

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 501

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 501 – Chapter 501 “Are you... are you joking? Khloe is Morrison Group's-” “That’s right, Angela,” Winnie cut in smoothly, seizing the moment to affirm her suspicion on Ethan’s behalf. “Our CEO, Khloe Roswell, seems to have quite a history with you, doesn’t she?” Winnie loved scenes like this. Watching despicable people get publicly humiliated was endlessly entertaining. Angela’s face looked as if she had swallowed a fly. She couldn’t utter a word. Her pupils trembled and dilated, as though her body no longer obeyed her own will. Winnie folded her arms. “I heard that before Khloe returned to.

the Morrison Group, she was bullied quite a bit by you, Angela. And | also heard... you really enjoy being a mistress, don’t you? “So tell me, how could a company as ambitious as Solara Energy send someone with such questionable character to work with Morrison Group? “This kind of thing doesn’t just make Morrison Group doubt Solara Energy’s sincerity in cooperating. It also makes people think Solara Energy’s employees have no sense of shame at all. The impact... is far too damaging.” -- Her final remark was a perfect echo of Angela’s own words, thrown straight back at her.

The surrounding murmurs instantly exploded into chatter, Angela’s face turned green, then greener. She knew Winnie was kicking her while she was down, yet she didn’t even have the strength to dodge. The mere fact that Khloe was the CEO of Morrison Group was enough to make her mind collapse. She didn’t even have the energy to be angry at Winnie. “Winnie, don’t go too far. You have no right to speak here,” Ethan snapped through clenched teeth, warning her coldly. Winnie looked even more disdainful. With Michael here, she wasn’t afraid of Ethan at all.

Since Michael hadn’t stopped her, she merely shot Ethan a white-eyed glance. Seeing more and more people gathering around, and knowing that family scandals should not be aired in public, Ethan and Michael almost simultaneously signaled their people to disperse the onlookers. In silent agreement, they led Angela and the others quickly back -- to the conference room. Angela had no idea how she managed to walk back. All she felt was that her feet were floating, as though they weren’t touching solid ground.

Just now, Ethan had said that Trey had known long ago that the Morrison heiress was Khloe... Then why hadn’t he ever mentioned a single word of it to her? Not only him-no one in the entire Fox family had told her either. Suddenly, Angela recalled the look in Trey’s eyes when he watched her. She had thought he was finally coming back to her. Only now did she realize he had been using her all along. Following Michael into the conference room were also Winnie and Charlotte. When Ethan saw Charlotte, he shot her a cold look. “Michael, this concerns company business.

There's no need for irrelevant people to be present." "They're my companions, and they're also Khloe's subordinates," Michael replied calmly. "They don't count as irrelevant." To begin with, Michael hadn't intended to involve Winnie. -- But she clung tightly behind him, afraid of being left out. And he was protective of his own. Michael's words clearly carried more weight. No one paid attention to Ethan, and they all took their seats. Both sides settled into their respective positions.

Michael had brought along two senior executives from the Morrison Group, as well as Khloe's work assistant. He glanced at the time and did not rush to speak. Ethan, however, had already lost his patience. "Michael, if you're stopping us from signing with Solara Energy today, you'd better have a proper reason. Otherwise, whether it's you or Khloe, you should be prepared to bear the consequences." After speaking, he dropped heavily into his chair and leaned back forcefully, his gaze sliding sideways toward Charlotte. Yet, she did not look at him even once.

From beginning to end, her eyes were fixed solely on Michael Ethan's hand clenched tightly on his thigh. It felt as if something were lodged in his throat, making it hard even to breathe

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 502

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 502 - Chapter 502 "These are not things you need to worry about for me." Michael's voice was unhurried, steady to an almost unnerving degree. He raised his hand and took a USB drive from Khloe's assistant. The moment Angela saw it, a sharp tremor flashed through her eyes. For a second, she thought she must be seeing things... Wasn't that... Khloe's data drive? She had used it at Trey's place, and afterward, Trey had taken it back. But there had only been one of them. Khloe shouldn't have had any backup!

