

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 971

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 971 – Noah's voice dropped even lower, each word drawing him closer, his whole body leaning in. Before Charlotte could respond, he gently bit her lips.

At the same moment, a sharp groan echoed through the spacious master bedroom of the villa.

Ethan struggled in front of the full-length mirror, carefully changing the dressing on his waist and abdomen. The wounds weren't deep, but the swelling was severe. Each dressing change required thorough cleaning, and the pain made him want to scream-or die.

'Never again in this life will I ever want to see a knife!' he thought, grimacing.

By the time the dressing was done, his face was as pale as paper, and sweat had soaked the hair at his temples. He couldn't shower because of the wounds, so he reluctantly wiped himself down with a towel, enduring every uncomfortable second.

His phone rang. Ethan glanced at the caller ID and quickly answered.

Immediately, Khloe's voice flowed into his ears. "How are you? I heard from Charlotte that she's with Noah now."

"She really treats you like family, huh? So quick to share the good news," he said, chuckling softly, though the reflection in the mirror betrayed the pain etched across his face.

For once, Khloe didn't tease him back. Her tone softened. "Are your injuries okay?"

Ethan had kept his injuries under wraps-he refused to show any weakness in front of Khloe. That day, he had already thrown caution to the wind, letting Noah and Charlotte be together. For him, that was giving up love entirely. Letting love slip through in Khloe's eyes-it felt like poetic justice.

Still, Khloe had someone keeping tabs on him, and she had known immediately when he made a late- night trip to the hospital. Even if no one reported, Ethan's actions-connecting Noah and Charlotte- would have worried her regardless.

"I'm fine. Just superficial cuts. More or fewer wounds don't make a difference."

He spoke lightly, yet his brow still twitched in disgust. The scars along his abdomen and lower back were unsightly, he wondered if cosmetic treatment could reduce them, so future intimacies wouldn't require turning off the lights.

“Did you know her father was targeting her? That’s why you arrived on time to save her,” Khloe asked.

She had already checked with the police and confirmed Charlotte’s version of events via phone. Her information showed Ethan had acted immediately to save Charlotte, though Charlotte had only said Noah rescued her. Clearly, Ethan had gone to great lengths.

“I noticed someone tailing Charlotte occasionally. I wasn’t sure, so I waited for the right opportunity to play hero.”

1/2

Chapter 871

+25 Bonus

During the days Charlotte cared for him, Ethan always watched her from the windowsill whenever she came or went. Once, he saw someone acting suspiciously behind her. That triggered his alert.

On her way home later, he had his bodyguards follow discreetly, worried something might happen. After a while, nothing unusual occurred, and he thought perhaps he had overreacted.

As for last night, Charlotte left work late, so Ethan took on the role of her bodyguard.

Noah had already decided to stay in Goldmont City. Ethan and he had agreed that Noah would first

handle the remaining loose ends before reapproaching Charlotte. It was a careful, prudent plan, ensuring Charlotte wouldn’t be disappointed.

But fate, it seemed, had other ideas-and once again, Ethan ended up as the anonymous hero.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 972

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 972 – Luckily, Noah had arrived just in time.

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“Were you just merely playing the hero saving the damsel, or was it simply irresistible feelings?” Khloe couldn’t help teasing. She had been at odds with Ethan for so long that she knew him well enough. After all, the more lies one tells, the harder it is to speak the truth-especially when no one believes it anyway.

“Khloe, can you stop kicking me when I’m down?” Ethan muttered.

“Thank you,” Khloe said softly. Two simple words, yet they sent a warm surge through his chest, leaving his eyes oddly stinging.

Ethan swallowed hard, unable to speak. He lingered in silence for a moment before giving a perfunctory reply and hanging up.

Khloe, feeling a touch wistful, put her phone away and pushed open the hospital room door.

Inside, Nick had just finished his IV infusion, surrounded by the attending medical team and two nurses. His treatment plan had already been determined.

