

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 981

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 981 – The old Fox Group office he had painstakingly expanded seemed almost laughable compared to this.

Trey stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing at the city skyline beneath him. A faint, self-deprecating smile curved his lips. (1)

He had once poured every ounce of energy into the Fox Group, believing that was the pinnacle he could ever reach. Yet now, standing here and looking back, it all felt absurd.

“What are you thinking about?” Ariana asked, holding a file, following his gaze out the window.

Trey looped an arm around her, his expression calm. “Nothing much. Just reminding myself.”

“Reminding yourself of what?”

“Why I lost back then,” he said quietly.

A shadow crossed Ariana's eyes, and a hint of tenderness softened her tone. “Everything that you lost... starting today, I'll help you take it back.”

Trey bent down and kissed her forehead, then pointed to two buildings in the distance.

The Hunt Group headquarters on the left, the Morrison Pharmaceutical tower on the right.

One on each side, like two silent giants, looming over the heart of the city. And now, they stood right in

the middle.

“This is what they call a ‘pincer formation,’” Trey said. “High on both sides, low in the middle. The energy gets trapped. It's hard to rise.”

Ariana frowned. “Then why choose this spot?”

“Exactly because it's a pincer formation,” he replied, turning to her with a glint of steel in his eyes. “If you can withstand the pressure, you become the center. If not... you're crushed.”

Ariana leaned into his embrace, whispering, “My parents' support will arrive soon. The regulators, health authorities, business contacts... all the necessary calls have been made. Don't worry. This time, no one will bully you again.”

Trey bent and kissed the top of her head. “Thank you, Ariana.”

She smiled and pointed toward the Morrison Pharmaceutical building. “That’s Khloe’s company, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” he said. “Morrison Pharmaceutical is Goldmont City’s leading enterprise. With her controlling both the Morrison and Hunt families’ companies, she’s truly the city’s top CEO.”

Ariana tilted her head shyly, eyes glimmering. “There’s an old saying: ‘The higher you climb, the harder you fall.’ What if one day that building has our name on it... how do you think Khloe will react?”

“I don’t know,” Trey admitted, a trace of mystery in his gaze. “But I’d like to see it.”

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Chapter og

+25 Bonus

Their eyes met, affection spreading silently between them, and they shared a brief, lingering kiss.

Then Trey took the file from Ariana. All the company documents and articles of association were ready. Now, the only thing left to decide was the company’s name.

“What should we call it? Shall we keep it Fox Group?” Ariana asked thoughtfully.

Trey shook his head. “Fox Group is dead,” he said matter-of-factly, as if it were nothing to him. “Once dead, there’s no need to resurrect it.”

Ariana said nothing, watching him.

Trey flipped through the dense legal documents, finally resting on the topmost blank space labeled Company Name.

“Let’s call it ‘Olympus,” he said suddenly.

“Olympus?” Ariana echoed, puzzled.

“The home of the gods,” he explained softly. “Built in the sky to look down on the world.”

He paused, a knowing smile curling his lips.

“They claim to stand at the highest point, don’t they? Then I’ll build one higher-above their heads.”

Ariana let the words roll in her mind, her eyes lighting up.

“Olympus...” she murmured. “It’s beautiful... and powerful.”

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 982

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 982 – Trey turned back toward the window, eyes fixed on the two distant towers.

“Hmph. When Olympus rises, the Hunt and Morrison Groups will finally understand what it means to be at the top and yet feel the chill.”

Ariana stepped closer, wrapping her arms around his waist from behind, resting her cheek against his

back.

“Perfect,” she said softly. “Let’s call it Olympus.”

Trey reached back, grasping her hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze.

That afternoon, in Amadea Prison, Goldmont City.

Trey sat in the visitation room, a thick glass partition separating him from the world on the other side.

The door opened, and Clarice was escorted in.

This was, in fact, their first formal meeting.

Trey had heard her name before-back when Ethan had extended a hand in the past-but he had never expected that even a woman as formidable in the business world as Clarice would ultimately lose to

Khloe.

Now, stripped of her glamorous appearance, she looked worn and haggard, almost unrecognizable compared to the polished photos he had seen online.

Half her hair had turned gray, she wore the prison's dull gray vest, and her eyes, tired and cold, were shrouded in an unfathomable frost.

She seemed surprised to see Trey, though her face betrayed little emotion.

