

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 841

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 841 – Barney's face had gone pale as iron. Only when Khloe and Nick walked hand in hand toward the exit did he finally snap out of it. He strode forward, blocking their path. "Nick, is this really necessary? Listing drugs at cost for a bid? Do you even know how much this will cost? How much profit you'll lose?" Nick merely lifted the corner of his lips in a faint, almost dismissive smile. "Barney, mind your tone," he said evenly. "Yes, we'll lose profit- but as we've said, this isn't about the bid.

This is the Hunt and Morrison Groups giving back to the people." Khloe immediately stepped forward, shielding her husband, her eyebrows raised playfully, her lips curling into a teasing smile. Barney realized he'd lost his composure, but he also knew one thing: with Nick's words, Solara Energy's chances of winning had essentially vanished. He couldn't understand them at all. Why, when the situation was already unfavorable for Solara Energy, would they continue to raise the stakes? Nick tightened his arm around Khloe, his expression radiating a satisfaction that no outsider could read.

-- "Barney, since you ask whether it's necessary to go this far, my answer is simple." He looked down at Khloe with a faint, affectionate smile. "Absolutely necessary. What my wife sets her mind on is hers to take-there's no need to compete. All the detours we took with you before... consider that me being generous." Barney let out an incredulous laugh. "You're businessmen... and you're just throwing money at it?" "Exactly," Nick said without hesitation. "Can Solara Energy keep up?" Barney was struck dumb.

Even if Solara Energy could throw money around, they weren't Morrison Group-they couldn't let Khloe make decisions over billions of assets on a whim. Insane. Reckless. Absolutely audacious. Nick said nothing more, simply led Khloe away. George, Arista, and the Keller family all rushed forward to greet them. Nick's face darkened slightly at the sight of his father, but Arista didn't hesitate, throwing herself into an embrace of both Nick and Khloe. hank heaven!

Thank heaven for protecting our family!" The emotions in the room were intense, but since they were in -- public, words had to be restrained. George immediately made a decision: a banquet would be arranged nearby to welcome Nick and Khloe, and the Keller family would join. Nick initially wanted to refuse, but Khloe pressed his arm lightly, and he didn't argue. Grandma Loretta and Grandpa Leon had seen the live broadcast and arrived shortly after. The moment they saw Nick, tears sprang to their eyes. Nick and Khloe could only soothe them, 'one in each hand.

The scene of the family reunited moved even the Keller family to tears. Michelle had expected to feel a twinge of jealousy seeing Nick and Khloe so complete, so whole-but in that moment, her heart was filled entirely with warmth. No lingering resentment remained. Only admiration and blessing. Everyone was careful not to intrude on the Hunt

family reunion. The banquet concluded quickly. Once the Keller family left, Nick and Khloe returned to the Hunt estate.

Inside their villa, Khloe recounted all that had happened over the past days with Nick to the grandparents, including details about his health. Nick felt deeply ashamed and apologized for the worry he had -- caused over the past few days. Without Khloe, he wouldn't have had the courage to face his own family. Khloe, protective of him and fearing his self-recrimination, took the blame gently. "Actually, these things... | hid them so you wouldn't worry everyone. "Nick still hasn't fully recovered... even today at the bidding, he was walking with some difficulty.

If it had been me in his place, | wouldn't have had the courage to do what he did..." Grandma Loretta shook her head, stopping Khloe before she could continue.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 842

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 842 - Just hearing about the injuries Khloe and Nick had suffered over the past days made Loretta brush tears away again and again. How could she blame them for keeping things hidden? Leon sighed deeply, full of concern, but beneath the worry, pride shone on his face. "My grandson... you've got backbone. A few scratches mean nothing. Even if you lost everything, as long as you figure things out and don't give up, you'll survive anything. Life and death come to everyone sooner or later. But to live freely, fully, and vividly...

that's a life worth living." Leon grew more animated as he spoke, straightening his back and rapping lightly on Nick's broad shoulders. Nick suddenly felt a bit off balance. Khloe immediately caught him instinctively. "Grandpa... please, be gentle." Leon paused, and Nick's face flushed slightly. "Khloe... I'm fine." Khloe felt a little embarrassed at being corrected, but her gesture had already shifted the atmosphere from tense to lighthearted. -- Arista couldn't help but laugh. Grandma Loretta chimed in teasingly, "Every generation has its own luck.

