

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 811

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 811 – Not to mention, Khloe had no evidence to support her accusations-but even if only half of the contracts reached Clarice's hands, Morrison Group would have effectively changed ownership. But considering how anxious Khloe was about Nick, and how she dared not appear in person, her judgment might have been clouded Clarice had lingered at the mountain estate all this time. It wasn't until now, when the police presented all of Khloe's contracts and demanded to know her whereabouts, that Clarice finally realized Khloe's strategy. Khloe wasn't doing this for Nick.

This time, she had come for her-targeting Clarice directly. Every piece of evidence was deliberately left behind by Khloe, pointing toward Clarice harming Khloe for personal gain. As long as Khloe remained missing, not only would the contract process be temporarily halted, but Clarice would also be taken in for investigation. Yet, when the police questioned her, Clarice remained slippery and evasive. She insisted she had been on vacation at the estate -- for the past two days, and the staff there could confirm it-she hadn't seen Khloe at all.

With no solid proof, the authorities had no choice but to take Clarice in for further investigation. Charlotte, growing anxious, couldn't hold back before Clarice left. "Clarice! What goes around comes around! You really think you won't face consequences?" "Consequences?" Clarice snorted, her gaze sharp and provocative as she swept over Charlotte and Lenny. "If there are consequences, where are the ones for those who wronged me?" "You..." "Charlotte, calm down!" Charlotte's anger flared; she practically wanted to lunge at Clarice.

Lenny gripped her arm tightly, holding her back until the police led Clarice away. Compared to Charlotte, Lenny remained remarkably composed. Charlotte glanced at him, baffled. From the very start, she had warned Lenny that Khloe was in danger, yet he had delayed reporting it for an entire day. He seemed so calm, as if everything were merely routine procedure. "Calm? If I stay calm any longer, Khloe might really not come -- back!" Charlotte yanked her arm free, spat out the words coldly, and stormed off. She wasn't angry at Lenny-she was frustrated at her own helplessness.

She knew her friend was in danger, yet all she could do was watch, powerless... Meanwhile, Michelle had been waiting anxiously for news and hadn't slept all night. It wasn't until Lenny handled Clarice that he returned her call. Michelle, relieved to be able to finally vent, bombarded him with questions. She had assumed someone from Solara Energy's side was targeting Khloe, but she hadn't expected an unexpected stepmother to be involved. Suddenly, she felt a pang of sympathy for Khloe.

Lenny answered Michelle's questions patiently, then gently urged her to rest, reassuring her that Khloe might return tomorrow. Michelle didn't want to say anything negative. She only asked, "Do you need me to do anything?" "For now, you don't need to do anything. Just take care of yourself," Lenny said warmly. "Solara Energy's side is waiting for the right opportunity. Madam still needs your help to advance the work we had planned. The bid is in just two days. Even if -- she's not present, we should still fight this battle on her behalf." Michelle felt a stir in her chest.

Somehow, a few words from a small assistant could carry such weight. At a crucial moment, Lenny could provide an extraordinary strength. "All right, I understand." After hanging up, Michelle immediately sat at her desk and began refining the advertising outline she and Khloe had previously discussed. Now, sleepiness was gone-better to focus on work than worry. The next morning, Charlotte, her dark circles still pronounced, arrived at Morrison Group and was immediately drawn to the crowd surrounding the CEO's office. Through the throng, Ethan emerged, stepping forward.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 812

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 812 - Ethan strode through the crowd, clad in a crisp new suit, his shirt collar open high, revealing a long, pale neck tilted slightly back. Surrounded by aides who greeted him respectfully at every opportunity, his face was alight with self-satisfaction. Charlotte froze, about to step forward-but a hand held her back. "Ethan is now acting CEO of Morrison Group indefinitely. Don't start anything." Everyone on their team had been personally chosen by Khloe; they all knew that Ethan's return spelled trouble. But with Khloe absent, this was no time for Charlotte to act recklessly.