"Trey? I didn't expect you here. I heard you'd already left Goldmont City?" Her voice came through the phone, slightly distorted, yet still carrying that composed, measured tone.

Trey didn't bother with pleasantries. "Clarice, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. I think we can work together."

Clarice smiled faintly.

"Look at me now. I'm in prison. How could I be of help?"

"You know," Trey replied evenly. "You have something I want."

Clarice fell silent for a few seconds before smiling wryly. "And how do I know that if I help you, I'll get what I'm owed?"

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Chapter 90

+25 Bonus

She understood exactly what he wanted. The Morrison family's business empire, their long-standing partners, confidential commercial and even personal information-handed over to Trey, it would be the sharpest weapon against Khloe.

But what she wanted in return, he might not be able to give.

"If I win, I'll find a way to get you out," Trey said calmly.

Clarice looked at him and couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

"You?"

Trey pressed his lips together, then showed her the registration information for his company. "I'm back in Goldmont City now, with resources you can't imagine. Believe it or not, your choice. But you're not the only partner I can find."

Her gaze shifted, wary now, and her expression grew serious.

“Khloe took everything from me-humiliated me, destroyed me. I want her to pay back double.”

“That’s why I came to you,” Trey said with a small smile.

Clarice leaned forward slightly, gripping the phone tightly.

“How can you guarantee I’ll be set free?”

“I already told you-you’re not in a position to negotiate with me. But if Morrison Pharmaceutical changes hands, I think you’ll be the most suitable candidate to become its CEO.”

Trey’s words were tempting. His need for revenge against Khloe had reached a near-obsessive intensity; toppling Morrison Pharmaceutical alone wasn’t enough. Clarice was a necessary partner-an indispensable piece in this high-stakes gamble.

A cold, calculating smile curved Clarice’s lips. She whispered a few names into the phone, then grinned, stood, and followed the guard out.

Trey remained seated, motionless, until her figure disappeared behind the door, before slowly setting the phone down.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 983

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 983 – The next day, explosive business news swept through Goldmont City.

Investors from the royal family of Yustonia had established a new company in Goldmont City—Olympus. From the outset, it made a splash, securing multiple top-tier national projects with massive investment, all concentrated in pharmaceuticals and energy.

This immediately hit the headlines because, domestically—and especially in Goldmont City—these two sectors had long been monopolized by Morrison Group and Hunt Group.

As expected, Hunt Group's recently acquired new energy project had its downstream partnerships abruptly cut off by Olympus. Meanwhile, Morrison Group's new drug, still under development, had its competing product preemptively announced by Olympus, scheduled to hit the market a full month earlier than planned.

Industry leaders scrambled to uncover Olympus's background. The company, however, was not hiding. Reports soon confirmed it had registered capital exceeding a billion dollars, fully funded by Yustonia's royal family investment fund.

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A spokesperson for Olympus stated publicly that the Yustonia royal fund held great confidence in Goldmont City's business environment and market potential. They promised to introduce internationally leading R&D technologies and capital management models, partnering with local enterprises to grow the market and achieve mutual benefits.

The words sounded polished, but everyone read between the lines: this was a direct strike. They had targets, and they were coming to take them down.

The news immediately sent shockwaves through the industry. By that afternoon, the stock prices of Morrison Group and Hunt Group had plunged significantly.

What drew even more attention was Olympus's office location: in the newly completed New Financial City, strategically positioned between Hunt Group and Morrison Group. From the penthouse windows, both corporate towers were fully in view—a choice industry insiders interpreted as loaded with meaning.

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By evening, the atmosphere in Morrison Group's top-floor boardroom was tense.

Ethan sat at the head of the table, a tablet in front of him looping the latest Olympus news. He had just finished a project meeting when the alert arrived: Olympus's newly announced drugs were targeting confidential projects that Morrison Group had only recently completed—projects still awaiting regulatory approval.

Alarmed, Ethan immediately convened an emergency meeting, calling all senior management and key personnel from the R&D department. Even Charlotte, on leave, returned to the office.

“The people behind Olympus must have planned this meticulously. Their secrecy is remarkable,” Ethan said gravely. So far, the information he had confirmed only that the CEO was a woman, with clear ties to the Yustonia royal family.

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But the royal family alone couldn't manage such hands-on operations. He had learned that another core figure was orchestrating the company behind the scenes, though this person's identity remained deeply concealed.

"Their moves are too fast. They've already begun poaching our people," Charlotte reported, summarizing the latest intelligence "In per two_ people have received offers from Olympus-triple their current salaries."