Tell me, what merit does Nick have to have such a wonderful wife? Seems like after hardship comes sweetness, huh? Who else would put up with such a quiet, stubborn man all their life?" "Grandma" Khloe buried her face, silently pleading for mercy. George suddenly stepped forward, approaching Nick "Nick." Their eyes met for a brief moment, and Nick instinctively looked away. After the near-death experience, some of the resentment he had toward his father had eased.

When Khloe's life had been on the line, he hadn't thought of his family-only how he could sacrifice himself to save the one most important to him. These past days had trapped him in his own fear and pain... even contemplating giving up on the person he loved most. In comparison, George, who had offloaded all responsibility onto a young, weak child out of

his own suffering, didn't seem so different. Everyone carries their own sins. George's unforgivable deeds were also his sorrow and his scars. -- "Dad..." Khloe's voice was cautious, but Arista gave her a look, and she stayed silent.

George's breathing steadied. He seemed to summon all his resolve, speaking slowly, each word weighted with the confession he had buried for so long, "I'm sorry." 2 Nick froze, his gaze trembling as it locked onto his father's eyes. His brow furrowed, and his whole body stiffened, as if frozen in place. "I've always known, deep down, that I've wronged you. But some things, once done, can't be undone. | was too afraid to face them ... \$0 | buried my guilt, demanding more from you, criticizing you, trying to make myself a father worth something, seeking comfort through your obedience. But now...

| regret it." George's voice was low and steady. He reached out, attempting to place a hand on Nick's shoulder. Nick flinched instinctively, stepping away. George's hand hovered in midair, his expression lonely and heavy with remorse. Khloe's heart clenched as she looked anxiously at Nick. Nick nodded once, interrupting him. "None of that matters anymore. The past is the past. Stop talking about it." -- "No-the past is important. To you, to me, it's all important." George's voice deepened. "I'm not asking for your forgiveness. | just want you to know what | think now. | don't...

dislike you as my son. I've always been proud of you." Nick remained silent. The tension thickened. Seeing this, Arista quickly stepped in to ease the moment. "All right, all right. You've said your heart, but now, let your son have a moment to process it," she urged.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 843**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 843 - George let his arm drop with a huff. Nick's resistance stung him, though he knew he had brought this on himself. All these years, Nick had endured his temper without once retaliating. He had bottled up his own frustrations until they festered inside, yet the son had never lashed out. Now, with the distance and tension between them, he had no one to blame but himself. "Today..." Just as George was about to turn and leave, Nick's voice rang out again. He paused, uncertain. Was Nick... seeking his opinion?

"Today, the decision Khloe and | made was a spontaneous one," Nick said, his tone calm but resolute. "It may affect Hunt Group's long-term profits." George's brow lifted slightly. "But Khloe and | share a common wish," Nick continued, still not looking directly at him. "We want those who have lost hope, those trapped at the edge of despair... not to give up easily." -- Khloe smiled softly, quietly affirming the sentiment. Indeed, the decision had been impulsive. Yet, neither of them felt it was wrong.

Especially after Khloe had learned of Niel's vision for growing Morrison Pharmaceuticals, she felt a deep responsibility to carry it forward. Niel had been willing to clash with

Henry, endure bitter hatred from Clarice, all to protect the future of Morrison Pharmaceuticals-not just as a market leader in Goldmont, but as a promise to the nation and its people. That was his life's ideal. Morrison Pharmaceuticals was meant to produce good medicine. Affordable medicine. All of the assets Niel had poured his heart into were meant to become hope for countless families.

As his daughter and inheritor of a multibillion-dollar legacy, Khloe naturally carried the responsibility of fulfilling her father's, vision. Nick and she shared a united purpose; their hearts were aligned. Hunt Group's rise to prominence had always depended on integrity and virtue, and Nick believed the future of Hunt Group and Morrison Pharmaceuticals would not be limited to profit alone. -- The family's eyes turned to George. Arista clenched her hands, afraid he might dampen the mood. Yet, George smiled. "Indeed... this is a bold move.

But | think what you two have done today is magnificent. Absolutely audacious." Nick's expression shifted slightly. George continued, "From the day | entrusted Hunt Group to you, | believed you could bear its weight. You've carried forward Hunt Group's spirit flawlessly. You don't need to care about my opinion-what you've done surpasses anything | could have done." Leon nodded, voice warm but teasing. "Finally, you speak truthfully!

