

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 141

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 141

Chapter 141

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“I’ve had a full check-up,” Khloe said calmly. “My health is perfectly fine. There’s no issue with infertility. If you don’t believe me, I can send you the report right now. I’ve always kept it on my phone.”

Her composed tone hit Stella like a thunderclap. She had been ready to scold Khloe for her ungrateful, unbridled attitude, but this single statement dropped a bomb that left her dumbstruck.

“What did you say? You’re not infertile? That’s impossible... Trey adopted a child for you...” Stella stammered in disbelief.

Alicia saw the opportunity and immediately joined in mockery. “Khloe, you’re really good at lying. You say your check-up was fine-but you two haven’t had a child in two years? Maybe my brother’s the one with the problem?”

“That’s possible,” Khloe said with a faint, cold smile, her eyes narrowing. “You really should ask Trey why. My health is perfect, yet he didn’t dare... for two years. And then he adopted some random child just to cover it up.”

Alicia froze, her hand flying to her mouth. No way... could it really be...?

At that moment, Trey arrived behind Khloe. He had caught her words and his face immediately went pale.

She already knew about her own health? When did she find out?

Trey forced himself to stay calm, though his heart pounded. “Khloe... when did you have the check-up?”

At his voice, a cold gleam flashed in Khloe’s eyes. But her expression remained serene. Without turning her head, she replied lightly, “Not long ago... just by chance.”

“Khloe... was the hospital reliable? Your premarital check did show... but if you’re certain it’s fine now, maybe there was a mistake before. That would be great! But why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Trey’s words were flawless, his expression perfectly staged to show the joy of relief. Almost convincingly sincere.

Khloe glanced at him. Trey’s performance was impeccable, almost making her want to believe him.

“I didn’t get the chance to tell you yet,” she said slowly, a deliberately teasing note in her voice. “Besides, I was worried... what if the problem isn’t with me? After all, it was your idea to adopt a child.”

Her gaze drifted from Stella to Trey, then she smiled lightly. The implication was clear: it had always been Trey’s incompetence.

Stella and Alicia felt like they’d swallowed a fly. For a moment, neither could speak.

Their earlier scorn of Khloe now seemed ridiculous. If the truth got out-that it had been Trey all along-their family would look utterly shameless.

Trey felt embarrassed too, but hearing that Khloe had kept it secret out of concern for him filled him with guilt. Even though she had suffered quietly, she’d been thinking of him the whole time...

“Khloe... I don’t have a problem. If you’re still worried, I’ll go for another check-up,” Trey said softly, attempting to take her hand.

Khloe, however, stepped aside. Without a word, she pushed open the hospital room door and went to see Lauren.

Seeing Trey move to follow, Stella grabbed him. “What’s going on? I thought she couldn’t have children?”

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“Maybe it was just a misunderstanding,” Trey said coldly, brushing past Stella before she could say any more, and stepped into the hospital room.

Seeing Khloe, Lauren seemed to brighten immediately. She reached for Khloe’s hands, showering her with praise and complimenting how much more beautiful Khloe had become since they last met.

But this time, as she spoke to Khloe, Khloe could sense a subtle reserve in Lauren’s tone. It lacked the genuine warmth and sincerity that Lauren had shown when she’d supported Khloe and Trey’s marriage.

“Grandma, I brought you some supplements. Please take care of yourself and don’t let anything make you angry- it’s never worth it,” Khloe said softly, her concern for the elderly woman unchanged. Even if fate had separated them from being a family again, she would always remember the care and protection Lauren had shown her.

“Khloe, you really have no sense at all,” Alicia sneered. “Grandma treated you so well, and now that she’s sick, you bring her some random, cheap stuff?”

She glanced at the plain plastic bag Khloe had placed to the side, then at the luxury gifts piled high on the cabinet -gifts that her own family had brought. She let out a disdainful snort.

No matter how stylish Khloe looked, once she was out of their family, she was nothing but a spent force. She didn’t even have the nerve to spend a little money properly-how long could she keep up this facade?

“Khloe, if you can’t afford proper gifts, just don’t bring anything. Don’t make Grandma think Trey has wronged you,” Stella added, frowning. She gestured to a servant to throw the humble bag away. A black plastic bag looked like trash-what kind of ‘supplements’ could be inside that?

