

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 391

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 391

Chapter 391

“It was just a little conflict! What’s wrong with your venue? If you’ve got the guts to stop us, why don’t you call that-Khloe-to deal with us herself?”

Alicia had completely lost control and began shouting angrily. Angela, unusually empathizing with her outburst, couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh.

Why should Khloe’s people have the right to make things difficult for them? Khloe-what was she, really? She’d only built a small company on the back of the Fox family and dared to act so arrogant? Could her company even compare to Solara Energy?

Angela thought about calling Barney to come get her, but she didn’t want him to know about her family troubles. She could only keep arguing her case.

But no matter what reasoning she offered, they refused to give an inch. Soon, more than a dozen people came to forcefully escort them out.

Lauren had never experienced such humiliation; her face flushed red, and she struggled to breathe.

Stella, fearing something might happen, quickly supported her aside.

Angela had no choice but to yield. She intended to let the Fox family leave first so she could enter herself. But after the Fox family members were expelled, they wouldn’t even let her in.

“I’m a VIP guest!” she protested.

“You’ve broken the venue’s rules. How am I supposed to explain letting you in?”

No matter how Angela argued, she was forcibly escorted out.

Lauren couldn’t endure the indignity and stormed off with Stella, while Alicia, seeing Angela also being thrown out, nearly burst out laughing.

“Angela, seriously-what use are you? Didn’t you say you could confidently get us in? Don’t tell me you’re even less useful than Khloe.”

Just now, she had been strutting like the world was hers.

“Shut up.” Angela snapped at Alicia, then stepped aside to call Barney.

Stanley wanted to hang back and watch, but Alicia dragged him toward the parking area.

“Why stay here and make a fool of yourself? Not all of us are that thick-skinned!”

She was mocking Angela.

Barney’s phone was on silent. He would never have guessed Angela had been blocked from entering.

Meanwhile, Khloe’s speech representing the Morrison Group had already ended. She had opened the summit beautifully, praising top domestic enterprises and projects in a brief but polished presentation.

Barney had heard of her before-the Morrison family heiress, the one they called the last jewel of Goldmont City’s wealth.

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Rumors painted her as an inexperienced young woman, uneducated in elite schools, untrained by wealthy circles, wholly unfit to shoulder responsibility. Many claimed the Morrison family was headed for decline.

Barney had believed the same. A family’s internal disharmony inevitably affected its enterprise. Entrusting a major company to an untested heir carried enormous risk.

But seeing Khloe in person, his doubts began to waver.

In this environment, a woman who could command attention so effortlessly was remarkable. During her speech, Barney had been captivated. She was charismatic, fluent in multiple languages, switching seamlessly between them, yet never showy. Her words were elegant, her tone witty and sincere.

Most impressively, she spoke entirely without notes. The content was packed with industry terminology and complex data. Even seasoned professionals might struggle to recall it all, but Khloe delivered everything as if reciting treasured knowledge.

Just from that alone, Barney realized she was no ordinary figure.

Today, she was only a guest speaker. After a brief discussion with a few intrigued industry leaders, she planned to leave.

At that moment, Barney arrived with friends and positioned himself in her path.

“Khloe,” his friend said, stepping forward, “this is Barney Lemont, vice chairman of Solara Energy and my good friend. I mentioned him to you before.”

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The top figures in Goldmont City’s tech industry had already introduced Barney.

Before the summit officially began, Khloe had taken the time to scan the companies attending. Solara Energy’s background was strong, and its field aligned with her interests.

She smiled and extended her hand. “Barney, it’s an honor. I’ve long admired your reputation and hope we’ll have a chance to collaborate.”

“Looks like you stole my line, Khloe,” Barney replied with a clear laugh. Behind his sleek glasses, his deep eyes met hers without hesitation.

Khloe smiled subtly, taking a business card from her assistant and handing it to him. Barney reciprocated immediately, offering his own card.