Compared to your son, you still have much to learn- especially in perspective." George, feeling touched by his father's words, couldn't help but bristle at the comment. "I'm not that bad! At least in business experience, I'm far stronger than Nick." "Sure, keep telling yourself that..." Nick had never seen his grandfather and father bicker like this before. He chuckled quietly, glancing sideways at Khloe's -- amused eyes, and felt a rush of warmth sweep through him. Everything had been resolved. Now, all he wanted was to be alone with Khloe.

Arista and Grandma Loretta, reading the couple's hearts perfectly, gently nudged Khloe toward Nick. "All right, you've both had a long day. Go home and rest." "We'll see each other later," Nick murmured. On the way home, Khloe and Nick's hands were interlaced, their bodies seemingly glued together. Lenny didn't even dare to look in the rearview mirror while driving. The level of intimacy between them was simply astonishing. With just a quick glance, he caught sight of their lips locked together, and even he felt a wave of heat rush through his body.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 844

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 844 - Soon, a thin layer of sweat formed in the palm of Nick's hand. Khloe opened her eyes and saw the tight furrow in his brow, the flush of blood drained from his face. "Not feeling well?" she asked gently "Mm... I'm tired." He rested his head on her shoulder, and the fatigue in his voice was undeniable. Khloe asked with tender concern, and Nick didn't hide his exhaustion. Today had been far too demanding for him-after barely sleeping last night, he had gone straight to the bidding event. By day's end, his body simply could not keep up.

She wanted to tell Lenny to turn toward the hospital, but before the words left her mouth, Nick gripped her hand. Closing his eyes, he whispered into her ear, “Khloe... | want to go home.” “All right. Then let’s go home first.” Khloe caressed his face, speaking with indulgent affection. She knew he was being playful, letting down his guard. Usually, he — carried so many burdens that he never allowed himself a moment of weakness in front of anyone. But now, with her, he no longer needed to pretend.

Back in their private home, the first thing Nick did was take Khloe’s phone and switch off his own. These past few days had felt like half a lifetime. His longing had been like a tide, overwhelming and consuming. Finally, they had this moment-time that belonged entirely to them. He wanted to claim her completely, leaving no space for anything else. Khloe, for her part, immediately set to work undressing him. She had checked him carefully when they were with Lucas—he carried many new wounds. Though mostly healed, every scar tugged at her heart.

In the days when he had difficulty bathing or changing dressings, she had been unable to care for him properly. Now, at home, she would tend to him herself. Before she could finish, Nick could no longer resist. He shrugged off the last remnants of his shirt and bent to claim her lips. Khloe’s cheeks flushed, but her hands did not pause—while he kissed her, she worked at his watch and belt. Soon, the living room and the bedroom were littered with scattered clothing.

— They had agreed to rest, but back home, Nick seemed suddenly invigorated, as if the house itself recharged him. Every touch between them was like rain after a drought, a desperate, mind-consuming need. They lingered at the edge of the bed for a long time before finally moving to the bathroom. The soft trickle of water and rising steam filled the space. In the mist, Khloe’s flawless form made Nick’s pulse spike instantly. He kissed and licked the water from her skin, no longer satisfied with just her lips.

Pressing his brows together, breathing heavy, he left Khloe barely able to respond, her hands clutching his waist for support. His torso was taut, sleek, every line flowing into the muscles along his sides. Thin abs quivered and flexed under her touch, sending shivers through her fingertips. The bathtub filled quickly, water spilling over the edge. Khloe’s fingers trembled slightly as she traced a long scar along his back, from his left shoulder diagonally to his right hip. A terrifying reminder of his fall, yet in her hands it felt impossibly gentle.

“Is it ugly?” he asked, back to her, shoulders tensing. — “How could it be? | don’t think so.” Her voice sounded especially soft through the steam. She pressed her cheek lightly to his back, kissing the scar with lips still wet from the water, careful as if afraid to hurt him. Nick pressed his lips together, feeling her fingertips glide slowly along the scar’s grooves.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 845

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 845 – Khloe's hands slid around Nick's waist again, tracing every inch of him, even the smallest raised scars. Then Khloe picked up the bath sponge, squeezed a generous amount of shower gel, and carefully spread the dense foam across his back. "It hasn't hurt for a long time," Nick said softly, as if sensing her worry. He glanced back and saw her eyes misted with steam, deep and concerned. Holding her hand, he drew her to his chest. The soapy hand gently pressed her chin. "Weren't you going to wash me? Why aren't you moving?" "1... just feel so bad.

