

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 321

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 321

Chapter 321

Michael knew Winnie was impulsive by nature, yet at the same time, timid-thunder and rain could make her shiver uncontrollably. Her outward boldness often clashed sharply with her inner fragility.

But he liked seeing her that way. Even when she tried to act tough, it only made her more endearing.

Winnie gripped his hand tightly until the plane steadied. Only then did she realize she had overdone it and hurriedly let go.

Michael stared at the empty space where her hand had been. A sudden, inexplicable ache bloomed in his chest.

Meanwhile, at the southwest border of Felanche, dawn broke.

Khloe had spent a full day and night in the hospital room. Her body was finally giving out. She hadn't brought proper clothing when she arrived, and the cold wind along the way had left her slightly chilled. By the time the doctor had finished checking Nick, dizziness hit her so hard she could barely stand.

Arista noticed immediately and quickly supported her. "Khloe, you should go back and rest. I'll be here to take care of everything."

"I'm fine, Mom... I'll just rest here for a little while," Khloe insisted, her voice calm but weak.

Outside, Loretta, having just arrived at the ward, overheard the conversation. Her brows knitted into a tight knot.

"Khloe, if you get sick, Nick will be even more worried when he wakes up! Listen to me. Take some medicine and get some proper rest."

Loretta took charge immediately, summoning someone to ensure Khloe had no chance to continue her

stubbornness.

Khloe, knowing she couldn't argue with her elders, relented. Before leaving, she went to Nick's side and brushed a hand through his hair.

"I'll come see you later," she whispered softly into the nape of his neck, unaware that his eyelids had twitched slightly and his lashes flickered in response.

Back at the hotel suite, Khloe, seizing the last of her energy, took a hot shower, trying to wash away the fatigue and chill. But as the warm water poured over her and her eyes closed, a wave of sorrow welled up from deep within.

"Nick..." she murmured.

Images of him at home, day after day, living alongside her, flashed through her mind. She had been hoping for many more days together. How could he fall like this-right here, right now?

After she had dressed and begun blow-drying her hair, she noticed her phone buzzing incessantly with messages. Company updates, a few calls from Oscar and Charlotte, and some voicemails awaited her.

Some of Oscar's messages had been retracted. The final one was brief: a simple note saying that project reviews might be delayed by a few days, but she shouldn't worry.

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Chapter 321

+25 Bonus

How could she not worry? Morrison Group was on the brink of launching a new drug, and Khloe knew there were still many waiting to see her stumble. But with Nick injured, she had no way to rationally manage everything- she had to take a gamble.

Khloe glanced at the message from Charlotte, her brow furrowing lightly. She bit her finger before dialing back immediately. Charlotte's message had warned her that Oscar and Clarice were growing close and urged Khloe to be cautious around him.

The call connected quickly. With the two-hour time difference, it was nearly noon back in Goldmont City.

Hearing Khloe's voice, Charlotte's relief broke into a quivering, almost tearful tone. She had been unable to reach Khloe and feared something had gone wrong.

Khloe had left in such a hurry that she had only informed the group she was stepping away, asking Charlotte to keep everyone focused on work until her return. Moreover, Oscar had immediately arrived at Morrison Group to temporarily assume her duties.

Charlotte and the others, having followed Khloe from Fox Group, were on high alert. Morrison Group had always been a more complex environment than the Fox Group, and recent developments only heightened their concern.

“I’m fine,” Khloe said, her voice steady but tinged with worry. “It’s just... Nick. He’s hurt.”

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Khloe didn’t want to dwell on the topic of Nick’s injuries. She briefly reassured Charlotte, then asked about the company’s projects and the new drug launch.

Charlotte knew Khloe’s priorities now, and she reported everything meticulously, leaving nothing out. Mixed in with the corporate updates, she added a little personal tidbit.

A few days ago, Charlotte had had dinner with Ethan. He knew she had her reasons-Khloe was away, and Charlotte, flustered and unsettled, had tried to probe him for information. But whether intentionally or not, Ethan had ended up revealing some details.