After a few polite words, Barney suddenly asked, “Khloe... have we met somewhere before?”

“Not that I recall,” Khloe replied, pausing slightly. She couldn’t help noticing how direct his gaze was.

Prompted by someone nearby, Barney quickly nodded apologetically. “Sorry, it must be a mistake. I don’t know why, but seeing you gives me a strange sense of familiarity... and comfort.”

Khloe had heard enough flattering lines to stay unfazed. She responded politely, “Then I suppose we’re destined to meet. I must admit, I find you quite approachable as well.”

Seizing the moment, Barney suggested dinner after the summit. Khloe shot her assistant a quick glance.

“Mr. Lemont, I’m afraid our schedule is packed today...” the assistant replied hastily.

Khloe raised a hand to stop him. “Barney, how long will you be in Goldmont City? Why not wait until I’m free, and I’ll extend an invite?”

“I’m here just for the summit. I leave tomorrow,” Barney said, reading the polite brush-off. He smiled and stepped down gracefully. “No matter. I have more business in Goldmont City in the future. Next time, Khloe, I’ll hold you to your promise.”

“Of course,” she replied.

Having finished with him, Khloe slipped away through a private passage.

Watching her retreating figure, Barney’s expression softened, almost dazed.

A friend beside him noticed and nudged him. “Barney, I know Khloe is beautiful, but a word of warning-she’s taken!”

“Oh?” Barney curved his lips faintly,

“By Nick Hunt! I hear he dotes on her relentlessly.”

Nick’s name had not crossed Barney’s mind in years. A prestigious conglomerate backed by state capital, it was discreet domestically but commanded respect internationally.

Really? That was her connection?

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Snapping back to reality, Barney pulled out his phone, intending to save her contact.

Just then, he saw that Angela had called him multiple times. By the time he stepped outside to get her, Angela was nowhere to be found.

He quickly dialed Angela's number.

"I'm at a coffee shop across the street," Angela said.

"Sorry, my phone was on silent. Did something happen?"

"They closed the entrance outside; I couldn't get in," she admitted, sounding slightly deflated. She didn't dare elaborate, worried Barney might probe. The project materials were already with him; her presence was secondary. A shame, though-this had been a prime networking opportunity.

After hanging up, Barney didn't linger at the summit. He headed straight to find Angela.

Meanwhile, Khloe's phone buzzed. She assumed it was Nick, since she had habitually sent him a message after leaving the summit. She had even mentioned Barney and Solara Energy, noting that some projects overlapped with Nick's company.

But when she answered, a female voice came through instead.

"Khloe."

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By early evening, before the sky had fully darkened, Khloe had already returned home.

She had come back specifically to keep her promise: to spend time with Nick.

He had only been resting for a few days, and already he was restless. Khloe forbade him from going out, but that didn't stop him from handling work online. Every afternoon, their living room transformed into a makeshift conference room, filled with people reporting to him.

Khloe knew this and could only turn a blind eye. Her own tasks wouldn't be finished for a few more days, and even if she stayed with Nick all day, it didn't mean he would actually relax.

She returned home to find the front door slightly ajar. Instantly alert, she held her breath and slipped inside.

Just as she suspected-he was in a meeting.

The living room's sofas were flanked by people on either side. Nick himself was hidden among them, his shadow obscured by the crowd. She quietly eased into the throng.

The atmosphere was suffocatingly silent. Khloe couldn't tell what the meeting was about; everyone's composure made the room feel tense enough to crush the air out of her lungs.

The moment she stepped in, Lenny spotted her. She raised a finger to signal him. His gaze flickered nervously, but he quickly looked back at Nick.

Nick leaned against the corner of the sofa, flipping through project documents with one hand while the other rested lightly on his thigh, palm pressing down on his phone.

It was rare to see Nick in such a domestic state.

In pajamas and glasses, his hair unkempt and messy, he had none of the usual lofty elegance he carried. Yet, despite this casual appearance, he remained utterly untouchable.