Even if you say it doesn't hurt, | still." Khloe murmured, hugging him tightly. "It's all in the past now." Nick's voice was low, his thumb brushing away a streak of white foam from her cheek. "But if you keep lingering like this... the water's going to get cold." He covered her hands over his, coaxing her like a child. Yet Khloe noticed another faint scar near his chest. Her fingers -- traced it instinctively. "What's this one from?" she asked. "Just a branch scraping me," he murmured. "I have plenty of small scratches like this.

If you checked every one, this bath would never end." Her ears warmed, and she nudged him. "Turn around." He obeyed, hands braced on the edge of the tub. Khloe continued to wash him, from the broad curve of his back to the narrow waistline... and further down. "Do you need to check there too?" His voice was soft. A barely perceptible smile tugged at the corner of his lips. "Yes." Her hand froze midair, her cheeks aflame. "Then you better check carefully." His tone softened further, a husky edge that sent a shiver through her.

Her fingers trembled but pressed on, gliding down his muscular thighs. Sure enough, his right outer thigh bore a faint scar, still tinged pink. Her gaze flickered, lips pressing together as her fingertips lingered over it. -- The back-and-forth motion became almost unbearable. Suddenly, Nick grabbed her wrists, pulling her fully into his embrace. "You're too slow," he murmured, his nose brushing her earlobe, the warm breath fanning her neck. "Let me do it." "No," Khloe bit gently at his nose.

"Today, | will wash every inch of you myself." She resumed, carefully spreading the foam over every contour, every scar. As she reached his waist, he let out a low hum. "What's wrong?" she asked, pausing instantly. "It's... ticklish." A mischievous glint lit his eyes. Khloe blinked, then understood-he was teasing her. She lightly traced the most sensitive spot on his waist. Nick shivered, instinctively grabbing her hand "Khloe," he warned, eyes narrowing "Ticklish, right?" she teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"I'm helping you." He stared at her for two seconds before breaking into a laugh. -- "You've gone bad," he murmured, yanking her into his chest. The water in the tub rippled violently. Khloe let out a soft gasp as her body pressed against his. Even through the thin layer of water and foam, they could feel each other's heartbeat and warmth. She traced

the faint scar on his chest again. “Were you... really scared?” The thought of him alone, teetering between life and death, sent a pang of fear through her chest.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 846

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 846 – If it had been her, Khloe thought, she couldn’t have survived. Every scar on Nick-though they now looked painless-was a testament to his desperate struggle. “I was... scared.” Nick’s voice dropped, raw and honest. “Scared I’d never see you again.” The words made the tears she’d been holding back finally spill, falling into the bathwater. Nick sighed and bent forward, brushing her tears away with a soft kiss. “Don’t cry.” His voice was cool, but his touch was impossibly gentle, “See?

“I’m here, back in front of you, perfectly fine.” “Perfectly fine?” Khloe murmured, her hands roaming over him, counting the marks both old and new. “Here... here... and here. All proof.” Before she could finish, he pressed his lips to hers again. Beneath the water, his body reacted. Her cheeks flushed hot, and though she tried to pull back, he held her fast. Dark tides surged in his eyes. Foam slid down their pressed- --- together skin, rippling across the bathwater. “Keep washing.” His voice was low, commanding, and strangely enticing. “Didn’t you say...

“You wanted to wash every inch of me?” Khloe bit her lip, pressing her hands against his sharply defined abs. His breathing grew heavier. Beneath the water, his hands began exploring her waist with restless curiosity. “Here too...” He suddenly seized her hand and guided it downward. Her fingers slipped, and the bath sponge fell into the water. “You... wash yourself,” she said, flustered. “Thinking of backing out?” He leaned close, his nose brushing her jaw. Her skin felt like it was on fire. She stayed silent, continuing her task, hands moving lower.

“Khloe...” he called, voice hoarse with desire. “Mm?” she answered, feigning oblivion, still focused on scrubbing. “This spot needs extra attention.” He could no longer resist. In one swift motion, he lifted her, --- letting her straddle him. “Still washing?” he asked against her, teeth grazing her skin. “Washing.” Her voice dragged out. “Not done yet...” “Then hurry.” His lips pressed against her shoulder, hands lingering along her back. “Or I’ll really catch a chill.” She quickly turned the hot water on, rinsing the foam from both of them. Nick allowed her to take the lead obediently.

