

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 601

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 601 – Seeing how resolute Nick was, Lenny said nothing more and rose to leave at once. Since Nick intended to protect Khloe, then he would do everything to protect Nick. When Khloe arrived at the hotel, Nick had already checked out. The empty suite no longer bore a single trace of Nick's presence, yet the intimate moments they had shared the previous afternoon were still vivid in her mind. In an instant, panic seized her completely. At that moment, Nick's message came through. [khloe, I've returned to Goldmont City. Don't worry about me.] The message was brief.

Khloe immediately called him back, but the call went straight to voicemail. Even if he were boarding a plane, Nick would never ignore her call. He knew she would come looking for him, yet he deliberately avoided her-his silence was his decision. Khloe could not choose between the Morrison family and him, -- so Nick had chosen for her. No matter what happened, his resolve to protect Khloe would never waver. She was so angry she wanted to cry. He had really grown bold now. He didn't consider her feelings at all. At the very least...

at the very least he could have let her confirm that he was safe. He knew she would never be at ease otherwise Standing in the room with her phone in hand, tears slid silently down from the corners of Khloe's eyes. She didn't dare breathe too hard, didn't dare make a sound, yet it felt as though countless stones were pressing down on her heart, leaving her unable to catch her breath. On the quiet sofa in the living room, she seemed to see him again, urging his men to hurry. His expression must have been grim, and the look in his eyes as.

he stared out the window must have been even more troubled and lost than when she had seen him yesterday. The man who had been unwilling to let go of her hand just yesterday-how much resolve must he have summoned to leave so hurriedly and decisively? "Miss Khloe..." -- Delilah stood at the doorway and called her softly. Their time outside was limited. If they delayed any longer, they would likely be discovered. Delilah had secretly escorted Khloe here.

She hadn't reported Khloe's whereabouts to Henry, and had arranged for her subordinates to stand guard outside Khloe's room, pretending she was still asleep. But now, the morning had already passed. If Khloe still hadn't appeared and Henry came to check on her, the ruse would be exposed. Delilah was anxious, yet seeing Khloe so distressed stirred her as well. At first, Delilah had thought that although Nick came specifically for Khloe, he was still being selfish and dragging her down. She had never imagined that Nick would leave first, all so Khloe would not offend Henry because of him.

For a moment, Delilah didn't know how to comfort her. "Let's go." Khloe quickly wiped away her tears and turned, walking past Delilah. -- Delilah nodded. As she followed, she

discreetly slipped a tip to a nearby staff member, signaling them to keep silent. On the way back, Delilah observed Khloe. Khloe stared out the window, her expression dim and withdrawn. After hesitating for a long while, Delilah finally spoke in consolation. “Miss Khloe, since your husband was able to leave immediately, his condition must not be too serious. The news tends to exaggerate things.

You shouldn’t worry too much.” “He left immediately... which means he really does have a problem,” Khloe replied in a low voice. Her brows knitted tightly. She had personally checked Nick’s condition before leaving—could it be that all these days, he had been deceiving her? She didn’t dare think further. Yet the plan she had made before now changed completely. Two months was far too long. She had to leave this place as soon as possible “Ugh—” Halfway through the drive, a wave of nausea suddenly surged over Khloe. She clapped a hand over her mouth and dry-heaved uncontrollably.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 602

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 602 – Delilah was startled and quickly reached out to steady Khloe, patting her back to ease her breathing and handing her a tissue. “Miss Khloe, what’s wrong? Is your stomach upset?” “I don’t know... I’ve been feeling nauseous on and off these past few days...” Khloe dry-heaved a few times and answered indistinctly. Delilah seemed to realize something. “These past few days? Constantly?” Khloe nodded and took the tissue to wipe the corner of her mouth. “Nothing else feels wrong?

