

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 561

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 561 – Khloe wasn't very hungry, and having sampled quite a few wines at the winery that afternoon, she was already feeling a pleasant buzz. After a brief chat with some of Henry's friends, she decided to head back. The winery was a fair distance from the main estate. Just as she was about to get into the car, Ralph's voice came from behind. "Khloe, I've had a bit of wine tonight. Henry has allowed me to stay over. Would it be convenient to share a ride with you?" Ralph strode over confidently. His usual entourage of assistants and aides were nowhere in sight.

"Ralph, where are your people?" Khloe asked, curious. "They've gone with Henry to escort others," he said softly. "I'm not returning with them, so I came to you directly." Khloe exchanged a glance with Delilah. There was enough room in the car, so she said nothing more and politely nodded, stepping in first. The car was crowded with her entourage, so she sat in the back, separated from Ralph, who boarded last. Within minutes, they arrived at the villa. -- Ralph's room happened to be on the same floor as Khloe's. They walked together to the end of the corridor.

Khloe's room was farther down; his was closer to the outer side. He reached his door first but didn't head inside immediately. Instead, he stayed with Khloe and Delilah, clearly intent on escorting her to her room. "Ralph, you've had a long day too. No need to see me to my room -please go get some rest," Khloe said, trying to keep him at a distance. Ralph could only smile and nod. "All right. Good night, Khloe. See you tomorrow." "Good night." Khloe said, quickening her pace as she turned. His overbearing attentions were making her uncomfortable.

She had told him she was married-she thought he had understood that clearly during the luncheon-but now, tonight, he was pressing the same way again. "Miss Khloe, do you feel comfortable staying here today?" Delilah asked politely as she escorted Khloe to her room. It was her responsibility to notice any discomfort in Khloe, from travel arrangements to meals. "Everything is fine, thank you," Khloe replied. -- Seeing her response, Delilah relaxed slightly. "By the way... Miss Khloe, what do you think of Mr. Remington?" she asked after a pause. Khloe froze, her guard instantly rising.

"Did my grandfather ask you to ask me that?" "No." Delilah's features were sharp and elegant, but her demeanor and tone were careful and considerate. She looked far older than she was. Khloe studied her silently; the implication behind the question was obvious. Khloe's gaze hardened. "Today, my grandfather had Ralph stay close to me the whole time. What exactly is the meaning of this? You should all know-I'm married." "That, I understand perfectly," Delilah admitted, looking slightly uneasy. She quickly bowed. "Apologies for being presumptuous, Miss Khloe. Please don't mind me."

I'll leave you to rest. If you need anything, just call me." She left swiftly, leaving no opportunity for Khloe to respond. Khloe was left speechless-and then a sudden wave of nausea hit her. She quickly shut the door and rushed to the bathroom. -- Strange. This queasy feeling seemed to be coming more frequently lately. When Khloe emerged, her phone suddenly rang. Seeing that it was Ralph, her eyes darkened slightly. She didn't answer, letting the call go to voicemail. Almost immediately, there was a knock at the door. She approached, and through the door, Ralph's voice sounded apologetic.

"Khloe, I'm sorry to bother you again. | brought a small gift for you, but kept forgetting to give it. | just remembered now."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 562

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 562 - "If you're busy, you don't have to come out. I'll leave it at the door." Ralph spoke, then waited a few seconds. When no response came, he finally turned and walked away. Khloe couldn't help but smile. Only after the corridor had fallen completely silent did she open her door. A neatly wrapped gift box lay on the soft carpet. She stepped out, confirming that Ralph had indeed left, and bent to pick it up. The box wasn't heavy, but its craftsmanship was exquisite. Hesitating for a moment in the center of the room, she untied the satin ribbon. Inside was a palm-sized sculpture.

It was her-Khloe herself. She frowned, inspecting the delicate work. The scene depicted seemed to be from her speech at the charity gala. The blue dress she wore in the sculpture shimmered, each of its thousands of tiny natural sapphires meticulously inlaid. Yet, the real value wasn't in the gems. It was the artist: the -- internationally renowned master, Commo. Now over sixty, he had long retired from public life. Ralph had commissioned this personal, hand-crafted sculpture for her. The care, thoughtfulness, and sheer expense behind such a gift were staggering.