Only when she wrapped him in a towel did he speak again. “Turn around.” “Hm?” “Your turn.” He took the towel from her, voice calm but commanding. “I need to inspect too. We’ve been apart so long. | need to make sure everything that’s mine... is unharmed, perfect as it was.” Before she could react, he had spun her around. Feeling his gaze fall like a weight on her back, her cheeks burned red. “Nick, | don’t have any scars-” He said

nothing. The towel alone answered her, gliding gently -- over her shoulders, down her spine, and into the small curve of her waist. Every touch made her shiver.

When his fingers traced a faint, nearly invisible childhood scar at her lower back, she whispered, "That's from a camping trip when I fell as a kid." "I know." His voice, warm and close, pressed against her skin as his lips followed the scar upward along her spine, stopping between her shoulder blades. "And here?" His fingers lightly tapped a small mark she had never noticed before.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 847

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 847 - | don't know..." Khloe looked confused. "Maybe a mosquito bit me?" Nick chuckled softly, pressing his face close to hers and gently brushing his cheek against her smooth skin. It wasn't a scar-it was her back dimple. Khloe's whole body shivered at his touch, and on instinct she grabbed the towel to wrap herself up. Nick's hands circled her slender waist, finally resting on her slightly rounded lower belly. "How's my baby been lately? Have you missed me?" "No." Khloe blinked, deliberately teasing him. "How could you not?" Nick smiled, his voice dropping to a tender whisper.

"Because she thinks Daddy doesn't want her... hasn't come to see her for so long." Khloe's words made his tone even softer. He pulled her closer. "That's my fault. But she must have missed me anyway. From -- now on, every night I'll say goodnight to her. That way when she's born, she won't just pay attention to Mommy and forget about Daddy." Khloe's heart melted. The bathroom light spread softly behind Nick, casting his tall, protective silhouette in a warm glow that made her feel completely safe. "Nick... never stay away from me this long again," she murmured. "I won't..."

unless I-" "No, don't say it." Khloe interrupted quickly, and he didn't argue. Their eyes met, and in his gaze there was nothing hidden-just pure, unguarded love. "Okay, okay. Go get dressed before you really catch a cold," she said, a faint ache in her nose making her turn away. Nick gently lifted her chin and turned her back toward him. "You haven't finished answering. What about you? Have you missed me?" Looking into his hopeful eyes, Khloe had no resistance left. Every word he wanted to hear, she gave willingly, sweet as honey.

"Yes." She cupped his sharply defined face and spoke with sincere earnestness. "Every day. Always. I've missed you so -- much. So, so much." Nick's Adam's apple moved as if swallowing words left unsaid He lowered his head and kissed her-not the impatient, possessive kisses of before, but soft, gentle, reverent touches. His kisses made her feel cherished, as if the world had condensed into one perfect moment. Outside the floor-to-ceiling window, the fiery dusk clouds had slowly faded into a clear night. That night, it felt like they were trying to make up for every day they'd been apart.

The next morning, Nick woke up close to noon. Khloe had been awake for hours, but he had truly exhausted himself. Every nerve had been on high alert for days, and after seeing her, he had talked and gestured so much that he finally sank into deep, uninterrupted sleep. As he got dressed, voices drifted in from outside the bedroom. When he stepped out, Khloe had already pushed the door open. "You're already awake?" Her face was bright with happiness, and she hugged him lightly. "I wanted you to sleep a little longer," she murmured. -- Nick glanced at his watch. "It's already noon.

If I sleep any more, half the day will be gone." Khloe pouted. "Then let it be gone. We still have plenty of time." He paused, then nodded. "Yeah... you're right." Outside the bedroom were Lucas and a few doctors. Khloe had been worried about his condition and called them early to check on him. So far, the nerve damage seemed under control. As long as it didn't flare up again, there would be no serious complications. His stamina might not be what it once was, but with consistent exercise, his body would gradually regain strength. For now, this was the best possible outcome.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 848

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 848 - The doctors still gave Nick a precautionary injection. In the worst-case scenario, if his body weakened too much, there was still a risk of relapse or even further complications. But listening to all this, Khloe only grew more optimistic. As long as things were fine now, there was no need to worry about the future. Life and death, sickness and aging-everyone had to face it. Facing it together made it bearable. Lucas hadn't expected her to be so open and carefree. He had his biases about women, thinking many of them were indecisive, overly sentimental, and far too fragile.