Just nausea?” Delilah asked She took Khloe’s wrist and checked her pulse, a faint look of surprise flickering in her eyes. Because Delilah stayed by Henry’s side long-term, and the old man was advanced in age and often unwell, everyone around him was required to learn basic medical and nursing knowledge to handle emergencies. At times, Delilah even performed acupuncture and massage for him, so she had quietly learned how to take a pulse as well. — “Yes,” Khloe said softly. Then, seeing Delilah’s expression, she suddenly realized something and felt a jolt of alarm: Could it be..

Delilah lowered her voice. “Miss Khloe, this month... has it come yet?” Khloe’s eyes widened slightly. She had already missed the date, but she had ignored it. These days of repeated nausea, she hadn’t thought in that direction at all. Could it be... she was pregnant? She and Nick hadn’t been together that many times. Was she really that lucky? For a moment, Khloe felt both shocked and happy—but the feeling quickly turned into deeper unease and melancholy. Why now of all times? Why did the baby have to come at this moment...

“Miss Khloe, when we get back, you should go to the hospital for a checkup. | can’t be completely sure,” Delilah said She didn’t dare speak too plainly. After all, there was still a driver in the car, even though he was one of her people. — Henry was currently hostile toward the Hunt family, and this child was entirely outside his plans. For Khloe’s and the

baby's safety, it was best to keep this secret for now. Khloe understood as well. She grasped Delilah's hand tightly and said nothing, but the plea in her eyes was unmistakable.

Delilah wasn't sure how much she could help, but she still nodded. "Don't worry." Hearing that, Khloe finally felt a little more at ease. When they returned to the estate, Khloe had just entered her room when Henry arrived at the door right after her. Delilah immediately spoke up from the doorway. "Master Henry, you're here." "Khloe still isn't awake? She's usually up by now," Henry said, his gaze sweeping over Delilah. Catching the faint trace of panic on her face, his cloudy eyes darkened. "Yes, Miss Khloe hasn't gotten up yet...

probably because she was tired yesterday," Delilah replied with her head lowered, not daring to meet his eyes. It was the first time she had ever lied to him. Her heart pounded wildly, afraid she might give herself away. -- "Ill. go in and take a look at her." The old man stared at Delilah for a long moment before speaking. His voice carried a hint of mockery, cold and sharp, heavy with pressure. Khloe had only gone inside a few minutes earlier. Delilah worried she might not have finished changing and blurted out, "Miss Khloe probably hasn't gotten up yet.

Why don't | go in and ask first--" "Open the door." The old man gave her no chance. Before she could finish speaking, the people beside him had already obeyed and pushed the door open. The moment the door swung wide, Delilah looked in as well. Clothes were scattered across the floor, and the large bed in the inner room stood empty.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 603**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 603 - Clearly, Khloe had been up for quite some time. And the clothes scattered on the floor were outdoor clothes. Henry's gaze sharpened at once as he shot a look at Delilah. Delilah's heart sank. Cold sweat broke out across her back. Seeing the old man stride into the room, she froze for a split second before hurrying after him. But just as the group rushed in, movement came from the bathroom. The sound of running water stopped abruptly, and the bathroom door was flung open. A startled cry rang out.

Wrapped in a bath towel, Khloe saw everyone charging toward her and immediately slammed the door shut again. "Everyone out!" Delilah snapped back to her senses and stepped forward at once, spreading her arms to block the way and barking at those behind Henry. They quickly lowered their eyes and retreated out of the room. A trace of embarrassment crossed Henry's face as well. He -- turned his head aside and stepped away. Khloe's voice soon came from the bathroom. "Grandpa, why did you come in without saying anything? | was in the shower!" Faced with her reproach, Henry fell silent.

Delilah immediately spoke up, “Miss Khloe, Master Henry was worried about you. You got up much later than usual today, so he thought you were still asleep.” “We’ll wait for you to get dressed, then we’ll talk outside,” Henry said in a low voice, glancing again at the clothes strewn across the floor. Even if Khloe had been bathing, those were clearly not the clothes of someone who had just gotten out of bed. Delilah wanted to speak again, but the old man stopped her with a look. She could only stand aside and keep quiet. Soon, Khloe emerged in a bathrobe. A strong fragrance filled the air.