The project data Khloe completed around graduation had caught the attention of a top overseas company while she was refining it with her advisor. Because it was meant to be her ticket into the industry, Khloe never published it. Later, when she chose to join the Fox Group, the data became unnecessary for the time being Angela knew that Khloe's thesis data had never been published -- and that its ownership could not be formally proven. That was why she had dared to use it. But... if Khloe still had a backup, then she was finished. Forget about Solara Energy...

that single charge of data theft alone would be more than enough to destroy her. "Angela, | heard you've been out of work for quite some time, and that your entry into Solara Energy was rather sudden. Yet, in such a short period, you became Solara Energy's representative in Goldmont. That suggests you're truly capable-and quite talented." As he spoke, Michael powered on the computer and began loading the data. He did not look at Angela, but she could no longer sit still. Her gaze was locked on his screen as she forced herself to swallow. Ethan also sensed something amiss, his brow twitching.

What kind of performance were they putting on? And Angela-wasn't she supposed to be Khloe's sworn enemy? Now that the other party had some status, she was so frightened she couldn't even speak? Was she really this spineless? "Don't panic. Your grudges with Khloe are private matters. -- Today, you're here as Solara Energy's signing representative." Ethan lowered his voice to remind her. When he saw her look at him helplessly, he reluctantly spoke up for her, snapping at Michael, "Michael, why are you asking these irrelevant questions?"

Don't tell me you're trying to say that just because Angela offended Khloe, Solara Energy should be blacklisted by Morrison Group as well? "Let me tell you-even if Morrison Group belonged solely to Khloe, she still wouldn't have that kind of authority!" As soon as Ethan finished speaking, Winnie drew an exaggerated breath. She said nothing, only turned her head abruptly toward Angela. That alone frightened Angela so badly that she nearly fell out of her chair. It was someone from Solara Energy who reacted quickly and hurried to steady her.

Seeing Angela in such a state, Ethan felt as if he had just been punched in the face. Losing patience, he rapped the table. "Michael!" "Fine. Then I'll explain why Morrison Group cannot sign with -- Solara Energy today." Michael finally lifted his gaze from the computer. He looked up, calm and composed, and Ethan's heart began to pound. Could Khloe really have some way to override Niel's decision and the cooperation process already approved by Morrison Group? Michael paused briefly, and the entire room seemed to hold its breath. Even the people from Solara Energy turned to look at Angela.

Only Winnie wore a smile, her eyes bright with anticipation as she gazed at Michael's profile. Michael swept his eyes around the room before fixing them once more on Angela. Her confidence had visibly collapsed. Her body was trembling slightly. "Angela, why don't you explain it yourself? Matters like this carry different weight when you confess of your own accord." With a shift in tone, Michael threw the focus back onto her. Angela choked on her words for a long moment before finally -- forcing them out through clenched teeth. Her voice was hoarse and her breathing unsteady. "Me? What..."

what am | supposed to explain?"

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 503

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 503 - Chapter 503 "Explain what you actually did to earn Solara Energy's trust. Explain what's wrong with the contents of this cooperation proposal you brought," Michael said. He looked straight into Angela's eyes. His voice was usually as warm and gentle, yet at this moment, even that softness carried an overwhelming pressure. The corners of his lips curved faintly. "If you truly can't remember, | can remind you. This matter is connected to my cousin, Khloe." As his voice

fell, his hand pulled out the USB drive. The crisp sound was like a snap against Angela's nerves.

Unable to withstand the pressure, she suddenly sprang to her feet and blurted out, "What proof do you have?! Something that was never published—who can say for sure whether it was hers or mine?" Ethan froze at her words. Michael, however, remained unhurried. "So, you are admitting it?" |..." Angela's face flushed, then drained of color. With everyone — staring at her, she fought back tears that were about to spill over. "| don't know what you're talking about!" "If you don't know, then let me tell you.

You stole and misused Khloe's work and applied it to Solara Energy's cooperation project. Angela, you've got quite some nerve. This should carry legal liability, shouldn't it?" Winnie looked at Angela without the slightest hint of sympathy. The closer Angela was to crying, the more delighted she felt. Now, even Ethan could no longer sit still. If what Winnie and the others were saying was true, then the project itself was problematic. By stopping the signing, Michael had actually spared the company from a serious loss. "I... | didn't!

