

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 421

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 421

Chapter 421

Kirsten felt a flicker of worry and wanted to follow to check on Angela, but Angela's phone suddenly rang with a call.

Seeing an unfamiliar name on the screen, Kirsten didn't hesitate and answered.

"Where are you right now?"

"Hello, I'm a friend of Angela's. She isn't able to take calls right now. May I ask who's calling?"

Barney froze for a moment, surprised. "I'm... her boss."

"Oh." Kirsten remembered what Angela had mentioned before-so this was the distinguished CEO who valued her work. "I'm sorry. Angela had a bit too much to drink and may not be able to call you back for a while."

It was late, and even if there were work matters, employees deserved a bit of understanding.

Kirsten's words made Barney slightly uneasy. "Drinking? Did something happen to her?"

"Well..." Kirsten hesitated, unsure if she was saying too much.

But from the tone of his voice, it was clear he genuinely cared about Angela.

Now that she was free from Trey and had other men in her life, she really shouldn't reject someone like her boss, right?

"Could you send me your location?" Barney asked politely.

Earlier that morning, he had received a call from Angela saying she had some matters to handle and would be returning to Jayelle City alone. Something had felt off, but Barney didn't want to interfere with her private affairs.

By coincidence, he had met a friend in Jayelle City and ended up staying an extra night. After finishing his engagement, he figured he'd check in on Angela. If everything was settled, they could still travel back together the next day.

An hour later, Angela slumped on the sofa in the private room, half-conscious, when there was a knock at the door.

Kirsten hurried to open it. Outside stood a tall figure, and she couldn't help but pause.

The dim lights of the bar did little to hide the man's handsome features and imposing stature.

Barney wasn't striking in a flashy way, but he exuded a commanding, masculine presence. Visually, even compared to Trey, he seemed twice as mature and strong.

Kirsten had always been drawn to men like this—subtle, magnetic, carrying a quiet wildness beneath the restraint of their suits.

"You..." Kirsten began, but the man cut in smoothly.

"I'm Barney, Angela's boss."

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His gaze had already found Angela. She looked terrible.

Kirsten quickly stepped aside. She had wanted to explain to Angela that Barney was looking for her, but Angela was far too drunk.

Since returning from the restroom, Angela had collapsed again and seemed incapable of processing anything Kirsten said. She was too sleepy to even sit up.

Kirsten had just gotten her some juice and water to help her sober up. If Barney hadn't come, she had planned to wait until after work to take Angela home for a proper rest.

"Why did she drink so much?"

Even though the bottles on the table were cleared, Angela reeked of alcohol. She didn't even have the strength to open her eyes when he approached.

"Unhappy. Drowning her sorrows, I guess," Kirsten sighed softly.

Barney frowned, sitting down beside her. He called her name a few times.

Angela mumbled something indistinct, apparently unaware of who was calling her, and even called out “Trey” instinctively.

Kirsten shook her arm gently. “Angela... your boss, Barney, is here.”

Angela shook her head violently, suddenly sitting up and throwing her arms around Barney.

Barney’s body was warm, and instinctively, he tried to push her away as she clung to him.

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Angela, despite being heavily drunk, held on tightly, her arms locked firmly around his neck.

Kirsten gasped. “Angela! Angela, wake up!”

“It’s okay,” Barney said softly, startled for only a moment.

He calmly patted her back. There was a quiet strength in his hands, as if imbued with some kind of gentle magic, and gradually, Angela’s frantic movements subsided.

Barney waited until she was completely still, her breathing even, her body limp as if asleep. Then, he carefully scooped her up in his arms, cradling her horizontally.

“I’ll take her back first.”

“Okay.” Kirsten stood, hurrying to open the door and see them off.

It wasn’t until Barney secured Angela safely in the car that Kirsten finally spoke.

“Barney...”

“Yes?” he replied.

Kirsten’s heart warmed. She had always cared for Angela, her childhood best friend, and hated seeing her treated so poorly-especially after what Trey and Khloe had done.

From the way Barney had handled Angela just now, it was clear he deeply valued her. If he could protect her, she would finally have someone on her side-someone capable of letting her vent and exact the justice she deserved.

Meanwhile, Khloe had been holding herself together for almost twenty-four hours.

By ten that evening, Nick still hadn’t returned home.

She finally couldn’t take it anymore and called him.