When he worked, Nick was efficient to the point of being mechanical-professional, detached, emotionless. No matter how dire the situation or difficult the problem, no flicker of feeling passed through his eyes.

And his presence alone could drive people to madness.

Time dragged on. Khloe's patience began to fray until she saw him put down the papers. He pinched his phone, seemingly focused on something.

"Sir... are we dismissing the meeting?" Lenny couldn't help but ask.

"Who will take responsibility for what's been done?" Nick's voice was low, unraised, his eyes still fixed on the

screen.

Khloe hadn't replied to his messages for over an hour. He had asked what time she would be back tonight, and she had only said she'd try to come early.

The people around them inhaled sharply.

Nick's tone betrayed no emotion. In normal meetings, he rarely let his focus wander to his phone. Could he be messaging HR to fire them all?

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Their latest project had hit a snag. It wasn't hopeless, but was he giving them zero chance?

When reviewing failures, Nick rarely showed any reaction. Once, a department had lost over ten million due to mismanagement. Within three months, Nick had cleared out the entire department along with several senior executives.

Such drastic reform was ruthless and costly, a stark testament to his decisiveness.

No one dared answer him directly.

Lenny nudged Nick lightly, but the man ignored him. When he tried again, Nick shot him a sudden glance that made his body jerk involuntarily.

"Oh? You want to take responsibility?" Nick's voice was icy.

"N-no..." Lenny stammered.

Khloe's patience snapped. She cleared her throat.

Hearing her familiar voice, Nick's eyes flickered. The thin layer of frost over his gaze melted instantly.

He sprang to his feet-but the sudden movement put strain on his injured back. Nick furrowed his brow just as Lenny reacted, steadying him with a supportive hand.

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“Don’t move around-careful with your injury.” Khloe strode purposefully through the crowd and quickly settled beside him.

“Why didn’t you say you were back?” Nick’s voice softened unexpectedly.

He brushed off Lenny’s support with a wave of his hand, removed his glasses, and reached out, running his fingers over her cheek and through her hair with a practiced tenderness.

The change in his expression was so sudden, so utterly oblivious to anyone else, that those around them didn’t know where to look. Eyes flicked left and right, at the floor, at the ceiling, before finally sneaking glances at the two of them.

So, the rumors about Nick being a doting husband were true.

No one had imagined that a man who seemed so cold and detached, seemingly devoid of emotion, could also possess such a gentle side.

The oppressive tension that had hung in the air moments ago seemed to vanish entirely, replaced by a heady, almost suffocating sweetness.

Despite the worry etched across her face, Khloe still spoke with a hint of playful reproach. “Weren’t you supposed to be resting? Who allowed you to hold a meeting at home?”

Her voice was low as she leaned close to his ear, careful to give him face in front of all these people.

But Nick didn’t seem to care. “I’m resting. Looking at the data isn’t hard work.”

“Who says? Your face looked completely dark just now,” Khloe whispered.

“That wasn’t because of the data.”

Seeing that she still wasn’t leaning close enough, Nick suddenly drew nearer, his nose brushing hers. He slid a hand behind her head and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips.

“It’s because you didn’t tell me where you were.”

“I…” Khloe’s cheeks flushed. With so many eyes on them, she curled her palm against his chest. “I was just eager to get back to see you.”

She had indeed taken a call on the way, and forgotten to reply-but hearing her say this made Nick's gaze darken and soften all at once, like sunlight glinting over rippling waves.

"Eager, huh?"

"Yes... very. I missed you..."

Khloe buried her face. Why did he always ask her these questions when there were so many people around?

Her shy, hesitant words were like tiny cat paws, scratching at the very center of Nick's heart.

He finally glanced at the others. In an instant, everyone shifted aside awkwardly, bumping into each other in the

process.

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"Meeting adjourned."

Nick's words were simple, but rare in that they carried the faintest hint of a smile.