Winnie, don't slander me!" Angela was completely flustered now. Though she tried to refute them, her voice was already laced with sobs. In this state, even without admitting it, the evidence was all but solid. Ethan pressed a hand to his forehead. Angela's disgraceful display was so ugly that even an outsider like him couldn't bear to watch. He no longer had any will to struggle. He simply gave up entirely. — "A stray dog shouldn't bark so loudly. It's unpleasant to hear," Winnie said with a smile.

Just as the meeting room was about to descend into chaos, the door opened from the outside. Clear, brisk footsteps crossed the carpet. The bodyguards at the door and everyone still standing inside the room froze for a moment—then all lowered their heads at once. "Ms. Roswell!" The call from the side drew everyone's gaze. Ethan lifted his head from his hand and saw Khloe arriving in a rush, with two people accompanying her. "Khloe... why are you—" She had clearly just hurried back to the Morrison Group office.

Her outfit was casual and everyday, her long soft hair falling loosely over her shoulders. She looked like nothing more than a beautiful girl next door. Yet, the moment Khloe stepped into the conference room, her presence filled the space. — Unlike Angela's strained and deliberate efforts, Khloe now appeared relaxed and unhurried, too languid to spare anyone an extra glance. Angela had thought Khloe would come straight for her. But now, she realized she wasn't even within the other woman's field of vision.

Khloe walked to Michael's side, retrieved her USB drive, and lowered her gaze to check it. She didn't speak. The conference room fell into dead silence. Even Winnie held her breath, not daring to greet her. The suffocating tension was the invisible pressure Khloe brought with her the moment she entered. Ethan's Adam's apple bobbed. He tried several times to say something, but in the end, he swallowed the words back down.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 504

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 504 – Chapter 504 Angela was engulfed by crushing defeat and humiliation, so completely that she even forgot to feel afraid. She wanted nothing more than to find a hole to crawl into. At the same time, she dug her nails into her own thigh in a frantic attempt to convince herself that this was only a nightmare. Yet, no matter how much she suffered, every passing second carved itself more brutally into her heart. Her gaze was fixed on Khloe, unable to tear away, even though she didn't want to look at her. Khloe had not changed all that much.

But the gulf between them now felt like a chasm between heaven and earth—one that could never be crossed. With a single turn of fate, Khloe had effortlessly become the dazzling heiress of the wealthiest family. The world Khloe now stood in was one Angela could never reach, no matter how hard she struggled. Angela's mind drifted back to that afternoon on campus, the moment that had tangled the fates of the three of them together. Back then, Khloe had been simple and clean, her handsome — features still tinged with youth, nowhere near as striking or soul- stirring as they were now.

Angela had once sighed over such natural beauty, thinking it a pity that the girl was an orphan with no one to rely on. When Trey drew Khloe into the world of their romance, he said he saw her diligence and her ability. Angela had comforted herself by believing that Khloe was only a little smarter, but dull and awkward, someone who would never truly win a man's love. And now. Everything had come back like a boomerang, striking straight into her chest. From the very beginning, Angela had been measuring herself against Khloe.

In this battle where there was no real opponent, she had still lost -utterly and completely. At last, Khloe looked at her. Khloe's gaze was cool and detached, her expression calm to the point of being unsettling. “Angela, we meet again. | never imagined you would come to — the Morrison Group.” Angela's body trembled. She wanted to respond with composure, but as she dug her fingers into the edge of the table and swallowed several times, she still didn't know how to answer Khloe. She had no mental preparation at all.

In front of Solara Energy's people and Morrison Group's people alike, she felt like a clown, her pride shattered across the floor. Yet, the last remnants of her reason forced her to calm down. Her eyes drifted once more to the USB drive Khloe was idly turning in her hand. Impossible. Maybe... they were only bluffing her. Yes, that had to be it. Trey would never give such a treasure back to Khloe. The only person he could rely on now was her. If Khloe truly had evidence, Michael would have revealed it long ago instead of circling around and frightening her with hints.