The phone rang for a long moment, unanswered.

Khloe’s usually steady composure faltered, and she flung the phone across the room.

After a moment, she steadied herself and dialed Lenny,

All she got was a busy dial tone.

Fists clenched around the phone, she changed her clothes, grabbed her car keys, and rushed out.

Elsewhere, Nick had just woken up.

Maybe the doctor’s warnings had unsettled him, or perhaps his emotions were slowing his recovery. Despite taking his medication, he had developed a low-grade fever again that afternoon.

He rose from bed, exhausted, and glanced at the clock-almost eleven. The phone on his nightstand lit up, displaying two missed calls.

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Seeing the caller ID, his chest tightened. A surge of impulse flared... and he stifled it almost immediately.

Then, the doorbell rang.

His eyes brightened instantly. All the anxiety, all the lingering pain, was swept away by the rush of longing and excitement for one person.

He didn't think. He didn't hesitate. He strode to the door, reason vanishing in that instant.

"Khloe!" he called.

When a maid opened the front door, Loretta, draped in her coat, slowly stepped out from her room.

She had been about to go to bed when she heard the commotion, assuming it was Arista or someone else returning. But to her surprise, it was Khloe.

"Khloe, it's so late. Why are you here?"

"Sorry to disturb you," Khloe said softly. She hadn't called ahead, knowing the elders would likely already be asleep. She had come quietly, unable to wait until tomorrow to say what needed to be said.

"Oh, I wasn't asleep anyway," Loretta waved her hand and ushered Khloe inside. "Did you come to talk to me about something?"

She glanced at Khloe's injured hand. "Is it still hurting? Feeling any better?"

"It's alright now," Khloe replied, her eyes flicking toward the staircase leading to Nick's room. "Has Nick... gone to sleep? Actually, I came to see him."

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“You... came to see Nick?”

Loretta’s eyes widened in surprise. She blurted out, “Isn’t he with you?”

“He... hasn’t come home?” Khloe’s heart skipped a beat as the thought hit her.

“Did something happen between you two?” Loretta’s voice wavered with worry, just starting to tense up-until Khloe quickly smiled.

“Oh, maybe I misunderstood. He went to the company earlier today, and I just assumed that since he hadn’t come home, he must have come here...”

She pulled out her phone, glancing at it as if she had just seen a message.

“Ah, he’s already gone back. Sorry, Grandma.”

“Really?” Loretta sounded half convinced, half uncertain.

But Khloe, finishing her explanation, hurried off before Loretta could ask any more questions.

As soon as Khloe left, Loretta immediately called Nick. Yet strangely, no one answered.

Once Khloe left the manor, she immediately dialed Nick. Every bit of irritation she had felt was now replaced with worry for him.

He didn’t pick up. She called Lenny instead, and this time the line connected quickly.

“Where’s Nick?”

Lenny hesitated, clearly caught off guard by her directness, fumbling for words.

Khloe’s tone sharpened. “Lenny, I can’t get through to him. If anything happens to him, are you going to take responsibility?”

The pressure was too much, and even Lenny, diligent as he was, could not resist. Eventually, he relented and told her everything.

Half an hour later, Khloe sped to Nick’s apartment, her heart hammering the entire way-equal parts anxiety and anger.

She stepped out of the elevator and froze. A familiar figure blocked her path.

“Nick.” She instinctively called his name, but the words she had rehearsed caught in her throat when she saw who stood before her.

It wasn't Nick. It was... Michelle,

Michelle wore only a thin knit dress. Her long hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and her face, without makeup, looked even softer and more delicate than usual.

"Khloe, are you here for Nick?"

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She wasn't surprised. Her gaze was calm but firm as she looked at Khloe.

"Why... are you here?" Khloe frowned. She tried to make sense of it. Wasn't Michelle supposed to be in Felanche?

Before Michelle could answer, heat surged through Khloe's veins. She tried to rush past the elevator doors toward Nick, but Michelle grabbed her arm.

"Khloe, why are you forcing yourself? If you can't accept him, let go. Do you want Nick's injuries to pile up even more before you finally give up?"

The words lit a fuse in Khloe. She tore her arm free and raised her hand to strike.

But Michelle didn't flinch. She tilted her face upward, almost daring Khloe to hit her, as if waiting to prove her point.

She had struck Khloe's deepest pain, shattering the fragile trust Khloe had in Nick. A relationship teetered on the edge of collapse, and it began in that moment.