Henry studied her. She had washed thoroughly from head to toe; even her neck was flushed red. “Did you go out this morning?” he asked bluntly. — Khloe paused. “Go out? | only just got up. | haven’t gone anywhere.” His eyes flicked toward the clothes on the floor. “If you didn’t go out, then what about these clothes?” “Oh, those are what | changed out of yesterday. | was looking for something on the sofa just now and tossed them on the floor,” Khloe explained calmly, without the slightest hint of guilt. Delilah quickly played along, picking up the clothes and bringing them over.

She said softly, “Miss Khloe is right. Yesterday she went out wearing this outfit.” The clothes still carried a heavy trace of perfume—Ralph’s scent. The knot in Delilah’s chest finally loosened. Khloe had deliberately created the illusion that she had gone out, for the old man to see. Once suspicion was lifted, the truth felt even more convincing than a flawless lie. Henry hesitated. Delilah added, “Miss Khloe, next time just let me handle things like this. | should have cleaned up for you earlier.” — “Grandpa, | slept in today.

As soon as | got up, | wanted to take a shower to wake myself up. Did you have something urgent to see me about?” As she spoke, Khloe turned and went back into the inner bedroom to change. Her voice was steady and composed, not at all like someone who had just seen the news. Henry had only learned that Nick had come to Naraida that very morning. Since Nick was here, Khloe must have known long ago. She had promised him that before the truth was made clear, she would keep her distance from the Hunt family—especially from Nick. Yet, she hadn’t told him about this at all.

Naturally, Henry believed the two of them had already met. He didn’t care about anything else. What he cared about now was Khloe’s attitude—whether she would break her promise and betray the Morrison family for Nick.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 604

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 604 – “Did you already know that Nick came to Naraida?” Henry drew a deep breath and spoke without circling the issue. Delilah clenched her hands tightly, her eyes fixed on Khloe’s room. Her reply was just as straightforward. Henry’s expression darkened. His voice turned heavy. “You knew long ago?” “Only a little earlier than the news,” Khloe answered from inside the room. “We talk every day. Nick didn’t tell me until he arrived here.” Her words caused the tension in Henry’s body to ease slightly. He instinctively glanced at Delilah.

Her gaze softened as well, and she gave him a small nod, as if to confirm Khloe's explanation. Indeed, if Khloe had denied knowing about Nick's arrival, Henry would never have believed her. A lie would have played straight into the hands of those with -- ulterior motives, and the fragile trust he and Khloe had just built would have collapsed at once. But admitting it openly made sense-Nick coming to look for her was only natural. The old man's expression eased considerably. Khloe then stepped out of the room. She had changed clothes, and her half-damp hair rested against her shoulders.

She looked calm and unstrained. "So what do you think?" Henry asked, testing her. "Nick came all this way for you. Have you wavered?" Since Khloe had been honest, he no longer wanted to press her on whether the two of them had already met. If she truly intended to leave with Nick, she wouldn't still be here now. But if she let emotion rule her and chose Nick, then from this moment on, he would no longer have this granddaughter. The Morrison family business could no longer be entrusted to her. That was what Henry cared about most. Khloe didn't answer right away.

Delilah understood her intent and immediately signaled for her to stop. She knew the old man's temper well. Though he seemed to be -- speaking openly now, if Khloe revealed her true thoughts, he would use any means necessary to restrain her. After a brief pause, Khloe still answered truthfully, "Yes, | have wavered." Henry's gaze turned cold at once. "Oh?" "Nick knows I'm in a difficult position, so he chose not to stay here. His thinking is the same as mine-we both want the truth to be uncovered and to give both families justice.