A stir ran through the room. Triple the salary—this was clearly intentional! Ethan's fingers tapped the tabletop with a steady rhythm. His face was impassive, but anyone who knew him well understood this was a sign of growing anger.

"Who?"

"Byron Scott and Miranda Colden, both from our core R&D team," Charlotte replied.

"And their response?"

"They're hesitating," Charlotte said. "Three times the salary is tempting. But leaving now would be a betrayal of the company."

Ethan was silent for a few seconds, then spoke decisively, "Raise their salaries—slightly below Olympus's offer. Let them make their choice."

Billionaire's Match ()

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HIS REGRET (Ex-Husband wants Me Back)

/Chapter 644

No Divorce? The Billionaire's Love Chase!

/Chapter 1

An executive froze. "But Sir! Are you sure..."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 984

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 984 - "Those who want to leave cannot be forced to stay. If Olympus is truly set on opposing us, no salary, however high, will change that—it'll only be wasted effort."

Ethan's voice was calm. "At the same time, this is an opportunity to see who

will truly stand with us through thick and thin.”

The room was quiet. Many silently thought Ethan’s approach was partly a show of bravado in the face of the crisis. Yet, Charlotte understood completely.

It was clear that entrusting Morrison Group to Ethan had been a wise decision. Olympus’s initial recruitment attempts were only the first step to unsettle Morrison Pharmaceutical’s core employees. If a salary war were to follow, even retaining some key personnel could fracture the morale of the entire company. Later, even without offering high salaries, Morrison Pharmaceutical could find itself in a vulnerable position.

Ethan’s current strategy sent a clear message to all employees: the company values you, yes—but loyalty matters even more. Those who chose to stay after weighing the risks would be genuinely dependable.

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In the short term, this might cause minor losses, but in the long term, it would strengthen the foundation of Morrison Pharmaceutical’s core team. Non-core staff would remain unaffected.

Seeing the room’s silence, Charlotte immediately spoke up.

“I support that. I’ve already spoken with Khloe—she said that since Ethan is acting as CEO, all decisions should follow his arrangements.”

With Charlotte representing Khloe, the resolution passed smoothly.

Ethan then moved on to address Olympus’s pharmaceutical moves. For now, their side was visible, the opponent hidden. With unknown cards in play, rash action would be unwise.

He decided to act counterintuitively: publicly, Morrison Group would respond with complete restraint. They would continue advancing their own product line as planned, keeping promotion muted, while internally preparing several contingency plans focused on cost reduction.

Even though these specialty drugs were already priced competitively, packaging and external et

collaborations still offered room for _optimization. This rained with Morrison Group’s principle of serving the public: by perfecting the essentials, they could remain unshaken amid change.

After the meeting, Ethan stayed behind with Charlotte.

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As soon as news of Olympus broke, Charlotte had immediately contacted Khloe. It seemed there were some complications on Nick’s

end; Khloe's state of mind was fragile, so she entrusted Charlotte With full authority to assist Ethan in handling company affairs before hanging up.

Indeed, although Olympus's entry was aggressive, it hadn't reached the point of requiring Khloe's direct oversight.

Before the meeting, Ethan had already received a message from Khloe. She had taken a moment to review Olympus's news. Though she had no intention of micromanaging Morrison Group at the moment, her instincts remained sharp.

Olympus seemed like a sudden competitor, but subtle signs suggested otherwise. It might be coincidental that their drugs mirrored Morrison Group's, but Hunt Group's multiple partners being blocked—and new projects nearly halted—was no coincidence.

Ethan's analysis mirrored hers: whoever was targeting both the Morrison and Hunt Groups could be an enemy of either Khloe or Nick..

Yet, available intelligence was limited, and Olympus had the backing of Yustonia's royal fund. Discovering the true forces behind them would take time.

Khloe trusted Ethan's ability to manage the situation. She had even prepared a voice note in advance—intended to counter any negative perception of Ethan within the company and ensure that decisions made in her absence would command support.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 985

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 985 – Ethan, however, surprised her. Now that he held full authority, he could enforce decisions regardless of others' opinions. He didn't need Khloe's backing to act—but Charlotte had already spoken on his behalf.