There was no summary, no follow-up instructions. The abruptness left the group uneasy, unwilling to leave, fearing that a termination notice might come in the morning.

Only Lenny dared to speak for them. "Sir... what about this incident, then?"

"It's not irreparable," Nick replied. "The same mistake must not happen again. Everyone will need to submit a review and reflection."

The room froze.

They had just escaped a serious reprimand.

Khloe glanced at them. Seeing that no one wanted to leave, she assumed Nick had been far too strict.

"Writing a reflection is that hard?" she wondered out loud.

She looked back at Nick. “If it’s not a major mistake, don’t make it difficult for them. I think you’ve already scared them enough.”

She didn’t know the full details of his project, but she understood working in a team: mistakes could happen, and failures could be shared. Criticism should be measured. A leader who was too harsh couldn’t cultivate the strongest team members.

“No, no, no! It’s easy!” The department heads quickly assured her.

A reflection was the lightest punishment imaginable.

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These high-salaried department heads had all signed agreements long ago. If Nick wanted to punish them, it would be completely legitimate.

“Forget it. Writing a reflection just wastes time. Since my wife has spoken, consider this a one-time exception.”

Nick’s voice was calm, and once again, the weight that had been hanging over them lifted gently.

So this was the other side of Nick-the side that could be so gentle and tender.

Seeing this, Lenny quickly cleared his throat to remind them: if they didn’t leave now, it would be truly impolite.

“Sir, please get a good rest. You and Madam take care and rest well-we’ll leave now!”

“Mrs. Hunt, may everything go smoothly for you, and may you be happy every day!”

Before leaving, they made a point of greeting Khloe. Their smiles and well-wishes made it obvious how relieved and happy they felt.

Khloe couldn't help but smile to herself.

Once everyone had gone, Lenny collected everything from the coffee table, including Nick's work computer.

So that was it. The whole "waiting obediently at home" act? A complete illusion. Nick had been keeping work materials away from home to make her feel at ease, relying entirely on Lenny to run errands for him.

Unable to hold back any longer, Nick drew Khloe close, circling her waist with his arm and pressing a kiss to her lips.

Half resisting, half yielding, it was clear Khloe still treated Lenny as an outsider.

Seeing this, Lenny didn't look back—he fled outside, letting the documents drop to the floor and closing the door as quietly as possible, though some noise inevitably escaped.

Nick's longing for her was almost unbearable. Today, ever since she had gotten out of bed, he'd felt restless, buzzing like ants crawling under his skin. The doctor said it was his scar healing, but he knew the truth: it wasn't that—it was desire.

Desire for her. Desire to see her. Desire to be with her every single moment.

Khloe's body melted under his touch. Her resistance slowly faded.

They lingered on the sofa for what felt like hours, entwined. When Khloe finally allowed herself to pull away, the sky outside had darkened.

Nick's broad frame still held her from behind, the two of them curled together on a sofa that wasn't particularly large. Outside the window, the city lights began to flicker on, one by one, casting a warm glow that made their happiness feel almost surreal.

Khloe turned to look at his dark eyes. "What am I going to do? I feel a little reluctant to leave this place."

"Silly," Nick whispered, a soft smile in his voice. "This is your home. What's there to be reluctant about?"

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“After we move, we probably won’t come back here,” Khloe said earnestly.

Once their new home was ready, they wouldn’t return. She felt a pang of nostalgia—beautiful things always seemed to disappear the moment you feared losing them. Time, she wished, could pause.

Nick’s eyes darkened slightly. He nodded and brushed his warm hand against the corner of her eye.

“Not returning here doesn’t mean there won’t be even more beautiful views. Moving forward may not always be perfect, but this moment of happiness is already the best.”

Khloe had thought someone as seemingly detached as him couldn’t understand her melancholy, yet in just a few words, he had eased all her fears and wistfulness.

Her eyes brightened, and she smiled. “Nick... when did you get so good at speaking? Every word hits me right in the heart.”