Therefore, | want to add one more condition to our agreement." With the air of a negotiator, Khloe looked at Henry with solemn sincerity. The old man straightened slightly. He admired her courage, yet at the same time felt deeply disappointed by her emotional impulsiveness. In the end, Clarice had been right. With a temperament like this, Khloe was even less steady than Niel Still, Henry drew in a slow breath. "Go on." "Ten days," Khloe said coldly.

"If within ten days | cannot prove that George has nothing to do with my father's death, | will give up Niel's inheritance and leave the Morrison family." Her words stunned Henry and left Delilah staring in disbelief. -- Originally, the old man had agreed that as long as Khloe stayed here for two months, and if she still couldn't determine the cause of Niel's death, he would let her go. Moreover, Khloe held full authority to participate in the investigation. But now, she was setting such a harsh condition on herself, issuing a virtual ultimatum.

Delilah knew Khloe was acting out of anxious concern. She wanted desperately to return to Nick's side... but this was far too reckless.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 605**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 605 – Henry froze for a moment. “Ten days? Khloe, are you joking?” After all, Clarice had spent months just investigating Niel’s cause of death. Behind George stood the Hunt family-and perhaps other tangled forces as well. Simply continuing the investigation was no easy task, let alone uncovering the truth within ten days. Khloe met Henry’s baffled gaze and answered calmly, “I’m not joking.” Late at night, in the city district, inside a private specialist hospital.

Nick lay on a hospital bed with an IV line in the back of his hand He lay quietly, drifting in and out of a light, hazy sleep. A female doctor stayed by his side without leaving, from dusk until deep into the night. Moonlight spilled in through the window and fell across the man’s sharply defined features. Though it lent him an ashen pallor, it could not soften the cold, resolute lines of his face. -- “Mr. Hunt should be fine now. You can go back and rest,” the head physician said as he came in and saw the female doctor still keeping watch. She shook her head and sat back down.

“I’m not tired.” Nick’s gastric bleeding had come on suddenly, very likely a sign of his condition worsening. That was why they had been especially cautious. After consulting with a renowned specialist, they had decided to use a powerful medication. This drug was rarely used domestically. Although its effects were immediate-one course of treatment could leave a patient energetic for months-it came with serious side effects. The price was intense pain during treatment. They had wanted to recommend milder medication, but Nick had insisted.

Only by recovering as quickly as possible-by getting better as soon as possible-could he help Khloe. The IV had been running all afternoon. Those at his side watched as he endured it with clenched teeth. During that time, calls from the Hunt family kept coming in, and Nick answered every one himself. Even though the pain left him drenched in sweat, and every word required effort to keep his -- voice from trembling, he still handled each call without a trace of weakness. The female doctor heard him mention his wife repeatedly.

Nick said Khloe was very busy at the moment, that he was only dealing with a minor chill and discomfort, and that they needn’t worry-nor should they disturb Khloe. Loretta and the others were only concerned about his health. Hearing his voice put them at ease. As for Nick’s intentions, his family understood them better than anyone. Khloe had already returned their call. Before she had even spoken with Nick, Loretta had reassured her, saying that Nick had replied to her message and was fine, and that Khloe should focus on taking care of herself first. Khloe was not someone easily fooled.

Nick dared not answer her calls, only sending her a message that he would rest for two days and then return to Goldmont City. After that, no more messages came from her. He didn’t know whether she had become busy-or whether she was angry. All day long, he clutched his phone like this, drifting in and out of -- sleep from the pain, and each time he woke, the first thing he did was check for her messages. “Khloe...” A sudden murmur

slipped from Nick's throat. His body spasmed. The veins in his neck stood out sharply as he clenched his teeth.

