

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 171

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 171

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Since Lauren had already said as much, neither Trey nor Stella dared to deny it anymore. From her tone, however, it didn't seem as though she intended to pursue the matter further.

Stella silently let out a breath of relief and quickly spoke up to excuse Trey. "It was all Angela's fault-she schemed from the start, trying to get close to Trey again and seduce him. Trey's mind has always been on the company and the family. He was caught off guard, that's all..."

As she spoke, she lightly nudged her son's arm.

But Trey kept his head lowered, saying nothing. These things couldn't be blamed on Angela alone.

"That's enough. If I'd come here to interrogate you, I wouldn't be wasting words on you now," Lauren said. She gripped her cane with both hands and sighed, deeply disappointed.

She had trusted Khloe because of her obedience and good sense, believing she would make a fine granddaughter-in-law. That was why she had felt at ease retiring to enjoy her later years. Who would have thought that in just two years... even Khloe had changed so much.

"So it seems Angela is the reason Khloe is angry with you. But now everything's been dealt with. Go apologize to Khloe. Explain things clearly between you and Angela, and have her come home first."

Trey hesitated, wanting to speak but stopping himself. Angela was certainly at fault, but Khloe's behavior these past few days had also left him feeling stifled and resentful. He had given her countless chances, defended her when trouble arose, yet she remained cold toward him.

His heart felt heavy now, and he had no desire to be the one to bow his head again.

Stella was equally unwilling, but just as she was about to say a few words on Trey's behalf, Lauren's sharp gaze

cut her off.

Without another word, Lauren dialed Khloe's number. One call went unanswered. She called again.

"It's still early... she probably hasn't woken up yet," Trey said, worried that Khloe might truly refuse to give Lauren face.

But Lauren was persistent. Sure enough, not long after, the call connected.

"Hello?"

Khloe's voice came through, drowsy and unfocused. She hadn't fully woken up; the phone had been vibrating nonstop, and she answered it on instinct.

"Khloe..."

Lauren's voice reached her ears, and Khloe jolted awake. She covered the phone and sat up, rubbing her head. "... Grandma?"

"Why so distant? I've been recuperating these past few days, and you haven't even called once. Are you really planning to ignore this old woman?"

Though her words carried a hint of reproach, her tone was gentle and affectionate.

Khloe glanced at the time-it was just past seven.

The night before, she and Nick had stayed together until nearly dawn. She'd been so tired she could barely keep her eyes open before they said goodnight and returned to their respective rooms. Nick was probably still asleep

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now.

Khloe got out of bed and stepped outside to take a look. The guest room door was slightly ajar, and the man inside was sleeping peacefully. Only then did she feel reassured. She quietly closed the door and returned to her room to continue the call.

“Grandma, are you feeling better now?” Khloe asked politely.

At once, Lauren began to complain. “My body’s a bit better, but my mood isn’t. I used to stay at your place whenever I came back. The servants at the family estate are all so clumsy-I’m not used to living there.”

“Then you could move back and stay there again,” Khloe replied.

“What would I go back for without you? Khloe, you’re like my own granddaughter. You know I care more about you than I do about Trey.”

Lauren’s words made Khloe’s chest feel faintly tight.

It was true-Lauren had treated her very well in the past. But she also made a habit of openly expressing that affection, which sometimes left Khloe feeling pressured. That was why Khloe had always taken such careful,

conscientious care of her.

Yet now Khloe understood clearly: no matter how well Lauren treated her, she was, in the end, still an outsider.

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Lauren’s sense of fairness disappeared the moment Fox family members were involved.

Seeing Khloe remain silent, she quickly added, “Actually, I understand matters between husband and wife. You were just jealous and misunderstood! Once you clear it all up, you can’t help but care about Trey, right?”

“Misunderstood?” Khloe echoed, skeptical.

“Yes. I’ve heard about what happened online. Angela got what she deserved!”

At the mention of Angela, Khloe's chest tightened, thinking Lauren was about to confess something. But the old lady's words shifted unexpectedly.