“Probably... since the day I met you,” Nick said, chest rising and falling steadily, tone serious.

To love someone wholeheartedly is to understand every corner of their soul. He had already made her his other half—how could his words fail to reach her heart?

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Khloe pressed a soft kiss to Nick’s lips.

“You’re so sweet. Ate a lot of sugar?”

The moment she pulled away, Nick kissed her again. This time, it wasn’t the deep, lingering kiss from before- just a gentle, teasing suck.

“Then you can taste it more.”

Khloe couldn’t take it. How could he manage to look at that impossibly cold, stoic face and still reduce her to mush?

“I’m hungry,” she said, pouting and blinking at him. “But I still... don’t want to move.”

It was dark, and they hadn’t even turned on the lights. Neither of them wanted to leave the other’s side, nor rise from the sofa. Khloe had only removed her coat-she hadn’t even changed clothes.

“Fine, then I’ll make you dinner,” Nick said, starting to get up, only to have Khloe tug on his arm.

“You’re the patient. You can’t overexert yourself. I’d feel bad if you cooked for me,” she murmured playfully, nibbling his ear.

Heat rose to his ears and surged through him. He quickly pressed her arm against his chest. “Don’t feel bad. I

want to.”

Though he said he wanted to, there was no intention of leaving. Instead, he shifted closer, as if thinking of something else entirely.

Khloe knew he was easily teased. The doctor had already warned them repeatedly: no strenuous activity. She immediately turned, grabbing her phone.

“We’ll just order food delivery,” she said.

He was interrupted but undeterred. Wrapping her against him, he pulled her close. “I want to check out the options too.”

“What do you want to eat?” she asked.

He feigned interest in the food but kept looking at her face. No matter what she pointed to on the menu, his only responses were, “Okay,” “Sounds tasty,” or “Sounds good.”

This could go on forever, so Khloe made the decision herself.

While waiting for the delivery, they stayed cocooned together on the sofa. Nick's tall, broad frame made lying together feel even more intimate than a bed.

At first, Khloe had felt cramped, but gradually, the sheer safety of it overwhelmed any discomfort. It was as if he wanted to press her into him completely, every inch.

A few months until winter, they thought. Maybe they should just sleep on the sofa.

Just then, Khloe's phone buzzed with a message. She held it in her hand, under Nick's watchful eyes, playing a

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game.

The message preview appeared, and Nick caught sight of it too.

[Khloe, you looked so beautiful today...]

The air instantly chilled.

She turned to explain to him, but his fingers had already opened the message. The full text read: [Khloe, you looked so beautiful today. May I ask which brand your outfit is? I'd like to send something to a friend.]

Since Khloe might not have saved his number, the sender even left his name at the end: Barney.

Khloe hurried to explain. "He's the vice chairman of Solara Energy, I spoke to him briefly at the summit and gave him my business card."

For some reason, she felt guilty. Then she added, "My outfit is indeed a niche brand-very design-forward, looks quite unique. Maybe he wants to buy it for his wife."

Why did this Barney feel the need to compliment her first before asking about the brand?

"Hmm." Nick released her hand. "Reply him."

There was no unusual tone, yet the sheer composure in his voice sent a subtle shiver down her spine.

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Khloe glanced at Nick and noticed the faint smile that had been playing on his lips had vanished.

His brow wasn't furrowed, and his gaze remained calm, almost leisurely, fixed on her phone screen. There was no hint of emotion.

"Are you... upset?" Khloe ventured cautiously.

"No," Nick said softly. "Why would I be? He's complimenting my wife. I should be happy."

But there wasn't a trace of happiness in his voice.

Khloe immediately locked her phone. "Fine, I won't reply. Let's pretend I didn't see it."

Nick didn't respond. Clearly, he wasn't in the best mood.

Khloe nudged him gently with her elbow. "Don't be jealous. He's older than me."

"I'm older than you too," Nick countered.

