

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 111

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Chapter 111

Nick didn't take Khloe downstairs; instead, he pressed the elevator button for the rooftop.

Khloe was a little surprised. At this hour, surely he wasn't planning to show her the stars? The thought flashed briefly before vanishing. Nick wasn't that kind of romantic, and he certainly wouldn't do something so childish.

Sure enough, there were no stars visible from the rooftop. Instead, a helicopter was stationed at the edge of the building.

The strong wind whipped at their clothes, and Khloe looked at him in astonishment.

"Nick... what is this?"

From the helicopter, Lenny leaped down and strode toward her. "Get on the helicopter! You'll see once you're on board."

There was a teasing smile in his eyes as he nodded at Nick, silently confirming that everything was arranged.

Nick didn't answer. He removed his coat from his shoulders and draped it over Khloe. "Cold?"

The coat carried his characteristic crisp, masculine scent, mingled with a faint hint of pine and sandalwood.

Khloe's cheeks flushed. Curious, she shook her head. "No."

"But... where are we going? I haven't prepared anything..."

"No need," Nick said in his low, steady voice. Even without elaborating, it brought a sense of calm.

Khloe nodded, letting it go.

Once the helicopter lifted off, Nick checked his watch-12:30 a.m. in Goldmont City.

Inside, a meticulously prepared dinner awaited them. Not only were there freshly cooked, temperature- maintained dishes, but also an array of delicate, intricate desserts, all tailored to Khloe's tastes. Eating sweets so late, however, made her feel a little guilty.

"Nick, you really didn't have to go to so much trouble, but... thank you. I'm very happy."

Khloe hadn't expected Nick to celebrate Valentine's day with her aboard a helicopter. It was creative, even romantic in its own understated way.

Nick sat across from her, watching her shy, slightly flustered expression. A rare softness flickered across his usually stoic face.

"Anything to make you happy. I thought about bringing you roses, but they're everywhere these days-it felt too cliché. Gifts need to be chosen in advance. Just giving flashy jewelry doesn't feel substantial enough."

He spoke evenly, almost as if making an excuse for not preparing a gift. But Khloe knew every word was sincere.

"Nick, just showing up for this date is the best gift I could receive."

She finished speaking, then handed him the gift she had carefully chosen.

"I don't know if you'll like it. I picked it according to my taste. You can open it... and if you don't like it-"

Before she could finish, Nick had already unwrapped it.

Inside the purple velvet box lay a pair of exquisitely designed, radiant sapphire cufflinks.

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Chapter 1

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"Beautiful. I really like them."

His voice was deep, rich, and slightly magnetic. His eyes gleamed, clearly showing genuine appreciation.

He looked up at Khloe's expectant gaze and immediately wanted to try them on. But after fumbling for a while, he couldn't get them on properly.

"Let me," Khloe said, adjusting them slightly before sliding them onto his cuffs.

The delicate gemstones, like tiny glimmers from the ocean's depths, settled perfectly at his wrists.

Khloe beamed as she held his forearm, glancing at it again and again. "Perfect. They really suit you!"

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Nick's gaze never left Khloe. A faint smile tugged at his lips. "Khloe, I like this gift very much."

Khloe had just started to rise when he lightly tugged her wrist. Off balance, she stumbled into his embrace, settling on his lap.

His presence enveloped her; his breath brushed the shell of her ear. Instinctively, she drew back her neck, eyes lifting to meet his. In the brief blankness of that moment, her arms wrapped unconsciously around his neck.

Nick's gaze lingered on her flushed earlobes. Leaning closer, he intended to speak near her ear, but she tilted her head, squirming. He hadn't pulled back in time, and his lips brushed lightly across her cheek.

Khloe froze, her ears flaming all the way to her cheeks. Nick, equally startled, tightened his hands around her waist, stopping himself from going further. His voice was low, husky. "...Didn't duck in time?"

Khloe hadn't even had a chance to react before the sudden contact interrupted her thoughts. Her pupils widened slightly, lashes fluttering repeatedly. "N-Nick..."

Nick released her arms but continued to hold her gaze. His large hand rose, cupping her heated cheek.

“Khloe... you’re exceptionally captivating tonight.”

Lenny, witnessing the scene, quickly averted his eyes and retreated hastily. Who had said his boss was indifferent to women?