Yet, the anticipated blow never came.

Michelle opened her eyes to see Khloe's hand hovering mid-air for a long beat before she slowly clenched and

released it.

Rationality returned at the last moment. Khloe snorted, a disdainful smile on her lips.

"You want me to hit you just to prove you exist. Too bad, I'm not like you. I won't cling to a relationship that's already rotten. I feel sorry for you."

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Khloe's words stung far more than a slap, cutting deeper into Michelle's pride.

"You feel sorry for me? On what grounds? You know perfectly well that things between Nick and you won't work out, and he's already given up on you. And yet, here you are, still clinging onto him. Doesn't that count as obsession?"

Michelle fumed, but Khloe ignored her completely and started walking away.

"Khloe! Don't you want to know why I'm here? I can tell you! It's because Nick doesn't want to see you right now!"

Michelle called after her, but Khloe paused only briefly.

"Why you're here isn't my concern. If I really wanted to know, I'd ask my husband."

Michelle opened her mouth again, but Khloe's figure had already faded down the corridor. The lights dimmed, swallowing her up, making every step feel heavy and slow.

Inside his room, Nick sat in darkness, the lights off. Only the glow of his phone pierced the black, showing Khloe's missed call-but he didn't dare reach for it. The screen flickered off and on, a small beacon of

connection he couldn't bring himself to touch.

Michelle's words still circled in his mind.

An hour ago, she had knocked on his door. Somehow, she had heard rumors that Nick and Khloe had fought, and he had left home that night. She had immediately bought a plane ticket to find him.

The moment Nick saw her, he knew: there was a spy within his household.

The previous night at his home had been turbulent. Only the housekeepers, Lenny, and the doctor knew he had

lost control and come here.

He didn't have the patience to investigate further. Anyone who wasn't Lenny had to go.

Michelle knew she wouldn't be met with kind words, but even the slightest chance was enough for her to act.

She hadn't told Khloe the truth about Nick, but she was certain that the truth would come out eventually. One day, Khloe would discover everything he had hidden. Michelle only needed patience to wait for that moment.

What surprised her was how fast it came. Khloe wasn't by Nick's side-that alone proved her point.

No one could truly accept Nick... except her.

"Nick, I was right, wasn't I? Only I can accept all of you."

"Get lost!"

"Do you still have illusions about Khloe? Nick, if you really loved her, you wouldn't be with her. You know that better than anyone. If you insist on staying with her, it's not love-you just want to possess her..."

Michelle didn't even finish before Nick had forcefully shoved her out.

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Chapter 424

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Yet, her words still struck the most sensitive nerve in him.

Even if Khloe chose him, if he knew being with her could hurt her... could he selfishly pretend nothing had changed?

Nick couldn't decide.

At that moment, the doorbell rang again. He ignored it, until the ringing grew insistent. Then, he heard pounding against the door.

"Nick! Open the door! I know you're in there! Do you really want a divorce?"

The furious voice pierced his ears.

He flinched. Khloe... was here. She had come.

He hesitated for what felt like an eternity—until he heard her cry out, her voice trembling with hurt, “Nick, how can you be so cruel? My hands are bleeding, and you still won’t open the door?”

The words were soaked in grievance, a hint of tears creeping through.

Before she could continue, the door suddenly swung open.

Khloe hadn’t fully registered what was happening before a strong arm shot out, gripping both her hands.

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“Why would you pound on the door with your injured hand? Don’t you know what pain is?”

His clear, tense voice trembled with anxiety and frustration. He cupped her bandaged hand, scrutinizing it carefully. Seeing no blood had seeped through, he finally exhaled a little.

Khloe stared at him. Nick wore only a loose, oversized T-shirt; his tall frame looked lean and almost fragile, so different from the meticulously groomed man she knew at home. Today, even his face was unshaven.

“You knew I’d be worried, so why didn’t you open the door sooner?” she murmured.

After confirming she was unharmed, Nick finally released her hand. He deliberately avoided her gaze, his eyes not lifting to meet hers.

“I didn’t realize it was you.”

“Really? Then who did you think it was? Michelle?” Khloe’s words made his chest tighten.

“You... you saw Michelle?” he asked.

“Yeah. She seemed to have just left from here.”