"She's of that age and still unmarried. She was jealous of the harmony between you and Trey, and that's why she acted up. But I can assure you, Khloe, Trey's heart belongs only to you. Angela is only using the fact she was once his student to get close to him, but there's nothing between them! Khloe, don't let such a trivial thing cloud your thoughts about him!"

Lauren spoke at length, emphasizing her point, and in doing so removed all blame from Angela-leaving Khloe to shoulder any remaining responsibility. Trey, by contrast, was rendered innocent.

Khloe almost laughed at the absurdity. Once Lauren finished, she handed the phone to Trey.

"Trey, come over. In front of grandma, swear to Khloe: there's nothing between you and Angela, right?"

"Grandma..." Trey tried to resist, reluctantly taking the phone. He didn't want to speak.

"No need," Khloe said almost simultaneously.

Her voice was cold, like ice, but through the phone it sounded measured-almost like sulking.

"Grandma, I didn't tell you before because I knew you weren't well. Actually, Trey and I are no longer involved."

The words hit like a thunderclap. Both Lauren and Trey's expressions changed drastically.

"No longer involved?" The old woman's voice rose a few tones, hoarse with trembling. "Khloe! You can't just say things like that! You're married! Even if you want a divorce, you can't decide that without our consent!"

"That's right. I want a clean cut from Trey. But it doesn't need to be complicated like a divorce. We can just separate."

Khloe had no intention of confronting the Fox family so early, but her revenge against Trey wasn't over yet. She knew taking Fox Group's shares would be impossible without conflict, and she didn't want the family constantly interfering. So she decided to draw a clear line with Trey first.

"Khloe, what do you mean by this? I know you're upset, but... you can't just talk about divorce like this!" Lauren could no longer sit still, pounding on the table in frustration,

Stella, however, sneered, dismissing Khloe's words as mere posturing. With the Angela incident, she felt wronged herself, thinking Khloe was simply trying to assert dominance over them again.

"Khloe, how greedy and insatiable can you be? Marrying into our family is a blessing you earned over lifetimes! You've had a comfortable life as a wife, and yet you've developed this sense of entitlement? Want your mother-in-law and sister-in-law to constantly apologize to you? Demand fifty percent of Fox Group? Now you even want Trey to kneel and beg?"

Before Stella could finish, Trey took the phone from her.

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"Khloe, you're really going too far now. I could let the past slide, but now you're talking about divorce and separation. If you really mean it, then... fine, it's up to you."

But Trey's words were cut off-Khloe had already hung up. She hadn't even waited to hear him finish.

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Trey's veins bulged with anger. "Khloe!"

Just now, when Khloe said there was no need for a divorce, he had genuinely been startled. But thinking it over, there was no way Khloe could know about their fake marriage. Otherwise, with no assets of her own, how could she even dare to leave him?

Stella had been right-Khloe was now acting entitled, using the Angela incident as leverage to make him admit fault and bleed the Fox family dry.

Even Lauren hadn't expected that after giving Khloe such a huge out, the girl would show no restraint-and would even bring up divorce. She couldn't comprehend it all at once, and even after the call ended, she remained in shock.

"Is Khloe out of her mind? She really wants a divorce?"

"Grandma, don't get upset. Khloe was just speaking out of anger." Trey, still fuming, quickly reassured his grandmother, worried she might overreact.

Lauren snorted coldly. "I used to think your mother exaggerated. Khloe's always been so obedient and clever- never unreasonable. But now... I see I was mistaken. Khloe really doesn't know her place!"

Seeing Lauren finally stop defending Khloe, Stella let out a long breath.

"Yes, Mom. I think Khloe's been spoiled-she needs a proper lesson! Maybe if we ignore her, she'll come crawling back herself!"

Lauren inhaled deeply, considering this, but her thoughts turned to the company.

"But with Khloe absent... what about the company's projects?"

In the past few days, she'd heard that Arthur had been out securing investors. Without Khloe, the company could face serious losses-even risk a broken cash flow.

"Don't worry about the cash flow."

Before she could finish, Arthur strode into the room.

