margins, partnering with the Hunt Group to boost employment and public welfare—the authorities weren't inclined to come down hard on her or the company. They suggested that if Khloe could offer the public a proper explanation and quell the outcry, the matter could be settled with a private penalty instead.

That way, at the very least, the Morrison Group's reputation could be preserved, and the damage to the business would be minimized.

Truth be told, even if the officials hadn't made that offer, Khloe had already planned to lean on whatever goodwill she'd built up.

In Goldmont City, the Morrison family stood as a flagship enterprise—both for the public good and for the sake of the company itself, it shouldn't be dragged down by personal actions.

It was only after coordinating with the authorities that Khloe had authorized the Morrison Group's official statement.

The public had guessed correctly, and Khloe wasn't trying to hide it. Her next move was to have the Morrison Group distance itself from her.

Let the online backlash run its course. She'd put up a show of reluctance to let go of the company. Then, when the time was right, the Morrison Group would present a new public face—someone who would, with the utmost integrity, pass judgment on Khloe and strip her of control. The public would get the outcome they'd been clamoring for, and their anger would naturally shift away from the company.

That new face, obviously, would be Ethan.

From a damage-control perspective, Khloe's approach was as solid as they came. But within the company, no one wanted to see her go.

She hadn't been at the helm of the Morrison Group for long, but she'd extended benefits to every employee, channeled project profits into frontline workers, and even won over shareholders and senior management with her management skills and business acumen.

Even now, with her public image in freefall and the company taking heat alongside her, what people truly feared was Khloe getting hurt.

Ethan didn't want to take over under these circumstances, either.

For the first time, he put personal sentiment above self-interest. Even after Khloe gave the order, he refused to comply.

"There might be other ways to protect the Morrison Group. You're a Morrison—you can never fully separate yourself from this company. If something goes wrong, we should face it together. And besides, everyone at the company is worried about you..."

Ethan was still pushing back. The moment the news broke that morning, Khloe had laid

out her crisis-management plan.

But he'd taken it to the shareholders' meeting, and they hadn't approved it outright.

That was why the Morrison family's statement had come off so half-hearted. Ethan had rewritten it multiple times, leaving plenty of wiggle room.

Following Khloe's original intent, the statement should have taken a firm stance to calm the public, not hedged with "under investigation." "Ethan, that doesn't sound like you at all. Isn't the Morrison Group

everything you've ever wanted? Now

take the reins without

you can

having to play the dutiful son to

anyone. Shouldn't you be thrilled?"

Khloe leaned back against the headboard, going through the prenatal relaxation exercises the doctor had taught her, trying to ease her body and nerves.

Her voice was calm and gentle.

Ethan froze. Her words weren't quite a jab, weren't quite a joke—half teasing, half wry, with a hint of finding humor in hardship.

It left him at a complete loss for a response.

Just then, Barney tapped on the half-open door and brought in a platter of fresh-cut fruit.

Khloe didn't stand on ceremony. She picked out her favorites with a fork and popped them into her mouth.

Barney handed Ethan a fork as well.

Fat something first, then talk?

"Barney, Khloe can afford to be laid-back, but how are you this calm too?"

Ethan, unable to get through to Khloe, shot a sidelong glare at Barney.

Sure, Barney was only here to look after her—but they were both supposed to be her brothers, weren't they? Couldn't they act like something more than glorified caretakers?" Getting worked up won't help.

Things will work out. Besides,

Khloe's already got a plan in place"

Barney gave a faint smile, as if they

were discussing nothing more

consequential than everyday trifles.

Ethan had just picked up a slice of apple when he put it right back down.

"This is your plan? You're really going to sit back and watch Khloe give up her stake in the Morrison Group, take all the blame, and walk away from everything?"

"Would that be so bad? She needs to rest now. She won't be focused on work for the next year or two anyway. Besides, the Morrison Group is in good shape. And you're here."

Barney's words left Ethan even more speechless.
He wasn't wrong.