

# Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 6 +25 Bonus Khloe had barely taken a few steps when a man emerged from the car and opened the rear door for her . It was the same man who had given her the business card , but today he wasn't in his formal uniform . Dressed in a simple black suit and sunglasses , he seemed far more approachable . Khloe offered a faint smile and slid into the car . The interior was quiet ; aside from the two of them , it was empty . " May I ask who you are ... ? " she began . " I'm Mr. Hunt's personal assistant . You can call me Lenny . " He anticipated her question before she could finish it .

" Lenny , why would your employer choose me for this marriage alliance ? We've never even met , have we ? " Khloe asked , choosing her words carefully . Lenny's lips curved into a slight smile . " I'm not privy to his personal considerations . But my employer only recently returned to the country . It's unlikely he's had the opportunity to meet you before . " " Then ... " Khloe hesitated , her curiosity getting the better of her . " What does your employer look like ? " After all the secrecy , never showing his face - what if he was disfigured or unappealing ?

Even if this was a marriage of convenience , she wanted to be mentally prepared . At that , Lenny couldn't hold back a soft chuckle . He had worked for Nick for years , and never once had a woman been concerned about his appearance . But he quickly schooled his expression back to neutrality . " I'm not at liberty to comment on my employer's appearance . You'll see for yourself

soon enough , Miss Roswell . " ' That probably means he's very ordinary , ' Khloe thought , mentally lowering her expectations . Before long , the car pulled up to an opulent villa .

Though still within the city limits , the location was secluded and intensely private . " This is a renowned member's - only club , " Lenny explained . " Mr. Hunt has reserved the entire venue for this evening . " Inside , Lenny and the other guards remained at the entrance , while a server escorted Khloe into a serene , private dining room . " Mr. Hunt ? " Beneath the dazzling radiance of a crystal chandelier stood a tall , commanding silhouette . When he turned , Khloe froze .

The face that met her was arrestingly sharp - defined by razor - sharp brows , a prominent nose , and lips carved with an elegant precision . She stared for a beat longer than was polite , until his cool voice sliced through her daze . " It's me . Miss Roswell , please have a seat . " " O - oh .

Right . " She quickly dropped her gaze , so flustered she forgot all her practiced composure . I thought he was supposed to be plain ? " Is something wrong ? Do I not meet your expectations ?

" Nick's tone was edged with impatience when she kept her head bowed .

His presence felt like a physical pressure in the room . Khloe shook her head immediately . " No. Not at all . You're remarkably handsome . Strikingly so . " In truth , he was the most breathtaking man she had ever laid eyes on . Trey had been considered a god on campus , his looks compared to a celebrity's . She thought she was accustomed to handsome men . But Nick was in an entirely different league - otherworldly as if sculpted by divine hands . " Thank you . " He gave a slight , acknowledging nod . " And you , Miss Roswell , look exceptionally beautiful . That dress becomes you .

" " I should be the one thanking you for the gift , " she replied , managing a faint smile as she met his gaze . He didn't seem nearly as difficult as the rumors had made him out to be . " It was a trifle . If it pleases you , I'll have more sent to you . " His words were polite , even pleasant , but the profound distance in his tone was unmistakable , like a chill , impenetrable wall between them . They exchanged only a few brief pleasantries before the meal began .

The courses arrived one after another , each one a miniature work of art - exquisitely plated , but no more than a delicate bite . The flavors were complex and refined , but for Khloe , the pace felt agonizingly slow and left her wanting more . And through it all , Nick remained silent , eating with an unnerving stillness , his gaze occasionally flicking up to meet hers . The air grew thick with unspoken words . Remembering Oscar's warning about him being a perfectionist , she didn't dare speak first . It wasn't until dessert was served that he finally asked , " How is it ?

Do you enjoy the food here ? " " Yes , it's very good . " She popped the entire dessert into her mouth , then immediately cringed at how simple and unrefined she must have sounded . Her ears grew warm as she hastily added , " You clearly have impeccable taste . The dishes are unique , and the flavor profiles are very sophisticated . " Nick lowered his gaze , his expression giving nothing away Was that too try - hard ? She wasn't a food critic . She rarely dined in places like this - her vocabulary for this was limited .

" If you don't care for it , Miss Roswell , we can go elsewhere next time . The choice will be yours . " " No , I really do like it , " she said , waving a hand quickly . But when his eyes remained fixed on her , sharp and analytical , she felt compelled to be more honest . " The food is wonderful , truly . It's just ... this is my first time in a place like this , and meeting you has me a

bit on edge . Perhaps next time , in a more relaxed setting , the conversation might flow more easily . " She figured she might as well say it . This was a strategic alliance , not a relationship .