Beside the box was a card, written in his bold, flowing hand: [A small gift to express my feelings. | hope you will accept it. - Ralph] Polite, Normal, at first glance. But... anyone capable of sending such a gift could not possibly have normal intentions. Khloe carefully put the sculpture back in its place at a distance. Then she drafted a message to Ralph. Khloe: [Ralph, | appreciate your kindness, but | cannot accept such a gift. | am already married and devoted to my husband.

| do not wish for your goodwill to cause any misunderstanding, nor do | want you to harbor unrealistic expectations toward me. If you do not retrieve the gift, any further cooperation with Dust Capital will be impossible] Half an hour later, his reply came: [Khloe, | apologize for causing you trouble. | have taken back the gift. Good night.] Having made things clear, Khloe finally exhaled. -- What was all this about? What exactly was Henry plotting? Sleep eluded her completely.

She messaged her assistant immediately, instructing arrangements for her return to the country-she would leave tomorrow. Rain had fallen steadily all night. Goldmont had cooled in recent days, and by dawn, wind gusted sharply. Rain lashed down in torrents, and the sky hung heavy and dark, as if the world were ending. Michael rose before daybreak. Descending to the dining room, he found the housekeeper hadn't yet prepared breakfast. Curious, she asked, "Master Michael, why are you up so early?"

Is there something you need to do?" Normally, Michael's assistant would have informed the household of any early plans. If he were leaving or had an early appointment, they would have risen even earlier to prepare. Michael had disliked eating out since childhood. While Oscar was at home, father and son usually shared all meals together. "I have a few things to attend to," he said. He didn't ask for breakfast to be prepared, instead making -- himself a cup of black coffee. After drinking half, the butler brought down his suitcase. "Sir, the car is ready. Shall we leave now?" "Yes.

Let's go." Setting down his cup, Michael strode quickly out of the house. A driver waited outside. As soon as he left, the butler returned to the dining room and asked the housekeeper, "Master Michael left so early today. Where's he headed?"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 563

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 563 - | was going to ask-Master Michael left so early, and with his luggage... is he going on a business trip?" The housekeeper's question made both of them exchange a glance. Seeing Michael in the dining room earlier, the butler had naturally assumed he had prior arrangements and had been informed. Last night, Michael had returned late and only mentioned that he would need a few daily clothes ready for the morning. The butler managed the daily affairs of Oscar's household. Whenever Oscar traveled, he was responsible for reporting Michael's schedule.

Seeing Michael packing, he naturally assumed a business trip was underway. Michael was meticulous, cooperating seamlessly with everyone's work. Usually, if he could handle things himself, he wouldn't trouble them. The butler assumed that even in a rush, Michael would have given him instructions before leaving. He hadn't expected Michael to slip out without a word. Time ticked by, and it was already eight in the morning. -- The rain poured harder, showing no sign of letting up.

From the office building's floor-to-ceiling windows, the gray sky felt as if it were pressing down, suffocating the city. Winnie stood at the edge of the corridor, warm cup in hand, staring absentmindedly at the raindrops tracing clear paths down the glass. Each drop fell like a tear, one after another, carrying a silent, endless grievance. "Good morning, Winnie." Charlotte happened to be on her floor delivering documents. Passing by the lounge, she saw Winnie lost in thought and walked over to greet her. Winnie turned, her eyes tinged with melancholy.

After a moment, she forced a small smile. “Morning.” “| thought you didn’t start work until ten? Why are you here so early today?” Charlotte asked gently, sensing her friend’s mood Winnie replied softly, “Couldn’t sleep with this weather, so | came early.” She now lived near the office, so arriving early was natural. But deep down, Winnie knew the real reason she hadn’t slept the -- night before. Because. Michael had asked her to meet him at the courthouse at eight. Winnie had expected a message from him last night, but her phone had remained silent all evening.