He had just arrived home and overheard the commotion. When the others mentioned Khloe, he listened closely.

Khloe was audacious. In the office, she had practically ignored him during negotiations. A mere girl with blond hair, riding on Trey's coattails-did she really think the Fox Group ran according to her whims?

"Arthur!" Stella's face brightened at her husband's return. She hurried to help him with his coat.

Trey bowed slightly to his father, feeling somewhat guilty. In recent days, he hadn't fully carried out the tasks Arthur had assigned before leaving.

But Arthur was in a good mood today. Without scolding Trey, he sat beside Lauren.

"Mom, don't worry about the company. I've found an exceptionally strong investor."

“Even if we lost Khloe-or anyone else at Fox Group-as long as we rely on this backer, we won’t have to worry about our IPO.”

His words stirred excitement on Stella’s and Lauren’s faces.

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+25 Bonus

“Is it Mr. Ramsay?” Stella asked immediately. She recalled that Arthur had several powerful contacts, and the most successful recently was Mr. Ramsay, whose real estate empire had grown significantly over the past two

years.

“Mr. Ramsay?” Arthur snorted lightly, tapping the armrest with his finger. “In his circle, he may be someone of note-but compared to the investor I have in mind? He wouldn’t even be worthy of tying their shoes.”

His gaze swept over the confused Stella and Lauren before settling on Trey.

“Trey, you tell me-in Goldmont, who is truly number one, the one who can shake the business world like no other?”

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“Could it be...” Trey’s brow twitched, a flicker of disbelief in his eyes. “...the Morrison family?”

“The richest family in the city?” Stella hurried to Arthur’s side, her eyes lighting up with incredulity. “Arthur... is it really them?”

“Yes.” Arthur’s tone was calm, but beneath the surface, a trace of pride couldn’t be hidden. “This time, the major investment in our company comes from the number one powerhouse in Goldmont’s business world-Morrison Group.”

“That’s perfect! If they’re investing, what is there to fear? Khloe is nothing! From now on, in Goldmont, the Fox family will have its name!”

Stella’s excitement made her words tumble out in a rush. For her, simply securing the investment felt like Fox Group had already risen to stand alongside the Morrison family.

Even the usually composed Lauren couldn’t maintain her calm. “Arthur, are you certain it’s the Morrison family? How on earth did you secure their investment?”

Even just collaborating with Morrison Group would have been a leap to the top for the Fox family-now Arthur had brought their investment directly. The old lady felt both honored and overwhelmed.

But Trey didn’t look nearly as surprised. He happened to recall a few weeks back, when he’d run into Morrison Group’s heiress in the parking lot. She hadn’t agreed to meet him, yet before leaving, she had accepted his business card. Could it... be her behind this investment? 1

Arthur thoroughly enjoyed seeing his mother and wife lose their composure. A smile he could barely contain spread across his face.

“This time, I met several investors,” he said casually, as if recounting trivial news, “and one of them happened to know a mysterious big player at Morrison Group. After reviewing our core projects, he didn’t even meet us in person-he simply decided to invest, and the contracts were sent over directly.”

Stella quickly clasped her hands, offering silent thanks to fate, while Lauren repeated “Good, good, good” three times, her facial lines softening. “Arthur, you’ve done a fine job!”

She paused, then glanced at her phone, her tone growing more composed.

“Now that we have the Morrison family as our backing, Khloe can stay in her place for a while-she’ll learn not to throw her tantrums.”

With the Morrison family as a safety net, everyone regained confidence. Trey, in particular, felt a renewed calm. With Angela gone and the company secured, Khloe had no reason left to stubbornly oppose him.

After hanging up with Lauren, Khloe went to wash up, change, and prepare breakfast. She had planned to wake Nick once the food was ready.

But just as she stepped outside the room, hand raised, the door quietly swung open from inside.

Nick stood there, already dressed. His dark shirt was perfectly pressed, not a wrinkle in sight, with the top buttons casually undone to reveal the clear lines of his collarbone.