In front of Charlotte, he had taken a call from Clarice and, in doing so, exposed Khloe’s contact with Oscar. Charlotte couldn’t tell whether Ethan was trying to stir trouble, so she immediately relayed everything to Khloe.

Ethan’s words couldn’t be trusted-but with Oscar now managing key projects in Khloe’s absence, any mistake could leave her exposed.

“Thank you, Charlotte. But don’t worry-what Ethan said may be true, but from what I can see, Oscar probably won’t betray me.”

Knowing someone cared so much touched Khloe deeply. While she was gambling that Oscar would stay on her side, she hadn't left herself completely unprepared.

For this drug project review, she had set the approval authority to require all shareholders' signatures. The authority she delegated to Oscar represented only her personal power; even if he signed an incorrect report, the responsibility would be shared across the company.

To ensure the project ran smoothly, she had also set up a temporary review feedback team that would update any issues in the group chat in real time. This team had been created just a few days ago, unbeknownst to even Charlotte and her colleagues.

The group had flagged some inconsistencies in the tax review data. Oscar, however, hadn't signed off on any report yet; he was rechecking the numbers.

With Clarice and Ethan constantly targeting her, Khloe exercised extreme caution with every major corporate decision. Even if she stumbled, she ensured there was always a way to recover.

If not for Nick's accident, she wouldn't have had the bandwidth to manage so much-and the delegated approval likely wouldn't have fallen on Oscar.

Now, it seemed Oscar had sent her updates under Clarice's direction.

In that case, was Nick's accident truly an accident?

"That's good. Whatever happens, I'll let you know immediately. Khloe, please take care of yourself and come back as soon as you can."

Charlotte's words were warm, giving Khloe a rare sense of reassurance that she was not alone in the fight.

"Mm," Khloe replied. Though her mind remained heavy, she forced her voice to sound light and gentle. "I will. But Charlotte... you've done enough for me. Stay away from Ethan."

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Chopto 322

+25 Bonus

There was a brief pause on the line before Charlotte replied vaguely. Khloe knew Charlotte might not have truly listened.

After hanging up, Khloe, exhausted, skimmed through the work updates. She curled up on the sofa, her mind looping over Clarice's schemes and Nick's accident, until fatigue finally claimed her.

In her sleep, she dreamed she saw Clarice instructing someone to harm Nick, and she was powerless to stop it- forced to watch helplessly.

But just as she was breaking down in the dream, cold and trembling, a warm force wrapped around her.

It felt as if someone had embraced her from behind.

And in that instant, the darkness, despair, and isolation faded.

The man's presence was unmistakable. His broad form stood behind her like an unbreakable wall.

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“Nick...” Khloe murmured, and then jolted awake.

She opened her eyes, realizing she had somehow moved from the sofa to the bed-but she had no memory of getting there.

A thin sliver of sunlight slipped through the slightly parted curtains, and a warm ray landed across her brow. The gentle morning light brought a faint sense of peace.

Glancing at the time, it was still before noon-but the date... had already advanced by a full day. She had slept straight through to the next morning.

Khloe hurried to grab her phone, only to realize she hadn't charged it. It was dead. She'd deal with it at the hospital.

She quickly got ready and stepped out of the hotel, only to find a crowd gathered at the entrance, holding banners.

The banners were expressions of gratitude toward Nick, from the little girl he had saved.

Khloe recalled what Lenny had told her: the girl and her family had already visited Nick before, feeling immense guilt over his injuries. Now, the villagers, accompanied by local officials, had returned with the girl to present a banner in thanks.

Michelle, serving as the charity representative, immediately stepped forward to document the moment with photos-and maybe a brief interview to keep for records and later release.

Khloe came out just in time to see the little girl tugging at Michelle, chattering away.

“Michelle, I hope Nick gets well soon! I wish you and Nick a happy ever after!”

“Yes, Michelle, we are very sorry for what happened to Nick. We hope he recovers quickly. Please take care of yourself, too...”

The villagers spoke eagerly, one after another, clearly assuming Michelle and Nick were a couple.