Perhaps he had only mentioned it casually and already forgotten. Otherwise, he would surely have confirmed with her beforehand. Winnie had considered sending him a message herself that morning, just to clarify-but something in her resisted. She didn’t want to seem overly eager, so she hadn’t acted. Outside, rain blurred the streets into a gray haze, and her mood sank with it. Clearly, the heavens weren’t on her side. Even the sky seemed to think she shouldn’t be entangled with Michael any further. “Winnie... is something bothering you? You look...

really sad.” Charlotte tilted her head, studying her friend. Winnie’s lashes flickered. Even as she replied, her gaze remained fixed on the window, heavy with unspoken thoughts. Her eyes glistened, brimming with tears that threatened to spill at any moment. Charlotte knew Winnie was usually strong. Even when her heart -- was breaking, she rarely showed weakness. If she looked so fragile in front of Charlotte, it had to be serious. “Nothing.” Winnie forced a small smile and sipped her water awkwardly. She didn’t speak further and turned back toward her work.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 564 – Charlotte reached out and gently took Winnie’s hand. “Have you had breakfast yet?” Winnie hesitated, then shook her head instinctively. “In that case, come have breakfast with me. | got here early too, and none of the others have arrived yet. Eating alone is kind of boring.” Charlotte’s tone was warm and inviting, and she started leading Winnie away. Winnie didn’t refuse. Her chest felt hollow, and being pulled along distracted her from the emptiness gnawing inside.

In the break room, Charlotte pulled some breakfast from the fridge and split it in half, handing one portion to Winnie. It was the limited-edition cheesecake she had queued up for Christopher yesterday. Originally, she’d meant for him to bring the whole thing back to school, but Christopher insisted on cutting her a large slice to taste. Since she couldn’t finish it alone, Charlotte had saved half for Winnie. “Eating something sweet can lift your mood. When you feel drained, just take a bite. Khloe told me that,” Charlotte said with a cheerful smile, offering Winnie a fork.

-- Winnie didn’t verbally refuse. Rarely so pliant, like a cat being stroked the right way, she didn’t take the fork. Instead, she wrapped the cake in its paper and bit off a generous

chunk. “Delicious.” The rich, sweet flavor filled her mouth, and for a moment, it seemed to ease the loneliness pressing on her heart. But that fleeting comfort vanished after only two bites. Seeing Winnie eat so heartily, Charlotte’s eyes sparkled. “Have a little more.” Winnie didn’t hold back. Watching her eat so freely, Charlotte laughed in surprise. “!

always thought someone like you-slim, elegant, disciplined-would only take a tiny bite of sweets.” “You’re flattering me,” Winnie said with a cold edge, “but I’m neither disciplined nor elegant. My figure’s just because | can’t afford good food, so | stay hungry.” Her words made Charlotte laugh out loud. She thought Winnie was joking. “You’re hilarious.” Winnie knew Charlotte didn’t really understand her family. In Charlotte’s mind, even if she had been excluded by her family, she probably wouldn’t have lacked food or basic needs. But Winnie had grown up that way.

From childhood, she had learned not to chase after tasty food. — If you don’t chase, you don’t go hungry. You never feel the pull of an empty craving. “Winnie,” Charlotte said gently, noticing Winnie glance at her phone every so often, “is something going on this morning?” Winnie nodded. “| have a meeting with someone to take care of something today.” Charlotte froze. “Oh... then why aren’t you going yet? Is it not the time?” “The time’s already passed.” Winnie looked at her phone. It was already eight thirty. Even if she went now, it would be nine o’clock-well past the agreed time.

Michael had said: if she was late, it would count as a refusal. Even if he had arrived, he would likely already be gone. “So... you don’t want to go?” Charlotte pressed. “t’s not that...” Winnie hesitated, swallowing, “I just... don’t know if | should go.” Charlotte frowned. “If you want to go, don’t leave yourself with regrets.” — Winnie shook her head. “He probably isn’t there anymore.” “You haven’t gone... and you don’t know if he even came?” Her words were cloudy, but Charlotte pieced together the gist. “But it’s raining so hard outside.

Even if you don’t go, why not at least send him a message?” “Because...”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 565

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 565 – Winnie’s voice trailed off. Charlotte seemed to understand her thoughts. “Because... what you’re really afraid of is that he didn’t go at all.” Winnie, her last layer of pretense stripped away, lowered her head and stayed silent. Charlotte pressed her lips together, then, after a moment, began tidying up the items on the table. “Come on. Back to work.” “Just like that?” Winnie looked at her in surprise. She had expected Charlotte to say more-maybe scold her for acting so selfishly, so cowardly, without considering others. Or perhaps offer a few words of comfort.

But Charlotte only looked into her eyes and smiled lightly. “Your life isn’t for anyone else to judge. | can’t fix your guilt, and | can’t make the choice for you. If you truly believed he wouldn’t go, you wouldn’t be tangled up like this. If you really didn’t want +o go, you wouldn’t be overthinking everything.” With that, Charlotte turned and strode away. —

Winnie stood, unable to stop herself from calling out again. “Charlotte... do you think I did something wrong?” “There isn’t always a right or wrong.