And Winnie-her deliberate mystery was far too obvious “Khloe, | know... there were personal grudges between us in the past, but-” Angela finally summoned the courage to

speak. Halfway through, however, her words faltered. She took a deep breath to — steady herself. “But now you’re the CEO of Morrison Group. You should keep public and private matters separate. Don’t you think so?” Seeing Angela flustered and her voice tremble like that, Khloe found it almost amusing.

The goddess-like teacher who had once dominated the campus, the alluring woman who had driven Trey to lose his reason—this pitiful figure was now so ugly she barely recognized her. Khloe despised Angela’s warped values, yet as a fellow woman, seeing her reduced to this state over a man still stirred a trace of sorrow. She said calmly, “Angela, it’s precisely because of our past grievances that I’m giving you this chance.

Michael already said it: if you admit your mistake and are willing to repent, many things don’t have to be beyond saving.” Hearing Khloe speak as if she were granting her mercy, Angela’s anger flared. “What mistake am I supposed to admit to? What am I supposed to repent? Khloe, don’t think that just because you were born into wealth, you can slander me! Have you forgotten that when you had no one to rely on and depended on the Fox family, you looked just as servile and pitiful?”

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 505**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 505 – Chapter 505 Driven to the brink of collapse, Angela lashed out the moment she spoke. Her eyes were red, and her voice trembled with fear as she said it. But her hatred for Khloe was stronger still. Winnie let out a cold laugh. “Begging and groveling? I think that description suits you far better. Groveling to a man, stealing someone else’s work for Trey, getting exposed right to your face and you still have the nerve to deny it? Angela, you old hag.” If there was anyone in the entire conference room with the greatest attack power, it was undoubtedly Winnie.

Those last four words nearly gave Angela a heart attack. No one had ever attacked her by calling out her age before! Even though Angela really was five or six years older than them, she took excellent care of herself. From her figure and looks to her posture, she did not lose to any woman in her early twenties. Yet, Winnie’s comment ground her pride into the dirt Michael felt Winnie had gone a bit too far. As he turned to look at her, he lightly tapped her swinging leg under the table with his hand.

— Catching Michael’s hint, Winnie pressed her lips together, suddenly subdued, like a child being called out by a parent. “Angela, I’ll ask you one last time. To secure the Solara Energy project—did you plagiarize my thesis data or not?” Khloe’s gaze drifted slightly, as if lost in thought. She tapped the USB drive in her hand lightly against the tabletop, producing a faint sound. The conference room was utterly silent. Angela let out a snort. Seeing Khloe still giving her a chance, she became convinced that Khloe was merely trying to pressure her.

Khloe would never be kind enough to offer her a real way out. “Khloe, you say | plagiarized you. Do you have any evidence? If you can’t produce proof, then I’ll have to consider suing your Morrison Group for slander and defamation.” Hearing Angela say this, Khloe no longer hesitated. “Michael.” Michael turned the computer around and connected it to the large screen. On the screen, Khloe’s thesis data and Solara Energy’s project — data were displayed side by side for comparison. They were exactly the same. And the last modification time on Khloe’s data was two years ago. “No...

impossible...” Angela murmured, her brows knotting tightly as her eyes instinctively went again to the USB drive in Khloe’s hand. How could this be? When had Trey returned the USB drive to Khloe? “This should be sufficient to prove that you stole my data,” Khloe continued. “If you still want more evidence, you can ask the police to investigate at our alma mater. The professor who supervised me back then should also have a copy on file, since part of the data was adjusted with his help.” Faced with the screen before her, Angela could no longer utter a single word of rebuttal.

Only overwhelming fear remained. Ethan stood up at once. No matter how he calculated, he had never expected Angela to be the problem. It seemed that sometimes, it wasn’t the enemy who was strong- it was the ally who was useless. — “Angela, what the hell is this?” Confronted with Ethan’s question, Angela could not answer. She looked around and felt as though every gaze in the room were cutting her to pieces. Seeing that she had nothing to say, Michael said, “We’ve already sent this evidence to Solara Energy. Angela, your actions constitute fraud.