Since the accident, Michelle had been constantly by Nick’s side, day and night. Online rumors had also spread that Michelle and Nick were romantically involved. Kids love the internet; once they saw it, the story snowballed, and soon the entire village accepted it as fact.

To them, Michelle and Nick were a perfect match: a charity ambassador paired with a business tycoon who risked his life to save a child. It was practically fate itself.

Michelle hesitated on clarifying but chose not to—simply accepting the blessings on Nick’s behalf.

“Don’t worry, everyone. Nick will be fine. Now, let’s all stand together. I’ll take a photo for you.”

Khloe quietly watched Michelle finish taking the photos before stepping forward toward the crowd.

When the villagers saw her, Michelle instinctively lowered her camera, intending to greet Khloe. But Khloe ignored her, walking straight toward the little girl standing in the center, holding the small banner.

“You must be the child Nick saved, right?” Khloe crouched slightly and smiled gently.

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Chapter 300

+25 Bonus

The little girl glanced at her timidly, nodded, and then instinctively looked toward Michelle.

“And you are...?” the girl’s parents quickly asked, their eyes narrowing in curiosity as they studied Khloe.

Meeting their gaze, Khloe replied calmly, “I’m Nick’s wife.”

“Nick’s wife...?”

The adults’ eyes immediately flicked toward Michelle, and astonishment swept across everyone’s faces. Even the little girl blurted out, “But... isn’t Nick supposed to be with Michelle? How could you be his wife?”

“Shh.” Realizing the mistake, the parents quickly hushed her, covering her mouth.

Apparently, they had misunderstood. Michelle had never denied the rumors before, so everyone had assumed she and Nick were a couple. Knowing now that wasn’t true, the villagers all felt a touch of disappointment.

Khloe stood, scanning Michelle briefly with her gaze.

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Michelle looked slightly awkward, but she made no move to explain, only offering Khloe a polite smile.

“Khloe, I was just doing my job. Please don’t misunderstand-”

“I’m not misunderstanding anything,” Khloe interrupted, her tone calm but firm, carrying just enough weight for everyone nearby to hear. “But I do need to clarify something for Michelle. You are only Nick’s colleague. If any false rumors spread, I’d hate for it to affect you.”

Michelle’s eyes flickered, her lashes trembling, her cheeks faintly pink. She fell silent, caught off guard.

Khloe’s words carried a hidden meaning. Khloe had likely already seen the rumors surrounding Nick and Michelle herself-but her reaction differed from what Michelle might have expected.

A woman who isn’t jealous over a man can mean only one thing... she didn’t love him enough.

The village chief, who had led the group, quickly apologized to Khloe.

“I’m sorry. We didn’t understand the situation before. Please don’t take offense.” Then, glancing at Michelle, he added awkwardly, “Michelle, you... you needn’t mind either.”

“But...” The little girl’s wide eyes were full of curiosity. “If you’re Nick’s wife, why has Michelle been staying with him all this time?”

“Because Khloe is very busy,” Michelle answered before Khloe could.

“And besides,” Michelle added gently, her tone soft and careful, “she just got the marriage license with Nick. They haven’t even had the wedding yet.”

Her words seemed like she was supporting Khloe’s clarification-but the subtle emphasis on “just got the marriage license” hinted that the marriage might still be superficial, perhaps just in name.

Michelle turned back to Khloe and said, “Khloe, please don’t take it personally. The villagers saw me staying at the hospital all these days, and there’ve been some rumors online, so they jumped to conclusions. If there’s anyone to blame, it’s me-I wasn’t careful enough to prevent the misunderstanding. But the villagers meant no harm.”

Though she sounded apologetic, every word subtly suggested that the “official wife” was absent while her husband faced danger-and that even an outsider like Michelle had done more.

Khloe watched Michelle’s expression and suppressed a smile. She hadn’t even spoken yet, and Michelle had already framed her as the one to answer for the supposed neglect.

The villagers, sensing the tension and wanting to support Michelle, hurried to speak.

“Please don’t blame Michelle. It was our gossiping that caused this...”