“Khloe, don’t misunderstand. My being here has nothing to do with her. She came on her own. I don’t know who told you...” His voice grew rapid, almost panicked.

Any mention of Michelle seemed to trigger an instinctive anxiety in him. Whatever happened, he didn’t want Khloe to misinterpret it.

“Forget Michelle for a moment,” Khloe cut him off, brushing past his side as she strode into the room. “Let’s talk about us first.”

She scanned the space and then sat down at the bar stool by the window.

“The place is nice.”

Seeing the hard line in her expression, Nick quietly closed the door and followed. He didn’t know what to say, so he went to the kitchen, poured a glass of warm water, and placed it gently in front of her.

“It’s cold outside. You’re dressed too lightly today.”

He noticed the thin clothes beneath her coat. Without another word, he adjusted the air conditioning to warm

the room.

Khloe didn’t reply, but her hands moved instinctively to the cup, gripping it. The warmth seeped into her palms, chasing away some of the chill in her heart.

Nick’s expression remained cool and distant. Apart from the fleeting tension and worry when he first opened the door, he had resumed his usual detached composure, lowering his voice as if to mask any emotion.

“Don’t misunderstand about Michelle. Even if we... nothing could ever happen between me and Michelle.”

He worried she might take offense, but in times like this, he didn’t know how else to explain. Seeing her look at him without the usual spark of warmth, a sharp ache hit his chest.

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“Even if we what?” Khloe’s gaze was unwavering, fixed on him.

She didn’t need an explanation about Michelle. Her anger was directed solely at Michelle’s opportunism, never at him. She understood now why he and Michelle were completely impossible.

For a man who placed his pride above all else—even revealing his flaws—he had said those harsh words before. A man this proud never looks back.

“If we...” Nick’s voice dropped. “I want you to give it some thought.”

“Give what some thought?”

His words were vague, but Khloe made it clear. “You mean... you want me to seriously consider divorcing you?”

He stayed silent and didn’t answer.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 426

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 426 – -- Chapter 426 Nick turned his head sideways. He stayed silent for a long moment before speaking again. “If you’ve made up your mind, I’ll have Lenny draw up the agreement tomorrow. Whatever conditions you have, if | can meet them, | will.” His voice was stripped of any coercion, cold and still as a stagnant pond. Khloe looked at him, a mix of anger and heartache knotting her chest. She let out a bitter smile. “Fine.” Nick blinked, seemingly not expecting her to agree so readily. His eyes were darker than the night, lightless and impenetrable. “Divorce is fine.

But | want a share of your assets. | won’t take advantage-of what’s under your name, you must give me no less than a third.” His thin lips twitched slightly, jaw tight. “Done.” Seeing his decisiveness made Khloe’s breath catch. “I also want a villa. You promised me a marital home, and | never got to live init” -- “Fine,” he replied flatly. “Pick whichever one you want.” When he didn’t react at all, Khloe simply nodded. “One last thing.” “What is it?” “| want a wedding. A grand wedding, one for everyone to see.” Her words surprised Nick.

He lifted his eyes just as she stood before him, standing chest to chest, a faint fire of anger smoldering in her gaze. “You’ve never fulfilled what you promised me. Even if we’re divorcing, it won’t happen until after the wedding.” “Khloe...” He didn’t fully understand, but Khloe reached out, gripping his collar. With a sharp tug, she drew him closer, bringing his face to the side of hers. Being so much taller, he bent slightly, his lips nearly brushing her nose. Nick’s breath hitched, brow furrowed, eyes complicated. “Stop this.” “Who’s causing trouble?”

Me-or you?” -- “| don’t want things to get ugly. We can-” He didn’t finish. His collar was yanked again, pulling him closer, his lips grazing the side of her face, stealing his breath “Fine. We’re parting amicably. Go on... find Michelle. Go love her.” “Khloe, | told you, it has nothing to do with Michelle!” Finally, Nick’s composure frayed. His voice grew cold, trying to rein in the storm within. Pushing her away would hurt him just as much. She knew he wasn’t that kind of man-why deliberately strike at his wounds? “It’s got nothing to do with her...

but having her there gives you an out, doesn’t it?” Khloe’s eyes glimmered, a teasing light masking the sting of her words. She found his vulnerability and struck. “Everyone already knows what you’re like. After all these years together, it doesn’t matter if you go back to her-as long as she gives you security, anyone will do. At least if something happens, she won’t be pushed away the way I’m being pushed away.” “Khloe!” Nick was momentarily at a loss for words, eyes red with fury. -- Before she could speak again, he gripped her jaw, stopping her mid-sentence.