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And even if you did make a mistake, which is better for your heart: running away or facing it? “Charlotte smiled gently and walked on without another word. Winnie looked out the window once more. The rain poured relentlessly, and the sky seemed darker than before. “Sir, I don’t think Miss Winnie is coming.” Time dragged by. Michael’s assistant, holding an umbrella, finally whispered again. He had hinted several times, but Michael remained unmoving, standing at the courthouse’s entrance, staring into the distance without blinking.

The water pooling on the ground sent ripples splashing against their wet legs “Should we... wait in the car?” the assistant asked again. Michael glanced at him and finally said, “Wait in the car. I’ll be a while longer.” -- His assistant watched him, unable to leave. The rain hadn’t let up, and time was slipping. Soon, the courthouse would close for lunch. She clearly wasn’t coming Sigh. Why was his boss so stubborn? Despite knowing Winnie couldn’t be relied on, Michael still persisted so foolishly.

Still, the assistant quietly felt relieved that she wasn’t coming That way, Michael wouldn’t get caught in a tug-of-war between his father and his own feelings. Oscar had commanded that Michael cut off all contact with Winnie. Everyone in the family-and even people in their company-knew this. So this was Michael openly defying his father, in secret. He planned to go ahead first, and report later-registering their marriage and moving in while Oscar was away on a business trip. The assistant had been shocked when he learned Michael’s plan.

He had tried to dissuade him at length, but seeing Michael’s resolve, he chose instead to help him carry it out in secret, keeping it from Oscar. Since Michael began taking over company affairs, the assistant had become his private aide. Michael treated him extremely well -- =not just in work, but with his family too, caring for them like they were his own. If helping Michael achieve his wish meant risking Oscar’s reprimand, the assistant would gladly take it. The weather was still bad.

Inside the courthouse, there weren’t many people, and the newlyweds finished their paperwork and left one by one. Michael finally stepped out. The assistant’s umbrella hadn’t reached him in time, and the rain instantly soaked his glasses. As Michael removed them to wipe the lenses, the assistant’s voice trembled.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 566

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 566 – “Mm. Let’s go back.” This time, Michael didn’t wait for his assistant to finish speaking. He had waited long enough. She wasn’t coming. Michael lowered his head and took a few steps forward, then suddenly felt a

gentle push against his chest. He looked up. There she was. Winnie, drenched from the rain, standing right in front of him, her palm pressing lightly against his heart, nudging him back. "Michael..." Her breath was ragged. She had taken a taxi, and the traffic had been terrible.

Fearing she wouldn't make it before the courthouse closed, she had dashed through the rain for the last stretch. Seeing Michael really standing there waiting for her, warmth flooded her entire body. Even the cold, desolate weather seemed less harsh. "You came." Michael's eyes brightened, and the corners of his -- mouth seemed to lift. The next moment, he grabbed her hand and drew her into his arms. The assistant hurried forward. Even though Michael's umbrella was large, it was still cramped for three. The only solution was for him to step back. "I'm sorry I'm late..."

is it still okay?" Winnie couldn't bring herself to meet Michael's eyes, afraid he might scold her. But before she could finish, Michael tugged her by the arm and quickly guided her inside the courthouse. "Did you bring everything?" "Yes... | did." Her voice was soft. She had taken her ID from the Olsons' storage in the dead of night. "Good." Michael didn't say another word and began handling the paperwork. The staff looked at Winnie, puzzled. "Is this how you want your photo?"

Or do you want to freshen up and come back this afternoon?" "No need." -- Almost in unison, both Michael and Winnie answered. They exchanged a glance, then quickly looked away. Their emotions were strangely synchronized. They didn't want to wait a single second longer. They wanted it done now. The staff, still a little surprised, fetched a hairdryer and a clean T- shirt, suggesting Winnie freshen up quickly. She changed her clothes and dried her hair. She hadn't applied makeup, but her complexion was flawless-clear, fair, with a natural flush.

When they posed for the photos, even the staff couldn't help but compliment them repeatedly. It was rare to see such a naturally simple couple, but the results were unexpectedly perfect. She was youthful and radiant; he was calm and refined. Sitting together, they looked as though they were made for each other. After receiving the certificate, Winnie had planned to return to the office. But Michael helped her request leave, then brought her to a hotel to gather her belongings, and they went together to their new home. -- This wasn't a spur-of-the-moment decision.