His hand gripped the bedsheet, as though the surging waves of pain were becoming more than he could bear. "Mr. Hunt, try to relax..." The female doctor rose at once and steadied the equipment beside him. She glanced at the IV bottle-half of it was still left. The pain would only grow more severe, especially toward the end, when the drug's full effect set in. Nick's face tilted slightly to the side, clearly jolted awake by another stab of agony.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 606

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 606 – Nick opened his eyes. Through the haze, he saw the silhouette of a woman standing beside the bed-and for an instant, Khloe's face took shape before him. Her cool, clear eyes seemed filled with worry. But as his vision sharpened, he realized the person before him was not the one he longed for. In a moment of such utter vulnerability, longing spread like wild vines, growing uncontrollably-more unbearable than the pain in his body. A hollow ache unfurled from deep within Nick's heart and seeped into every limb. He had just been dreaming of her.

In the dream, Khloe had come to him. She said that no matter what happened, she would stay by his side. And in that dream, he did not hide his desire. He kept her with him. But now the dream had ended, and reality once again stretched the distance between them. Nick looked at the back of his hand, bruised purple and blue from the IV, and slowly curled his fingers. His brow tightened. -- "Mr. Hunt, are you feeling very uncomfortable? Have some warm water-it might help," the female doctor said softly, sensing his condition was worsening as she poured him a cup and held it out.

Nick did not take it. His gaze remained fixed on his hand. The head physician, familiar with his temperament, stopped the female doctor when she tried to say more. He adjusted the drip rate-though it could not ease the pain, at least it was something. "You may go," Nick said in a low voice. "I want to be alone." His words echoed through the quiet, empty ward, sounding especially desolate. The female doctor left with the lead physician, reluctant. After only a few steps, she stopped. "Mr. Hunt, if it hurts, you don't have to endure it alone. And if you miss her...

you can tell her." She didn't truly know what it meant to love someone so deeply, But she believed that the woman Nick loved would not be so fragile. That day in the hotel room, when she saw Khloe disguised and coming to him, she had understood-neither of them loved the other any less. -- If Khloe could be by his side right now, wouldn't the pain... be easier to bear? Nick did not answer. Realizing she had spoken out of turn, the doctor lowered her head before the lead physician could scold her and hurried out. The ward fell completely silent.

Nick lifted his hand and stared at the ring he could never bring himself to remove from his ring finger. A bitter curve touched his lips. The night grew deeper. The pain grew fiercer. He tossed and turned until a muffled groan escaped him. He tried not to make too much noise, not wanting to disturb anyone outside, but the coughing would not stop. Suddenly, he spat out a mouthful of blood. It splattered onto the floor, dark and shocking against the pale light. Amid the wrenching coughs, the ward door was flung open from the outside. A figure rushed in.

Khloe hadn't expected she would still be too late. When she saw -- how frail and drawn he looked, her heart shattered in an instant. She had long suspected he was hiding something from her. He had told her the same clumsy lies so many times--yet she had been slow enough not to see through them until now... Her gaze fell on the bloodstains on the floor. It felt as if her nerves had been stabbed. Her eyelids twitched, and her brows drew tightly together. Her lips parted, but a heavy ache rose from her chest and pressed down on her.

"Get me some water..." Nick did not turn around, assuming the on-duty nurse had come in after hearing the noise. He had no idea Khloe was standing right beside him, watching. He pulled out a tissue and wiped the corner of his mouth.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 607

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 607 – Just then, a cup of warm water was pressed into Nick's hand. The fingers holding the cup were slender, and the familiar ring on them caught his eye. The moment Nick accepted it, his expression froze. His gaze followed that hand upward, and at last he saw who was standing beside the bed. For an instant, he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. Was this an illusion...? How could Khloe be here? Shouldn't she be with Henry right now...?

Khloe's face was pale, her lips pressed tightly together, her eyes locked on him without blinking. Inside her, emotions surged like a raging tide, and she forced herself to steady her breathing. "Kh... Khloe? How did you--" Only after a long moment did Nick manage to speak, disbelief thick in his voice. It was hoarse and dry. Khloe didn't answer. Her gaze moved from his bloodless face, to the corner of his lips still stained with blood he hadn't wiped -- away, then down to the shocking dark red on the floor. Finally, it met his eyes, widened in stunned disbelief.