Although Ethan felt it was unnecessary, it left him quietly satisfied. Working alongside Khloe always gave him a sense of comradeship, as if he weren't just her subordinate but a part of the lifeblood supporting Morrison Group. That kind of natural, deeply rooted responsibility was something he had never felt in the past—neither at Morrison Group nor when working under Clarice, no matter how hard he tried.

“Don't worry too much,” he said suddenly after finishing business with Charlotte, his voice low and calm. “Everything will be fine. Morrison Group will be fine. Khloe and Nick will be fine too.”

Charlotte looked at him. He remained seated, head down, organizing

documents, offering no extra eye contact. Yet that single, understated reassurance carried more weight than a thousand words.

Though sharp and reliable in her work, Charlotte's greatest weakness was anxiety—and most of her worries centered on those she cared about. When Home Categories Search...

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the Hunt or Morrison Group faced danger, she panicked far more than she would for herself.

"Mm." She nodded, her gaze toward Ethan now full of trust.

"Thank you, Ethan," she said softly.

"Thank me? There's no need. It's my duty."

After finishing with the documents, Ethan glanced at his watch. "Almost time to leave. Noah must be waiting anxiously. You should head back."

"You... you know about us?" Charlotte blinked, surprised at how well-informed he was about Noah's situation.

"I heard it from Khloe," Ethan said, pausing briefly, still keeping his eyes on the papers rather than on her.

He stood, but perhaps too abruptly. He furrowed his brow, and his tall frame wobbled, almost tipping over. Fortunately, he caught himself on the edge of the table.

Charlotte gasped and instinctively rushed forward to steady him.

He braced his arms firmly, and only as she got closer did she notice his ashen face, pale to the point of looking almost sickly. A fine layer of sweat had broken out across his forehead.

"Ethan, did you... aggravate an old injury?" she asked, concern threading her voice.

It seemed he was in pain. After a long pause, he nodded faintly—but immediately pushed her hand away.

"Wait, your injury... wasn't it already healed? How can it hurt this much?"

Charlotte ignored his distant attitude. All she could think about was his condition. These were surface wounds, after so long, they shouldn't make his whole body tremble like this.

Ethan glanced at her anxious expression and allowed the slightest curl at the corner of his mouth.

"It's not that bad. I'm just being dramatic. Is that not allowed?"

Normally, Charlotte would have rolled her eyes at his teasing. But this time, unease gnawed at her.

As he started walking again, she couldn't resist grabbing his arm. "Let me help you."

“No need, it’s just a few steps,” he said, shrugging her hand off. Even when his assistant knocked and stepped in, Ethan ignored any offer of support, quickening his pace until he disappeared past the meeting room door.

Back at her workstation, Charlotte received a message from Noah. He was waiting for her downstairs.

Since clearing the air between them, their relationship had progressed rapidly. Noah’s prior identities had always been temporary Being stateless, he needed a completely new identity to settle down in Goldmont City.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 986

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 986 – Lucas happened to be handling some errands, so Khloe entrusted him with arranging a new identity for Noah in Naraida, along with a domestic visa. As long as Noah didn’t break any laws, he could officially remain in Goldmont City.

With his new identity in hand, Noah immediately bought a phone. The first contact he added was Charlotte. He didn’t want to disturb her, so his message was gentle and measured: [I’m at the supermarket downstairs picking up some essentials. I’ll wait for you no matter how late it gets. Don’t rush.] Seeing Noah’s text, Charlotte could no longer restrain herself. She closed her computer and got up at once.

Passing Ethan’s office, she noticed the lights were still on. His assistant had just stepped out, moving quickly.

“Is Ethan still not done for the day?” she asked instinctively.

The assistant gave a wry shake of his head. “Lots of things today... he’ll probably be late.”

“Working overtime? Can his body handle it?” Charlotte frowned.

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The assistant sighed. “Honestly, it’s risky. Old injuries flare up, he’s got new ones, and now, there’s a ton of company matters... But he won’t listen. Right now, he is really pushing himself.”

“New injuries? When did he get hurt again?” Charlotte froze mid-step.

The assistant immediately realized he’d said too much and pressed his lips together. Ethan had explicitly instructed that no one could know about his new injury, especially Charlotte.

“Ah, I’m running late. Charlotte, sorry, but I have to go!” he blurted, then dashed off before she could stop him.

Charlotte could only descend the elevator, a swirl of worry in her mind.

Across from Morrison Group, in a small neighborhood supermarket, Noah was carefully selecting items. His tall frame was illuminated by the bright interior, and even from a distance, Charlotte felt her heart warm.