Khloe paused, thinking. "But he looks older, and not as handsome as you."

"You seem to have paid quite a bit of attention to him?" Nick's gaze lazily shifted to her face.

Khloe was momentarily speechless. The more she spoke, the stronger his jealousy.

"Nick, don't be jealous," she said softly, pressing the point. "You know it-I only love you."

Her words were more powerful than any explanation. Nick's gaze flicked aside, and a faint smile returned to his lips.

“I don’t like Solara Energy,” he said after a moment.

“I know,” Khloe replied. “They’re a competitor, right? I heard they might open a branch in Goldmont City.”

She was purely looking out for him. She had heard the news today and immediately asked.

Nick frowned slightly. Solara Energy had recently been vying with them for an international project. Their early involvement in the renewable energy sector gave them a slight advantage.

But this project had long been under George’s eye, and the Hunt family had invested heavily-they didn’t want anyone swooping in at the last moment.

Just as Khloe and Nick were discussing the matter, the doorbell rang.

The food delivery had arrived.

Khloe bounced up like a little rabbit, slipping on her slippers to fetch it. Both of them were hungry.

She set out the food and queued up a movie, settling next to Nick to eat while watching.

This time, it wasn’t a horror film. She had carefully picked a selection of niche films, spanning multiple genres.

When Nick made the choice, he picked a romantic film-a story of childhood friends. The girl initially pined for

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the boy, but he didn’t notice her. As she grew into a confident, capable, and charming young woman, her perspective on love matured. The boy, in turn, was gradually drawn to her, and a beautiful romance blossomed.

Nick seemed unfamiliar with such stories and watched intently the entire time.

At the emotional peaks, he would unconsciously take Khloe’s hand, shaking his head or furrowing his brows, as if feeling the pain and joy of the characters himself.

Khloe was moved by the story, but watching Nick's reactions was far more captivating than the movie itself. She couldn't help the small smile that curved her lips.

When the film ended, Khloe noticed him brushing his fingers lightly against the tip of his nose. She assumed he had cried.

"You okay? Need a tissue?" she asked.

Nick waved his hand, a bit embarrassed.

The sunset scene at the end had stirred him more than he expected, touching him deeply, leaving his eyes a little warm. But he definitely hadn't cried.

He wouldn't... cry.

"Okay, okay. So I see it now-Nick, you're not just cold on the outside and warm on the inside, but also very emotional. I haven't cried during a movie in years," Khloe said, as if she had discovered a new continent. The more vulnerable he seemed, the more she wanted to laugh.

Nick shot her a helpless glance. "I said, I didn't cry."

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"Of course. You didn't cry."

Khloe nodded, patting Nick on the shoulder like she was coaxing a child. "Watching the movie with you was fun. We'll do it again next time."

She switched off the TV with a swift press, tidied up the dishes on the table, and hummed a tune as she returned to the bedroom to change. She was going to take a shower.

No sooner had she wrapped herself in a towel than Nick followed her in. She spun around, startled.

“Nick, I’m going to shower. You need to—”

“Relax. I’ve seen it all before. Why so nervous?”

Nick spoke as if deliberately teasing. His arms circled her waist from behind, his hand sliding upward in one smooth motion, and her towel slipped to the floor.

Even with her back to him, the sudden exposure left Khloe flushed and embarrassed. She bent instinctively to retrieve the towel, but Nick gripped her waist, holding her still.

“We’re taking a shower together.”

“Stop it-”

“I can’t manage alone. Help me out?”

He played his trump card. Without waiting for her consent, he loosened the collar of his pajamas. They fell effortlessly to the floor, covering her towel.

Khloe knew he was deliberately scheming, yet there was nothing she could do. All her defenses, all her careful restraint, had been undone. She surrendered to the warmth and closeness that enveloped her.

Water flowed, their bodies light and buoyant. Nick had regained much of his strength, but Khloe chose to tend to him gently... and briefly. A taste, then restraint.