They only wanted to keep her safe. 1 Although the contracts Khloe had drafted for Clarice's assets were still frozen, Morrison Group's authority had effectively been handed over to Clarice. Even though Clarice was under investigation and couldn't return in person, she had authorized Ethan to act on her behalf. That made him, at least on paper, the legitimate CEO. Yet, everyone understood why Ethan had returned now: it wasn't to do Khloe any favors. Clarice had deliberately secured Ethan's release in advance, ensuring he'd be ready for this moment.

-- The company's charter stipulated that the highest authority proxy must be a member of the Morrison family. Strictly speaking, Clarice could only empower Ethan to take control. Charlotte didn't even have to guess what the mother and son were scheming. Clarice intended to siphon off Niel's life's work; soon, Morrison Group's assets and projects could be legally transferred, and the contracts Khloe had sent would evaporate instantly. Whether Khloe returned or not, Clarice would win. Ethan slowed as he passed Charlotte. "Mr. Morrison," one aide muttered, embarrassed.

Charlotte clenched her teeth, glaring at him in silence. “Oh? Isn’t this Khloe’s most capable subordinate? Why the long face? Something bothering you?” Ethan taunted, deliberately mocking her. As if retaliating for Khloe using Charlotte to suppress him at the company, he reached out and lifted her chin in public. “Sir, that’s-really not appropriate,” one of Charlotte’s colleagues blurted out, stepping forward. Others in her department quickly gathered around, forming a united front. “Not appropriate? What’s inappropriate?” Ethan ignored them all, keeping his gaze fixed on Charlotte.

He drawled slowly, “You -- think this counts as harassing a female employee?” Silence fell. Ethan held the highest authority in the company. Even if someone wanted to speak up, no one dared. “Of course it’s inappropriate! Ethan, your disgusting habit of harassing female employees-I’ve documented it all! Touch Charlotte again, and I’ll call the police immediately!” The fierce voice belonged to Winnie. She stepped forward from the crowd, phone raised, drawing everyone’s surprised eyes Ethan blinked, caught off guard-and a sharp slap landed squarely across his face.

Charlotte, no longer able to restrain herself, raised her hand again to strike, but Ethan caught her wrist. “If you hit me, | can not only call the police but also fire you.” Winnie’s eyes blazed as she rushed forward to shield Charlotte. Even some of Charlotte’s colleagues hesitated, but Winnie shoved past Ethan with full force. “Ethan, you damn bastard! Did Clarice feed you dog food as a child? You don’t even know how to behave like a human being!” Her words hit him hard; his face reddened in anger. In frustration, he lifted his arm-but Winnie tilted her head back, daring him to act.

-- Ethan froze. Some of his management staff nearby quickly shouted at Winnie and Charlotte, warning them to stop. They immediately ordered HR to fire the two women, check Ethan for injuries, and call the police

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 813

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 813 - Charlotte trembled with anger. She loved this job, but with Khloe gone, staying here felt meaningless. Without another word, she ripped off her ID badge and flung it straight at Ethan. “You don’t need to fire me! I’ll leave on my own. But Winnie was right. Ethan, calling you a dog would be an insult to dogs. You don’t have a backbone; you’re pathetic.” Her words, sharp as knives, made a flicker of doubt cross Ethan’s eyes. But just as quickly, he scoffed and laughed. The onlookers reacted immediately, shouting for security, trying to forcibly silence Winnie and Charlotte.

Ethan suddenly raised a hand. “Who said I’m firing you? A little conflict between a boss and employees-does it really need this much drama?” Silence fell. The crowd froze. Even Winnie and Charlotte blinked in surprise. Ethan glanced at Charlotte, casually wiped the corner of his mouth with his fingertip, and said, “You’ve hit, you’ve yelled-I won’t hold it against you. If you want to resign, | won’t stop you.” Then he strode away. -- Once Ethan left, the crowd dispersed.