Michael had planned today's registration carefully, leaving himself time to prepare. They couldn't just move into the Morrison family residence. Michael owned several properties; Oscar knew it but considered them inappropriate for this purpose. So, on short notice, the assistant arranged a new home for them. Michael had only one requirement: it had to be near the Morrison Group office, convenient for daily life, secure, and ready to move in. After viewing a few options, he suddenly thought of Khloe's apartment.

Upon learning it belonged to a building under the Hunt Group, he purchased a new property nearby, in the same B- block community. There were only two villas in the B- block-he bought both. "From today, you'll live here. | made the decision without asking your preference. If you don't like it, we can go choose another house together later." Michael led Winnie into the villa. Everything inside was top-tier, fully renovated. Though not as opulent as the Morrison family estate, it was still -- remarkably luxurious.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 567

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 567 - "It's perfect. No need to change anything. You've spent too much on me." Winnie spoke softly. Michael had chosen the best of the best. The moment she stepped inside, she liked it. The scenery, the courtyard, and-most of all-the balcony, her favorite spot. The Olson residence was luxurious, yes, but everything that belonged to her there had always been cold, distant. Here, every corner radiated warmth. A sense of freedom. Once the rain cleared, sunlight would pour onto the balcony. She could even fill it with flowers, just like she'd always imagined.

But her thoughts were interrupted. Michael had already asked the assistant to bring over a document-a marriage agreement. It was dozens of pages long. The assistant patiently explained it to her. Michael had spent the past few days postponing work to prepare this. The agreement guaranteed every one of Winnie's rights. -- During the marriage, she would enjoy all the rights of a wife but none of the obligations. Michael would cover all her expenses and provide any support a husband might offer. They wouldn't need to live as conventional spouses. They could each maintain private space.

The duration of the marriage? That would be entirely up to Winnie. In short, the agreement was Michael's way of giving her peace of mind. The marriage would never feel like a cage. Yet, to Winnie, Michael's complete concession felt more like a favor than a gesture of surrender. He asked for nothing-he was only helping her. "This agreement is so unfair. You get nothing out of it," she said, pouting slightly.

Michael gazed at her profile, silent for a moment, then asked, "Then what do you think | could get?" "What do you want?" Winnie lifted her eyes to him, a faint glimmer of curiosity hidden in her gaze. "A child." *..What?" -- Her heart skipped. Michael's voice was calm, casual, almost teasing. Winnie frowned. "Michael..." "If | have to ask for a return, | want you to give me a child." She flushed instantly, then her face darkened as confusion and embarrassment wrestled within her. Her lips twitched, unsure how to respond. "Don't be so afraid. I'm not forcing you.

Right now, this is all | can think of. But | might consider something else later. For now, sign the agreement. | reserve the right to add a clause. You don't mind, do you?" He passed her the pen. Her hand shook slightly as she took it. Her heart was racing. She still hadn't fully processed his request. Once she signed, the assistant quietly left. Michael

stood, returning their luggage to the bedroom, and she followed him silently. “We...” Winnie began. “We sleep separately.” -- Michael said it simply, as if he could read her mind. She opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again.

Michael’s boundaries were clear, leaving nothing for her to worry about. Still, despite not feeling anxious, there was a subtle discomfort she couldn’t shake. When Michael had stood in the rain at the courthouse, waiting for her, Winnie admitted to herself that her heart had already crossed the line. At the moment they registered their marriage, she hadn’t even thought of them as mere nominal spouses. “Michael.” “Hm?” “I was so late today... Why did you wait for me so long?” Michael looked back, noting the guilt she couldn’t hide. He paused, then said, “No reason. The rain was so heavy...

| was afraid you might be late.” “Just because of that?” “Yes.” Michael drew a deep breath. “That’s all.” A dull ache prickled at Winnie’s chest. She nodded after a moment. -- “What is it?” Michael asked, sensing she had more to say.

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 568

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 568 – Winnie whispered, “If your dad knew you were doing this, he would hate me to death.” “Worrying about that now... isn’t it a little too late?” Michael let out a soft laugh. While she spoke, he had already opened her luggage. Not that she had much. She hadn’t brought anything from the Olson residence, and during the past few days at the hotel, she’d bought only a few pieces of clothing—barely enough to fill a single shopping bag. Michael frowned, casually hanging her clothes in the wardrobe.