Before Solara Energy’s representatives arrive, I’m afraid you’ll have to remain in Goldmont City for a while.” Solara Energy... already knew? Angela thought of Barney, and her heart lurched. After Michael finished speaking, his eyes met Khloe’s. The task she had entrusted to him had been carried out perfectly. Michael still had other matters to attend to. His assistant packed up his things, and the group prepared to leave. Khloe quietly thanked Michael-this time, it was truly thanks to his help.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 505**

Chapter 506 Oscar was not in the country. If Michael had not dropped his work and rushed over at the last minute, no one else would have been able to keep Ethan in check. Seeing that Michael was about to leave, Winnie’s eyes showed a trace of reluctance. Unexpectedly, Michael pressed lightly on her shoulder. “Walk me out.” When Winnie hesitated, Khloe said, “Winnie, help me see Michael off.” Only then did Winnie stand up and hurry after him. Ethan had no desire to stay either.

The people from Solara Energy looked at one another, hoping to find some sense of direction from him, but he simply rose and left without a word. When Ethan passed by Charlotte, whether intentionally or not, she happened to turn her head away. Noticing her attitude toward him, Ethan kicked a public trash can by the door as he went out. A cleaning lady across the way happened to see it. She straightened up and glared at him.

Ethan raised his eyes to meet hers and snorted angrily. “Clean it — up!” Half an hour later, two police cars arrived outside the Morrison Group building.

Angela was held in the conference room, and the people from Solara Energy were also required to remain and cooperate with the investigation. Before the police arrived, they had been making phone calls outside. Only Angela and Khloe were left in the room. When Khloe came out again, the police had just arrived. She spoke to them briefly and then let them go in to take Angela away. Angela’s state was completely different from before. Her eyes were swollen red, and she seemed to have aged five or six years in an instant. She was dejected and dispirited.

The fear and anger on her face were gone, replaced by an indescribable bleakness and misery. When she saw the police, she did not resist. She rose calmly and walked out. When questioned, she even answered with a faint smile. With the matter settled, Khloe immediately called Nick. — She told him she still needed to go to the police station to give a statement and would come home afterward. After arriving in Goldmont, Khloe had gone straight to the Morrison Group office.

Nick had wanted to accompany her, but considering the exhaustion of the trip, Khloe had insisted that he go home first to rest. Besides, the matter was easy enough to handle. An hour later, after Khloe finished her statement at the police station, the officers informed her that people from Solara Energy would also be coming in. Angela’s case was serious, involving fraud. It would be complicated to handle, and the process would be slow. Khloe had no interest in kicking someone who was already down. She simply asked the police to proceed according to protocol.

But as she left the station, she ran into a familiar figure again. Trey was waiting for her outside. Khloe recognized his silhouette at a glance, even though he looked far more unkempt now, and his figure was no longer as — upright and imposing as before. Trey had waited in the Morrison Group lobby for a long time. When he saw the police enter the building, he knew something had happened to Angela. Following the crowd, he then learned that Khloe had also returned to Morrison Group. None of it surprised him.

Angela had used Khloe’s work to turn things around and even flaunted it in front of the rightful owner. Of course, Khloe would come. Khloe’s USB drive had been returned long ago, after Lauren passed away. Alicia had relayed the message to him—he knew exactly what Khloe wanted to take. Khloe hated the Fox family and believed they had caused her grandmother’s death. Now, they could only endure passively. Whether the USB drive was returned or not had long ceased to be his decision, what Trey had not expected was that Angela would be so foolish.

— When she appeared as Solara Energy’s person in charge for Goldmont, he had understood immediately. She had once borrowed Khloe’s USB drive in secret, and then

suddenly secured Solara Energy's cooperation project. How could she possibly have that kind of ability?

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 506

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 506 – Chapter 507 If Angela truly had the ability to impress Solara Energy, she wouldn't have been incapable of handling even Khloe's former work at the Fox Group. Trey was no different. Both he and Angela were ignorant frogs at the bottom of a well, toyed with by Khloe without ever realizing it. Trey had known all along that Angela would run into trouble when she went to the Morrison Group this time, yet he said nothing. The downfall of the Fox family, his grandmother's death- He bore responsibility, and so did Angela.