The hospital had access to a new experimental cancer drug that hadn’t yet reached full maturity. A complete, approved release might take at least ten more years. However, early clinical trials suggested this breakthrough drug had about a thirty percent chance of fully curing Nick’s current gastric tumor.

But high reward carried high risk. The drug’s aggressiveness, combined with variability in patient response, meant there was a twenty percent chance it could worsen his condition in unpredictable ways. Overall, though, the likelihood of a positive outcome slightly outweighed the risk.

Khloe and Nick had come to the hospital seeking a true cure. Conservative treatment could control the disease for a while, but Nick had already begun experiencing discomfort. Even if symptoms could be managed temporarily, he would suffer immensely.

Even so, the moment this plan was proposed, Khloe immediately opposed it. The risk seemed too great.

Nick, however, was resolute. He was willing to try the drug, even facing a twenty percent chance of deterioration.

Khloe spent an entire day and night negotiating with him. In the end, she conceded. She knew his mind well-he would rather die decisively than endure a prolonged, miserable existence.

If she insisted, he might compromise-but if her love demanded forcing the person she cared for to live a life they did not want, then her love would be far too fragile.

To minimize risk, the medical team devised a cautious, middle-ground approach. They would start with the lowest effective dose for three days, observing how Nick's tumor responded to the drug. If results were favorable, full treatment would proceed, and any adverse reactions could be promptly addressed.

Seeing Khloe enter, the doctor immediately handed her the day's medication report. Because it was experimental, each day's dosage and observed reactions required signatures from both Nick and Khloe.

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Khloe glanced at the waiver. She knew it was routine, yet her chest tightened slightly.

"The drug works by activating the patient's immune system to attack the tumor," the doctor explained. "But everyone's immune response is different. Some will be successfully activated; some will not."

"And if the worst happens, can it be reversed?" Khloe asked.

"We can only hope it doesn't come to that," the doctor said.

Khloe's mind replayed the doctor's earlier explanation. She quickly signed the form, then looked up. "It's the first day-should everything go smoothly?"

"We'll know after three days," the doctor reminded her. Though this had been explained before, he

repeated it carefully for clarity.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 973

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 973 – At that moment, Nick had already swung his legs over the side of the bed and walked over to Khloe. Draped in his coat, he still looked a little pale from the infusion, but the moment his eyes met hers, there was a light there despite his exhaustion.

Seeing Khloe's hesitant expression, he gently took her hand, his voice softening even further. "Let's go."

She glanced at him, touched his slightly cool cheek, and helped him straighten his coat before handing the signed report back to the doctor.

"Thank you all. I really appreciate your hard work."

Though a simple courtesy, Khloe spoke with utmost sincerity, even giving a small bow. The team responded warmly, reassuring her not to be so formal.

Nick drew her into his embrace, his gaze steady and his breath faintly brushing her brow. "I really feel okay. Don't worry."

"Mm," she replied, nodding. Words failed her, so she simply pressed a gentle kiss to his lips.

At the hospital entrance, the car was already waiting. The assistant opened the door and escorted them back to their nearby residence. Though only a few minutes' drive, Khloe's silence stretched the time.

Suddenly, Nick's hand tightened around hers. She instinctively looked at him.

"How's Charlotte?" he asked unexpectedly.

He rarely inquired about others, and Khloe knew he was trying to divert attention from himself-the real

patient.

"Ethan exceeded my expectations this time. Still, I hope Charlotte and Noah can find happiness."

Khloe summarized the situation while leaning against him.

“They will. Lovers always find happiness.”

She lifted her hand, which he still held tightly, and called his name softly.

“Nick-”

“What is it?”

She tilted her gaze toward him. His face was pale, his lips a little dry, but the strength of his hand was steady as ever, betraying no sign of discomfort.

“What were you thinking during the infusion today?” she asked.

Without hesitation, he replied, “Thinking of you.”