“That’s right. Michelle works so diligently. She really is such a good person!”

Even the little girl glanced at Khloe with a hint of fear, as though Khloe might be scolding Michelle. After all, Michelle had been visible throughout the project, tirelessly handling the charity work. If she were blamed for anything, it would seem unjust.

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Chapter 324

+25 Bonus

Khloe paid them no mind; with Nick still unconscious, rumors barely registered with her. But Michelle had stepped forward, so Khloe decided to address it properly.

“It seems everyone appreciates Michelle’s work. But I’ve never said a word of blame.” Her tone remained steady. She offered a gentle, composed smile.

“Michelle, it’s not that you weren’t careful-you were too careful. I understand unrequited feelings are difficult, so you stayed close to Nick under the guise of work. But your care for him, even without me knowing... as his wife, I am grateful.”

Khloe’s words were measured-and in just a few sentences, Michelle’s face went pale.

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+25 Bonus

The surrounding villagers fell silent at first, then whispers began to ripple through the crowd.

Khloe's words carried tremendous weight. Michelle had merely tried to poke at Khloe subtly, yet Khloe had openly accused her of attempting to seduce Nick-bluntly, without any concern for decorum.

"Khloe, don't talk nonsense! I... I'm only doing my job-"

"Your devotion to Nick hasn't gone unnoticed. But even though we've only been married a short time, the bond between Nick and me isn't something you can judge-or interfere with."

Once again, Khloe cut her off. Her voice was soft, almost gentle, yet the force behind it sent a chill through the air.

Michelle's face drained of color, then flushed red. Her earlier confidence evaporated as she realized the villagers

gazes had shifted. What had been sympathy for her moments ago now turned to scrutiny and surprise.

For the first time, they understood: Michelle wasn't simply kindhearted-she'd been trying to undermine the rightful wife.

Who could have guessed? A woman who seemed so warm and approachable on the outside could be so unscrupulous inside.

"Khloe! I know you care about what others say, but even if you're angry, you can't... you can't speak so cruelly!"

Michelle paused, then quickly resumed her act of wounded innocence.

"When has my wife ever needed to care about such baseless gossip?"

Before Khloe could respond, a slightly hoarse yet unmistakably familiar voice rang out from behind, instantly drawing every eye.

Everyone turned to look, and there stood Nick, appearing out of nowhere behind them.

He wore simple hospital clothes with a jacket draped casually over his shoulders, accompanied by Lenny and the others. Despite his pallid complexion, his tall frame exuded full presence and authority.

Khloe froze, her chest tightening as tears pricked her eyes.

She turned, seeing him just a few steps behind, and for a moment her mind went completely blank.

Before she could react, he had reached her. Up close, she saw how much he had wasted away-the paleness of his lips made her heart ache. Yet his sharp, chiseled features remained.

Tears streamed down Khloe's cheeks instantly. Her lips curved in a mix of joy and heartbreak, her expression twisting as she tried to speak. "You... when did you..."

She snapped back to herself, instinctively wanting to throw herself into his arms, to hold him tight-but hesitation stopped her. She worried about hurting his still-recovering body.

"Come here, silly."

Nick saw every thought flicker across her face. A faint haze softened his own eyes as he let out a short laugh,

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Chapter 375

+25 Bonus

then reached for her shoulders and pulled her into a firm embrace.

Feeling his warmth, pressed against his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart-Khloe could no longer contain herself. She clung to him tightly, burying her hands in his waist.

He was awake. Truly awake. This was not a dream. Nick was real, and he was standing right in front of her.

Joy and anguish mingled, stinging her nose as her tears soaked the front of his shirt.

Nick's brow furrowed at the sudden ache in his chest. He cleared his throat and brushed her hair back before speaking. "I'm sorry. I made you worry again."

Khloe barely responded, shaking her head and quickly raising her reddened eyes to him. "Are you uncomfortable anywhere? Why aren't you still in the hospital?"

"I'm fine now. But you... you slept on the sofa last night. Feeling any better from your cold?"