The man's usual precise, meticulous image gave way to this relaxed, almost lazy domesticity, which somehow heightened his allure. Even fully dressed, he radiated a subtle sensuality that made her pulse quicken.

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"Morning," Nick nodded at her, his voice still husky from sleep.

He appeared to have just washed his face; a few damp strands of hair clung to his forehead, softening his otherwise sharp features.

Their eyes met, and the air between them was charged with a quiet, intimate tension.

"Morning," Khloe replied, slightly startled, then smiled and added, "I was just about to call you. Breakfast is ready."

"I can smell it," Nick's gaze swept over her—from her neatly tied-up hair to the apron at her waist—his eyes warm as they lingered, slowly tracing her form. "It smells amazing."

He stepped a small pace closer, the clean, crisp scent surrounding him subtly enveloping her. "What is it?"

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“Fried eggs, bacon, a little salad, and some toasted bread.”

Khloe felt her heartbeat skip a beat. She instinctively lowered her gaze, only to notice more clearly the open collar of his shirt and the slow, deliberate roll of his Adam’s apple.

“Mm.” Nick murmured in response, his eyes fixed on her face with an intensity that made her momentarily forget everything else.

Suddenly, he raised a hand, the back of his fingers brushing against a nearly invisible smudge of oil on her cheek. The warmth of his skin was subtle, almost like a fleeting illusion-but it sent a sharp heat through that tiny patch on her face.

“It got on you.”

His tone was casual, but his eyes... they were deep enough to pull someone in.

Khloe instinctively lifted her hand, only to have her wrist gently caught by him.

“All clean now.”

He didn’t let go immediately. His thumb traced the soft, delicate skin on the inside of her wrist in a faint, almost imperceptible motion before securing her hand in his. “Come on, I can’t wait to taste it... to see just how good it is.

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With just a few words, Nick had turned her cheeks a brilliant red. Held by his large, warm hand, she suddenly felt like a little girl again. And yet, the feeling was comforting-safe, tender, reassuring.

By the time they finished breakfast, it was already late.

Nick was heading to the office later than usual. During breakfast, his phone had been ringing nonstop, but he had silenced it, seemingly not wanting Khloe to worry.

“Let’s go together. I’ll take you to work.”

Nick’s invitation was casual, but Khloe hesitated. “It’s out of your way, and don’t you still have work this morning?”

“If I don’t see you all day, I want to spend a little longer with you.”

His words were blunt, lacking any pretense. Khloe found herself momentarily speechless, unsure how to respond.

“Nick, you’re getting awfully smooth with your words...” she muttered under her breath, blinking rapidly, though the corners of her lips betrayed her, curling into a shy smile. “I suppose... I can reluctantly let you drive me.”

Her bashful expression didn’t escape Nick’s notice. He let out a low chuckle, tightened his grip on her soft hand, and without another word, led her out the door.

Inside the car, the space was quiet and intimate, with soft music drifting through the cabin.

Nick drove himself, relaxed in posture but attentive. During a red light, Khloe habitually pulled out her phone to scroll through the news-and her eyes immediately caught the latest updates about the defamation incident.

Screenshots of Angela instigating Brandon had flooded the internet. The police had intervened, and classmates began speaking out in Khloe’s defense, proving her integrity and excellence. Angela’s formerly flawless image as the “perfect female mentor” had completely crumbled.

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+25 Bonus

Khloe was surprised by how quickly such detailed exposés appeared-someone had clearly orchestrated this. But besides herself, who else would have her back?

Her gaze shifted to Nick.

“Nick.”

“Hm?” He kept his eyes on the road, softly responding.

“Thank you.”

Nick glanced at her from the corner of his eye, noticing the phone in her hand. He understood immediately what she meant.

“When they hurt you, they’re hurting me too. I was just defending my interests. I held back only because I was worried it might affect you.”

His voice remained calm, but she could hear the gravity and sincerity behind his words—steadfast and reliable in a way no sweet nothing ever spoken to her had been.

Her heart felt soaked in warm water, soft and trembling, every muscle sinking into a heady, dizzying ache.