Apart from those who stayed out of deference to power, many employees came forward on their own to console Winnie and Charlotte. Ethan had never been beloved in the company, but at least he hadn't previously shown this level of arrogance. Without Khloe, he no longer felt the need to pretend. Charlotte didn't want to be a spectacle, so she took Winnie and left the office. Winnie, though surprised by how quickly events had escalated, immediately thought of the only person who could still help Morrison Group: Oscar. As a shareholder, Oscar was the only one who could rein in Ethan.

But Khloe had long positioned herself against him; even if he knew what was happening, he likely wouldn't intervene- unless... Michael went to plead with him. Michael was still in Jayelle City. His startup project in Goldmont had no investors, and thanks to an introduction from Khloe's friend Ralph, he was limited to collaborating with a small fledgling team. Perhaps the team members were top students from domestic and overseas universities, but Oscar didn't see potential-or perhaps he simply didn't want Michael back in Goldmont. Either -- way, he hadn't targeted Michael in recent days.

Winnie wasted no time. She called Michael immediately. Once Michael heard the news, he rushed back to Goldmont that very night, meeting Winnie to visit Oscar. Oscar had likely anticipated their arrival and instructed staff to close the gates. Michael and Winnie didn't leave-they waited silently outside the villa. Both kept their heads bowed; they knew exactly what Oscar expected. After a long pause, Winnie finally lifted her head. "Michael... maybe we should get a divorce." The night was bone-chilling, but Michael's expression remained calm and composed, warm in its clarity.

He said nothing at first. After a long moment, he gently removed his scarf and draped it around her neck. Then he reached out, brushing her cold ears with his hand. "So... eight o'clock tomorrow morning?" Winnie's eyes reddened, but she couldn't help a small, ironic laugh, a soft huff escaping her lips. Meanwhile, on the winding mountain road, an SUV sped through the darkness. -- Nick had just received word from Lucas: after Clarice was taken by the police, a suspicious car had left the vicinity of the Morrison family villa.

Lucas's team had followed, but the vehicle seemed to deliberately lead them on. He warned Nick not to act rashly and to return first. But in this moment, how could Nick heed caution? He hung up on Lucas and followed the car closely. The mountain road narrowed, flanked by open wasteland, every movement visible. To avoid alerting the other party, Nick ordered his team to stop nearby, leaving only his own car to tail the vehicle deep into the mountains.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 814

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 814 - Lucas knew Nick's temper all too well. His phone kept ringing, but Nick had already switched it off, gripping the wheel and pressing on alone. Ahead, the road was about to enter a desolate stretch. Lucas had few men to

spare, and even if the other party wasn't deliberately leading them into a trap, he wasn't willing to risk it without certainty. Nick understood. Lucas, though a friend, had to prioritize his subordinates. So halfway through, Nick made Lucas's team pull over and leave by the roadside. He had to go alone on this trip. Fire, blades, or traps—none of it mattered.

As long as Khloe was in danger, he wouldn't gamble on "what if." Over an hour later, exhaustion began to set in. Nick bit down hard on his palm until the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth. The sharp pain quelled the uncontrollable tremors shaking his body. Suddenly, the vehicle ahead disappeared into a narrow dirt trail. Nick accelerated, following swiftly. But in the next moment, the path ended abruptly. Before him stood an abandoned earthen building, looming in the black night. — A blinding light shot through his car window. Instinctively, he raised an arm to shield his face.

Moments later, someone stepped in front of the car. The glare was searing. Nick squinted, adjusting, until he could make out several men standing there—ordinary clothes, sturdy builds, faces obscured. No visible weapons, but each one was armored and unreadable. He drew a deep breath, swallowing the rising dizziness and discomfort clawing from within, then pushed the car door open and strode forward to meet them. The mountain wind cut cold across his pale cheeks, but his posture remained unwavering, exuding strength and control.

Even the men in front of him hesitated at the sight of a lone man moving forward without fear. "She's here?" Nick's voice was low, sharp. 1 The man in front laughed. "She? Who? Do we even know each other?" "Khloe. Where is she?" Nick repeated, quieter but no less commanding. It was obvious—they had lured him here intentionally. He seized the collar of the nearest man, voice steady but heavy — with authority. "Do whatever you want, but take me to her." The man in front stared for a long moment, then motioned to his companions.