His voice was low, filled with care and a softness that threatened to overflow.

He had woken last night, and the past few days had felt like a dream. Even within that dream, he could sense her presence beside him.

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Nick went to the hotel to find Khloe the moment he woke up.

Loretta and Arista had only learned the news that morning, but they hadn't been able to reach Khloe's phone. Seeing that she had slept deeply through the night, and that Nick hadn't requested the doctors come to her room that morning, they had gone next door to change his dressing first.

"It's just a mild cold... I'm perfectly fine," Khloe said, trying to reassure him. Yet the moment the words left her lips, her voice carried a hint of tearful, helpless sweetness, almost like a child pouting.

The villagers standing nearby couldn't help but feel their own chests tighten. Observing the couple, their emotions softened. This was no mere superficial, distant marital relationship, as Michelle had implied-this was genuine affection.

Michelle herself had initially felt excitement and relief upon seeing Nick, but the scene before her now left her speechless. The overwhelming joy, intimacy, and warmth between the two extinguished any hope she had clung

Though the hotel was not far from the hospital, he had left so soon after waking. Could his body truly endure such exertion? Yet, he had rushed to see Khloe first, seemingly unable to wait a moment longer.

The surroundings were quiet; no one dared disturb them. Only the little girl whispered, "Mom, Nick woke up! Shouldn't we be happy? Why is the lady crying so badly?" 1

Her mother signaled for her to remain quiet, but answered softly, "It's because she's too happy. She doesn't know how else to express it."

Nick, hearing the innocent question, gently loosened his hold on Khloe, lowering his head to look at her tear-streaked face. With a fingertip, he tenderly wiped her tears.

"Shh... don't cry," he murmured. "I'm fine, see?"

Even though she was filled with relief, Khloe could not stop the tears. Embarrassed, she turned slightly, nodded, and hastily wiped her own face.

“Thank you, everyone, for your concern. I’m fine now.”

Still holding Khloe’s shoulder firmly, Nick then turned to the villagers, his gaze calm yet imbued with an innate authority. 1

“It’s such a relief that you’re okay! We’ve been so worried these past days, praying day and night for you. If anything had happened to you, we would never have forgiven ourselves!”

The village chief quickly stepped forward on behalf of everyone, offering thanks.

The little girl’s parents also spoke in rapid succession. “Yes, you were injured saving our child. We are so grateful! Seeing you wake safely gives us so much peace.”

“Thank you, Nick! It’s so good that you’re awake!” the little girl exclaimed, then glanced shyly at Khloe. “Miss, you and Nick... must be happy together forever.”

She was still young, and her cheeks flushed pink as she spoke. Though a child, she had a love for books and often

1/2

Chapter 326

+25 Bonus

dreamt of the beautiful, grown-up feelings adults spoke of. She longed for a day when she could be with someone she cherished, just like these two.

The girl’s innocent and heartfelt blessing brought a smile to Khloe’s tear-streaked face. She looked at the girl and nodded gently. “Thank you. We will.”

The village chief then had the gifts they had brought unloaded to be presented to Nick. In this impoverished mountain village, such supplies were precious—likely the accumulation of several years’ harvest.

Nick gazed at the offerings, moved by the villagers’ heartfelt gestures. He gently patted Khloe’s hand, signaling for her to help him stand straighter. Khloe felt the weight of his still-weak body pressing nearly entirely against her, and she immediately linked her arm with his, concern flashing in her eyes.

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“Thank you all for your kindness. My wife and I truly appreciate it,” Nick said, letting out a gentle breath. “But these gifts... they’re far too precious. We simply cannot accept them.”

The village chief stiffened, anxiety creeping into his voice. “How can you say that? You were injured saving our little girl. These gifts hardly repay...”

“I saved the girl out of instinct,” Nick interrupted. “As the person responsible for this project, anyone in my position would have done the same. The girl is safe, the project is progressing smoothly-that is all the reward I need.”

His words were measured, yet the weight behind them hit harder than any flowery speech or official statement could. The villagers had heard plenty of polished executives, but Nick was the first man whose actions spoke louder than words, whose heart showed through his deeds.