The next second, before Nick could recover from the shock, Khloe suddenly dropped to her knees beside the bed and grabbed the front of his thin shirt. Her movement was rough--nothing like her usual composed, restrained self, even when angry. Nick had never seen her like this, furious and out of control. "So this is what you meant by... being 'a little unwell'? So this is what you meant when you told me not to worry and said you'd take

care of yourself? Nick! Why did you lie to me again?!” Her voice shook violently. She could no longer hide her emotions.

Anger, heartache, fear, panic-too many feelings crashed together in her chest, leaving her unable to decide how to react. The hand clutching his collar went from tight to limp, trembling uncontrollably. Nick was speechless. He frowned as he watched her eyes redden instantly, yet she stubbornly refused to let the tears fall. The pain in his heart struck him a hundredfold. -- In his memory, she had always been calm and rational, even distant at times.

He had imagined that if one day she discovered he had hidden his illness, she would be angry-but she would also restrain her sorrow and face it with strength. But now... she left him completely at a loss. As soon as her words ended, Khloe threw herself into his arms and broke down in tears. Nick felt as if his throat were blocked. Any comfort or excuse sounded hollow at this moment. After a long pause, his hand finally came to rest on her shoulder. “Khloe, don’t be afraid. I’m fine.” She had heard those words too many times. Khloe no longer believed them. “Fine? Vomiting blood is ‘fine’?

Then what would count as not fine?” Her voice was thick with pain. She forced down her emotions and looked again at his ashen face. Choking back sobs, she demanded, “Nick, what do you take me for? A porcelain doll you have to protect with self-sacrifice? Or -- do you think that if | knew you were sick, | would abandon you?” “No! Khloe, | never-” Nick hurried to deny it, but a violent coughing fit suddenly seized him. He bent forward at once, his face turning even worse. Seeing his distress, Khloe’s hand on his collar jerked back as if burned.

The fierce resolve she had forced herself to hold shattered like a pricked balloon, replaced by a deeper, more helpless panic. Instinctively, she reached out to help him-but her hand froze in midair. In the end, she only clenched it tightly into a fist, her nails digging deep into her palm. She turned to call for a doctor, but Nick grabbed her hand before she could move.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 608**

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 608 – Nick clenched his teeth and pulled Khloe forcefully into his arms. Khloe did not dare struggle too hard, afraid she might hurt Nick. Nick brushed his cheek against hers. His breath was warm, his voice low and pleading. “It’s my fault. | shouldn’t have kept it from you. Don’t be angry with me... please, okay?” Khloe said nothing. Of course she was angry. She was furious-so furious she could barely contain it. From the moment she rushed over and saw how sick Nick already was, she could no longer forgive herself either. There was no way his condition had worsened overnight.

During all the time they had spent together recently-the days that had seemed so happy-what state of mind had he been in? She should have noticed earlier. She had been so close

to him, close enough to sense every change. Yet, she had been immersed in her own happiness and paid no attention at all. — This time, Nick had even kept it from his family. Lenny had refused to tell her what was wrong. Only then had Khloe realized something serious had happened. So she had made a promise to Henry and secured ten days of freedom from him. But she was still too late...

“Then tell me,” she said hoarsely. “Your illness... how far has it progressed?” Before long, Nick’s doctor was alerted. When the medical staff entered the room and saw Khloe there, panic flickered across their faces. Her eyes were swollen and red, but her expression had already returned to calm. She asked about Nick’s condition, her voice hoarse, distant, and exhausted. She already had a rough idea of his diagnosis, yet she still held on to cautious optimism: It was a tumor-but at a low-risk stage. If it could be controlled, then it could be treated as a chronic condition.