Two stepped forward, confiscating Nick's phone and checking him for anything else. Once satisfied, they bound his arms behind his back. Nick went along with it calmly. Yet the oppressive force radiating from him unnerved the men handling him, and it took them an agonizing while to finish. Satisfied, the lead man gestured toward the blackened doorway of the earthen building. Inside, the ruin was worse than it appeared outside. Dust and mildew filled the air. Only one room deep on the first floor emitted a faint, flickering light through a gap in the door. The guides stopped, stepping aside.

Nick didn't hesitate and stepped in first. The dim room was empty. The instant he realized it, a chill ran down his neck—a sharp blade pressed against his throat. "The person you want to see is already dead. If you want to see her, you'll die with her," a cold voice said from behind. Nick tilted his eyes slightly. "Is that so? Then kill me. She's gone; — living on has no meaning." He didn't struggle. He even tilted his head back slightly, giving the blade a more precise angle against his throat. The man behind him paused, then let out a bitter laugh.

“I’ve seen many who pretend to be brave... but | have to admit, | respect your courage.”

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 815

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 815 – The blade inched forward half an inch, the sharp tip nearly piercing his skin. Pain spread faintly along his neck. Yet Nick didn’t flinch. His brow remained calm and unshaken. “As long as it’s what she wants to see... I’ll do it,” he said. The words left the men behind momentarily stunned. But before they could fully process his meaning, a violent shoulder strike slammed into one of them, sending a shock up his arm. His grip loosened, and in a flash, Nick pivoted. The dagger spun through the air, landing squarely in the hands of the man whose arms were bound behind him.

The ropes around Nick’s wrists had loosened without him noticing. Swiftly, he seized the dagger and lifted it, forcing the men behind him to stagger back, raising their hands to block. They expected him to attack. But before anything could happen, a sharp, piercing female voice cut through the air, “Nick!” Everyone froze at the sight. The dagger’s tip still pressed against Nick’s neck, a winding line of blood snaking down his pale skin. Moonlight streamed through a narrow window, casting his broad, upright silhouette across the dark room, stretching all the way to the woman’s feet.

— Khloe almost flew forward, stopping just in front of him. Their eyes met, and in that instant, Nick’s fingers relaxed. The dagger clattered to the floor. His lips curved faintly, eyes dark and stormy, lingering in shock for a moment before his body finally moved toward her—the person he had longed for day and night. But before he could reach her, before he could truly see her clearly, a fierce slap landed squarely across his face! The sharp sound echoed through the hollow earthen building. The force almost knocked him off balance.

His face twisted to the side, searing pain wrinkling his brow. Khloe’s hand hovered mid-air, trembling slightly. Her chest heaved violently. Her eyes burned red, filled with both furious anger and bottomless fear. A few seconds passed. Tears pooled in her eyes, but she stubbornly refused to let them fall. “Are you crazy? If you really want to die... don’t do it in front of me. | won’t bear being heartbroken again!” After so long apart, the person she had been desperate to see stood alive, unharmed, before her.

She thought she would feel nothing but joy and relief, content to have him back safely. — But in that moment, the days of worry, fear, and anger boiled over. She finally confronted the truth she had suspected all along: Nick had returned long ago, and he had been deliberately avoiding her. Khloe had wanted to test him—not just to see why he had hidden from her, but to make him pay a little. She had warned him once, long ago: Don’t lie to me. No matter what, don’t lie to me! Yet he had. Even more infuriating, he had seen through her ploy and responded in this way.

When one person says goodbye, it should only ever happen once. If he truly wanted to leave, he didn't need to make her suffer twice. Her words cut like knives, striking harder than the slap before, harsher than the wound on his neck, suffocating him. He looked at her- tearful, furious, brimming with emotion- and felt his heart tighten, his breath catching in his chest. "Khloe... I'm sorry..." Finally, his voice broke, hoarse and low. He reached out to touch her trembling shoulder- but Khloe stepped back sharply, avoiding him.