“I... I’m a little hungry...” Khloe stammered, her mind still reeling, yet her heart raced like a runaway engine at 180 beats per minute. Her breaths came short and shallow.

She muttered something incoherent, scrambling back to her seat. In her fluster, she dropped the utensils across the table. As she bent down to pick them up, his hand stopped hers. “Let them handle it.”

Nick swapped his own utensils for hers and, while waiting for the staff, poured her a glass of red wine.

To hide her embarrassment, Khloe lifted the glass and downed it in one gulp.

“Khloe,” Nick began, concerned she was drinking too fast, but she had already finished the glass in a single

swallow.

By the time she set it down, new utensils had arrived. She cut a small piece of cake and brought it to her lips, but catching Nick’s steady gaze out of the corner of her eye, her nerves flared again.

Was she acting too flustered? She was a grown woman, yet she felt as if she’d never experienced romance before.

They were engaged; some contact between them was only natural...

“This is for you.’

Suddenly, Nick handed her a black-and-gold card.

It was a supplementary card he had arranged for her.

Khloe knew it was the highest-tier international black card-by invitation only, with strict asset and identity requirements. The card offered unlimited credit and access to the world’s most elite services. Supplementary cards could only be issued to family members, and the annual fee alone was astronomical.

Even though they were engaged, she had never imagined he would extend such treatment to her.

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Chapter 12

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“Nick, I don’t lack for money. And this card... it’s far too extravagant. I can’t accept it...”

“This was always meant to be your Valentine’s day gift. Unless... you don’t like it.”

His tone was calm, but there was an unmistakable command in it. His eyes shone, locked with hers, and in their clear reflection, he saw himself mirrored.

“I... like it.”

The warmth of the wine seemed to awaken her senses. Her face flushed deeper, and a heat spread through her body.

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Just then, Lenny hurried over, a clear smile lighting up his face. He shot Nick a quick glance before turning to Khloe. “Miss Roswell, I wish you and Mr. Hunt a happy Valentine’s Day.”

Khloe, still unaware of the full situation, looked at Nick. He lowered his gaze, subtly signaling for her to check her phone.

She bent her head and unlocked the screen-and froze. The date had gone back to the previous day. The time, too, had shifted from just past midnight to around 11:30 p.m.!

It was a time zone difference.

Nick hadn't simply brought her onto a helicopter to celebrate Valentine's day in the air; he had used the regionale time difference to fly her back to the previous day. At this moment, they hadn't missed Valentine's at all.

"Oh, Nick..." Khloe covered her mouth in surprise, her eyes instantly glistening with tears.

For the first time... someone had gone to such lengths for a casual invitation she had made.

She glanced out the window. Far below, the city lights sprawled like a glittering river of stars. In that instant, her fractured heart seemed to bloom anew, like spring reviving the frozen earth.

"This is our first Valentine's Day together. I don't want to miss it. I hope that from now on, every year, we can celebrate it together."

Nick's voice was soft but firm. Khloe caught a glimpse of his profile in the window's reflection and couldn't hold back-tears streamed down her cheeks.

She quickly wiped them away. "Thank you... Nick."

"What's wrong? Was it something I said?" Nick noticed her unease, his voice tinged with helplessness. He had been late and broken his promise today; this was all he could think of to make it up to her.

"No... nothing." Khloe shook her head immediately but refused to turn around. Crying in front of him suddenly felt embarrassing.

Seeing her like this, Nick's concern deepened. He moved to sit beside her, his tall frame enveloping her slight form. Carefully, he reached out, hesitant to make contact. "I'm sorry... next time—"

"You... you haven't done anything wrong. It's me... I'm just... so happy." Her voice trembled. She quickly wiped her tears, then turned to face him. Her cheeks were flushed with a soft, natural glow, delicate and beautiful.

"No one has ever gone to such lengths to celebrate anything with me. I barely even celebrated my birthdays growing up... I'm honestly overwhelmed. Nick, thank you so much for being so good to me."

Nick furrowed his brow, gazing into her tear-filled eyes, a wave of indescribable protectiveness welling up in him.

His fingers brushed lightly along her cheek, tucking stray strands behind her ear. His throat moved slightly as the air between them thickened.

Khloe closed her eyes, her fingers clutching the side of his shirt. Her shallow breaths were soon wrapped in the warmth of his lips.

His kiss was gentle at first, brushing against her lips, then gradually deepening. Their noses touched, mingling breaths, slowly sinking into each other.