Even in his anger, he held back-he couldn’t bear “to hurt her. “I’ll say it once more,” he said, voice low but unwavering. “Even if we separate, | would never be with someone | don’t like. | want to be with you-not for security, not for comfort. Only for you.” Hearing this, the icy edge in Khloe’s eyes softened, replaced with a fleeting tenderness. Yet, a small, cold smile still curved her lips. “You left Michelle... because you don’t like her?”

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 427 - -- Chapter 427 “Yes.” Nick’s answer was without a trace of hesitation. The light in his eyes was deep, almost as if he were trying to look straight into Khloe’s soul. There was no room for doubt- she couldn’t not believe him. “Since you say being with me isn’t about seeking security, then tell me... why are you with me?” “It’s...” The words faltered on Nick’s lips. He suddenly felt as if Khloe was subtly trapping him. Khloe’s eyes sparkled with barely contained excitement. She stared at him, eager to hear him say something heartfelt.

She already knew the truth of his feelings-those earlier words had been meant to provoke him: Seeing him hesitate, she sighed and pressed her hand gently against his slowly loosening grasp. The tension between them melted like ice in the sun. She guided his raised arm down, and with her other hand, quietly wrapped around his waist, leaning her body against his chest. -- Nick’s heart raced, pounding like it wanted to break free from

his chest. “You’re with me for happiness,” Khloe said softly. “I know you’ve always wanted to love someone properly... and now we love each other.” “Khloe...

| can’t be so selfish.” His rationality was crumbling, piece by piece. He didn’t want to lose judgment in the night. He didn’t want to hear her words, though each one had the power to change his mind effortlessly. From the moment he saw her at the door, Nick realized... all his struggles were meaningless. “Nick, in your heart... am | important to you?” Khloe didn’t wait for an answer, asking again. This time, Nick relaxed slightly, no longer hiding the fear in his heart. “Very important.” “You’re important to me too,” she whispered.

“The most important person.” Khloe’s fingers traced along his neck, brushing through the hair at the nape and across his ear. — “In my heart, you’re someone who wouldn’t leave me in danger,” she said softly, “but | never expected... that in your eyes, I’m just someone you can share joy with, not pain. The moment a storm comes, you would push me away?” “Not at all.” Nick denied it immediately, eyes lifted, pain so deep it seemed it could dissolve. “It’s because | know you aren’t that person... that | can’t... | can’t selfishly hold you back.” “Selfish?” Khloe let out a bitter laugh.

“You think pushing me away now makes you noble? You hide behind the thinking that it’s for my good, but all you’re thinking about is your own guilt and unease. You only care about your own inability to bear the pressure of possibly hurting me... “You’re afraid of my rejection... so you ran first. That... is selfish.” Nick bowed his head, utterly unable to respond. She was right. Every word “I’m so angry!” Khloe stood on tiptoe and slammed into his chest, her lips brushing against his collarbone, and she bit him lightly. Nick frowned.

She bit hard, sharp enough to make him flinch, but he endured it, not pushing her away. — - “I’m sorry... truly, ‘m sorry.” “Does saying ‘sorry’ even help? You don’t even know why I’m mad.” “Ido.” “Then say it.” Nick paused a while, then, almost unconsciously, began reflecting on her words. “You’re angry | deceived you... angry that | didn’t give you a choice, so | said something hurtful first...” He truly felt he had messed everything up. Someone he held as carefully as if she might shatter in his hands -he had still hurt her. “You’re half wrong!” Khloe squeezed his shoulder firmly.

“More than you hiding things from me, I’m angrier that you have so little faith in us, that you never even considered solving problems together-and instead wanted to push me away!”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 428

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 428 – — Chapter 428 “That’s because...” Nick didn’t hold back anymore. He nodded, then caught sight of the tears brimming in Khloe’s eyes, and his composure completely crumbled. “That’s because | don’t want you to fear

me... And | don't want you to hate me!" At last, he spoke his truth. All the talk of selfishness, all the talk of reason... it had just been an excuse. What he cared about most was how Khloe saw him. If there ever came a day she despised him, he would rather leave her with the best possible impression-the memory of every happiness they had shared, intact and untamished.