Nick held her close, still hungry for more. “From now on... every night, can we do this a few more times?”

“Nick, you’re insane.”

Khloe laughed softly, biting her lip, cheeks flushed. Yet even as the word “insane” left her lips, it hit him like a spark-momentarily stealing his focus.

After they finished showering, Khloe finally told Nick about her upcoming business trip abroad.-

“Business trip? Suddenly?”

Nick was sharp; most of the Morrison Group’s business was domestic, but she was talking about Naraida.

“Don’t worry. I’ll still spend time with you these next few days... and the trip will only be two or three days-real quick.”

Khloe spoke vaguely, avoiding a direct answer.

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But Nick grasped her wrist as she reached for the hairdryer.

“Tell me. What’s going on?”

“It’s just a business trip,” she said.

His gaze lingered, sharp and calculating. He seemed to sense that her smile was hiding something.

Caught, Khloe quickly shifted the topic. “By the way, tomorrow night, Grandpa and Grandma want to have dinner with us. I told them you can’t move around much, so they’ll come here. We’ll invite Arista too, and I’ll cook...”

“Wherever you go, I go too.”

Nick wasn’t deterred. He circled back to his point.

“You can’t come.” Khloe exhaled, firm. “You need to rest properly. It’s not suitable for you to travel so far.”

“I can go,” he insisted. “I won’t let you go alone.”

“What’s there to worry about? I’m going for work-”

“Lying.”

The moment he spoke, the softness in his eyes vanished, replaced by a sudden hardness.

“How am I lying? I...”

“You’re hiding something from me.”

Khloe’s gaze flickered, restless. Her voice pitched higher, betraying her unease. If this were really just a business trip, she wouldn’t be speaking with such careful avoidance.

Nick’s expression darkened. He tilted her chin up with one hand, the warmth and strength of his touch undeniable. “There’s something you’re not telling me, isn’t there?”

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“Alright, I give in.”

Khloe felt she could no longer lie to Nick. Not that she couldn't tell lies-she just couldn't bear the thought of lying to him.

“I'm going to see my grandfather,” she said, her tone weighed with heaviness.

“Henry?” Nick's eyes darkened, a shadow flickering across their depth.

Henry Morrison, Niel's father, had been living in Naraida for many years. Rumor had it he hadn't retired abroad for leisure but had stayed away because of long-standing disagreements with Niel.

Whispers claimed that even when Niel fell gravely ill, Henry didn't return. It was only after Niel's passing that he hurried back for the funeral-and apparently, he left on the same day.

Khloe nodded. On her way back from the summit earlier, she had received a call from Clarice, who said Henry wanted to see her.

Khloe was immediately on guard, but Clarice merely opened the conversation and handed the phone over to Henry himself.

It turned out that Clarice had visited Naraida on a business trip and took the opportunity to see Henry, providing a brief update on the Morrison Group. Since Niel took over, Clarice had annually “checked in” under the guise of visiting, discussing company matters with Henry and occasionally seeking his opinion on decisions.

After Niel's passing, this duty naturally fell to Khloe.

“I heard he left our country because he and your father, Niel, never got along,” Nick said, cutting to the heart of the matter. “You've been back at the Morrison family for a while. Why would he suddenly decide to see you now?”

Khloe had already learned from Oscar that the two men's management philosophies had always clashed. Coupled with Niel's rigid, cold temperament-so similar to Henry-the two could never reconcile. Eventually, Henry went to live with his daughter, leaving Niel largely isolated.

When Niel passed suddenly, the existence of his illegitimate daughter was news to Henry, just as it was to everyone else. Oscar said that at the funeral, Henry made it clear he was furious at Niel for keeping his illness a secret and leaving such an outrageous will, showing no regard for him as a father. After that, he had little interest in the company's affairs.

In his anger, Henry had once explicitly stated that he didn't want to see Khloe, leaving Oscar and Clarice to handle the company matters. Any mishaps at Morrison Group would be deemed the family's misfortune, not his

concern.