Her body softened. Only when she gripped his shirt tighter did he pause, pressing his forehead against hers.

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“Khloe...” His voice was hoarse, his fingertips still tracing her cheek. “Let me hold you again.”

She lowered her eyes, lashes trembling. She said nothing, merely loosening her grip on his shirt slightly before pressing herself gently back against him.

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Their mingled breaths stirred a silent, smoldering desire between them. Yet Nick kept just enough restraint—he held Khloe gently for a moment, nothing more.

When he finally released her, his hand brushed lightly over her flushed cheek. His eyes, deep as the ocean, burned with a quiet intensity restrained by willpower.

“Don’t be afraid. I want more than tonight. The rest of our lives... we have all the time in the world.”

His voice was low and husky, clear yet feather-light, landing softly on Khloe’s heart, igniting her blood as if it were aflame.

There was no ambiguity in his words-he truly wanted to marry her, and he truly respected her.

Khloe's heart was utterly undone.

Before tonight, she had never entertained any other thoughts about Nick. But now... facing him, her pulse raced uncontrollably.

Monday arrived, and Khloe went to the Fox Group office as promised.

Arthur and Trey were already waiting in the CEO's office.

She wore a cobalt-blue plaid suit, radiant and elegant, her aura markedly different from the girl who had once stood by Trey at the company. Even Arthur hesitated for a moment, unsure if he recognized her.

"Khloe, you're finally here. I've been waiting a long time," Arthur said.

Trey, seeing her, could barely hide his excitement and stepped forward to take her hand-but, once again, Khloe deftly avoided him.

She sat directly across from Arthur, smiling lightly. "Good morning, Arthur."

"After such a short time apart, your greeting already feels formal," Arthur remarked, his eyes carefully studying

her.

No wonder people said she had changed. Indeed, her presence was different now-no longer the simple, sincere girl who only stood beside Trey.

"I've always remembered what you said before," Khloe replied softly, her words immediately cooling the room's atmosphere. "In the company, there is no personal attachment-only capability earns a rightful seat."

It was precisely what Arthur had said in the past.

When Khloe first joined the company, Arthur had opposed it outright. He publicly scolded Trey for letting personal feelings interfere with business, even humiliating Khloe for allegedly using connections to get in. He demanded she bear the heaviest workload in record time-or leave.

Yet, Khloe had shouldered the pressure silently, never frowning, carrying the company on her own while facing Arthur's scrutiny.

Even Trey hadn't dared grant her shares, fearing Arthur's judgment.

Now, at Fox Group, Khloe received nothing but a title. Her position and respect were won purely through her own struggle.

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Arthur's lips curled into a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. He knew she had grown confident and independent- and that the company needed her. But it was only temporary; once the company went public, she would remain an outsider.

"Khloe, I recognize your abilities. But I don't want any conflicts with Trey to affect your work or the company. After all, this is our family's hard work."

"Family?" Khloe's lips curved in a faint, ironic smile. "I agree with you. If half the company's shares are transferred to me, I can immediately reorganize the teams and projects."

"Khloe, our family collectively holds only 70% of the company. Offering you 40% is the utmost sincerity we can show."

Arthur slowly slid the prepared transfer agreement across the desk.

If Khloe refused to yield, Arthur would be put in an extremely difficult spot.

Most of the company's projects and operations were in her hands, and yet he could only negotiate with her. Trey himself held just 25%, and even with Stella and Alicia's shares, it barely added up to 40%.

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The shares Arthur held could never be transferred to Khloe. Part of them belonged to the his father, over which he had no authority, and his mother could reclaim her portion at any time.

Khloe glanced at the transfer agreement, then, after a moment, spoke again. “Trey told me it was half the shares. That’s why I brought a new project back to the company.”

To everyone’s surprise, she actually pulled a project proposal from her bag—one that the Fox Group had attempted to secure multiple times before but had failed.

The project’s value was nearly 100 million dollars. If the Fox Group succeeded, all previous losses would pale in comparison, and the IPO process would accelerate dramatically.

Arthur and Trey’s eyes simultaneously lit up. Arthur even reached out instinctively to take the proposal.

But Khloe drew it back, arching her brows slightly, letting out a soft sigh.

“Though now, it seems a little wasted. Since the sincerity between us isn’t equal, I don’t see any point in wasting more time. Still, I don’t want to have come all this way for nothing. Today, I am officially resigning from Fox Group.”