“Thinking of me... what?”

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Chapter 873

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A small smile tugged at his lips as his eyes rested on her forehead. The sunset streamed through the car window, catching the curve of her eyes. Beneath them, faint shadows hinted at her sleepless nights these past two days—slightly weary, yet still beautiful.

“I thought of how you must have tossed and turned last night, unable to sleep. And how worried you’ve been... it pains me, and it pains our child too.”

Khloe froze, realizing only moments later that he wasn’t speaking in romantic words—he was gently reminding her. She quickly turned her face away. “This is a critical time. Don’t worry about me.”

“Who else would I care about if not you?” he murmured, tightening his grip just slightly.

Outside, by the artificial lake beside their villa, a few swans glided across the water. When Khloe and Nick stepped out of the car, the birds had swum close, ripples reflecting the sunlight in sparkling

patterns.

“They’re still together,” Khloe whispered.

Nick followed her gaze. He had seen these swans before. When they first arrived in Swinterland, Khloe had been delighted to show him the pairs of black swans, a rare and special sight.

“You love them so much,” he said. “When we return, we’ll raise a few at Cloud Palace too.”

Khloe shook her head. “It’s not about keeping them. I just... Seeing them always together feels reassuring.

Nick understood the deeper meaning behind her words. Unsure how to respond, he simply drew her firmly into his side, holding her close.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 974

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 974 – Back home, the housekeeper had already finished simmering the nourishing soup.

These past few days, Nick had been on medication, and to avoid any adverse reactions, every meal had been carefully prepared according to the doctor’s instructions.

After a quick word with the housekeeper, Khloe led him upstairs to their room. She helped him out of his clothes and into pajamas before carefully lifting his arm to inspect it.

“Did the injection hurt?” she asked.

Nick let her examine his arm, turning it gently in her hands, a faint curve tugging at his lips.

“No.”

Khloe didn’t reply, though it was clear she didn’t fully believe him. The doctor had warned that the medicine was strong enough to warrant painkillers, which had been prepared but ultimately avoided to preserve the drug’s effectiveness.

Her gaze lingered on the tiny puncture on the back of his hand. The surrounding skin had darkened into a large, swollen bruise, marring the beauty of his hand.

She brushed her fingers over it lightly and tightened her grip around his knuckles.

“Don’t worry. I really don’t feel pain,” he said.

Khloe remained silent, continuing to study his hand for a long while. Nick drew her into his arms and, with utmost care, lifted her face to press a few gentle kisses to her, smoothing her furrowed brows.

Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, her heart aching with love and concern for him. (1

Downstairs, the housekeeper had prepared dinner. The table held a few simple, light dishes and a pot of stew. Khloe ladled a bowl of soup and placed it in front of him.

“Start with the soup.”

Nick obediently took a spoonful.

“How is it?” she asked.

“Pretty good,” he replied,

Watching him eat, Khloe noted that his rhythm was calm, just like always-unhurried and deliberate. But she knew that the food tasted like nothing to him. One of the side effects of the medication was a dulled

sense of taste.

He didn’t complain, and she didn’t ask further. Instead, she continued to serve him little bites, patiently accompanying him through the meal.

Afterward, Nick leaned back on the sofa to rest. Khloe sat beside him, flipping through the pregnancy

1/2

+25 Bonus

guide while chatting softly.

“What page are you on?” he asked.

She glanced at the cover. “Page 137.”

“Wasn’t it 137 last night?”

Khloe blinked. “You... remember that?”

Nick didn't answer. He just smiled. Turning, he took the book from her hands and gently placed his own over her belly, silently feeling.

A few seconds passed, and then-a subtle, fluttering movement.

Nick's hand froze.

"Looks like the baby is saying hello?" His voice was soft, tinged with disbelief and wonder. "Did you feel

that?"

Khloe did feel it-the faint, bubble-like flicker from deep within her abdomen, small but full of life.