Khloe had lived in the Fox household for two years, yet they still treated her so petty. Not even a shred of dignity.

“Mom, I’m sure Khloe’s intentions are good. Don’t act like this,” Trey hurriedly interjected, trying to stop Stella.

Lauren, with a sidelong glance at the bag, also noted that the gift was modest, but she was there to encourage Khloe to return home. She spoke gently.

“It’s the thought that counts. How much can an old woman like me really eat? You all brought so much, Khloe doesn’t need to prepare anything for me. Next time, you don’t have to go through this trouble if there’s nothing worth giving.”

She patted Khloe’s hand, her eyes soft with affection.

But this time, Khloe noticed the subtle presumption in her expression. Lauren seemed to naturally accept that Khloe was, in essence, the same as Stella and the others had suggested: incapable of spending or showing worth.

Back then, Khloe truly was modest and unrefined. Lauren had understood and believed in her, often saying she would one day become a capable wife for Trey and a proper hostess for the Fox family.

Khloe had worked harder out of gratitude, diligently striving to prove herself worthy, often minimizing her own hardships. She had wanted to show the family she deserved Trey.

Now, Khloe realized the difference. Lauren's trust carried the tone of someone in power showing leniency and expectation toward a competent subordinate.

She had been too young before to see it clearly. But thinking of Nick's grandparents, she suddenly gained some clarity.

Why did the same kindness feel different? Why did Nick's grandparents' support feel warm and familial, while

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Lauren's gestures remained distant, a form of grace rather than equality?

Because... Lauren was bestowing favor, while Nick's grandparents gave her respect and equality.

Leon and Loretta treated Khloe as their true granddaughter-in-law, expecting nothing in return-just her happiness was enough.

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“Grandma, the things I’ve brought you aren’t something you could just pick up from any old store. You wouldn’t find these on a high street,” Khloe said, lowering her gaze and speaking with careful emphasis.

Her fingers deftly untied the bag, revealing what looked at first like a simple wooden box, crafted from richly grained walnut.

She opened it. Inside, a layer of deep velvet cushioned several pieces of rare, wild-foraged Manuka honeycomb, dark amber and thick with potency. Beside them rested a small jar of the finest Icelandic dried reindeer lichen—a supplement so prized it was said to strengthen the blood—its pale colour and clean, earthy scent speaking of exceptional quality.

“These are rare finds I sought out specially—wild Manuka honeycomb from protected, ancient groves, and the highest grade of Arctic lichen. They’re so scarce they’re virtually unobtainable commercially. I gathered them in such a hurry, I’m afraid I paid little mind to the presentation.”

“This…”

Alicia’s eyes widened in disbelief. She leaned in closer, looking again and again.

Wild-foraged Manuka honey of this purity and age was a collector’s treasure. Honey from hives over twenty years old was already rare; what Khloe had here, sourced from groves undisturbed for over half a century, was considered “legacy grade,” valued at thousands per ounce. And there were several pieces in the box.

The Arctic lichen, too, was extraordinarily rare—a gram of the premium grade was almost impossible to source on the open market.

If these were genuine, their combined worth easily ran into the high six figures—far surpassing the lavish gifts piled in the room. By comparison, what the others had brought now looked utterly commonplace.

Stella and Trey were equally stunned by Khloe’s words.

Stella, still skeptical, asked, “Khloe, where did you get such rare and expensive items? Are they genuine?”

“There’s a global quality inspection anti-counterfeit code on the box. You can trace its origin,” Khloe replied calmly.

Alicia immediately spotted the code printed on the box and intended to expose Khloe, but upon checking, the results showed that the items were even more rare and expensive than expected.

Stella glanced over and felt her face flush hot with embarrassment. The “trash” she had so casually dismissed moments ago was worth nearly a million! Where on earth had Khloe gotten that kind of money?

“Khloe, why did you spend so much again?” Trey asked, furrowing his brow as he spoke.

He remembered giving Khloe a fair amount of money and couldn’t help feeling a little protective. Khloe had always been frugal, which made him comfortable transferring funds to her. But previously, at a luxury store, she had spent over a hundred thousand dollars in one go; now she had splurged even more on these supplements. Her style of spending was completely different from before.

Fortunately, this time the expense was for Lauren. Since it was for his grandmother, he could accept it.

“I spent my own money. Is there a problem?” Khloe said coldly.