— The chief physician met Nick’s gaze and immediately said, “Mrs. Hunt, there’s no need to worry too much. As long as we keep it under control, it can be managed like a long-term illness. It’s just that Mr. Hunt is still rather weak right now...” Watching Khloe’s face grow paler by the second, even the female doctor felt a pang of sympathy. But Khloe forced herself to remain composed, clenching her fingers tightly so Nick would not worry. “Mrs. Hunt,” the doctor added gently, “the medication he took today is very painful.

Even after the injection, the pain will likely last through the night. But it’s good that you’re here. With you by his side, | believe he’ll feel much better.” Khloe escorted the doctors out of the ward. The female doctor hesitated, then finally spoke. Khloe paused, then nodded. “Thank you.” “This is what | should do, Mrs. Hunt. You really... truly are wonderful.” The doctor stopped, then couldn’t help adding one more sentence. — She had never expected Khloe to find this place. Nick had endured the pain and even rushed to move out of the hotel just to keep it hidden from her.

She knew very well that for Khloe to come here now, she must have endured enormous pressure. One person was willing to sacrifice himself without hesitation for the sake of the other. The other could always catch him when he was most fragile. This kind of love-running toward each other from both sides- she would never have believed in if she hadn’t seen it with her own eyes. If it were her, no matter how deeply she loved someone, she doubted she could do what Nick and Khloe had done. Especially in a world ruled by fame and profit, where emotions were fragile under the weight of gain and loss.

Perhaps only two people this brave and unafraid truly deserved each other’s love Khloe closed the door and returned to Nick’s bedside. Outside the window, the deep night was already beginning to glow faintly at its darkest edge. — Nick leaned against the bed. His complexion was poor, yet when he looked at her, his expression remained calm and gentle, as though nothing were wrong at all.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 609

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 609 – When Khloe turned back, he reached out to her. The IV had already been removed, but the bruising on his hand had darkened, and his palm felt icy from the medicine seeping into his veins. She gently clasped his hand and leaned in to wrap an arm around his shoulder. “Does it hurt?” hme “You’re lying again.” Nick denied it almost without thinking Under his instructions, no one dared mention the side effects of the medication in front of Khloe. And Nick was not only good at enduring pain-seeing her truly made him happy.

All his attention shifted to her, and the pain did ease somewhat. But Khloe lowered her head and began to massage him slowly. From his open collar, to his shoulders, to his back-inch by inch. “Really,” he said softly, “it doesn’t hurt that much anymore.” -- A shadow passed through Nick’s eyes as he met the tender look in hers, and his heart stirred even more. “Because I’m here,” Khloe asked quietly, “it hurts less?” Her voice was low and gentle, brushing against his ear and neck -comforting and faintly teasing. Yet she had no intention of being flirtatious.

Her eyes were filled only with concern, and her movements remained restrained, limited to careful massage and light caresses. “Mm,” Nick answered honestly. “Then hold me tighter.” Khloe rested her head on his shoulder, trying to keep her voice from sounding too sad. Nick did as she asked, tightening his arms around her. Even though it was a VIP ward, the hospital bed was still narrow. With the two of them on it, turning over was almost impossible. Yet, this bed was the safest and most comforting place they had known in days. Nick held Khloe close, his heartbeat steady against his chest.

He greedily breathed in the scent of her hair and the familiar -- warmth of her body. He also felt the dampness in her eyes as she pressed closer, holding him more tightly. The female doctor had been right. When pain could be spoken aloud, it lost some of its power. The medicine had reached its peak-this should have been the worst of it. But with Khloe in his arms, he felt more joy than agony. Even when it hurt badly, it no longer seemed unbearable. Khloe sensed the tremor in his body and immediately tightened her hold, as though the harder she hugged him, the more his pain would fade.

“Nick... does it still hurt?” “It really doesn’t.” He answered with a smile. Tears welled in Khloe’s eyes. She tried not to let them fall, but she couldn’t stop them The doctor had just said this hour would be his most painful His clothes were soaked with cold sweat, his body rigid and trembling-yet he still forced a smile. “Khloe, don’t be sad. For you, I’ll hold on until the very end... Even if one day | really can’t anymore, you still have to-” -- He didn’t finish. “There won’t be such a day,” Khloe cut in.