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Khloe hurriedly lowered her gaze, afraid her tears would betray her. “You’ve done so much for me... I don’t even know what I can do for you.”

Hearing her, Nick finally relaxed slightly. “Don’t worry. If there’s something you can do for me, I’ll let you know.”

His words weren’t so much a comfort as a statement—direct, unpretentious. Khloe couldn’t help but let out a soft laugh.

She subtly turned her head again, stealing a glance at him.

The morning light traced the sharp lines of his profile. His jaw was slightly tense, his expression as cold and composed as ever—but beneath that coldness, she felt a heat that could melt anyone.

The car glided smoothly to the base of the Morrison Group building.

Nick leaned over to unbuckle her seatbelt, his low voice brushing against her ear again.

“Wait for me after work. I’ll pick you up.”

“Okay.”

Watching her disappear into the building, Nick finally picked up his phone. Several missed calls and urgent reports had accumulated.

He clipped on a Bluetooth headset, smoothly turned the car toward the Hunt Group building, and answered the first call.

For once, his voice lacked its usual intensity and icy undertone. He even started with an almost unthinkable, "Sorry."

The person on the other end was immediately flustered, touched to the point of tears.

Had the sun risen in the west today? Nick had... softened.

Khloe's mood reflected the same warmth.

After arriving at Morrison Group, she treated the entire staff to milk tea, held a meeting with her five-member team, and later indulged in a Michelin-star lunch.

After the meal, Charlotte asked sharply, "Khloe, did something good happen today? You've been so cheerful all morning!"

"Really?" Khloe blinked in surprise and touched her face. Her happiness... was it that obvious?

Charlotte pointed at her lips. "Your smile hasn't stopped from the moment you got here."

"Exactly! Khloe, what's gotten you so happy? Is it... something with Mr. Hunt?"

The others immediately chimed in, teasing.

Khloe's face flushed crimson. "N-no... stop talking nonsense."

"I think it makes sense. Something good must be happening-this morning I saw Mr. Hunt personally bringing you to work!"

"Really? No wonder you've been glowing lately! So this is what love looks like..."

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+25 Bonus

"When's the wedding? When's the banquet?"

One by one, the teasing questions came. Khloe didn't even have time to answer. Flustered, she grabbed her bag and muttered, "I'll go pay first," before dashing off.

Still, their words stirred something inside her.

Her progress with Nick had been going smoothly. Though technically a political marriage, their interactions now felt more like a couple in the throes of a new romance.

But a wedding license... surely that would require a proposal first? Nick hadn't said a word yet.

By late afternoon, with over two hours left until the end of the workday, Khloe had already begun tidying her desk and touching up her makeup. Nick was supposed to pick her up soon, and he had even sent a message earlier saying he'd booked a restaurant for dinner.

"Miss Roswell, a Miss Keller is here to see you."

As Khloe carefully applied her lipstick, her assistant knocked and entered. A partner had brought a major project, specifically requesting to meet with her.

"Miss Keller?" Khloe looked up in surprise. "What's her full name?"

"Michelle Keller," the assistant replied, handing over a business card.

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Khloe was well aware of the Keller family's businesses-positioned downstream within the Morrison Group's industry chain, they were considered a standout among numerous competitors. Recently, it was said that the Keller family had even begun cooperating with the Hunt family.

If it was a key project, she had little reason to refuse. Yet, the fact that Michelle had come specifically to see her still left Khloe slightly uneasy.

"Let her in," Khloe decided after a moment of thought, instructing her assistant to show the visitor into her office. She had just taken control of the Morrison Group and urgently needed major projects under her belt.

Soon, Michelle arrived, guided by the assistant. This time, her appearance was completely different from the elegant look she had at the banquet. She wore a tailored blue plaid suit, her long hair softly curled, and carried a sleek briefcase, radiating both professionalism and confidence.

Khloe rose to greet her. Michelle's gaze was cool yet courteous; she gave Khloe a brief handshake before sitting in the swivel chair beside the desk.

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"Khloe, I've brought a key project. We intend to cooperate with Morrison Group, and the profit distribution is negotiable."