It was early spring, but the night air still carried a chill. Noah was lightly dressed in a pale blue hoodie and jeans. Without a tight vest or jacket, his muscular physique drew less attention instead, he appeared refined and gentle, entirely devoid of any threatening aura-like the kind of warm, approachable older brother you might have next door.

Watching him deliberate over items, Charlotte couldn't help imagining him as a husband, carefully taking care of small domestic matters.

"What are you looking at so seriously?" she teased, approaching him from behind, hoping to startle him.

But Noah remained steady. He held the items firmly, barely shifting his posture, though a smile quickly lit his eyes.

"You're here."

"You're not surprised at all—that's no fun."

"I heard your footsteps."

"Fine." Charlotte pouted. Noah's composure was infuriating. He exuded safety and reliability, but there went the little playful thrill.

Her gaze then fell on the two bags of chips in his hands. He had been comparing them carefully, trying to decide which flavors to get. The supermarket offered dozens of flavors from multiple brands and he had struggled to make a choice.

Charlotte found it amusing. She plucked both bags from his hands and dropped them into the cart.

"You really are a foodie—just take whatever you like."

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"No, I've set a budget for groceries. have to stick to it," Noah said, reluctantly letting the two bags go. His snack budget had already been exceeded.

Charlotte raised an eyebrow. "Seriously? After all these years earning so much, this still counts as overspending?"

"Actually, there's something I wanted to talk to you about," he replied.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 987

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 987 – Noah suddenly pulled Charlotte close and took her hand in his.

A chill ran through her palm as a card slid into her grasp.

“What’s this...” she murmured.

“All my savings,” Noah said, looking straight into her eyes.

“730,000 dollars in total. I’ve checked the housing market in Goldmont City. If your standards aren’t too high, it should be enough for a wedding home and a car.”

His voice was low, steady, and sincere.

Although he had said they should take things slowly, his actions moved at full speed. Back when Lacuna hadn’t yet been established, he had struggled just to make ends meet. Later, when Lacuna began serving the powerful, he became Spence’s trusted aide and finally amassed these savings.

Originally, this money was meant to secure his own future. He had planned to travel the world, help those in need, and arrange his later years. But now, thinking of a future together with Charlotte, all that money seemed almost trivial.

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Noah had no parents, but Charlotte did—her mother, her younger brother. Even if she willingly chose to be with a man who had nothing, he could not allow her to lower her standard of living. What others had, Charlotte deserved too.

“As for our daily expenses,” he continued, “once my identity is settled, I’ll find work in Goldmont City. I don’t yet know my earning capacity, and living together will increase our costs. So I’ve made a plan. At the very least, we can’t spend more than you did before—otherwise...”

Before he could finish, Charlotte interrupted with a teasing smile.

“You’re not worried I’ll leave you just because you eat a lot and increase expenses, are you?”

It was surprisingly easy to read his mind. And honestly, he was adorable.

Just last night, she had joked that Noah ate so much she might have to ask Khloe for a raise. Noah had barely slept after that, spending the early hours tracking every price, every monthly expenditure, every tiny detail of her life..

Now she realized: he had simply been anxious.

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“Don’t worry,” he said softly, lowering his gaze to her fingers. His warm palm rubbed against hers with tender care. “I won’t let your expenses grow. I’ll cover anything extra. I can’t provide the luxury that Ethan can, but I’ll do everything I can to make your life better.”

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Charlotte’s heart swelled. She smiled and teased, “Noah, if you’re so good at math, why don’t you calculate this? You’ve given me all your savings. No matter how much I eat every month, I won’t ever come close to using it all. Honestly, I’m the one taking advantage of you. And you just handed over your entire life’s savings so easily... aren’t you afraid of ending up with nothing?”

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“I’m not afraid,” he said without hesitation. “I already have nothing.”

“Since you’re not afraid, how could I ever be scared that eating with you will leave me broke?” Charlotte’s lashes fluttered. She leaned in close, her lips brushing against his.

“But I’ve only ever been able to do one thing in my life. Aside from these blood-stained hands, I don’t know if I can...”

“I believe in you,” Charlotte whispered, then pressed her lips fully against his.

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Billionaire’s Match ()

/Chapter 986

HIS REGRET (Ex-Husband wants Me Back)

/Chapter 644

Bathed in warm, bright light, their tangled figures were visible through the supermarket glass—catching the attention of the man watching from across the street.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 988

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 988 – “Mr. Morrison, Sir... are we leaving?”