"Yes," she nodded, a gentle smile finally touching her lips.

Nick's eyes returned to her belly. His large hand stayed in place, hesitant to move, as if afraid of disturbing something precious. He simply stayed still, quietly sensing, until after a long moment, he whispered, "She's ignoring me again."

Khloe laughed, placing her hand over his.

"A hello is enough. She's probably just trying to see her dad sooner, working hard in her own quiet way."

Nick was silent for a moment, then leaned down, resting his face lightly against her belly, closing his eyes. The last rays of sunset streamed through the window, casting a soft golden glow across his gaunt profile.

"All right... Daddy wants to see you soon too," he murmured.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 975

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 975 - Khloe reached out, fingers lightly tracing through Nick's hair.

“Nick,” she paused awhile before speaking again, her voice soft, “the three of us-our little family-we will always be together.”

Nick echoed her words gently, “Yes. The three of us will always be together.”

Three days-neither long nor short, yet to Khloe, it stretched on like a century.

Every day, Nick followed his hospital routine meticulously: injections on schedule, medications administered on time, check-ups attended punctually, forcing himself to eat enough, forcing himself to rest. Every detail executed to perfection.

What looked simple was anything but. It was grueling.

Yet, whenever Khloe asked how he felt, he would just smile faintly. “I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

She knew better. The side effects were already setting in.

His appetite waned. Even the blandest porridge was often left half-finished.

Night brought restless sleep. He would sometimes wake abruptly, linger in the bathroom for long stretches, then return quietly, watching her as she slept until he fell asleep again.

But he never said a word. Khloe never pressed him.

Between them, an unspoken understanding had formed. He shielded her from worry; she pretended not to notice, wiping away tears in private and acting as if nothing had happened.

Finally, on the evening of the third day, the hospital called.

“Mrs. Hunt, the results from Mr. Hunt’s first stage of medication have come in. Please come to the hospital tomorrow morning. We’ll review the follow-up treatment plan in person.”

The doctor’s voice was calm and professional, betraying no emotion.

Khloe’s grip on the phone tightened slightly, but her voice remained steady. “Understood. We’ll be there first thing tomorrow. Thank you.”

After hanging up, she turned to Nick, who sat on the sofa, eyes deep and still, as if he had already passed through some inner calm.

“The results are in?” she asked.

“Yes. Tomorrow morning, we’ll go see them at the hospital.”

She sat beside him, her voice trembling faintly as her body instinctively leaned into him, seeking comfort.

1/2

Chap 175

+25 Bonus

Nick draped an arm around her shoulder and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. “Don’t worry. I feel fine now. There shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Mm,” she replied, nodding silently.

They stayed like that, quietly together, the air heavy but warmed by an undercurrent of intimacy. Outside, night deepened, and the distant city lights flickered softly.

The next morning, they arrived at the hospital promptly.

The familiar conference room awaited them. The full medical team was present, yet this time, the doctor’s expression carried a new weight-cautious, layered with a complexity Khloe could not immediately read.

“Please have a seat.”

The doctor spread a thick report across the table and adjusted his glasses.

“The results from the three-day low-dose observation have been finalized.”

Under the table, Khloe’s fingers tightened around Nick’s hand. He returned the squeeze, steady and reassuring.

“Based on the monitoring of Nick’s tumor markers over the past three days, as well as his body’s response to the medication, we have reached a conclusion.”

The doctor paused, letting his gaze sweep over them both.

“The results are...”

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 976

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 976 - "The results are positive."

Before the attending doctor could speak, another physician interjected. His words cut through the tense silence like sunlight breaking through clouds, letting the heavy hearts of Khloe and Nick finally settle.

"The tumor cells show a marked decrease in activity, and the inflammatory response in surrounding tissues has eased. Nick's body tolerated the medication better than we expected, with no signs of rejection or deterioration."

"So that means..." Khloe glanced at the attending doctor.