Trey opened his mouth to protest, but he realized that the money he had given her was indeed hers to spend. To argue further might make him seem petty, so he swallowed his words. “Of course, I just don’t want you to

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overspend.”

Lauren hadn’t expected Khloe’s gift to be so exceptional and genuine, and felt momentarily embarrassed. She quickly reached for Khloe’s hand again.

“Khloe, I can see the care you’ve put into this. You really shouldn’t have gone to such expense. Please, don’t feel you have to prove anything to me. All I truly wish is for you and Trey to find your way together-to come home more often and for you to return to the company. That would be gift enough for me.”

Though she was deeply touched by Khloe’s gesture, knowing the resources likely still came from the Fox family left her with a tender, yet uneasy, feeling.

“Grandma, I understand your kindness,” Khloe said, gently withdrawing her hand. She rose to her feet and added quietly, “But there’s no conflict between Trey and me. We’ll work things out in our own way. Right now, your focus should be on resting and regaining your strength.”

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Of course, Khloe and Trey weren't actually in conflict—they had long since become strangers to one another. But her account with him had not yet been settled.

“I know the family lacks for nothing. These supplements are just my token of respect for you, Grandma, and I spent my own money on them. If you don't need them, feel free to handle them as you wish,” Khloe said, carefully leaving room for the elderly woman's pride.

Lauren seemed about to respond, but Khloe hurriedly added, “Grandma, you should get a good rest. I'll take my leave now.”

“Khloe! Khloe!” Lauren rose anxiously, trying to grab her arm, but Khloe moved quickly. Before anyone could react, she had already left the ward.

Trey rushed forward to steady his grandmother, wary of her agitation. “Grandma, don't get too worked up—be careful of your health!”

“Go after her! No matter what, bring her back home!” Lauren's face flushed with urgency, and she pushed Trey toward the hallway without a second thought for her own frail body.

Stella and Alicia, though simmering with frustration themselves, could only remain by the side and watch, letting Trey go after Khloe.

Khloe moved fast. By the time Trey reached the elevator, she had already stepped inside. Frustrated, he dashed down the stairs all the way to the garage.

“Khloe!”

Finally, he caught up with her just before she could get into her car. She seemed to have been waiting for him, standing beside the vehicle with her phone in hand.

“Khloe, Grandma only said those things because she cares about us. Bringing her a gift shows respect, but isn't the greatest respect following her wishes? Stop sulking. Just give

in to her wishes. Come home with me.” Trey panted as he spoke, reaching out to take her arm.

As he drew near, he realized she was on a call.

“Yes, thank you. I have sufficient evidence on my end.”

After hanging up, Khloe lifted her gaze to Trey. “Perfect timing. Pete scratched my car. My parking camera recorded the entire thing-you can see everything for yourself.”

Trey froze, noticing for the first time deep scratches marring the side of her car.

The car-a red Bentley-was unfamiliar to him. It seemed Khloe had recently purchased it.

Khloe held her phone out, showing him the footage from the dashcam.

In the video, Pete suddenly rushed toward the car, brandishing a short steel rod. He banged the car wildly, then scraped it violently with the rod, venting his anger. Before leaving, he even kicked the car hard a few times.

Trey’s brow knitted tightly, fury rising. That brat Pete! He had already instructed his assistant to take him back. How had he returned? And where did the kid even get that rod?

“Khloe, don’t worry. I’ll call him right now-”

“I’ve already reported it to the police. It’s my new car. Not expensive-just half a million. You can transfer the

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money to me.”

“Reported to the police? Come on, it’s not that serious!” Trey’s voice sharpened. “Khloe, he’s just a child! Why are you making such a big deal? Don’t quarrel with a kid-”

“Not just a child, but a natural little troublemaker. Should I post it online and let everyone judge?” Khloe interrupted coldly, retracting her phone. 1

“And one more thing-the video has already been uploaded to your family’s group chat.”

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“I’ve been raising Pete for two years. If the elders never see his true behavior now, when he’s much older, they’ll think I’m the one who spoiled him,” Khloe said calmly.

“You posted the video to the family group chat? Khloe, Pete is our son. You’ve gone overboard!” Trey’s face drained of color.

Seeing the video appear in the group chat, past the window for deletion, he felt his face flush with embarrassment.

But the moment he spoke, he realized how obvious it was that he was defending Pete-and the child’s repeated misbehavior left little room for argument.