From the moment Angela began scheming against him, today's outcome had been inevitable. Reaping what she had sown was no one else's fault. Trey stubbed out his cigarette and turned to see Khloe emerge from the police station, surrounded by people. She saw him too. He lowered his head and was about to step forward when the -- bodyguards at Khloe's side tensed at once, as if facing an enemy. "Khloe." Trey raised his eyes and called her name hoarsely. He had spoken her name countless times before, but only this once did they sound utterly calm and cold. Khloe could have ignored him.

He no longer even had the right to beg her. Yet, she still stopped. Trey looked gaunt in his long coat, stubble on his face. The hair he once kept meticulously neat now fell messily over his eyes. The youthful air he had when they first met, the poised and triumphant CEO he had once been- none of it remained. Now he looked like a man worn down by years, without the slightest trace of former glory, so shabby that one instinctively looked down on him. For a moment, Khloe could not even recall what it had felt like to fall for him. She found him unfamiliar.

So unfamiliar it was as if their acquaintance belonged to a past life. -- The memories were still vivid, yet when she looked at him now, everything had changed. Not a single trace of the past could be found. "I know that even if I say now that I still have feelings for you, you won't believe me anymore... But what we owed you, my family and I have almost finished repaying. Is there truly no possibility left for us at all...?" Khloe had thought he would say something else. She hadn't expected that the first thing out of his mouth would be this again.

"You knew long ago that Angela would face prison. She's your wife- she endured humiliation for you for years and even gave you a son. Doing this to her is truly heartless." At the Morrison Group, Angela had still been worrying about Trey, even begging Khloe not to target him anymore. But Khloe had told her the truth: the USB drive had been returned by Trey himself. He knew everything- yet he never warned Angela, not

even once. Khloe had actually been surprised. By all logic, after Lauren passed away, the Fox family should have been terrified of her.

— So why had they allowed Angela to go to the Morrison Group and humiliate herself? Now, seeing Trey waiting here for her, she was even more shocked by his cold-bloodedness. “You call me heartless-what about you? | may have wronged you emotionally, but since being with you, I’ve never treated you badly. Yet, you took everything from my family and even caused Grandma’s death. Aren’t you even more heartless than | am?” Trey had never held much hope to begin with.

The murky light in his eyes dimmed further and dropped back to the ground. His words were full of resentment and accusation toward Khloe, yet his voice was weak. Khloe found it almost laughable. “Trey, saying this to me now- do you want to go inside and keep Angela company?” “You’re the Morrison family’s heiress. | know I can’t afford to provoke you. But if | died, would you really be happy?” Hearing him say this, Khloe understood that he still hadn’t given up on her. Even so, she was surprised to hear such words from him. As cold-blooded as Trey-would he really die for — someone else?

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 507

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 507 – Chapter 508 No matter how good Khloe had been to Trey all these years, she could never hear even a trace of his guilt. Wasn’t he the one who understood best that trying to buy love with self-sacrifice was the stupidest thing a person could do? Khloe thought the same of her younger self. When she looked back on the girl who had just learned what love was, she felt only shame. Fortunately, she had met Nick. Otherwise, in this lifetime, she would never have known what truly beautiful love looked like. Most people in this world were selfish and cold.

Yet, there were still some- so long as you stayed by their side, you would believe in love again and forgive the past. When you carried a sincere heart, flowers were still flowers, and the sea was still the sea. Even when love was muddled and scarred all over, you could still feel the warmth of the world and believe that true love was eternal. The way Khloe looked at Trey gradually turned to pity. Thinking of how she would soon be home with Nick, the resentment in her chest quietly dissolved. “Whether you live or die has nothing to do with me,” she said — calmly.

“From the moment you betrayed me, we became strangers.” If he died, she would neither be happy nor sad. With that, Khloe turned and walked away. After she had taken a few steps, Trey suddenly raised his voice. “Khloe... is there really nothing left between us?” He wanted to hear her curse him, even if only a few words. Even if it angered her and made her retaliate more viciously, it would be fine. He only wanted to prove that he still meant something to her-that he was not completely erased from her heart. Khloe did not stop. It was as if she had not heard him at all. He hurried after her.