She placed her company ID and other corporate belongings squarely in front of Arthur.

Arthur’s face drained of color, but Khloe didn’t give him a chance to speak. She rose and turned to leave.

Trey immediately grabbed her arm.

“Khloe, why are you acting so impulsively? Can’t we discuss this calmly? We’re family—at least in front of Dad, can’t you give a little face?”

“I don’t want to repeat myself. Cooperation should come with sincerity. You lied to me about fifty percent of the shares. That’s not a small difference—it’s huge. If I compromised this time, how could I trust that I won’t be deceived or manipulated when I give my all to the company in the future?”

Khloe’s words were sharp and cutting, leaving Trey momentarily speechless.

“Khloe! That’s going too far. How could we possibly scheme against you?”

“Enough.”

Arthur clenched his fists and slammed them onto the desk. He ground his teeth, making a decision that seemed to take all his resolve. “Fine. I’ll give you an additional ten percent of shares, but it will take some time.”

“You sign this forty percent transfer agreement now. I’ll have it officially registered immediately. You can return to the company and take over the project right away.”

Hearing this, Khloe sat back down across from Arthur.

Assuming she had agreed, Arthur immediately instructed his assistant and the notary to verify the agreement's validity. Once Khloe signed, it would take effect.

But as soon as the agreement was signed, Arthur reached for the project proposal she had brought-and was refused again.

“Arthur, rest assured. Once I officially obtain half the company's shares, I will present the project to you.”

Arthur had not expected Khloe's bold maneuver. Anger surged, veins standing out on his temple, but years of

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experience in the business world allowed him to suppress it quickly.

“Khloe... are you threatening me?”

His voice was low and charged with anger, the earlier cultivated calm completely gone. In an instant, the office atmosphere turned tense, simmering with unspoken conflict.

Trey's heart thumped in frustration. He could not understand why Khloe continued to act so defiantly.

His father had already made an unprecedented concession for her sake, out of respect for the company and the project. In the past, no matter how much Khloe had tried to humble herself or flatter him, his father would never have even glanced her way.

Thinking this, he leaned toward Khloe and whispered, “Khloe, Dad giving in this much is already a huge concession. Know when to stop. Hand over the project. From now on, at home and at the company, Dad will definitely hold you in higher regard.”

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Trey's tone was tense, every word dripping with concern for Khloe, as if she were being unreasonable.

Khloe simply lifted the corner of her mouth in a faint smile, ignoring him.

“Arthur, my insistence on fifty percent of the shares isn't out of stubbornness. Several of the company's core projects are stalled and urgently need strong leadership. If decision-making is fragmented, with approvals stacked layer upon layer and departments checking each other, we'll miss opportunities again. I need absolute control to ensure the strategy is fully executed, and to safeguard the multi-million-dollar projects at their most basic level.

“If you cannot align with my approach, then my staying has no purpose. I ask that you make a decision quickly- do we grow this company together, or do you process my resignation now?”

Khloe's resolute stance left Arthur momentarily cornered. Her words were sound, and that 100-million-dollar project in her hands was undeniably tempting.

Trey, utterly embarrassed before his father, could no longer hold back his frustration. “Khloe, have I really spoiled you too much all these years? Must you take things to the extreme over a little profit, even if it hurts the family?”

But before he could finish, Khloe rose sharply. “I've devoted myself entirely to this company and to your family. But if this is how you see me, then I'll proceed with my resignation.”

Trey felt a pang in his chest-her words, echoing the very tactics he himself often used, struck him unexpectedly.

Arthur finally spoke. “Fine. As you wish, I'll arrange the final ten percent of shares for you.”

Khloe's lips curved into a polite, measured smile. “That's great. In that case, I won't trouble you further. Once the share transfer is complete, we can meet to discuss the details.”

With that, she nodded slightly, lifted her bag, and turned to leave.

Trey hesitated, about to follow her, but Arthur stopped him.

“Dad, are we really going to let Khloe dictate terms?”

He suddenly realized his mother had been right-Khloe had grown bold, seeing their low-key approach as weakness.

“Of course not,” Arthur snorted coldly, a calculating gleam in his eye. “The shares we’ve given her haven’t been officially transferred yet-they can be revoked at any time. And that ten percent? It’s just a safety net.”