Khloe glanced at him, and a warmth surged through her chest. Standing beside him, she felt a quiet pride, a sense of shared purpose and honor.

“This...” The village chief faltered, admiration and hesitation mingling in his eyes.

Khloe spoke then, “I understand your intentions, truly. But as you can see, Nick lacks nothing. The gifts you brought are precious treasures of the village-they should stay here, with the elders and children who need them most, to support the development of the mountain region. Our medical care is excellent; Nick’s recovery is only a matter of time. Allowing him to take these resources would only make him uneasy.”

She noticed the faint disappointment flickering in their eyes, and quickly shifted her tone. “If you truly want to show your gratitude, I have one small request.”

The village chief’s eyes lit up. “Please say it! Whatever we can do, we will not hesitate!”

Khloe's lips curved into a gentle smile as she glanced at Nick's gaze. "I hope you can help us publicize this project. Receiving your recognition is the greatest gift we could hope for as its coordinators."

"Yes! Absolutely! Your perspective is far beyond ours. We will spread the word everywhere!" The village chief paused briefly, then his excitement grew, his voice rising.

Khloe's few words had elevated the atmosphere, lending it gravity and elegance. Michelle, standing off to the side, felt a chill creep through her chest. Could she really... not measure up to Khloe?

In the end, Nick only accepted a small thank-you letter and banner from the little girl, then had Lenny escort the villagers away.

As the villagers disappeared from view, Nick finally allowed himself to relax, his body swaying ever so slightly. Khloe had been watching him closely; she immediately steadied him, murmuring in concern, "You're exhausted ... let's head back."

He wasn't fully recovered, and having stood outside in the hotel courtyard for so long, any protest was just

bravado.

Nick's eyes crinkled in a faint smile. Seeing her so worried, he didn't feel the slightest urgency to leave. "With you here, how could I be exhausted?"

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+25 Bonus

"Your face looks terrible," Khloe said, touching his cheek. She had wanted to call for someone to help support him, but his weight was almost entirely on her shoulder. She couldn't bring herself to move him.

"Nick!" Michelle hesitated, then stepped forward. Her gaze landed on him, tears shimmering. "You've been unconscious for days. I... I was really worried about you."

Khloe remained silent. She observed Michelle's pitiful, humble posture, and knew it was genuine-no pretense.

"Don't worry about me. Just take care of yourself, Michelle," Nick said, his voice cold and detached. He didn't so much as glance in her direction.

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After a pause, Nick leaned closer to Khloe and whispered, “I’m tired... let’s go back, alright?”

Michelle felt her chest tighten.

The same man who had spoken to her in a cold, cutting tone now spoke to Khloe with a warmth and attachment she had never seen before.

“Alright.”

Khloe nodded, giving him her full support, letting him lean against her. “Let’s go back.”

As soon as they left, Lenny quickly caught up to Michelle, almost as if afraid she might try to intervene.

“Miss Keller, please return. You’ve completed all your work for the project. Mr. Hunt is awake, and I’ve arranged a flight for you in two hours. You can leave immediately.”

The words hit Michelle like a bucket of ice water. She forced a bitter laugh. “This... is Nick’s order?”

Lenny’s voice was neutral. “He’s thought this through carefully. Staying here would only cause you trouble. His family also wishes for you to leave as soon as possible.’

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When Nick was still unconscious, no one had paid attention to Michelle. She had a few finishing tasks left, so no one had intervened. But now that he was awake, her presence had become an obstacle.

Back in the hotel suite, the moment the door closed, Nick’s last reserves of strength drained. His body wobbled, nearly toppling onto Khloe.

“Ah-Nick!”

Khloe gasped, wrapping him in a tight embrace, worry lacing her voice with the slightest quiver.

“I’m fine... just a little weak,” Nick reassured her, though his tone betrayed the exhaustion he could not hide.