Then he pulled a card from his pocket and placed it on the bed “This is what you should be thinking about now—your new life.” It was an unlimited spending card for a luxury shopping mall He knew that simply giving her cash would bruise her pride. Instead, using the marriage agreement as justification, he could present it as practical: now that they were married, they had to live together. There was no reason for her to live poorly. Michael always had standards—he wouldn’t allow her to ruin his -- style of handling things Winnie didn’t refuse.

“I’ll return it after | use it.” Michael nodded immediately. “Fine. Use it, then return it. But it’s unlimited—there’s no way you’ll finish it all.” She fell silent for a moment. Their definitions of “use it” were clearly not the same. After the card, Michael paused, then pulled a small black velvet box from his pocket and handed it to her. Her eyes flickered—she didn’t even need to look to know what it was. “Maybe... we don’t need this?” she said hesitantly. “| want us to do it properly,” he said, unsmiling. From his pocket, he pulled another ring box.

Opening both, there was a pair of wedding rings. Winnie's diamond was over ten carats, the setting elaborate and dazzling. "Did you pick these?" she asked, before he grabbed her hand and slid the ring onto her finger. He held her delicate hand in his, inspecting it. "Perfect." 1 — Her hands were exquisite, and the ring fit them flawlessly. Heat rushed to her cheeks. "How did you know my finger size?" "Felt it," Michael said simply. Her ears burned. She wanted to snap at him, but when she opened her mouth, the words failed her. "Michael... when did you become so...

smooth-talking?" "Did |?" he murmured, slipping the matching ring onto his own hand, tilting his head slightly. He seemed unconcerned with her words, though a shadow of thought lingered behind his calm. Smooth-talking? She had always complained he was too blunt, too wooden, couldn't speak, couldn't act. She'd rather be with men like that—charming, talkative—than notice him. After setting Winnie up, Michael asked his assistant to arrange for two attendants: one to cook, one for daily cleaning. Having gotten soaked in the rain, she soon sneezed repeatedly.

Michael bought her medicine, made her take it, and insisted she rest before leaving to handle his own business. Once he left, Winnie lay down. — Though she usually struggled to sleep in unfamiliar places, in this new bedroom, she felt an unusual calm, and sleep came quickly. Yet, before closing her eyes, she clutched the marriage license tightly. Only then did she allow herself to drift off. Today's marriage registration would remain a secret—for now. Michael was thinking of her, and as far as the Olsons were concerned, they could wait until her probation period ended.

As for dealing with Oscar... what was coming, would come. Michael was already prepared

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 569

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 569 – Night had fallen, and the rain had finally stopped. The air was sharp and cold. Leaves rustled in the wind like faint, mournful whispers, lending the world an aching sense of loneliness. Nick still stood on the small balcony of his office, gazing at the sparsely lit buildings across the way. Lenny quietly stepped beside him. "Sir, it's late. | should see you back." Khloe wasn't home, and the room opposite was shrouded in darkness. Returning alone, he felt even more hollow.

These past days, Nick had been spending mornings resting at the hospital, then heading to the Hunt Group in the afternoons. Doctors had warned him not to overwork, to follow conservative treatment, and above all, to keep his spirits up. Lenny remembered every detail and reminded him constantly. Yet without Khloe, it was as if Nick had lost his soul—he barely ate, his rest felt empty, and his complexion showed no signs of improvement. Lenny couldn't imagine the depth of his suffering — What was far more terrifying than a threat to life itself was this slow, psychological torment.

Nick's illness was a ticking time bomb: If it were Lenny in his place, he would have already broken down. He could hardly comprehend how Nick managed to remain composed at the office, handling documents, or casually joking with Khloe over the phone as if nothing had happened. Nick nodded, pulling his gaze back. Perhaps the night wind had gotten to him; he coughed lightly. Lenny immediately offered the coat he held. On the way back, Nick sent a message to Khloe. He had calculated the timing: twelve hours' difference between them. It was exactly eight in the morning where she was.