Michelle got straight to the point, and Khloe nodded, immediately delving into discussion about the project. She had seen the project materials earlier-it was indeed an impressive opportunity, and Morrison Group already had a dedicated team handling preliminary negotiations. She had just not expected the project to belong to the Keller family.

"The project proposal is fine. We can finalize details a little later," Khloe said after about ten minutes of discussion.

Michelle smiled, but she made no move to leave. "Khloe, I hope you can oversee this project personally."

"Personally oversee it?" Khloe repeated, slightly surprised.

"Yes. Within the Morrison family, I think you are the most capable, so I hope you can take this project to heart. Besides... you must understand my relationship with Nick. Our families have long-standing ties, and he and I grew up together. Since you're his fiancée, I feel more at ease."

Michelle's words sounded friendly, but her gaze carried a hint of provocation, as if deliberately reminding Khloe of her past with Nick.

Khloe hesitated briefly, then said lightly, "Alright, I'll consider it. Let's leave it at that for today-I have other matters to attend to." 11

Michelle nodded, put away the project files, and stood. "Khloe, I'm not familiar with Morrison Group's layout. Could you see me to the garage?"

"Of course." Khloe didn't overthink it and escorted Michelle into the elevator.

Michelle's eyes followed her the entire time. Suddenly, she smiled. "Khloe, have you ever noticed... your features are actually quite similar to mine."

"Hm?" Khloe frowned, unsure what she meant, but glanced at her face.

Their overall temperaments were strikingly different, so at first glance, they didn't appear similar. But focusing just on the eyes and brows, there was a resemblance-both had naturally soft, gentle eyebrows, with short distances between the brows, which emphasized deep-set eyes and bright irises. From certain angles, the

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+25 Bonus

similarity was noticeable.

Before Khloe could respond, Michelle added softly, "Not just the features... your personality is quite similar to how I used to be."

Khloe felt an uncomfortable twinge, but the elevator had arrived. She quickly stepped out and pointed Michelle toward the garage.

"You can exit to the garage that way. I won't accompany you further."

"Khloe!" Seeing her turn to leave, Michelle spun around and grabbed her arm. "You're the heir to the Morrison Group, a young lady with billions-how can you endure a loveless marriage? Nick doesn't love you. You should leave him!"

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

Reason told Khloe not to entangle herself further, yet Michelle's words pricked at her emotionally.

"Three years ago, Nick and I almost got engaged, but he called it off because of me. If I hadn't hurt him, he would never have married someone else so casually... The moment I saw you, Khloe, I realized he still has feelings for me -because you are so much like me!"

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Michelle's words hit Khloe like a thunderclap.

The woman whom Loretta had said Nick almost got engaged to... was Michelle?

The information was overwhelming, and it took Khloe a long moment to regain her composure. Though her heart stirred, she trusted what she had seen with her own eyes- Nick would never treat someone as a mere substitute.

"I don't think Nick is that kind of person. Perhaps it's exactly because you see him that way, Michelle, that it hurts him," Khloe said coolly, her voice calm and composed, far beyond what Michelle had expected.

"You don't want to know what happened between us? You've only known Nick a few days, and you already trust him so completely?"

"I'm curious, of course. But I don't want to hear about your past with him. A past doesn't define anything-just as Nick doesn't care about mine, I only want to face who he is now."

Khloe's tone was soft, yet her words were honest and unwavering.

"Michelle, Nick and I are engaged. Frankly, I had no expectations for this marriage-it's purely a business alliance. I didn't care about Nick's feelings...'

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At that moment, Nick quietly arrived behind her. He had heard that Michelle had gone to Morrison Group and came early, only to run into the two women before finding Khloe.

"Purely a business alliance..." Michelle's eyes flickered in surprise when she noticed Nick, but she quickly masked it. She didn't interrupt Khloe, hoping the man would hear Khloe's cold, indifferent tone.

Sure enough, Nick's eyes darkened briefly at her words. But a business alliance... did it mean Khloe didn't care about his feelings?

"But that's different now."