The assistant glanced through the car window and instantly understood why Ethan had called a halt. This wasn’t like his boss at all.

He had worked with Ethan for several years and knew the man’s nature inside

out. He was the kind who wouldn't tolerate the slightest injustice and would make sure to double back any loss. With women, he was even more ruthless—completely unyielding.

And yet, with Charlotte... he could give everything and accept receiving nothing in return. It seemed there was no avoiding getting soaked when walking by the river.

“Let's go.”

After a long pause, Ethan finally spoke in a low voice. He withdrew his gaze, and under the dim light, his expression was dark—extremely so. Yet, the corner of his mouth twitched into a faint curve.

At least, Noah had not disappointed his trust.

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On Khloe's side, the entire Hunt family had gone straight to the hospital upon arriving in Swinterland. On the way, they had already received news: after emergency treatment, Nick had passed the critical stage and was now transferred from the ICU to a private ward.

A small mercy in the midst of disaster eased some of the tension for everyone.

But seeing Khloe's red, swollen eyes and pallid face, the weight in everyone's hearts remained unbearably heavy.

The attending team could only bow repeatedly, apologizing to the Hunt family. Originally, all test results had looked favorable, but a sudden reversal appeared.

During today's check, Nick's physical indicators far exceeded normal limits. Their research on the new drug had not been thorough enough—they suspected a sudden adverse reaction to the medication.

“You said everything was going smoothly!” Arista demanded, her voice trembling as she confronted the attending physician.

Khloe sat to one side, her gaze dark and heavy. She had asked the same question before Arista arrived, her tone even more hysterical.

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The current test results were almost a death sentence for Nick. Tumors had spread rapidly, and the drug-induced reaction was far more severe than anyone had anticipated. At this rate his body could not withstand surgery, and if deterioration continued, he might not survive six months.

“I'm sorry. It was our oversight. We underestimated the risk of sudden

complications... we were too optimistic,” the attending physician admitted, guilt etched into his & expression

Though the three day results had shown low-risk figures, he had failed to issue an early warning. Timely intervention might have prevented reaching this point.

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The other doctors remained silent, unwilling to speak.

Arista was too grief-stricken to think, leaning back against George’s chest. Loretta and Leon were watching Nick in the ward. No one wanted the elders to bear this shock directly.

“Your oversight... which step was your oversight? I want to know. When the test results came out, did you hide something?”

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Suddenly, Khloe’s voice cut through the room. Before the Hunt family arrived, she had nearly collapsed. Now with some rationality returning, she recalled the serious expression on the attending physician’s face when she and Nick had first come for the results.

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If everything had really been fine, why hadn’t he shown a trace of relief? The attending physician hesitated, uncertain. But a colleague quickly spoke up.

“Mrs. Hunt, I understand your feelings, and we are deeply sorry for the current situation. However, this is an unapproved new drug, and the risks were clearly explained to you in advance...”

Whenever complications arise, the family’s anger is inevitable. But with consent forms personally signed by Khloe and Nick, even if tempers flared, the hospital could legally protect itself.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 989

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 989 – But exposing even a fraction of their negligence would change nothing about

reality—and could implicate the entire medical institution.

The attending physician lowered his head, neither confirming nor denying anything.

Khloe rose and walked slowly toward him. “Just a risk? Are you telling me there was truly no oversight at all?”

The attending physician’s expression darkened further, and the other doctors nearby swallowed hard.

“I’m sorry, Khloe. But we... we did our best.”

Hearing those words, a collective sigh of relief escaped the room. Arista buried herself further into George’s embrace, sobbing.

“Khloe, maybe this is fate... Don’t be too hard on yourself. Think about the baby,” George said softly, unable to imagine anything else, simply offering gentle comfort as he held her.

Seeing the doctors before her hanging their heads in helplessness, Khloe’s hand at her side tensed, fingers curling into a fist. Finally, she closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, and turned to leave.

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989/1004

1 Suddenly, the attending physician’s eyes brightened with an idea. His assistant immediately realized what he meant his face paling This is a classified project. You can’t just initiate it on your own. If this leaks, the hospital cannot bear the consequences.”

Once the Hunt family had completely departed, the attending physician’s assistant quickly dismissed the remaining team and shut the office door behind them.

“You mustn’t be careless. The Hunt family is not to be trifled with. For the hospital’s sake, this negligence cannot be ours to bear alone.”