Trey’s mind cleared. The shares were a lure; the real goal was to delay her resignation. If Khloe could stay and contribute to the company, all the better-but under no circumstances could she leave with the company’s data and projects in hand.

Arthur added, “I’ll be away for a few days, visiting old friends. The Fox Group doesn’t depend solely on Khloe, but I hope that by the time I return, you would have your family matters resolved.”

“I understand,” Trey said immediately, catching his father’s meaning.

Though Arthur had been semi-retired for years, his influence and connections remained formidable-resources and networks that Khloe could never match. Yet her talent was vital to the company. Keeping her under control was clearly the most efficient strategy.

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Since Khloe was headstrong, responding to care rather than coercion, Trey knew the path forward: appeal to her emotions. After all, she had once devoted her entire self to him. Rewinning her loyalty would be only a matter of

time.

That evening, after returning home, Trey went straight to Khloe’s bedroom.

Since she left, the servants had kept the room spotless every day. Back then, when she said she was leaving, she truly hadn’t returned even once.

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Trey stepped into Khloe's room, and memories of the past came flooding back.

Not long after their marriage, Fox Group had landed several critical projects. Khloe had thrown herself into work so completely that she even noticed Trey's unease and voluntarily gave up their honeymoon.

Later, she would often stay up late alone to negotiate deals. To avoid disturbing him, she moved into the side bedroom, sleeping apart.

Trey slowly sat on the edge of the bed, running his hand over the neatly made sheets.

The bedding was simple and elegant. He didn't know the brand, but he recalled the servants saying that every item in the house-big or small-had been personally selected by Khloe whenever she could find the time. Every single decoration in his room bore her touch.

When he looked up, it was as if she were standing there before him, her face radiant with a smile. Her eyes had always been pure and bright, revealing no weakness no matter how difficult the situation. Her presence alone had always been enough to make him feel safe.

"Madam?"

Trey's reverie was broken as a servant pushed open the door. Normally, the bedroom remained dark, and she had thought Khloe had returned. Seeing Trey instead, the servant's face flickered with surprise.

"How long has Madam been gone?" Trey asked softly as he rose, continuing to pace the room.

He opened every cabinet in the room as if unconsciously searching for traces of her presence, his attention to detail and patience unusually meticulous.

"Madam moved out a month ago," the servant replied.

A month?

It had been a whole month since she left. And yet, in his mind, it felt as though their quarrel had just happened yesterday.

“Do you know where she went?” he asked.

“Madam didn’t say. She left in a hurry and didn’t take many things with her.”

Trey knew the question was unnecessary. As the servant spoke, he opened a drawer to find it neatly arranged with small gifts and letters-tokens from the time he had courted Khloe in university.

Back then, his family was strict, and he had little pocket money, most of which went to Angela. The most expensive gift he had ever given Khloe was a hairpin worth a few hundred dollars; the rest were delicate little presents worth less than a hundred dollars.

Yet from their very first meeting until now, she had kept everything he had ever given her.

Even the letters he had written impulsively, trying to be romantic, had been preserved with care. Sometimes, he had copied a poem she liked just to show thoughtfulness, and she had treasured it all this time. Even the envelopes remained pristine.

A heavy weight suddenly settled in Trey’s chest, pressing down so hard it was difficult to breathe.

“Sir... Madam treasures everything in this drawer. She never lets us touch it,” the servant added, seeing the expression on his face.

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Chapter 17

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The servants all liked Khloe. Though she was busy, she always remembered when someone was sick or facing difficulties, stepping in to help without needing to be asked. Unlike other wives from wealthy families, Khloe was polite and easy to get along with.

Angela, on the other hand, often snapped at them, bossed them around, and flew into fits of rage.

“Is dinner ready?”

Trey interrupted, almost as if he feared what else the servant might say. He closed the drawer and walked out.

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The servant hurried to catch up. “Dinner’s ready, sir. I’ve prepared it according to your tastes, since I heard you’d be home today.”

“And Pete?” Trey noticed that Pete had been unusually quiet today. Normally, the moment he returned, Pete would come out and make a fuss.

“Oh, Miss Angela took him.”

Trey froze for a moment before recalling-Pete had called that morning, insisting on seeing Angela. Helpless, he had let her take him temporarily. Angela hadn’t even greeted him properly when she picked Pete up, clearly still sulking over something.

But now, Trey didn’t have the energy to care about Angela.