He had prepared himself for this moment over and over in his mind, yet when he finally faced her, he still lost control. The bodyguards stepped forward and landed several punches on him. Trey took the blows hard in the stomach. The pain brought tears to his eyes. His body folded in on itself, his legs buckling as he dropped to his knees. He pressed his palms to the ground. Through his blurred vision, -- Khloe's figure had already disappeared. In his daze, however, he seemed to see the day he proposed to her.

He had knelt on one knee, barely finishing his words, when she grabbed his hand and leaned gently into his arms. Never again... could it return to that. When Khloe got back into the car, a wave of nausea rose in her stomach. Could the trauma Trey had caused her really be this severe--so much so that every time she encountered him, her body reacted 'on its own? Anxious to go home, she called Nick on the way. He answered a little more slowly than usual. Khloe guessed he was busy. "Are you working again?" "Don't you know you need more rest?" she added.

"Did you forget the task I gave you today?" On the other end, Nick chuckled softly. "I didn't forget. Sleep more, drink more water, and eat properly. I'd just woken up, so I picked up late." -- "Let's hope so," Khloe said, pretending to be stern. Hearing her voice, Nick's eyes softened instantly, as if spring water had filled them. He looked like a different person altogether. But the doctor sitting across from him, along with the others in the room, all wore grave expressions. Nick did not avoid them. Every moment with Khloe was something he felt he had to cherish.

He had no energy left to care about anything else. After he hung up, the atmosphere turned heavy again. He nodded, remembering Khloe's reminder, picked up the warm water beside him, and took a sip, signaling them to continue. These past few days, Nick had been suffering from stomach pain and even vomiting blood. It was already clear that the shadow in his stomach was not just a simple blood clot. A gastroscopy should be done immediately. But Khloe was leaving for Naraida in two days. If she found out, she would never be able to rest easy. So Nick asked the doctors to examine him first.

Yet, whether through pulse diagnosis or blood tests, the results were far from optimistic.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 508**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 508 – Chapter 509 Only one shadow hung over everyone's heart. That shadow was the same question: could it be a tumor? Nick himself remained remarkably calm. He asked the doctor, "I've had annual checkups before. Nothing like this ever came up." "Yes, this kind of sudden lesion could be related to your old injury ... The doctor sighed softly. "But we can't be sure yet. There's no need to worry too much. We'll only know after the biopsy." Seeing Nick fall silent, Lenny hurried to add, "Could it just be a false alarm? Mr. Hunt has always been in good health." "It's possible...

of course it's possible." The doctor nodded stiffly, but he could not offer much more reassurance. A false alarm was certainly possible. But judging from what Nick had

described... the chances were slim. "If it's what you suspect," Nick asked after a long pause, "can it be cured?" The doctor replied, "You don't need to be overly anxious about that. Tumors vary in nature, and this one doesn't appear large. If it isn't malignant... conservative treatment would be an option." -- Although Nick's body had recovered fairly well, it could not withstand surgery.

Whether malignant or benign, he could only undergo conservative treatment. "Then I..." Nick's gaze drifted for a moment before fixing steadily on the department director. "Will I die?" The question of life and death had occupied his thoughts since he was very young. When he had been taken hostage by kidnappers, he had desperately not wanted to die. He kept telling himself that as long as he could live, that would be enough. The burdens he carried for being born into this world, the debts he owed, those who hated him, and those he hated--none of it mattered anymore. He only wanted to live.

That yearning for life and fear of death left him without any sense of security for many years afterward. He pushed himself relentlessly, demanded perfection, disciplined himself in everything. He never wanted to fall back into helplessness again. Perhaps that was what drove him to keep charging forward. -- Once you have walked along the edge of life and death, nothing else seems truly difficult. After despair, people always overestimate themselves, believing they can face anything calmly.

It is only when they are thrust into the same situation again that they realize their fragility has never truly left. Nick clasped his trembling hands together. Even though the doctor had spoken only of possibilities, and there was still more than a fifty-percent chance he would be fine, he was already afraid. Afraid of dying. There were still so many things he had not done yet. The first of them was the future he had finally begun to sketch for himself--his own vision of happiness. He wanted to walk through the rest of life hand in hand with Khloe.