"Not every apology is worth forgiveness," she said, voice 'trembling but fierce. "Do you think every self-sacrificing act of -- yours is heroic? Right now... | hate you more than anything."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 816

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 816 - Khloe's voice grew colder, harder, each word edged with ice. Tears streamed down her cheeks, her eyes red and glimmering. Nick's gaze mirrored hers- equally bloodshot, equally intense. His brow furrowed as he took slow, deliberate steps toward her. The distance between them closed rapidly. Khloe instinctively wanted to look away, unsure how to face him, still raw from the whirlwind of emotions. In the next instant, Nick grabbed her wrist, yanking her forcefully toward him. His other arm wrapped tightly around her waist, trapping her completely in his embrace.

She struggled instinctively- but before she could push him away, his lips crashed onto hers. For a heartbeat, she froze. Then, instinctively, she slammed her fists against his chest. The harder she fought, the deeper he kissed her- fierce, relentless, as if madness had overtaken him. His tongue swept greedily and shamelessly over hers, tasting the coppery tang of blood from the cut inside his mouth. The metallic flavor made her flinch. And yet... despite the chaos, his presence grounded her. It -- brought a strange, steadying calm. Tears fell again, Not hers alone, but mingled with his.

They dripped along her lips, mixing with the bitter-sweet coppery taste of blood. The room seemed to shrink around them, and everyone nearby, sensing the intimacy of the moment, wisely retreated. The kiss stretched on as if time itself had slowed- a century of longing, of lost moments regained, of pain and regret and yearning compressed into one breathless instant. He pressed against her lips with overwhelming force, his tongue invading hers again and again, matching the rhythm of her breath, as though he wanted to consume every inch of her.

Their bodies slid with the shifting moonlight, brushing against a corner, knocking over an old wooden chair with a creak. Khloe was pinned beneath him, yet at the last moment, Nick's body shuddered, collapsing to the floor with her in his arms- utterly spent. Her hair was tousled, lips streaked in the moonlight, achingly beautiful and raw. He reached out, brushing her mouth gently, taking in her face, her features, every detail of her body. After

days of burning — longing, merely looking at her felt like a medicine for a long illness. He couldn't bear to look away. And she felt the same.

Her lips still carried the weight of anger and pride, her words had cursed him, vowed never to forgive-but in this moment, her heart softened beyond resistance. "Does it hurt?" Khloe's hand traced the small wound on his neck. It was barely a scratch, already beginning to scab, though the blood was still sticky. "No," he murmured, grasping her hand gently. "Are you doing this on purpose to tease me? You knew I'd come for you, and still you put on a show... why this?" Her voice was threaded with mock reproach, a flicker of anger tempered by relief.

Nick's mind was sharp; she knew she couldn't fool him. Yet she gambled on his care for her. Even without elaborate schemes, he would bite the bait. And he did. From the start, he had suspected Khloe was orchestrating it all. When Lucas informed him that Clarice had been taken by the — police, and someone near the Morrison villa had been deliberately drawing their pursuit, his suspicion solidified. If Clarice truly had captured Khloe, her people wouldn't be baiting them now. If she were also being manipulated, then the real architect... had to be Khloe herself.

Every subtle move, every carefully laid trace-it was all her design. And yet, seeing her here, alive, in his arms, all schemes forgotten, all he could feel was that deep, searing surge of relief and longing.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 817

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 817 – Of course, Nick was taking a gamble, too. If it was Khloe-if she had gone through all that, forcing him into this encounter-how could he possibly let her down? And if it weren't her... he would still throw himself into the fire without hesitation, willing to die by her side. "Khloe, | never meant to upset you," Nick said, voice tinged with anxiety. "I was just thinking... if you had people deliberately capture me, maybe it was because you were really mad at me. If letting you vent your anger means anything, I'd do it willingly- anything you wanted.