The doctor hesitated, his expression cautious, but with the other doctor's words, he had little choice but

to continue.

"In other words, we can now proceed with full-scale treatment. Nick has a very good chance of being

cured."

Khloe's lips curved into a radiant smile as she turned to Nick.

His face remained calm, but the serene depths of his eyes betrayed a subtle, uncontainable ripple of emotion. The tight grip he held on Khloe's hand relaxed slightly, a small smile tugging at his lips.

After a moment, both of them thanked the medical team in unison.

Eagerly, Khloe asked the attending doctor, "When can the next stage of treatment begin?"

The doctor hesitated again. "We'll first design a more detailed treatment plan for Nick. As for the timing, we'll notify you after our meeting."

Khloe was so elated she didn't notice the faint tension lingering on the doctor's face. Once the couple left, the attending physician immediately called the other doctor over and convened an emergency

meeting.

"What are you hesitating for? The results are positive. We should start medication immediately."

“Although the results are positive, one cell response indicator is close to the warning threshold...”

Finally, the attending physician voiced his concern. The three-day trial had looked promising, but one key measurement was unsettlingly high. By protocol, the plan should have been paused.

But the other doctors disagreed. The risk was low enough to be negligible, and the patient’s receptor response was unusually good. For the sake of the hospital and the patient, abandoning the plan seemed unnecessary. Moreover, the informed consent had already acknowledged and accepted higher risks.

Back at home, Khloe felt the heavy weight pressing on her chest lift entirely. She gave the housekeeper half a day off and personally cooked for Nick, a small celebration of their relief.

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Arista called, with Loretta listening nearby. Upon hearing Khloe report that everything went smoothly, George’s laughter carried through the line. The warmth and support from her family immediately replenished Khloe’s spirits.

Arista even remotely guided Khloe in cooking her specialty: a pork trotter stew.

But compared to Khloe’s outward enthusiasm, Nick’s joy was subtle. He briefly appeared in the video call before heading to the side to help with prep work. Once Khloe finished speaking with her family, he returned, wrapping her in his arms, refusing to let go.

“Go shower and rest. I’ll take over the kitchen. Soon, you’ll have something delicious waiting.”

“What am I supposed to do? I don’t want to be apart from you even for a second,” Nick murmured, his eyes half-lidded and darkly mischievous, like sparks ready to ignite.

Khloe’s cheeks flushed. She looped her arms around his neck, pressed a kiss to his nose, then playfully nudged his chest.

“Be good.”

“No.”

Nick didn't loosen his hold. Instead, he leaned down, resting his chin in the hollow of her shoulder, like a child clinging and teasing.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 977

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 977 - Khloe felt a ticklish brush against her back and turned her head to dodge him, but the corner of her lips betrayed her with a smile. She knew Nick was happy today. These past few days had weighed on him as heavily as on her, yet he'd remained calm and composed-for her.

It seemed the baby had something to say...

"Well, over here... don't disturb me in the kitchen. Tonight, I'm going to show off a little!"

With Nick so clingy, Khloe could only give in.

"Okay."

Finally, he released her.

In the kitchen, Khloe turned and set about her tasks.

Nick, showing a keen sense of timing, helped where he could-handing her ingredients, passing utensils -but whenever an opportunity arose, he'd sneak closer to tease her. Sometimes it was a nuzzle to her cheek, other times a gentle press against her lower back.

Whenever Khloe noticed, he'd flash an innocent look, as if it were purely accidental.

"Nick!"

Frustrated but amused, Khloe raised her spatula, still smeared with sauce, as if to swat him. "Keep fooling around, and there won't be any dinner for you tonight!" 1

Nick dodged, then reached out to spin her into his arms, pinning her gently against the counter.

“Khloe,” he said suddenly, voice soft and warm, “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

The unexpected confession made her heart skip a beat. Her spatula hovered mid-air, and a drip of sauce almost landed on his shoulder. She murmured the words, glancing down just in time to see the stew bubbling over.