He drew in a deep breath and tried to steady his tone. “Khloe, a child should be guided, not humiliated. What you’ve done... How will he face anyone in our family after this? You don’t want Grandma and Mom worrying, do you?”

“Just cancel the police report! I’ll compensate for the car and make Pete apologize properly!”

Before Khloe could reply, Trey had already transferred the half a million. The transaction completed in moments.

Khloe glanced at the notification but gave no reaction, as if it were just a string of meaningless numbers.

“I won’t cancel the report,” she said calmly, opening the car door. “And I think a police record might teach him more than an apology ever could. A child not taught is the father’s fault, Trey. I hope you’ll take this chance to reflect on your own responsibilities as a parent.”

Her words were blunt and direct, but Trey’s attention was immediately drawn to the barrage of family group

messages.

[Oh my God, is this really Trey's kid? He's so unruly!]

[Where is Trey? Why isn't he controlling his kid? How could he let the kid smash someone else's car?! So rude!]

[Look at that glare! That's not a five-year-old-that's a monster!]

[Is this the boy Trey adopted? Honestly, he should be sent away... Something disastrous will happen when he grows up. He might even bring trouble to the family!]

Normally, the family group barely stirred over anything, but this video hit like a boulder dropped into the sea, sending shockwaves through everyone. Comment after comment struck Trey like lashes, each one burning.

His fingers trembled over the keyboard as he tried to explain, yet he found himself at a loss for words.

By the time he gathered his wits, Khloe had already started the car and vanished into the distance.

Trey instinctively wanted to give chase, but his phone rang first. Stella's furious voice blared through the line, "Trey! Look at what your son's done! He's shamed our family! Get back here immediately, and bring that little brat with you!"

The call ended abruptly.

Trey froze. His mother's piercing scolding, combined with the constant pinging of the family group, felt like a bottomless chasm swallowing him whole.

Late at night, after everything was settled, Trey returned to Lauren's hospital room with Pete in tow.

Khloe had gone to the police station to file a report. She refused mediation.

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Although Pete was a child, the damage was serious and the evidence irrefutable. He had been issued an official warning. Now, having just cried himself out, he clung tightly to Trey's side, barely daring to breathe.

Trey himself looked exhausted. At home, he had scolded Pete harshly, prompting the boy to finally confess the truth.

After the altercation with Khloe, Pete had felt wronged and called Angela. She, worried for her son, rushed over immediately and upon hearing what had happened, she was furious.

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Trey's assistant knew the full story.

After Angela found an excuse to get him out of the way, she, wanting to let Pete vent his frustration, gave him a metal rod and sent him to scratch Khloe's car.

Angela had carefully scouted the garage and noticed there were no surveillance cameras.

Pete was just a five-year-old-no matter what he did, Khloe couldn't really punish him. And with Trey around, she never imagined Khloe would actually call the police.

Once Trey understood the full situation, he felt, for the first time, an urge to divorce Angela. The Angela he remembered had always been so refined and considerate. She had never behaved so recklessly!

Khloe had been right. "A child not taught is the father's fault." It was his failure as a father to choose the right mother that had spoiled Pete into this bratty state.

It was late. Alicia had already left, and only Stella remained with Lauren in the room. Arthur had called earlier, demanding she resolve the matter quickly.

The simplest solution was clear: annul Pete's adoption with the Fox family and send him back to the orphanage.

The matter was easy enough, and Stella's anger had cooled considerably. In fact, thinking of Pete vandalizing Khloe's car brought a faint, malicious satisfaction to her.

"Didn't expect you to be so unruly, little brat. Khloe wronged you, so you smash her car?" she said, her tone casual.

But her words drew a sharp glare from Lauren. When she saw the video, she had to be restrained by the nurse, lest her blood pressure spike.

“Apologize,” Trey said in a low, urgent voice. On the way there, he had already lectured Pete multiple times: he had to apologize properly, or else there would be no mercy.

Pete trembled, gripping the seams of his pants, and bowed repeatedly, stammering out the words Trey had taught

him.

“I won’t do it again... I’ll be good... I’ll listen to Daddy, Grandma, and Great-Grandma... I won’t act wilfully or throw tantrums... I promise!”