"Even if you wanted me to die... | would. Truly." But before he could finish, Khloe pressed her hand over his mouth, furious. "Who wants to hear that kind of truth? Even if we were divorced, even if we weren't together, | don't need you to die for me!" "Divorced..." Nick froze. Her words cut deeper than any threat of death could. Could it be ... over these past days, her feelings for him had cooled? Had she even considered divorcing him, walking away with a single strike? — "You... want to divorce me?" he asked, voice tight, disbelieving.

Khloe's surprise mirrored his own; the words had slipped out before she could stop them. But thinking of the past days-how she'd been consumed with longing for him, only for him

to deliberately avoid her-her remaining anger hardened. “I’ve said it before,” she said coldly, “I don’t like being deceived or betrayed. If you don’t want to continue with us, we can part amicably anytime... divorce works.” “When did I ever say I didn’t want to continue with you? Or that I wanted an amicable breakup?” Nick sat up, his chest tightening with the ache of each word.

His voice was calm, gentle, steady- but in that single line, he nearly choked on his own heartache. Khloe’s gaze flicked to him from the corner of her eyes, sensing that his expression was genuine-not an act. “You knew how worried I was about you... how desperate, how afraid I was... and yet you came back to Goldmont and still refused to see me,” she spat, hurt bleeding through her words. “Khloe, I-” “No. No excuse. None of it makes sense to me,” she cut him off sharply. In truth, she didn’t even need him to explain. She already knew -- why.

He had risked his life for her; there was no way he didn’t want to return to her side. But that was his nature-he would rather suffer, rather bear every wound himself than risk dragging anyone else down. Noah had told Khloe how grievously injured he had been. Though he now appeared fine by her side, she knew he had endured hardships far worse than hers. The tumor in his stomach was a silent anchor of fear. He had handed everything over to her, and when faced with life and death, he had let go without hesitation.

Khloe had turned the possibilities over in her mind countless nights-she realized he still wanted to push her away. He could give everything to love her, but he could never let her love him the same in return. Seeing that she refused to hear his excuses, Nick said nothing more. The facts remained: he had lied to her. He had avoided her. He had made her face the terror of possibly losing him a second time. That was his undeniable guilt. Yet, the fears and helplessness that haunted him-he could not bear to let her endure them too. “all I can do is say it again... ‘m sorry,” he whispered.

“I never -- thought of leaving you... unless... I die.” His voice was barely audible, low and restrained. No matter how selfless he was, he could not do what Khloe had demanded: truly let go. “Nick... I’m so angry. Truly, truly furious! I never thought you could treat me like this...” Her words still seethed with anger, but without realizing it, her voice grew smaller, softer, laced with hurt-and tears began to spill

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 818

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 818 - Nick fumbled, hastily wiping the tears from her cheeks. Frustration and guilt surged through him, and he grabbed Khloe’s hand, pounding it against his chest. “It’s my fault... I deserve this!” “You are not allowed to say that word again!” Khloe snapped, more anxious than before. He froze. She wrenched her hand free and shoved him, and he stumbled back against the wall. Silver moonlight spilled through the window, pooling over the two of them, their entwined forms caught in its glow. “Fine... I won’t say it,” he murmured, his gaze dark and heavy, brows furrowed.

Every piece of his heart felt fractured, shattered by a mixture of guilt and longing. “Nick, you are my husband.” Khloe leaned forward, her small frame pressing against his broad chest like a kitten climbing into its owner’s embrace. Yet, even through her reddened eyes, every word rang with authority, every syllable brimming with conviction. “I’ll say it again: what I want is a husband with blood in his veins, a man who feels pain, who gets tired, who needs me as much as — I need him.