“Let go!”

Nick was faster; he turned off the stove. The pork trotter stew released a fragrant steam.

Khloe stirred the pot, finishing the last touches, and finally looked at him. His gaze, intense and drenched in devotion, locked onto her face.

“Nick, am I really that good-looking? Can you stop staring at me?”

“You’re beautiful. The more I look, the more beautiful you are,” he said. “From now on, I’m going to cherish every moment I can watching you.”

1/2

Chapter 977

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Khloe laughed, teasing. “Cherish every moment? You worried you won’t be able to see me later?”

The words escaped before she could stop herself. Nick’s eyes darkened briefly, then softened again. He pinched her cheek lightly.

“You’re right-I’m afraid that when I’m old, and we’ve passed the honeymoon phase, you’ll get tired of me staring at you, and I won’t be allowed to watch.”

“I’d never get tired of you,” she muttered softly and turned back to stir the vegetables, voice low as if talking to herself, “Even if I had to look at you forever, I’d never get bored.”

A low chuckle came from behind her. Her waist tightened as Nick wrapped his arms around her again, snug and unwilling to let go.

“Khloe,” he murmured, “can you say those three words again? I really want to hear them today.”

“I love you.” Khloe pressed her lips together, obediently repeating the words, then turned her head and left a soft kiss at the corner of his mouth. “Nick, I love you.”

The smile in his eyes nearly spilled over. He gently took the spatula from her hand and set it aside, then turned her to face him and traced her lips with his.

Nick’s kisses were always tender and confident, able to stir passion yet gentle and precise. Even in the heat of their intimacy, there was a careful softness, a fluid grace.

Nearly an hour passed before the meal was ready. By the time the dishes were set on the table, night had fully settled outside.

The table held a modest spread: Arista’s remotely guided pork trotter stew, Khloe’s stir-fried vegetables, and the steak that Nick insisted on cooking himself-visually unremarkable, yet surprisingly delicious.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 978

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 978 – “Try this.” Khloe placed a piece of pork trotter into Nick’s bowl. “Mom’s secret recipe.”

Nick immediately leaned over to taste it. “Not bad.”

“Right?”

“You make everything taste amazing.”

Khloe smiled, satisfied, and added another helping to his plate.

“Eat more. Get your strength back. No more losing weight, understand?” she murmured softly.

Nick’s movements faltered mid-bite, a quiet, indescribable contentment swelling in his chest, almost ready to burst. His eyes felt warm-he was happy, yet on the verge of tears.

So this was... happiness. Pure, unshakable happiness. 1

After dinner, Nick took the initiative to clean up the dishes, not allowing Khloe to lift a finger. She leaned against the kitchen doorway, watching his broad back as he moved between sink and counter.

“What are you looking at?” he asked, head still down.

“Looking at my husband, who is extremely handsome,” she admitted openly.

She stepped closer, wrapping her arms around his waist from behind, pressing her cheek to his back.” I’m so lucky.”

Nick’s lips curved upward. He continued washing the dishes, occasionally arching his back to press against her, letting her hold him.

Once everything was tidied, they settled onto the sofa. Nick picked up the pregnancy guide and flipped to the page they’d been on.

“Page one thirty-eight,” he said. “You were asleep last night, so I turned an extra page for you.”

Khloe laughed. “So reliable. Should I let you handle prenatal reading too?”

“Sure,” Nick nodded. “I’ll read the baby the financial news every day-train their business mind from birth.”

“Stop!” Khloe interrupted immediately. “Don’t push our baby too hard. What if they don’t want to go into business?”

“Then what should I read?”

“Read... fairy tales?”

Nick paused for two seconds, as if genuinely weighing the idea, then nodded. “Okay. But pick the ones with some depth.”

Khloe laughed again. The cold-faced CEO in public, and yet so sweet and thoughtful in private.