At the dining table, five dishes were laid out-Trey’s favorites. The centerpiece was a creamy soybean and pork

trotter soup.

He took the ladle handed to him by the servant and tasted it. The flavor was fine, but the pork trotter wasn’t tender enough, and the broth lacked the richness he remembered. He frowned. “Why does it taste different from usual?”

“Different?” The servant paused, then realized. “Oh, Madam studies the dishes you like repeatedly to get the flavor just right. This soup is especially tricky. The pork trotters alone-Madam goes to a shop several kilometers away in the early morning to get them. She said theirs are the best in Goldmont City, though sometimes it’s hard to find... We

never realized making the soup properly required so many details and effort. It's impossible for us to replicate Madam's version perfectly."

Trey paused again, and her gentle voice echoed in his mind, "Trey, last time you said you liked the pork trotter soup at that private restaurant, so I recreated it today. Taste it and see what you think."

"Mmm, very good. You can make this often."

He had assumed that with servants at home, it wouldn't take much effort for her to recreate the dish.

And her hopeful, eager expression? All he had returned was a perfunctory response. Yet she had never complained about the effort she put in.

Suddenly, he couldn't eat.

He had intended to recall their past, to think of ways to rekindle her warmth for him-but now he realized... everything he thought was "good" for her had been reversed.

Trey's care had always been vocal, superficial, and surface-level, while Khloe rarely spoke, instead showing her devotion through action.

By evening, Khloe, busy as ever, picked up her phone and thought of Nick.

After Valentine's day, Nick had become extremely busy. Though he started calling and texting her proactively, their meetings were rare. Either he was tied up outside, or Khloe had a pile of Morrison Group matters to handle. Overall, Nick's schedule was even more demanding.

Whenever Khloe had free moments, she found herself thinking of him. Sometimes, she would call impulsively just to hear his voice-but without exception, he would hang up hastily before saying much.

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The memory of him holding her that night felt almost dreamlike now, surreal and unreal.

Yet every day, Loretta still sent her messages on time, checking in, occasionally delivering lunch and dinner. It made her feel, strangely, like she truly had a family.

Khloe looked at her phone and received a call from Loretta.

“Khloe, are you free to come over for dinner tonight? Your Grandpa Leon cooked-he made several of his signature dishes!”

The warmth in Loretta’s voice was filled with kindness and care.

Thinking of the family gathered around a table, Khloe felt a soft warmth swell in her chest. She replied gently, Sure, Grandma Loretta. I’ll be there soon.”

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An hour later, Khloe drove up to the Hunt family estate, carrying carefully chosen supplements and fresh fruits for Leon and Loretta. Thinking she might see Nick, she had dressed up a little-slipping into a pale pink dress and applying a light touch of makeup.

As soon as she stepped into the villa, Loretta came bustling out, her face lighting up. When she saw the gifts Khloe had brought, she frowned slightly.

“You don’t need to bring anything, dear. Just having you here is enough. If your arms get sore carrying all this, my heart would ache!”

Loretta’s words made Khloe blush with embarrassment.

“Grandma Loretta, I’m not that delicate. Besides, I don’t need anything, and you often send me gifts too, don’t you?”

“That’s not the same,” Loretta said, her voice warm. “I’m your grandmother. You don’t have to give me anything, but you can’t stop me from thinking about you.”

Hearing this, Khloe felt a lump in her throat. She hooked her arm around the older woman’s and teased softly, Grandma Loretta, you’re really too good to me!”

“Of course! You must be tired from work. Go sit for a bit; dinner will be ready soon!”

Loretta motioned toward the sofa, but Khloe, smelling the fragrant aromas wafting from the kitchen, rolled up her sleeves and headed in to help.

Leon, apron tied, stood amidst the housemaids, directing the heat on the stove while expertly tossing the ingredients with rhythmic precision. He looked every bit the master chef.

“Grandpa Leon, your cooking skills are amazing! I can smell this from way over here!” Khloe exclaimed.

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“Haha! I’m not boasting. In our family, when it comes to cooking, I’m the best. Khloe, you’re in for a treat today!”

Leon’s face was flushed with warmth, but his tone was lively and commanding, with a dash of humor. His laugh was infectious, and everyone around him chuckled and chimed in with praise.

Loretta leaned over and whispered to Khloe, “He loves compliments. With you saying such sweet things, he’s all smiles!”

Khloe looked at the two elders and couldn’t help but feel a twinge of envy.