"How could | ever hate you? Just because you've been hurt before? Or because of what happened with Michelle? "Michelle and | are very different people. | am afraid... but seeing the person | love lose control, even possibly hurt themselves- how could | not be afraid? "But if | were really someone who would fear you, who would defend against you, | wouldn't have let go when the knife was -- directed at me!" Her words shattered every defense he had. Nick shot up, locking into her unflinching gaze.

The image he had always feared confronting appeared before his eyes again-her steady eyes, unwavering even as she let go of the blade. In this moment, it was crystal clear. He was such a fool. It wasn't her who feared him. It was him-he was terrified of himself. He was so afraid he might lose control that he had wanted her to fear him instead "Khloe." He finally couldn't hold it in. The ache and longing in his chest pressed so heavily that he could barely breathe. He grasped her hands tightly. "Just the thought of hurting you... it feels like hell. | can't calm myself. Tell me...

what am | supposed to do?" Khloe found him both exasperating and heartbreakingly endearing. She was no longer angry. In other arenas, Nick could be a fortress, an untouchable hero. But in matters of the heart, he was like a child, even weaker than -- her. He had always feared himself. Naturally, he couldn't always be confident in front of the one he loved. When they first met, he had only been pretending to be perfect, flawless, and untouchable. Now Khloe understood why she had been so angry.

It was because she had never expected him to be so vulnerable in love, to need her as much as she needed him. And yet... even that exposed weakness made her love him all the more. "Nick... tell me... in your heart, what is love?" Khloe asked suddenly, seriously, and Nick found himself momentarily at a loss for words. "Love... is fulfillment. Love is protection." "No." Khloe smiled, half amused, half exasperated. "Love is worry. Love is fear. Love is doubt." A tremor passed through Nick's eyes. Her words rippled through him like a thousand waves.

He understood-she was speaking of him Even though his love was messy, chaotic, and flawed... she saw -- it. Suddenly, Nick felt a tingling at his shoulder. Khloe leaned up and kissed him softly. Her tongue was warm and gentle, tracing, licking the red mark on his skin-spreading it lightly, electrically, through every nerve in his body. The sensation was both intoxicating and unbearable. "Khloe." He could only croak her name, his voice rough with emotion. "I really... | don't want you to regret this..." "Then trust me. And trust yourself, just once. Even if the road ahead is hell..."

if we walk it together, it can still be a happy hell.” Khloe’s hands cupped his face-stubbed, tired, marked by sleepless nights. She rose on tiptoe and pressed her lips to his cold lips.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 429 – -- Chapter 429 Khloe’s kiss carried no hint of teasing or provocation-only endless comfort, tender care, and a love so deep it could not dissolve. After enduring her insistence for a brief moment, Nick’s arms suddenly tightened. He tilted his head, parted his lips, and finally took control, deepening the kiss with a quiet, possessive intensity. Selfishness, clumsiness... it didn’t matter. He could no longer let go. Downstairs, Michelle stood by the car, waiting for Khloe to emerge. Minutes ticked by, one after another. Suddenly, the lights upstairs turned off.

Michelle’s nails dug into her palms, her brows knitting together in disbelief. How could this be... “Miss Keller, | think it’s time you let go of Mr. Hunt.” A calm male voice suddenly spoke from behind her. -- Michelle turned, and there was Lenny, carrying a collection of medical supplies, toiletries, snacks, and drinks. Clearly, he was on his way to deliver them upstairs to Nick and Khloe. “So many things? And all these snacks and sweets? Don’t you know your boss doesn’t eat late at night and doesn’t even like sweets?” Michelle smirked coldly, glancing at the shopping bags in his hands.

She knew perfectly well the items weren’t for Nick-yet she teased anyway. Lenny glanced down at the bags. “My boss doesn’t eat them, but his wife does. Her hands were injured, and the boss worried there might not be clean supplies for her. He sent me a message earlier. As for the sweets-she likes them, so now, he likes them too.” He deliberately detailed every point with precision. Michelle’s expression stiffened beyond control. “That’s nonsense! They were clearly arguing-how could he have ordered all this for her?” “Arguing doesn’t mean anything, Miss Keller,” Lenny said calmly.