1/3

Chapter 971

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“Honestly, knowledge isn’t everything. I just want our child to grow up healthy and happy. Being happy matters more than being the best,” she said.

Nick listened, tilting his head to watch her resting on his shoulder. The warm lamp light softened her features; her lips carried a gentle smile, her eyes brimming with quiet hope for the future.

“Happy, then,” he murmured, repeating her words as if savoring them.

Khloe nodded. “Yes. I want our baby to do what they want, without carrying so much, without being as burdened as you’ve been...”

Nick went quiet for a moment, then pulled her closer.

“I think I finally know why I love you so much,” he said.

“Hmm?”

Khloe lifted her head, meeting his deep, steady gaze.

His eyes were calm yet tender, especially when they looked at her.

“Because you have what I’ve always longed for,” he said slowly. “You notice the smallest joys in life. You keep your heart soft even in the hardest times. You’ve shown me that living isn’t just about duty and goals-it’s about... warmth.”

Khloe’s heart melted, but she teased lightly, “Is that a compliment for me, or a compliment for your taste?”

”

Nick chuckled softly. “Both.”

Their conversation drifted into tender murmurs, and soon the pregnancy guide was set aside. Night deepened around them. Khloe grew sleepy, curling up against Nick, and soon they were both asleep on

the sofa.

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Chapter 978

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 979

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 979 - Listening to the steady rise and fall of the breaths against his chest, Nick felt a warmth seep through his

heart.

The past few days, Khloe had not been able to fall asleep early. So falling asleep like this was rare for her.

After a while, he gently freed the arm she had draped over him and carefully lifted her horizontally into his embrace. She stirred slightly, murmuring a soft, unintelligible sound, then sank deeper into sleep.

Nick smiled and carried her upstairs.

The bedroom was dark. By the faint glow filtering in from the hallway, he laid her on the bed, pulled the covers over her, and leaned down to press a kiss to her lips.

"Khloe, I love you."

She, of course, could not hear him.

But being with her, he could never hold it in.

He smiled and was about to climb into bed when an unexpected, metallic-sweet taste surged in his

chest. It came suddenly, violently-he had no time to suppress it. 1

He lurched upright, staggering toward the bathroom, and as soon as he bent over the sink, blood gushed

out.

Blood splattered across the white porcelain basin, shocking in its intensity. 1

Nick gripped the sink's edge, gasping for air.

In the mirror, his face was pale to the point of alarm. Cold sweat beaded across his forehead. The gentle warmth that usually lingered in his eyes at night had vanished, replaced by raw, restrained pain.

Hands trembling, he turned on the faucet, letting the rushing water wash away the shocking red.

What was happening? Wasn't the medication supposed to be working? Could this be a side effect?

He gritted his teeth, recalling the doctor's warnings about potential reactions, and clung to that sliver of

reassurance.

But the nausea surged again, and blood crawled up his throat.

He coughed violently, covering his mouth to avoid waking Khloe.

The blood was so abundant it seeped through his fingers, looking horrific in the mirror.

Nick's chest tightened with despair.

This couldn't be just a side effect...

After vomiting for what felt like an eternity, all his strength drained away.

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Chapter 079

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He tried to return to the bedroom, but his vision blurred, his legs no longer supporting him. His body sank, collapsing to the floor.

Consciousness began to slip away...

At four a.m., Khloe slept deeply, so soundly she didn't even notice herself shifting. But suddenly, a jolt ran through her, and her eyes snapped open.

The bedroom was silent. Moonlight filtered softly through the curtains.

Instinctively, she reached to the side-

Empty. Cold.

Nick wasn't there.

Suddenly wide awake, she sprang from the bed and switched on the bedside lamp.

His clothes were still draped over the bench at the foot of the bed, but his slippers were gone.

"Nick?" she called, her voice tight, but no response came.

She threw on a coat and rushed out of the bedroom.