The state he had maintained outside was nothing compared to this. Khloe didn’t believe him. She guided him to the nearest sofa and was about to leave to call a doctor. “Rest for a bit. I’ll get help-”

“Khloe... don’t go,” he murmured, his voice strained. He grasped her hand. “I want to stay with you... just for a moment.”

“But-”

“Just a moment.”

Unable to resist the depth in his gaze, Khloe sank onto the sofa beside him. She wanted to examine his injuries. His back and waist had taken the worst damage, along with some internal trauma. The doctor had warned of nerve damage, and she had noticed his hesitant steps earlier.

But Nick knew her too well. Before she could scrutinize him, he pulled her into his arms.

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“I’ve missed you so much these past few days.”

“Me too,” she whispered.

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+25 Bonus

His hoarse, gentle voice washed over her like a tide, leaving her trembling. She lowered her gaze and pressed her head to the side of his neck, her breath brushing against his ear. From the taut veins along his neck to the curve of his collarbone, every inch of him begged to be kissed.

Khloe didn’t resist. She kissed him, again and again, until she reached his throat. He groaned, his large hand cupping the back of her head.

Having teetered on the edge of death, Nick’s restraint had already weakened. Khloe’s teasing ignited something inside him. He squinted, paused, then deepened the kiss, claiming her lips in return.

Despite his injuries, he moved with unrestrained force. Soon, they collapsed onto the sofa, Khloe beneath him, every inch of her explored with kisses.

“Khloe... I want you. Will you?”

Tears shimmered in her eyes at his words. She could see the redness in his gaze, the burning haze of desire— but he was still holding himself back.

She didn't hesitate. When had it happened? She no longer held anything back. Her heart, entirely, belonged to him.

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Naturally... the body wouldn't hold back either.

Khloe's cheeks and ears flushed deep red. She nodded once, pressed a soft kiss to his lips, then nodded again, with more force. The shimmer in her eyes had turned into an unguarded, intense affection, no longer hidden behind any restraint.

But...

“Your injuries... they're not healed yet... the wounds might reopen-”

“I don't care,” Nick interrupted, losing every last shred of restraint the moment he saw her willingness. His breath grew heavier as he brushed his lips against hers. “I only care about how you feel...”

Khloe was about to speak when his lips sealed over hers.

His movements were gentle, but the effect on her body was electric. Just a few touches during their foreplay brought tears to the corners of her eyes. Seeing how sensitive she was, Nick became even more careful, cherishing every moment.

After some time of restless closeness on the sofa, he carried her to the bedroom. His scent was intoxicating, making her feel light-headed.

The moment stretched on for a long while. Partly, Khloe's inexperience slowed them down-but more importantly, Nick was nothing like the fragile patient he had been moments before. His strength and stamina far exceeded anything she could have imagined.

Even afterward, he had enough energy to help her take a shower.

Most of his injuries were on his back, and his waist bore deep purple bruises. Though the scabs on his back had formed, some areas were still bright red. Concerned about infection, Khloe shielded the water flow and gently washed over the worst of his wounds with her hands.

Yet, after such complete intimacy, she still felt too shy to lift her gaze. As she washed him, she buried her head in embarrassment. Nick seemed to sense her thoughts and gently rested a hand on her smooth back, pressing her small head to his chest.

"Do you dislike my body?"

"How could I..." Khloe murmured in surprise, her voice trembling. "... I really like it."

She truly did. She had been a little afraid before, but now, after being with him, she felt a thrilling excitement- an intoxicating exhilaration she could hardly describe. He was too incredible. Being with him made her feel addicted, enthralled, even willing to lose herself.

"But I have so many scars," Nick said softly. "The doctor said my back will always bear some of them."

"Your scars are the ones I love most," Khloe said, touched. Water mingled with the moisture in her eyes as she tilted her head to look at his slightly furrowed brow, a shadow of concern there. "Every wound on you... is like a badge of honor."

"Except for one," he said, a hint of a smile tugging at his lips. He took her hand and placed it over a round scar

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+25 Bonus

on his shoulder blade.

“Do you know how I got this one?”