Not a hero who only sacrifices himself, who can do everything, who makes me live in constant fear and unease. I’d rather not have that kind of love.” Nick’s body trembled. His pupils contracted sharply. He had never seen Khloe speak with such intensity, with such solemnity. He had never imagined that all his sacrifices-his endless devotion-could seem so cruel, so unbearable. He realized then, in the rawest way, that when it came to love, he was not as steadfast or courageous as he thought. He was not as brave as Khloe. “Khloe...

don’t not want me.” His voice was low, humble, buried in dust, yet utterly sincere. He had always believed in her, yet he had always been afraid- afraid that he could no longer stand at her side as before, to bear her burdens, to hold her steady. Khloe did not reply, but her gaze burned steadily into him. “You said ‘unless I die’... maybe that truly could have been the end between us. But it wouldn’t be life and death that separates us-it would be... the death of the heart.” The last few words fell lightly, yet they struck Nick like a hammer. “I won’t let your heart die for me.

I won’t let our ending be like — that.” He shook his head, pulling Khloe close, fingers digging into the nape of her neck, teeth gritted. His lips quivered. His hands trembled. His body, strained to the limit, finally betrayed him, and he tilted his head, coughing violently. “Are you okay? Are you hurt?” Khloe panicked, reaching to wipe the blood from his lips. He coughed again, a thin trickle of blood staining his mouth. “What’s happening? Are you in pain? Your stomach?” she asked frantically, voice trembling.

“We need to go to the hospital...” She moved to get up, but he yanked her back into his embrace, holding her tight. Nick looked at her, the corner of his mouth curving slightly. His face was pale, his eyes bottomless with exhaustion. “I’m fine. Seeing you... actually makes me feel better. Now, listen to me. I’ll explain everything about my condition, clearly, okay?” His words finally calmed her anger. Her lashes blinked, and she nodded obediently.

He traced her face with his fingers, following the paths of her tear-streaked cheeks, pressing lightly, as if trying to soothe the weight of the past days from her soul. — “My tumor is growing very slowly. It hasn’t worsened. Right now, I’m just a little uncomfortable... from being too tired. These past days, I didn’t come to see you because the treatment is painful. And... I couldn’t face you, or myself. “Even though I seem normal now... for a while, I was a wreck.”

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 819

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 819 – Khloe listened to Nick's words, and the calmer he spoke, the more violently the storm inside her heart raged. This time, he hid nothing. From Naraida to Goldmont, every detail, every experience, he told her everything. His words were light, almost casual, yet in just a few sentences, he laid bare his hardships, his thoughts, and the turmoil in his heart. And Khloe's chest ached with every word. Tears streamed down uncontrollably, slipping onto his fingers. "Why didn't you tell me sooner..." Her voice trembled.

She reached out, wanting to touch him-his arms, his limbs-but the moment she lifted his sleeve and glimpsed the jagged, protruding scars, she recoiled. She couldn't bear to look further. She had imagined... that his condition might be due to his body. But she had never expected it would be like this. Nick had been proud since childhood. She knew him well: composed on the outside, exacting, always appearing perfect, yet living inside with constant fear and unease. A man like him might accept death, perhaps, but he could hardly -- face his own fragility with ease.

Even if it were her in his place, she couldn't imagine being broken and still able to face the world. How could she demand him to be strong when even she sometimes doubted herself? When she despaired, she could still trust herself. But when he fell into despair, he lost hope even for himself. Emotion overtook her. She clung to him, closing her eyes, drowning in guilt and heartbreak. Nick's hand rested on her shoulder. His voice was deep, steady, yet heavy with emotion. "I understand. From now on... | really won't leave again. Khloe...

forgive me just this once..." 1 "Why are you so foolish?" Khloe's voice was hoarse, every word weak and pale. How had she ended up with such a fool? He could have defended himself, he could have tried to explain- but even battered and broken, on the verge of collapse, he only apologized, relentlessly, as if every step he took for her cost him agony. And yet... he bore it all with a childlike satisfaction, as if enduring it was pleasure itself. "I'm not foolish..." Nick whispered against her ear. "Because | know...

you would never not want me." Khloe knew he was teasing her, trying not to make her sad-but -- the lighter his tone, the more her heart ached. She sniffled, hugging him tighter, pressing herself against him, trying to warm his body, to ease his pain After a long moment, she cupped his pale face in her hands, pressing kisses to his forehead, lips, and cheeks, lingering over each one. "You really think... just because you're Nick Hunt, and | love you, you can do whatever you want?" He looked at her gently. Her tear-streaked face was breathtaking, heart-stoppingly beautiful.