“You should apologize to Khloe!” Lauren’s voice trembled with fury. She had barely left, and already the household was in chaos. Trey had defied his late grandfather’s will, Khloe was stubborn beyond reason, and even a small child was brazen and out of control!

“I’ll make him apologize to Khloe,” Trey muttered, a shadow clouding his face. 1

“Trey, tell me what kind of father have you been to Pete? How could you... how could you let Khloe record that video!” Lauren was beside herself.

Ultimately, the heartache came from Khloe having the evidence. Now the cost of appeasing her had just skyrocketed.

“It’s decided. Tomorrow, handle the paperwork. Pete doesn’t belong in our family-send him away. I’ll explain in the family group that Pete is no longer your child. Khloe won’t be able to say anything after that.”

Stella smiled to herself, already anticipating the next victory. “And since Khloe was misdiagnosed before... now

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that she can have children, Trey, hurry up and get her pregnant. That’ll finally make her settle down!”

Once Khloe had a child, she’d be tied to their family for good. Stella wanted to see how bold and defiant Khloe

could still be then. 1

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Trey felt a flicker of unease at his mother's words.

In the past, he had been unwilling to be intimate with Khloe. They weren't truly married, and he had no obligation to her. He didn't want to risk a future showdown where she could leverage a child against him.

But now, things felt different. There was a logic to Stella's words. No matter how strong-willed Khloe was, a child would tie her to him, just like Angela-she would become inseparable.

Yet the thought passed quickly. Trey snapped back to reality and instinctively defended Pete.

"Pete did wrong, yes, but sending him back to the orphanage? That's extreme. At worst, I'll punish him at home, make him reflect, and keep him indoors for a while."

Pete was his son. After finally being officially welcomed back into the Fox household, sending the boy away now would make it even harder for him to return in the future.

"This is your father's decision, as well as mine and Mom's," Stella said gently, trying to reason with him. "Trey, I know you've grown attached after two years, but you can still see Pete often. Just don't let him remain in the Fox household. Once you have your own child, you'll no longer have any ties to Pete."

Pete couldn't hold back his sobs. He clung tightly to Trey's leg, trembling. "Daddy... I don't want to leave... I want to go home..."

"Listen, brat. If you misbehave, no one will want you. You'd better leave obediently. Maybe next time, someone else adopts you, you'll learn your lesson."

Stella had meant to tease Pete, but her words struck Trey like a knife.

“Mom! Pete is my son. I won’t let him go!”

Unable to bear the boy’s tears, Trey ignored Stella’s fury and scooped Pete into his arms.

“Trey-” Stella’s roar echoed down the corridor, but he didn’t look back.

Pete squirmed against his shoulder, still sobbing and stammering apologies. “I’m sorry, Daddy... don’t leave me... boo-hoo...”

“Don’t worry. Daddy will never abandon you.” Trey patted his son’s back gently, but inside, his heart twisted.

He had once calculated everything, abandoned feelings without a second thought, sometimes even acting with ruthless coldness. But now... he didn’t want to continue down that path.

Khloe had forced him to reflect-and he truly needed to. If he had resisted the family’s pressures when he was with Angela, she and Pete wouldn’t have suffered. If he had met Khloe sooner... maybe his choices would have been different.

Stella, unable to stop him, was fuming. “Unbelievable! Khloe is out of control, and now, Trey too? What has gotten into them lately?”

Lauren, however, remained calm. “Pete isn’t the main issue. A child, even an adopted one, can be managed. The real trouble is Khloe.”

She reached for her reading glasses and dialed Khloe’s number, confident that if Khloe hadn’t gone to bed, she would answer.

But the call went straight to voicemail.

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Stella’s frustration only deepened. “Mom, Khloe only dares act this way because she knows you support her! I think now’s the time to assert your authority, teach her a lesson, and curb her arrogance!”

Lauren’s expression darkened slightly at the unanswered call. “No matter how bold Khloe is, she’s more useful to the company than you and Alicia are! I may be old, but my mind is sharp. The moment Khloe isn’t by Trey’s side, Angela will try to take advantage... And look at that-it seems I was right all along!”

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Lauren ended the call with a huff.

She didn't notice that the call had lasted ten seconds, just enough for the tail end of her words to reach Khloe's

ears.

By the time Khloe had driven home, picked up the phone, and was about to speak, she heard the furious tone of the elder woman.

In an instant, her heart sank completely.