Her comfort was a factor . " Alright . " He gave a single nod , his lips pressed into a thin line , his face as inscrutable as ever . " I'm just not much of a talker , " he added , almost as an afterthought . " I never know what to say . " 2/5 Citraptor +25 Bonus " I noticed , " Khloe said , and a small , genuine chuckle escaped her . Something in his posture seemed to loosen almost imperceptibly . He leaned back slightly in his chair , the dark fabric of his shirt stretching across his shoulders and making his powerful build even more pronounced .

" Henry informed me that you've agreed to the marriage . " " Yes . " Khloe nodded . " My family is traditional . The process from engagement to the marriage registration must follow protocol . My schedule is full in the coming days , so it cannot be rushed . You may have to wait a while . Of course , if you have any requests of your own , you may state them . " " That's fine . I'll follow your lead . " Her decisiveness seemed to please him . He gave a short , approving nod , glanced at his watch , and said , " It's getting late . We can conclude for today- " " Mr. Hunt .

" Khloe interrupted , her gaze steady and direct . You're likely aware of my circumstances . May I ask why you chose me for this marriage ? " " I have no interest in your assets or the Morrison family's drama , " he stated bluntly . " I've reached the age where marriage is expected . The Morrison family is a suitable match . " He had seen right through her suspicion . She had wondered if her newfound inheritance was the bait . But the Hunt family's wealth and power were legendary - countless families would kneel for an opportunity like this . He had no need for her money .

" Family pressure , then ? " she ventured . " Something like that . " Then his tone shifted , becoming harder , more definitive . " But understand this clearly - I require a wife who is obedient . One who knows how to cooperate in all matters . " His words struck a familiar , painful chord . Trey also valued her for the very same reasons : compliant , easy to control , and utterly alone in the world . Khloe met Nick's gaze without flinching , her voice level and assured . " I am the principal heir to the Morrison Group . The Morrisons have deep roots in Goldmont City .

If your family plans to expand here , that is the most direct support you will find . And I , having just returned to the family , cannot stand firm on my own without being torn apart . 1 " Our marriage gives the Hunt family a strategic foothold and gives me the foundation I need to survive . It's a mutually beneficial arrangement . That seems perfectly fair " Nick didn't respond , but his slight nod was tacit agreement His time was clearly a precious commodity . The moment they stepped out of the restaurant , an aide was there to remind him he was due at the airport .

Ever the pragmatist , Khloe immediately offered to leave on her own , assuring him there was no need for an escort . He didn't argue - simply ensured she was safely settled into a waiting car before turning away without a backward glance. During the ride , her phone rang . It was Oscar , checking in on how the meeting had gone . " It went smoothly , " Khloe answered honestly . If there was any issue , it was merely the sheer intensity of Nick's presence - an overwhelming pressure that was hard to shake .

3/5 Chapter 6 +25 Bonus Later that night , fresh out of the shower , she noticed her phone buzzing incessantly on the counter . The moment she answered , Trey's voice flooded the line . " Khloe , where are you ? It's so late . Is everything okay ? Why weren't you answering your phone

? " But Khloe was only half - listening . Her eyes were drawn to the glittering cityscape beyond her floor - to - ceiling windows . She couldn't help but admire her own foresight in choosing this apartment . " Khloe ? " His voice grew more anxious . She responded absently . " Oh .

I had a client meeting across town today . It was easier to just get a hotel room . " She had assumed he already knew she'd moved out . But clearly , preoccupied with Angela , he hadn't even noticed . All the better , she thought . She fed him the casual excuse . " Are you comfortable at the hotel ? If not , I can come pick you up right now . Just send me the address . " Relief softened his tone , lacing it with manufactured concern . " No need . I'm exhausted and I don't want the hassle . It's late ; I need to rest . " He didn't push further . " Alright .

I'll see you at the office tomorrow , then . " She murmured a noncommittal " Mm , " and was about to hang up when he stopped her . " Honey ... I miss you . Do you miss me ? " An empty silence stretched over the line . " Khloe ? " he coaxed , his voice soft . " I'm falling asleep ... " she whispered , feigning drowsiness . I'm just too tired ... " Helpless , he finally relented , murmuring , " Alright then . Sleep well . I'll let you go . " " Okay . " Khloe ended the call without a second thought . The abrupt dial tone buzzed in Trey's ear , leaving a strange , hollow feeling in his chest .

For years , whispering sweet nothings and feigning tenderness toward Khloe had been a perfunctory act - it never stirred a single genuine emotion in him . But now , for reasons he couldn't explain , her dismissal left him with an unfamiliar ache . " Trey ... do you love me ? " As he drifted in this strange mood , slender arms slid around his waist from behind . Angela . Her voice was soft , instantly melting his heart . He smiled faintly , covering her hands with his . "

How could you even ask ? You're the only woman I'll ever love . For you , I'd do anything . "

And he meant it .

Angela was etched into his very soul . From the moment she had saved his life when he was six , he had vowed to protect her forever - to be the guardian of her happiness and walk beside her until their hair turned white . 4/5 Chapter 0 " But I'm still afraid ... " she whispered into his back .

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