“When Miss Roswell arrived, the boss had already messaged me. When someone cares about you, even if you don’t see them, you think of them instinctively. There’s nothing more impossible -- to block with reason than true feelings.” Even a small assistant could wound her. His words cut to the heart, forcing her to face reality. If reason alone could block love, would she still be standing here? But why could Nick show such favoritism? Back then, even a moment of wavering from her had led to a complete cutoff. Yet now, with Khloe, he could be so unbothered.

Lenny nodded once before stepping away from Michelle. Because Nick had instructed him, Lenny hadn’t dared to answer Khloe’s calls today, fearing he wouldn’t be able to resist her questions. Still, after careful thought, he knew that though he was Nick’s subordinate, he was also human. Work aside, some personal matters could not be ignored. His boss treated him well, and naturally, he wanted his boss to be happy. Over the years, he had

seen Nick's loneliness and struggle firsthand. -- If Khloe could bring him out of his isolation, make him more open and happier, enduring a bit of scolding...

would not be a problem. Luckily, Khloe was decisive. Lenny hadn't even faced any reprimand yet before receiving a message from Nick. It seemed clear: once she appeared, his boss's bad temper would vanish entirely. Lenny set the items by the door and sent Nick a message before leaving. When he returned downstairs, Michelle's car was still there. She hadn't left. Lenny considered leaving quietly, but after thinking it over, he stepped back out of the car. He tapped on Michelle's window.

If he hadn't seen her, he could pretend ignorance-but now that he had, professional instinct demanded he address it.

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-- Chapter 430 Otherwise, if Michelle caused any trouble, it would ruin the reconciliation between the couple upstairs. It would be a shameful interruption for a newly mended relationship. After a long moment, Michelle finally rolled down the car window. "Miss Keller, it's so late... Aren't you going back?" Lenny asked But the moment he spoke, he noticed her curled posture, her face pale and strained, her entire demeanor off. "Miss Keller...?" "My stomach hurts," Michelle muttered softly.

"Can you take me back?" Forty minutes later, Lenny delivered Michelle to a five-star hotel not far from the airport. He had initially planned to take her to a hospital, but Michelle refused, insisting it was an old problem. He then thought of sending her home, but she would not hear of it either. This trip had been a secret. Her family didn't know, and neither did her fans. Going home now would mean explanations she couldn't manage-and she had no energy to deal with them -- Outside the hotel, Michelle thanked him quietly and slowly tried to get out of the car.

She was clearly unwell; it took her a long moment to push herself upright, bracing against the car door. Lenny considered ignoring it. After a brief hesitation, though, he quickly stepped up and gently supported her arm. "I'll take you upstairs." "No... it's fine..." "Don't push yourself, Miss Keller. Otherwise, | might have to call an ambulance." Lenny escorted her into the room firmly. But that wasn't the end. Michelle insisted she had her medicine and didn't need him to worry. Still, Lenny stood at the door, watching her take it.

Michelle had no strength left; she felt indescribably frustrated, wanting only to get rid of him Yet, he was stubborn to the extreme. He insisted she assure him she was fine and, astonishingly, even record a video on her phone. -- "You... do you have paranoid delusions? Do you think I'm going 'to extort you?" Michelle muttered, feeling her stomach ease but her head pounding. Lenny smiled awkwardly. "Miss Keller, | don't think you'd

extort me, but I'm worried... you might try to extort my boss." "You. "Now that you've taken your medicine, I'm relieved.

As for tonight, your returning to the country secretly and your discomfort- | won't tell anyone, including my boss. But in exchange... could you go back as soon as possible?" "what did you say?" Michelle felt heat climb straight to her head. Her stomach problem flared only in extreme stress, and now this mere assistant acted as if she were faking it for sympathy. "| mean... since you came back secretly, if you stay out too long, the news might leak," Lenny explained carefully. He had served under Nick for a long time and considered every detail.

This time, he was genuinely concerned for Michelle. "Get lost!" Michelle snapped, grabbing a pillow and hurling it at him. -- Her body was weak, so it didn't even come close. Lenny remained upright, not flinching at all. He simply nodded. "Then rest well, Miss Keller. | won't disturb you further." "Wait..." Seeing him turn to leave, Michelle instinctively called after him. "Is there something else?" "How much do you make in a day?" she asked, pressing her stomach, her voice softening. Lenny frowned. "|... don't understand what you mean." "I have insomnia.

My stomach hurts, | feel awful, and | didn't bring my assistant. | came alone."