So everyone in the Fox family had known about Angela-everyone but her. Even Lauren, whom she had once been so grateful to, had kept her in the dark.

The Fox family had never truly seen her as a person. To them, she had been no more than a tool for Trey's convenience.

And she had given all her feelings to him-enduring the disdain of Stella and the others, working tirelessly to treat them like family, striving for household harmony...

All those memories resurfaced, and no matter how controlled and rational she tried to be, her heart still ached.

After a long, slow breath, Khloe wiped away the meaningless tears and let her face return to its usual cool, detached expression. She dialed her assistant. "Handle something for me."

When she moved out of the Fox residence, she had taken a few strands of hair from Pete, Trey, and Angela.

She had had her assistant run a DNA test. The results, unsurprisingly, confirmed what she had suspected: Pete was indeed the child of Angela and Trey.

This bombshell had originally been reserved as her final gesture—a way to reclaim herself and then deliver the ultimate revelation to the Fox family.

But today's events had shifted her plan.

If the Fox family was so united, once they learned the truth, Angela wouldn't need to hide anymore... and that would be far too convenient for them.

If Pete wanted to reunite with Angela, then Angela being expelled from the family couldn't happen without consequences for him as well.

The solution was simple: just let the Fox family know that Pete was Angela's child. That would be enough.

After placing the call, Khloe dragged her tired body into the elevator.

But as she reached her front door, she saw a familiar figure.

It was Nick.

His expression was dark, and she had no idea how long he had been waiting. He leaned sideways against the wall, wrapped in his coat, idly fiddling with the pair of gemstone cufflinks she had given him.

In the vast corridor, his tall frame looked lonely and pitiable.

"Nick? You... why..." Khloe's heart skipped a beat.

Halfway through her question, she remembered that he had mentioned meeting in the evening when they parted

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that morning. But she had been so busy that she had completely forgotten.

Glancing at her phone, she realized that more than three hours ago, Nick had sent her a message, asking if she wanted to go out for dinner tonight. She hadn't replied, and he hadn't bothered her further. 1

“I went to your office to look for you. They said you had already left. I noticed you didn’t reply, and I was a little worried, so I came to check.”

Nick didn’t look up, speaking in a low, muffled tone, before stepping out from the shadows.

For some reason, Khloe felt an unusual chill emanating from him. She hurried forward. “Why didn’t you call me? How long have you been waiting here?”

He had made a call, but she had been on another call at that time.

As a child, he had always called his family whenever he had free time, but no one ever picked up. Over time, he had grown averse to calling, especially when met with silence.

He didn’t elaborate. “A while,” he said.

“I’m sorry I’m late. You must have waited a long time.” Khloe stepped closer, gently leaning against Nick’s side in a comforting embrace.

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The temperature had dropped outside, and the night was cold. A thin layer of chill clung to the folds of Nick’s coat.

Khloe’s gentle gesture eased some of the gloom weighing on Nick, but he still slowly pushed her away.

“It’s late. You should go rest.’

“Nick... are you mad at me?” Khloe asked, a trace of surprise in her voice. Seeing him start to walk away, she reached out and held him back.

“No,” Nick replied immediately, though there was a slight hesitation in his tone, a stiff edge he couldn’t conceal.

“Was it because I forgot you’d be coming tonight, or that I didn’t reply to your message?” Khloe’s voice softened, almost taking on a coquettish note, though she didn’t realize it.

Being near Nick seemed to melt the ice around her heart in an instant.

Nick said nothing. He had never been overly close with anyone, and he had long grown accustomed to farewells, indifference, and being forgotten.

But tonight, while waiting for Khloe, a strange discomfort gripped him.

He dared not call her, yet feared she might not respond if he did.

These feelings, once inconsequential, now wrapped around him like a nightmare.

“Nick... I’m sorry. Please don’t be mad at me, okay?”

Khloe suddenly wrapped her arms lightly around his waist from behind.

Her voice dropped, tinged with guilt and coaxing warmth. “Next time I’ll reply right away, and I’ll never forget what you say... Actually, something upset me tonight, too. Could you... stay with me for a little while?”

Nick turned toward her, lifting a hand to draw her closer. His jaw tilted slightly; his breath brushed her temple, warm and soft.

The proximity made her heart flutter.

“...Nick,” she murmured, a little embarrassed, repeating it softly. “So... will you stay?”