The villa was eerily quiet. The living room was dark; the sofa was empty; the kitchen lights were off. 1

No sign of him anywhere, upstairs or down.

Her heart raced. A nameless unease gripped her chest like a tightening hand.

She spun back toward the bedroom, then remembered the bathroom tucked in the corner of the suite.

She rushed over. The light was on, and the door was slightly open.

"Nick?"

Her voice trembled as she pushed the door open-and then she froze.

He was slumped against the wall beneath the sink, unconscious, his skin ashen gray, drained of all

color. He looked lifeless.

One hand lay on the floor, palm up-covered in dark, stark red blood.

"Nick!" 1

Her mind went blank. A deafening buzz filled her ears, and she went ice-cold.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 980

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 980 – One hour later, Khloe stood outside the emergency room, eyes fixed on the light above the door. She didn't blink, afraid that if she looked away for even a second, it might go out.

She forced herself to stay calm, but her mind was a chaotic storm of thoughts.

Her phone vibrated suddenly.

It was a message from Arista: [We'll be there in twelve hours.]

When Nick had been rushed in, his condition had already been critical. The hospital immediately issued

a critical condition notice, requiring family members to be notified and to sign consent forms.

Torn and anxious, Khloe had called Arista.

What if...

They had a right to see him one last time.

Yet in her mind, she was still trapped in the image of Nick, utterly lifeless, being wheeled into the emergency room. She wished, more than anything, that this was just a nightmare.

Had fate decided that happiness was never meant to last? That those who were too happy would always be torn apart?

"Nick," she whispered, her hand gently resting on her belly. "You promised that the three of us would always be together. You can't go back on your word."

A sliver of light crept in through the window at the end of the hallway. Dawn had come. But in her world, everything was still shrouded in darkness.

Meanwhile, in Goldmont City.

"Mr. Fox, Miss Talois, this villa offers a spectacular view. You can overlook the entire city, and directly across, you can see Cloud Palace. It's just ten minutes' drive to Cloud Palace Garden, a national-level park with pristine ecology," the sales manager explained meticulously.

This was an ultra-luxurious, high-end villa, built by the same design and construction team as Cloud Palace. Every standard, every specification, mirrored Cloud Palace's.

Even more, it had been completed after Cloud Palace, so its facilities were newer.

The only thing it lacked was Cloud Palace's fame and sheer scale. Everything else was better.

"In that case, let's take this one," Trey said softly, turning to wrap an arm around the woman at his side, eyes seeking her approval. "What do you think?"

"I love it! It's perfect," Ariana said with a sweet smile. "And honestly, as long as you like it, I'm happy with

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it too."

+25 Bonus

The sales manager couldn't hide her excitement. Today, she had truly hit the jackpot.

They had come through a middleman and specifically requested a villa on par with Cloud Palace.

At first, she had thought they were media trying to capitalize on Nick and Khloe's recent wedding buzz- after all, the couple's marriage had been all over Goldmont City, and Cloud Palace was frequently featured in news reports.

With the public's fascination, media teams had flocked just to capture the villa's grandeur. But a villa matching Cloud Palace's layout? There was only this one, and its price had soared to match Cloud Palace's. Only a handful of people in the country could afford it.

Once the contract was signed, the sales manager immediately arranged the paperwork and ordered the villa to be cleaned and prepared according to their specifications.

With the villa secured, Trey and Ariana were whisked away by their driver to a newly completed office

building.

They had only arrived in Goldmont City the night before, but their team had already set up the company in advance.

The office was located in the new financial district. Land here was priceless, and without status, no one

could rent space in the building.

Trey had chosen it for its location: the building sat strategically between the Hunt Group and the Morrison Group offices, forming a surrounding layout.

Upon arrival, the assistant and staff led them to the top-floor executive office.

The panoramic, luxurious office made even Trey pause, momentarily caught off guard by the sheer grandeur.

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