Khloe leaned against his chest, her delicate fingers brushing over it. She frowned. “You said... it was from a gunshot.”

Thinking of the pain he had endured, her heart ached.

“Mm,” Nick’s warm breath brushed her forehead, his voice low and intimate. “But I didn’t tell you before... because this scar led me to you.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, confused.

A faint smile curved his lips. “Your father, Niel, once saved me. If it weren’t for him, I might not have found you so soon.”

He swept the water from her face and traced her lips with his fingertips, explaining everything at once—the past, the injuries, the reason they were together.

“So... you chose to form this union with me because of my father?”

“Not entirely because of him,” he replied.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 330

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Chapter 330

A stir went through Khloe’s heart as Nick’s voice grew softer, gentler, like silk brushing against her skin.

“I’m not someone who casually entrusts my life to another, or repays a debt lightly,” Nick said.

Even though the words sounded teasing, the weight and seriousness in his tone made them feel solemn.

Khloe's eyes flickered with curiosity as she studied the sharp contours of his face, waiting for him to continue.

"I've actually seen you three times before."

His palm lightly rested against her jaw, water clinging to his wrist, tracing the lines of his veins. The sight was intoxicating, almost disorienting.

"Really?" Khloe lifted her brow, surprised.

"Mhm," he murmured, lowering his gaze.

The first time was at the Hunt Group.

Khloe had once been seeking investors for Trey's company, and she had visited the Hunt Group in person. Fox Group's credentials weren't strong, so to secure even the slightest chance for a meeting, she had spent an entire month outside Hunt Group's office.

Every evening after the project managers left, she would appear promptly at the entrance. Over time, Nick happened to pass through the corridor and caught glimpses of her figure.

Her appearance was striking, and her repeated presence naturally aroused his curiosity. He asked about her once and learned she was just an ordinary employee at the Fox Group. Her persistence left an impression-she was clearly determined.

Eventually, she earned a chance for a meeting. Though the final evaluation didn't pass, she had thanked everyone involved by offering each participant a cup of coffee.

Nick remembered that day vividly-especially because Lenny had also grabbed a cup. Khloe told Nick it was sugarless and politely asked if he wanted a cup too.

Khloe couldn't help but laugh at the memory. "So that's when you first saw me? Did you think I was overestimating myself? Honestly, with my company's ability back then, it was nearly impossible to pull in your investment."

"I just thought you were beautiful," Nick said suddenly. The sweetness in his tone made her feel like even the water dripping from her hair carried sugar.

Khloe's face flushed. "You're not that kind of person."

"A refined lady deserves a gentleman," Nick said softly, leaning closer. "Don't think of me as overly serious."

"Well then," Khloe replied, pretending to scold him while hiding a smile, "why didn't you help me?"

“I did consider it,” he said. “But by the time I thought to say hello, you’d already finished your meeting.”

He leaned even closer. “Had I known you were my future wife, I wouldn’t have let you waste your time on a

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+25 Bonus

mediocre company. If you wanted everything from me, you could have just asked.”

Though his answer had a teasing edge, it was, for all intents and purposes, perfect.

Khloe couldn’t hold back her smile and lowered her head shyly. “That was the first time... what about the second?”

“I thought you’d remember the second,” Nick said. “Six months ago, there was a ribbon-cutting ceremony in the neighboring city. I saw you that day too.”

Confusion flickered across Khloe’s eyes. Nick provided a few more details, and then it clicked.

Yes, that project was a major city-level event. Many of Goldmont City’s business elites had shown up for the banquet. She had gone on Trey’s behalf, hoping for an opportunity, but had spent most of the afternoon outside

the hotel with no chance to enter.

Later, when rain fell that evening, she had rushed to the hotel’s back entrance to take shelter and accidentally bumped into someone.

The light was dim. She only remembered a tall figure, his presence commanding, his scent refined and intoxicating. Their brief contact was interrupted by a bodyguard who quickly pushed her aside.

Looking back, Khloe remembered Nick’s entourage had been substantial. She had even tried to glimpse the motorcade, trying to guess which high-ranking figure had arrived.