Suddenly, Khloe's voice dropped, still soft but resolute. "Nick and I are getting to know each other. To me, he's excellent, kind, and a man I can entrust my life to. If I can spend the rest of my life with him, it would be my honor. And I keep my promises-unless my fiancé lets go first, I will never break our engagement unilaterally."

Her words shone like a warm yet unwavering light, instantly dispelling the shadow in Nick's eyes. His clenched jaw relaxed imperceptibly, and the depths of his gaze seemed to ignite with a spark.

He didn't speak immediately, merely standing there, eyes fixed intently on Khloe's slender, upright figure, as if committing every inch of her posture to memory.

'Excellent... kind... someone I can entrust my life to.'

No one had ever described him this way before.

Even Michelle noticed the change in Nick's expression and grew flustered. "Khloe, you've only known him a few days. What do you really understand?"

Before Khloe could respond, a heat suddenly enveloped her.

"Nick?"

She hadn't expected him to appear behind her and couldn't help feeling flustered.

"I heard everything, and I'm honored."

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+25 Bonus

His voice was low and husky as his arms encircled her waist, gently drawing her into his embrace. He completely ignored Michelle and started to lead Khloe away.

Her cheeks flushed, and she shyly lowered her head to walk beside him.

Michelle panicked, stepping in front of them. "Nick! Are you trying to provoke me? I lost, and that's not enough? Fine, I'll admit defeat, okay?"

"You should have heard what my wife just said," Nick replied, his gaze still on Khloe, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "We will be together for the rest of our lives. She won't leave me, and I won't leave her."

"Wife? You're only engaged-you haven't even registered your marriage!" Michelle was on the verge of collapse.

"Soon," Nick said calmly, one simple word that cut off any further protest.

Without giving Michelle another chance to argue, he took Khloe's hand and strode away.

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Khloe couldn't stop thinking about Nick's words as they left Morrison Group building.

'Soon.'

Was he seriously planning to take her to register their marriage today?

It was almost five o'clock, and the city hall closed at 5:30. Surely they wouldn't make it in time....

"Do you have your ID and social security card?" Nick asked.

"I've got my ID... but my birth certificate and social security card are at home."

"Then go get them. I'll ask Lenny to get mine. We need to get to city hall before they close to apply for the marriage license."

Khloe froze. "You mean... today?"

"Yes. They close at 5:30. We can at least get the license started." Nick's tone was calm, as if applying for a marriage license were as casual as picking a book off a shelf.

"Shouldn't we tell Leon and Loretta first? And... isn't this a bit... rushed?"

Even though her heart raced at his words, Khloe still felt the absurdity of it all. Their engagement had been thrust upon them like a forced marriage, and now... registering their marriage on a whim?

"Today is a special day," Nick said. "I had originally planned to have dinner with you, but after hearing what you said just now... I want to marry you immediately. If you can indulge me this once, we'll register today. If not, just consider it my impulsiveness-don't take it to heart."

At that moment, Khloe received a call from Loretta.

“Are you busy today?” Loretta asked.

Khloe hesitated, and Loretta continued plainly, “Actually... today is Nick’s birthday. Not that it means much-he’s never happy on his birthdays. If you’re free, I thought maybe you could spend some time with him.”

Her words made Khloe’s heart drop. She had heard from Arista that Nick’s mother had passed away shortly after his birth. He had always blamed himself for being born, and he never celebrated his birthday,

“I understand, Grandma. Don’t worry,” Khloe said, hanging up.

Thinking of Nick’s earlier words about indulging him, her chest tightened. If she could turn his self-reproach into a happy day, she would gladly do it.

“Nick... let’s register today,” she said softly.

He blinked, surprise flashing in his eyes. His Adam’s apple moved slightly, and a rare look of delight crossed his face.

Khloe took his hand in hers. “But remember, you still owe me a proper proposal.”

“Agreed. I promise,” he said.

They arrived at the city hall with just ten minutes to spare and completed all the paperwork.

Yet even in the rush, the photographer captured their photos perfectly. The staff couldn’t help but comment,

1/2

Chriptom

+25 Bonus

What a perfect couple! Truly made for each other! I’ve never seen such a beautiful pair. Are you two celebrities?”