“Yes.” His breath, mingled with the heat of his body and a near-kiss brushing her cheek, sent shivers through her.

Fearing she might be overcome, Khloe quickly turned to unlock the door, taking his hand as they entered her home.

Inside, she turned on the lights, changed her shoes, and retrieved a brand-new pair of men’s slippers from the shoe cabinet, placing them at his feet.

“These are just for you. Try them-see if they fit.”

Nick’s gaze dropped to the slippers. Something faint yet bright sparked in his eyes. Without hesitation, he said, “I

like them.”

Khloe couldn’t help but laugh, her eyes curving in delight as she looked at him.

Seeing her smile, Nick's expression softened, and he asked, "Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing..." she said, her tone light, mischievously warm. "Because everyone says the heir of the Hunt

1/2

Chapter 144

Group is cold and frightening. But only I know... he's actually-"

Her voice faltered for a moment as she looked into his deep, steady eyes. "...incredibly easy to coax, and extraordinarily gentle."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 150

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 150 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 150

Chapter 150

A faint flush colored Nick's cheeks. He quickly looked away, careful not to let Khloe see.

"Have you eaten?" Khloe suddenly asked.

"I have," he replied.

Only then did she relax, though a twinge of guilt lingered for keeping him waiting so long. She hurried into the

kitchen.

"What would you like to drink? I have tea, coffee, or some special cocktails," she offered.

Hearing her, Nick followed her into the kitchen. From behind, he watched her slender waist twist as she opened the fridge and cabinets, fetching one item after another.

She moved with a light grace.

Seeing her tiptoe to reach something, Nick couldn't resist. He slipped his arms around her waist from behind, holding her gently. "Is this it?"

He saw a few cans of sparkling water with elegant, unfamiliar labels.

“Yes!” Khloe nodded.

Tall as he was, Nick effortlessly lifted them and placed them within her reach.

“Thank you.”

Khloe turned, smiling, only to realize that they were once again pressed close together. Their bodies aligned, breaths mingling in a near-kiss.

“Your cabinets are quite high up,” Nick murmured, his gaze dark, lingering on her lips.

Khloe’s fingers rested on the sparkling water as she cleared her throat. “Yes... So, what would you like to drink?”

Nick had intended to say “anything,” but his eyes landed on a cluster of colorful little bottles on the counter- probably alcoholic. The “special cocktails” Khloe mentioned must contain alcohol.

“You know how to mix drinks?” he asked.

“A little,” Khloe replied, her fingers tracing a small circle in the air. “Think of it as a light beverage.”

“I’ll have one.”

“Okay.”

Khloe had all the tools ready and approached the task with care, following each step meticulously. After some shaking and stirring, she poured two drinks of different colors- one pale blue, the other soft pink.

She slid the pale blue one toward Nick. “Try this.”

She remembered he didn’t like sweet drinks, so these contained no added sugar.

Nick’s long, knuckled fingers lifted the glass, taking a careful sip. His brow furrowed slightly as the chilled liquid touched his lips, but it was refreshingly smooth. He cleared his throat.

“Good.”

1/2

Chapter 150

+25 Bonus

“Too cold?” Khloe asked. “I can make you something warm instead.”

She reached for his glass, but he avoided her hand.

“No,” he said, holding the cup, his gaze never leaving her face. “Any drink you make deserves to be savored.”

His intent stare left Khloe flustered. She quickly lifted her own glass and gently clinked it against his. “Cheers.”

Nick acknowledged her with a soft hum. Watching her playful gesture made a small warmth spark in his chest.

“Why is yours pink and mine blue?” he suddenly asked, glancing at her glass.

The question struck Khloe’s heart in an unexpected way. She smiled, delighted to explain, as if expecting praise.

“My pink one has rose honey powder. It’s sweeter. Yours has mint, lemon, and gin-fresh and crisp. Don’t the colors match well?”

“They do,” he murmured.

“And... when I first met you, I thought your eyes are as deep as the ocean. Blue just suits them,” she admitted, a blush rising to her cheeks.

Nick’s heart skipped. No one had ever complimented him like that. He paused, caught off guard, then took another long sip, coughing lightly again.

“Slow down,” Khloe said immediately, offering a napkin.

He nodded, meeting her concerned gaze. Somehow, in this unsweetened drink, there was a sweetness he could feel.

2/2