Nick paused for a few seconds, then said gently, “Sometimes, when you meet someone truly wonderful, you use up all your luck and happiness at once. Being with you-even if

it's only for a few short days-I already feel content." Her tears finally broke free, falling like beads from a snapped string Still holding him, she had no free hand to wipe them away. She could only take a deep breath and steady herself. But they were so close-how could Nick not feel her crying? He frowned. "Promise me that no matter what happens to me, you won't give up on the life you want.

Don't stop moving forward." Happiness and sorrow are both fleeting. Even if he were gone, she must go on living better and better- just as decisively and bravely as she had left her last relationship behind.

## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 610

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 610 - "That's not something you need to tell me," Khloe sniffed and spoke in a muffled voice. She hated hearing Nick say things like that. His love was too great, too selfless. She would rather it be selfish and irrational-at least then, her heart wouldn't ache so much. "Nick, listen to me carefully. We are husband and wife. From the moment | married you, there has been no 'you' and 'me' between us anymore. What's yours is mine. Your life... is half of mine too." At her words, Nick's dark eyes trembled, and tears instantly welled up.

No one had ever said anything like this to him before. Even if Khloe were only lying to comfort him, he would still feel that this lifetime was worth it. "Khloe..." "Nick, without my permission, you are not allowed to let anything happen to you. Otherwise, | won't forgive you even in my next life. Do you hear me?" -- His heartbeat fell out of rhythm, as if an electric current surged through his limbs. In that moment, pain could no longer disturb his thoughts. He let out a breathy laugh, and a hot tear slipped free, sliding into the corner of his mouth. "...[ hear you," he replied softly.

Khloe clung to him and refused to let go. But after saying all that, Nick still forced her to look up at him. Sure enough, she had cried herself into a mess. Her tear-streaked face looked pitiful and fragile-more painful to him than any medicine. Nick pulled out a tissue and wiped her tears. Halfway through, Khloe grabbed another tissue and reached up to dab gently at the corner of his eye. Of course, there were no obvious tear tracks on his face. But she could tell-his eyes were wet. They knelt together on the narrow hospital bed, Nick's broad frame completely sheltering her slender figure.

Their silhouettes against the faint light from the window were so beautiful it seemed like a painting. -- As the medication gradually wore off and Nick's complexion improved, Khloe finally relaxed a little, She held her phone, wide awake, constantly searching for information about his condition. Nick was the same-holding her, full of energy, as if he were already halfway recovered. "If it doesn't get worse, maybe | can live another twenty or thirty years. By then, you'll be old too, tired of me..."

and maybe you won't be so sad anymore." Seeing how fixated she was on his illness, Nick teased her lightly. But the moment he said it, he stepped straight on a land mine. "Don't you dare say such things again," Khloe snapped. "And even if you do... I will never get tired of you. No matter when, if you're not well, I'll be sad." Hearing her profess her love for him again and again, Nick felt deeply moved. Sometimes, when he said things like that, it was because he felt insecure. He couldn't help testing her. Even though he knew exactly what kind of person Khloe was.

Even if one day they grew old and their passion faded, she would still stay by his side — faithfully. From the moment he chose her, he knew that the space beside him would never be empty again. There would always be someone who would firmly refuse to let go of his hand. "Thank you, Khloe," Nick suddenly muttered. She looked at him in confusion. He continued, "You never get tired of saying these things to me. You're better at comforting people than I am." Again and again, when he was at his weakest, she gave him strength. Before Khloe, he never allowed himself to disappoint anyone.

He never knew that there could be someone who would accept him exactly as he was—not demanding more, only aching for him. At his words, the soreness Khloe had just managed to suppress surged up again. She set her phone aside and looked at him seriously. "It's not comfort," she said. "It's the truth."