Nick smiled faintly. “No.”

Khloe blushed, still holding his hand tightly with both of hers, and teasing softly, “Nick, it looks like your face has stolen all the attention from other grooms today.”

“And what about you?” he asked, eyes twinkling.

As they stepped out of the registration hall, Trey emerged from the nearby notary office. He had just finished some tedious paperwork, and a lingering gloom still furrowed his brow. Adjusting his tie subconsciously, he looked up-and froze.

A few steps ahead, Khloe was being carefully held in someone's arms.

The man was tall, broad-shouldered, and exuded a strikingly cold elegance. He bent his head and pressed a tender kiss to the top of her head.

His eyes dropped to the marriage license they held in their hands.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 180**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 180 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 180**

Chapter 180

Trey couldn't believe his eyes. His lips parted, as if to call out, "Khloe!"-but a voice behind him cut through the

moment.

"Mr. Fox, you forgot your documents!"

It was a staff member from the notary office, rushing up to hand him his ID.

Because of family pressure, Arthur had instructed him to first handle Pete's overseas paperwork-sending the boy abroad before starting the legal process to annul the adoption.

Every step of the process tore at Trey's heart, but with Arthur and Lauren overseeing things, if he didn't finish the paperwork that day, he wouldn't even get a chance to see Pete. With no other choice, he had to focus on sending the boy abroad first.

After tucking away his documents, Trey turned back-only to find the figure he had glimpsed moments ago had vanished completely.

He dashed out of the city hall, but the streets were empty. For a moment, he wondered if he had imagined it.

Khloe... getting married with someone else? That was impossible!

Still uneasy, he returned to the marriage registry, hoping to check Khloe's marital status.

"May I ask your relationship with the other party?" the staff member asked, lifting her gaze to him, her eyes scrutinizing. "By law, only the person themselves or their legal spouse, with valid identification, may inquire about marriage registration information."

"I... I'm her husband," Trey said, his voice betraying a hint of uncertainty. Strictly speaking, he had no real claim

to that title.

"Please present your identification. If you don't meet the requirements, you cannot access another person's information."

Seeing his hesitation, the staff seemed to sense something amiss, her tone growing slightly colder.

With other people waiting in line, Trey had no choice but to leave, awkward and frustrated.

On the way back, his mind spun in confusion. Khloe had gone behind his back to get married? No matter how he tried to reason, it was impossible. He figured he must be exhausted from thinking too much about her- hallucinations were clearly starting to creep in.

By the time Khloe and Nick registered their marriage, the sky had yet to darken.

Nick had intended to take her to their usual private restaurant for a meal, but Khloe spoke softly, suggesting, "It's still early... why don't we go to the mall? Let's treat it as our first official date."

He turned to look at her. Her eyes were bright, brimming with anticipation.

"Alright," Nick said without hesitation, a faint smile lifting the corner of his lips. "We'll do whatever Mrs. Hunt wants."

The title made Khloe's cheeks flush instantly. She slipped into the passenger seat, trying to hide her embarrassment, but clutched the marriage license even tighter in her hands.

1/2

Chapter

+25 Bonus

Everything felt surreal.

They had known each other just over a month, and now-they were truly husband and wife. Witnessed by their elders, walking step by step through the legal procedures at the marriage registry... a genuine, official marriage.

Seeing Khloe repeatedly glance at the license in her hand, Nick's expression softened, and a warmth surged through him.

"Khloe," he said, "today, we are married."

One hand rested on the steering wheel, the other lightly holding hers. Khloe responded with a gentle squeeze, matching the warmth and strength of his palm.

"Yes... we're married."

Today-Nick's birthday-would now be a day he would never feel lonely or sorrowful again, Khloe thought quietly to herself.

When they arrived at a mall Khloe frequented, she jumped out and tugged him by the hand straight to the top

floor.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Where are we going?" Nick asked, noticing her excitement. Her energy was infectious, lifting his spirits along with hers.