He wanted to do countless things with the woman he loved, to travel across vast rivers and mountains together, to see the splendor of the world. Yet, perhaps it was precisely because Khloe was by his side that he felt this fear so keenly. Despair is despair because it crushes hope. -- It was late autumn, and night came earlier and earlier. When Khloe returned home, it was not even five o'clock yet, but dusk had already settled outside. The afterglow of sunset was gone. The curtains were still open, and the lights inside were off.

Nick was sitting by the windowsill again--the place he liked most when he was with Khloe. Hearing the door open, he rose and casually switched on the light. Khloe dropped what she was holding and rushed straight into his arms. These days, the first thing she did when she got home was hug and kiss him. Nick's body felt wonderfully familiar. His embrace was gentle enough to block out all the chill of the outside world--no matter how much she held him, it was never enough.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 509

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 509 – Chapter 510 “Did you miss me?” Khloe rubbed her chin lightly against Nick’s shoulder. The moment she got home, she sensed his clinginess. Nick was sitting on the sofa doing nothing, as if he had been waiting for her for a long time. “Yes. | missed you.” Nick held her carefully, his palm gathering her silky long hair. “I don’t know why, but today I missed you especially.” “| missed you too,” Khloe whispered shyly. Her breath brushed past his ear, and before he could react, she planted a kiss on his cheek. So this was the sweetness of newlyweds, she thought.

She just wanted to cling to him-and the more she did, the more she wanted to. They had practically been together every minute back in Jayelle City, and this time they had only been apart for a few hours. Yet, on the way home, Khloe had already felt waves of longing. Only after fussing around in Nick’s arms did she finally feel satisfied. — She cupped his face and rested her forehead against his, checking that his temperature felt normal before saying, “I bought groceries today.

“I’ll cook something good for you.” “Okay.” Nick’s eyes curved with a smile, fine lines almost forming at the corners. “What do you feel like eating?” “Anything you make, | like.” She had known he would say that. Khloe bit her lip and smiled, then turned and went to the bedroom to change. Normally, when Nick was at home, he followed her around like a little tail. Today, maybe because they had been apart for a few hours, his clinginess shot straight up. Khloe only went in to change clothes, and he followed her in and kissed her all over again.

A simple change into pajamas somehow took nearly forty minutes. In the kitchen, they still couldn’t bear to part Nick tied an apron around Khloe’s waist, pressing close behind her, and the two of them lingered in one corner of the kitchen for quite a while. By the time they actually started cooking, night had fully fallen. — Khloe wanted Nick to go rest, but he refused and insisted on helping prepare the ingredients He hated seeing her work too hard. Even though he knew she was far more skilled at these things than he was, he stubbornly insisted on taking part.

They could have hired a helper to come every day and make life much easier, but neither of them wanted to give up their time alone together. Worried Nick might get too hungry, Khloe had originally planned four dishes and a soup, but forcibly cut it down to three. A small stir-fried beef dish to go with rice, asparagus with king oyster mushrooms, and one of Nick’s favorites-savory tomato and scrambled eggs. They were the simplest home-style dishes. Khloe made them with ease, and Nick always showed proper appreciation, finishing everything on his plate.

In Nick’s heart, Khloe’s cooking was the best in the world No Michelin chef at home could compare. No restaurant could even come close. He didn’t need to say these things out

loud-she could already feel them. -- Khloe had never been this confident before. So this was what it felt like to be given complete security: a person could become this joyful, this full of life. It really was as the saying went: You won't die without love, but loving someone makes you come alive. "Eat more," she urged. "Didn't you say outside food isn't as good as what I make?"

Today's version is low oil and low salt healthy." Seeing that Nick was picking up his fork more cautiously than usual, Khloe had to take matters into her own hands and pile food onto his plate. Only when his plate was heaped full did he finally protest. "That's enough. If I keep eating like this, I'll really get a middle-aged belly." "You won't get a middle-aged belly," Khloe laughed. "You're Nick Hunt." His serious tone always sounded like dry humor. "I'll get old too," Nick suddenly said, looking at her. "I'll get old, and I'll die. I'm just an ordinary person too."

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