During her last chat with Loretta, she had heard many stories about the couple. Leon came from a wealthy family, but Loretta was an ordinary girl. They met in school and endured countless trials together before finally joining hands in marriage. Many people had doubted their relationship, but Leon had never let go of her hand, not for a moment.

When they married, he had promised to cook for her every day of his life. Even now, wherever they were, the two of them preferred preparing meals themselves. Even for something as simple as porridge, Leon insisted on making at least one dish for Loretta every day. It had become a habit and a promise he cherished above all else. Loretta told Khloe that Nick resembled his grandfather most of all. Marrying him meant she could rest easy.

Soon, the dining table was laden with dishes.

“Try this! It’s your Grandpa Leon’s specialty!”

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Khloe had just settled down after bustling around and found her bowl piled high with food by Loretta. She instinctively asked, “Shouldn’t we wait for Nick to come before we eat?”

At the mention of Nick, a flicker of joy appeared in Loretta’s eyes-but it quickly melted into a look of helplessness.

“Such a pity,” she sighed. “He’s too busy and probably hasn’t had a proper sleep for some time now, let alone get to enjoy a table full of food like this!”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 120

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 120 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 120

Chapter 120

“Did something happen?” Khloe asked.

Loretta’s words immediately made Khloe anxious.

“I heard there’s an emergency at the newly acquired lithium mine, and there have even been casualties,” Loretta replied, uncertain whether to continue.

Leon sighed and took over the explanation.

“Nick has always been extremely responsible. All the weight of the Hunt Group rests on his shoulders now, and he never allows himself a moment of slack. Whenever there’s a crisis, he insists on handling it alone. Until the problem is resolved, he probably won’t get any proper sleep or rest...”

“No rest? How can his body endure that?” Khloe’s voice trembled with worry.

She thought back to his recent car accident-though the injuries were minor, he still needed proper care and rest!

“That’s exactly what we worry about most,” Loretta said, shaking her head anxiously. “He hates seeing us worry. Even when something happens, he won’t tell us the details. These past few days, he hasn’t come home at all. We only learned about the situation after making inquiries.”

Loretta's worry was palpable. Nick never wanted others to worry about him-but that was precisely what made them fret. He seemed capable of everything, able to manage any crisis, yet he never knew how to take care of himself. If this continued, it was only a matter of time before he completely exhausted himself.

Khloe's expression darkened, her heart twisting with an unrelenting weight. She no longer had any appetite for the meal before her.

All this time, Nick's hurried phone calls had made her think he was simply too busy to pay attention to her. She hadn't imagined he was facing such a serious situation-and hadn't even returned home.

Now, thinking back, his voice had sounded off, hoarse even. That day, after the car accident, he had simply said he had "something to deal with," just so she wouldn't worry.

Could it be that the current situation was even more serious? Or perhaps he had run into a difficulty he didn't want her to know about?

Her thoughts plummeted.

But to avoid adding to Leon and Loretta's stress, she forced herself to ease the mood, complimenting the food and attempting small talk. Yet even as dinner ended, her mind remained consumed with concern for Nick.

Suddenly, a plate slipped from her hands and shattered on the floor.

Her thoughts snapped back with a jolt. She had been helping the housemaids carry dishes back to the kitchen and had accidentally caused a mishap.

"Khloe! Are you okay? I told you there was no need to help! Did you get hurt? Let Grandma see!"

Loretta hurried over, pulling Khloe close to inspect for any injuries.

"I'm fine," Khloe shook her head, apologetic. "I'm sorry, Grandma... I broke your plate."

"One plate is nothing. If you were hurt, that's when I'd be heartbroken."

Loretta's voice hardened slightly, unusually stern as she firmly guided Khloe from the kitchen to sit in the living

1/2

Chapter 120

+25 Bonus

room.

“Sit here with me and talk for a while. If you’re tired, you can go rest in your room. Tomorrow morning, I’ll have someone escort you. This is your home now. When you’re here, there’s nothing you need to do.”

Loretta’s words once again touched Khloe deeply. The warmth in them made her feel as though Loretta was truly her grandmother-someone she could lean on without hesitation.

Khloe immediately wrapped her arms around Loretta, her eyes brimming with tears. “Grandma...”

“My dear child,” Loretta said softly, patting her back, a gentle smile spreading across her face, “do you want me to help you video call him?”

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