She should already be awake. Sure enough, her reply came back instantly. Lenny watched in the rearview mirror as Nick lowered his head, focused on typing. A pang of emotion rose in him. He had followed Nick for so long, and Nick had always hated -- responding to messages-hated replying, hated calls, hated even saying a few extra words to explain. If Lenny hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed a man like Nick could humble himself so completely. Perhaps... love can bridge mountains and seas, and mountains and seas can be crossed.

They exchanged messages for a while, and soon Khloe called. Nick picked up immediately. The moment his voice reached her, it softened. "Not busy this morning?" "Not busy. I'm never busy when I'm talking to you," she said playfully. She heard the navigation voice faintly in the background. "Are you out?" "Mhm. Heading home now." "Can't you just... not work?" Khloe knew Nick-without her, he would inevitably be at the company. By nature, he was a workaholic. Even if he didn't need to personally oversee everything at Hunt Group, it was his habit.

Still, she couldn't help but feel a pang of concern. Without her, his life seemed vast, empty, and desolate -- She remembered what he had once said: without him, she could live well. But he could not bear to lose her. Unlike ordinary sweet talk, Nick's words always felt like he was offering his entire heart, laying it in her hands. "Alright," Nick said with a hoarse chuckle. "You say | shouldn't work, so | won't. If | stop working... will you take care of me?" "Of course. I'm the Morrison heiress now. Hunt Group is mine too.

Taking care of you goes without saying." Khloe laughed softly, and she heard him chuckling too She pouted. "Nick... | miss you." The words hit him unexpectedly. For a moment, Nick was caught off guard. Then his heart sank.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 570

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 570 - "Did something happen? Is Henry giving you a hard time?" Nick asked. Though the words sounded soft and intimate, Nick's intuition caught every nuance. Khloe was usually reserved. Even when she longed for him deeply, she rarely spoke of it outside private moments, outside their own rooms. "No..." It was true that since arriving here, she'd felt uneasy. Clarice and Henry seemed to be hiding something from her. And then there was Ralph... it left her feeling unsettled. So she longed for Nick even more. He was her anchor, her strength.

She wanted nothing more than to be by his side, to hold him close and fall asleep in his arms. But Nick was cautious. If she told him all this, he'd worry before she even got a chance to feel any comfort. Besides, she planned to return to the country today. By the time Nick woke up, she'd already be home—a surprise waiting for him. — Thinking of that, Khloe felt a warm happiness. “I just... really miss you.” “I do too. | miss you as well.” Nick's voice grew low and husky, as if he hated that the phone stood between them, as if he wanted to press a deep kiss to her cheek through the line.

A sound came from Khloe's end—someone had arrived. The call cut off abruptly. Nick stared at the black screen, then said to Lenny, “Go to the airport. | wanna fly to Naraidanow.” “Sir... you mean... right now?” Lenny gripped the steering wheel tighter, his brow furrowed. “Maybe we should wait until tomorrow—” “Stop talking.” Nick's voice was icy, absolute. There was no room for discussion. Lenny knew better than to try to change his mind, especially when it concerned Khloe. Still, he worried. Nick wanted everything done immediately.

Yet, Lenny — assembled a team, and it wasn't until after midnight that Nick finally boarded the plane. Among the team was his longtime private doctor, the director, and a newly recruited female physician. The young doctor had just returned from a top foreign university and was considered a key talent by the hospital. Normally, the director would have brought another male doctor, but the one scheduled for the night could not be reached. Only the female doctor was available—and she agreed immediately. She wanted the experience of being close to a top-tier tycoon.

She had never met Nick before and assumed, based on stereotypes, that he must be an older, sly, experienced man. When she finally saw him, her eyes widened. As Nick walked over to greet them, she froze, tense and rigid. Only after he left did she return to her seat, cheeks blazing red. Nick's youth and striking handsomeness far exceeded her expectations. His natural aura of cool detachment made it impossible not to be captivated at first glance. The director, used to this reaction from women, was unsurprised.

Every female nurse who had seen Nick reacted the same way, which was why he always brought a male staff member on rounds. — “Stop dreaming,” the director said bluntly. “He has a wife—and he's totally obsessed with her. That's why he's flying to Naraidanow tonight, ignoring his own health, just to see her.” The words shattered the young doctor's fantasy in an instant. But her disappointment lasted only a moment. She touched her flushed cheeks and murmured, “How can such a man exist? Wealthy, handsome, passionate... he's perfect.” “Perfect, but he's not yours,” the director said. “Besides...

perfection isn't good. People who are too perfect don't live long.”