Still, people age, and grudges soften over time. After several of Oscar's reports that Khloe was capable and impressive, Henry gradually eased his rigid stance.

"I'm not entirely sure," Khloe said. "Maybe Clarice said something. Or perhaps he doesn't entirely trust me to handle the company and wants to see me himself, to test me a little."

She had considered it at length. If Henry wanted to meet her, it was ultimately for the company's sake.

1/2

Chapter 399

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Still, Oscar had warned her before: Henry's temper was difficult, and he was not easy to deal with. Khloe couldn't help feeling a little anxious-especially since Clarice had been involved; she worried the old man might have some hidden trap waiting.

But this time, Henry had personally invited her, and his tone was polite. As the granddaughter, it was both reasonable and proper for her to pay him a visit. Khloe had no reason to refuse.

"I'll go

with you," Nick said.

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Although everything sounded fine and proper, Nick still couldn't shake his worry.

"You can't go," Khloe said softly. "You need to rest and recover."

"I can go."

Seeing him insist, Khloe had no choice but to invoke their agreement. "Are you ignoring my concerns Everything we agreed on before... was that all for nothing?"

"I don't want to be apart from you. Not even for a single day..."

now?

His brow furrowed deeply, voice tense, throat rising and falling as his words faltered. Fear gnawed at him. He felt restless, uneasy-he didn't know if it was his own inner anxiety or some premonition of misfortune.

"I don't want to be apart from you either," Khloe said gently. "But this is a special situation. I can't drag a patient halfway across the world. Please, respect me as your wife."

Before, he had asked her to respect the patient's condition-and she had. Now the roles were reversed.

Nick had no argument. He couldn't force her to stay, nor could he force himself to go. Besides... his body was a burden. Even if he felt fine, the journey could bring complications.

He said nothing.

Khloe cupped his face and kissed him. Though a trace of melancholy lingered in his expression, this was his compromise.

After a long moment, he said, "Take a few bodyguards with you."

"Okay."

"Report to me immediately if anything happens. Don't hide anything."

"Okay."

"If the Morrison family gives you trouble, then don't associate with them anymore. You can rely on everyone in the Hunt family."

Khloe's eyes sparkled. She stared into his deep, unwavering gaze for a long moment before saying firmly, "Okay."

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Nick drew in a deep breath. His voice was low and heavy, but close to her ear, it felt unbearably warm. Khloe secretly savored the intensity of his concern and, for the first time, felt that no obstacle ahead could truly frighten her.

Though, for a man so emotionally invested, it was a little unfair.

So Khloe took his hand and gently coaxed him to sleep on the bed. Moonlight spilled over his hair, silver like frost. She imagined a future where the two of them grew old together, side by side.

Khloe closed her eyes, recalling what Henry had said.

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Part of the reason she wasn't taking Nick with her wasn't just his physical condition-it was that Henry had explicitly requested... she come alone.

He said he had something important to discuss with her privately. His words implied that she shouldn't bring anyone from the Hunt family, especially Nick.

It made sense, and yet didn't. Perhaps Henry had family secrets to share, or maybe there was tension between him and the Hunt family. But if there really was animosity, why had he agreed to her marriage with the Hunt family in the first place?

Khloe couldn't extract more over the phone. Henry insisted he would explain everything when they met. Maybe she was overthinking it.

That same night, Angela accompanied Barney to his engagements and sent him back to his hotel. She then returned alone to Trey's villa.

Tomorrow, she would leave Goldmont City. But before departing, she wanted to see Trey one last time.

Ever since Alicia had claimed he was injured, she couldn't remain indifferent. With Lauren now aware of her connection to Solara Energy, their divorce was off as long as the two families talked things through.

Angela entered the villa, only to find herself repeatedly entering the wrong door code.

He had changed the lock-already!

Frustrated, she slammed the buttons and immediately called Trey, all the while ringing the doorbell.

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