He smiled softly, shaking his head. "No... you can. You really can." 1 Khloe slid her fingers behind his ear, gently stroking. "I don't want to get hurt again, and I'm afraid of being let

down, so | set strict rules for everyone... But now, there's an exception. That exception is you "With me... you can do as you please. Even if you hurt me, I'm giving you this chance. So don't be afraid. Don't tiptoe around anymore. Don't bear the pain alone, okay?" Nick hadn't expected her words. A warm surge rose in his throat.

No words could convey his gratitude, his relief-so he simply pressed a gentle kiss to her lips again.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 820

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 820 – Soon, Lucas arrived to pick them up. Nick and Khloe were still entwined inside the room, reluctant to part. The door was tightly shut. Lucas didn't barge in-he knocked politely to announce himself, then stepped outside with his men to wait. He knew this was a moment Nick would want to savor, and as a good friend, he didn't want to ruin it. Over the past few days, Lucas's impression of Nick had been completely overturned. He had thought Nick was like him-a cold, calculating man who placed profit above everything. He hadn't expected Nick to be so profoundly passionate.

Lucas also couldn't help but envy him. Finding someone who truly understands your heart in a lifetime is rare. And here they were, going to such lengths to finally be together. Khloe's resolve for Nick was equally steadfast. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, realizing something: Nick had come alone, fully aware of the risks, probably seeing through everything in advance. Heh. These two knew each other far too well. He had tried to advise Nick, but it would take Khloe herself to influence him.

— Even without meeting, they could read and counter each other perfectly, Inside the room, Nick and Khloe heard the noise outside. Someone had arrived. Nick ran his fingers through her hair. "Let me introduce a friend- his name's Lucas Clarke." "The one who saved you?" Khloe asked softly. "Yes. He was a former classmate. | honestly thought | might never see you again..." Nick's voice softened. "I'll have to thank him properly," Khloe said, watching the half of Nick's face bathed in shadow and light.

He had lost weight these days; the contours of his bones were sharp, his flesh sculpted like a masterpiece. Under the silver glow, he seemed ethereal, untouchable, like a recluse immortal. Nick smiled and nudged her nose. "No need. I'll thank him myself. | couldn't bear to let you get too close to another man." Curiosity got the better of her. "But... how did he find you so fast? Didn't you come here alone?" Khloe had confiscated Nick's phone precisely to prevent him from summoning help.

She wanted a private meeting, and there were still plans she needed to execute-she didn't want the police noticing. She wasn't even sure Nick had guessed it was — her, so she had made sure he was completely stripped of communication devices, even restrained. Yet, his

reinforcements were here. Nick regarded her calmly. “Guess.” “Tracker?” she asked, immediately getting up to check, tugging at his arm. His watch was gone, his coat removed when he entered, his pockets empty. Khloe searched quickly, and her sharp instincts caught it-Nick didn’t confirm or deny.

Her gaze followed the subtle nod of his head, landing on his chest. There weren’t many places on his body to hide a tracker. He wore only a thin, fitted black turtleneck sweater. Outside, it was cold, and Khloe had spared him the indignity of being stripped. She paused for a moment, then reached carefully, her hands lightly searching over his body. A few touches made him furrow his brow, sensing something was off. His Adam’s apple bobbed slightly as he caught her delicate fingers. His voice was low, restrained.

“..Khloe.” Khloe realized something too, but a mischievous glint appeared in her eyes. She didn’t stop entirely, letting her fingertips brush over the most sensitive, subtle spot on his chest. “Is it here...?” she murmured. — Everywhere else was clear. Only here, there was a small, hard object.