“But we were careless nonetheless. If only we had been more cautious—kept Nick under observation longer, treated Nick in time...”

The attending physician sank into the sofa, overwhelmed with self-reproach, burying his face in his hands.

“We could never have known just how dangerous this drug was. Even if we had acted in time, the outcome might not have been any better. They signed the consent forms themselves...”

“But not giving our all—surely we bear some responsibility.”

Though he understood the reasoning, his professional ethics still weighed heavily.

“Right... if this is truly the worst-case scenario, maybe we could try that...”

1 Loretta and Leon fed him some plain porridge themselves. When George and Arista arrived, they had wiped away their tears putting on callous expressions as though nothing had

happened.

“Saving a life is more important. They’ll never know,” the physician replied, ignoring the warning, and promptly made a phone call.

In the ward, Nick had already awakened.

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Seeing his parents and Arista, Nick’s gaze shifted faintly, and he spoke in a hoarse voice.

“You’re all here?”

“Of course. Seeing you fall ill like this scared us half to death,” Arista said softly, guiding George to the bedside.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 990

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 990 – Loretta and Leon still had red, swollen eyes. They forced themselves to smile,

trying to keep the mood light, and Nick didn’t want to spoil it.

But he was no stranger to physical weakness and helplessness—he had long accepted the possibility of the worst outcome. Their forced cheerfulness only added weight to the pressure on him.

George looked at him, wanting to say something, yet finding the words impossible to voice. His Adam’s apple bobbed a few times before he finally spoke softly, “Don’t overthink it. You’re fine—just rest and recover.”

Though his tone was calm, his eyes betrayed him, glistening with unshed tears.

Nick nodded slightly, his gaze drifting past them as if searching for someone in the crowd.

Arista understood and whispered, “Khloe is outside... she’s not in a good state.”

Nick’s eyes darkened for a moment.

“Let her in. I want to speak with her,” he said hoarsely.

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990/1004

BETA

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Arista nodded and gently pulled George aside. Grandma and Leon also stood, understanding the subtle cue, and left the room first.

Moments later, Khloe entered. Now, only the two of them remained. Her eyes were still slightly swollen, but her expression had regained a calm composure. She walked to the bedside, sat on a chair, and gently took his sculpted hands in hers.

“You really scared me yesterday. How are you feeling now? Does it still... hurt?”

Her voice was soft as she held his hand close to her cheek, forcing a gentle smile.

“Much better. It doesn’t hurt. Don’t worry,” Nick replied, his deep eyes fixed on her face, his thumb brushing lightly over the back of her hand.

Seeing him like this, always so tender, made Khloe's eyes sting again, but she held back.

"I'm not worried," she said firmly. "You're stubborn. You won't die."

Nick's lips curved slightly, a faint smile threatening to emerge—but it tugged at the tubes attached to him, and his brow furrowed briefly.

"Don't move," Khloe warned quickly, pressing her hand over his.

He looked at her as though asking a simple, everyday question. "Do I still have much time?"

Khloe froze, blinking rapidly as tears welled in her eyes. She immediately lowered her gaze, trying to hide them but he was faster lifting hand to gently wipe away the falling tears.

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"I promised to stay with you and our baby for life... looks like I'll have to break that promise. Can you promise me you won't hate me?"

"Shut up."

Khloe gripped his hand tightly, burying her face further.

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"It's just a relapse, isn't it? The doctors haven't said anything yet. Why are you speaking like this? you keep being so negative, tl stop caring!"

Nick watched her quietly, his breathing heavy. He knew her too well.

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The more she insisted everything was fine, the worse it would seem. Yet, he could feel the state of his own body clearly enough.

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Don't ignore me, okay?"

Seeing her head still bowed, he coaxed her gently. But his words hit her tear point, and she turned her face away, holding back the flow.

"Then don't think the wrong thoughts. Remember what we agreed: until the very last moment, no dark thoughts... Do not break that promise again."

Her voice was firm, tinged with frustration.

"Alright," Nick said softly.

He pushed himself up, took her in his, and pulled her into his embrace. They sat together in elné silence finding satisfaction simply i the closeness.

After a long moment, Khloe heard him whisper, "I'm a little tired."

“Then sleep. I’ll stay with you,” she murmured.
She leaned sideways against the bed, cradling him in her arms, letting his head rest on her lap, pressed gently against her belly.