But Khloe's free-spirited optimism blew those preconceptions away. His admiration for her surged to its peak. "Nick... your wife is stronger than you. She's the wise one," he teased. "It's just an illness. If the people around you don't worry, neither should you. Don't torment yourself. From now on, we'll find the best medical team. Big resources, big family-you won't suffer alone." Lucas took the chance to joke with Nick. But as soon as he finished, a chill ran down his spine.

-- In front of Khloe, Nick could admit fault all he wanted-but with anyone else, Nick was a merciless, cold-faced king. Nick glanced at Lucas, and the icy edge in his expression seemed to swallow him whole. "Cough... cough..." Lucas quickly rubbed his hands, realizing he'd crossed a line. His trip to help Nick return to Goldmont had been successful, and he was already planning to return to Naraida in a few days. But he had offered to help Nick find the best medical team for his stomach tumor. Khloe, knowing he had the resources, eagerly discussed options with him.

They talked for a long while. Khloe had originally planned to accompany Nick to Swinterland, and Lucas agreed it was a good idea. The tumor wasn't at the highest grade-

treatment was still possible-but it needed to start as soon as possible. “When are you planning to go?” Lucas asked, hoping to help arrange things in advance. “As soon as possible. The sooner, the better,” Khloe said firmly. Nick finally spoke, “It’ll have to wait a little.” “Why?” Khloe frowned.

“You need treatment as early as possible.” -- “You forgot-we still have one important thing to do first.” He took her hand, a small, teasing curve at his lips. “You promised Grandma. And the Royal Palace appointments have time limits too. We can’t delay them any longer.” Khloe went momentarily silent, thinking of the wedding. A rush of warmth swept through her, and a shy flush appeared in her eyes. “The wedding! That’s a big deal!” Lucas immediately jumped in. “Treatment isn’t urgent anyway. There’s already effective medication. His condition hasn’t worsened...

Besides, from what | see, ever since Nick returned to your side, he seems almost half healed already.” “Sometimes,” he added with a teasing grin, “the strongest cure is in the heart. Maybe Khloe, you’re the real medicine for Nick.” Khloe blushed and laughed, unable to take his teasing seriously. “Don’t forget to invite me to the wedding!” Lucas said heartily “Of course,” Khloe replied with a nod. “You have to come. You’re our benefactor.” “Benefactor’s too much,” Lucas said with a laugh. “With Nick, we’re even.

| also hope to expand my work in Goldmont in the future, so I’ll rely on you two.” -- He reached instinctively for a drink, only to find the cups filled with hot water, and sipped carefully. Khloe and Nick exchanged a knowing smile. By the afternoon, Charlotte and Lenny had arrived at Khloe’s home with a huge haul of groceries.

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 849

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 849 – To celebrate Nick’s return home and to thank everyone for their efforts over the past days, Khloe had invited everyone for a casual dinner. Nick, still recovering, didn’t join the meal. The housemaids cooked, while Khloe, Lenny, and Charlotte pitched in to help. Nick didn’t want Khloe to overexert herself, especially since she was pregnant. But she couldn’t sit still. In such a good mood, she had to show off a little. To avoid being constantly fussed over by Nick, Nick had asked Lucas to keep Nick company. But Lucas was notoriously talkative and boisterous.

Even if Nick was alone, he didn’t want Lucas hovering. “Movie?” Nick suggested with a hint of helplessness, opening the projector. Lucas had been planning to ask Nick for investment advice- what projects he should focus on in Goldmont-but this sudden interruption left him momentarily dumbfounded. “You’re watching a movie?” “What? | can’t watch a movie?” Nick ignored his gaze, flipping through options, and casually selected a horror film. -- Lucas blinked. “No, | don’t want to watch a movie. | want to-” “Watch first,” Nick interrupted.

“After this film, your question will naturally have an answer.” Seeing Nick speak so earnestly, Lucas was skeptical but had no choice but to go along. The film began, and the

eerie atmosphere immediately made Lucas shiver. He focused intently, though he still couldn't see how it related to investments-but the suspense had him hooked. Meanwhile, Nick's gaze quietly drifted toward the kitchen. Laughter and chatter from Khloe, Charlotte, and Lenny drifted through the space. Just listening to those sounds brought him a deep sense of peace and satisfaction.

"Shh-!" Suddenly, a jump scare made Lucas gasp, his brow furrowing into a knot. He hated horror films-startling him every few seconds. Catching his reaction, Nick glanced over. Lucas straightened instinctively, picked up the water in front of him, and took a careful sip of the now-lukewarm drink. -- Nick's lips curved into the slightest of smiles. As the film reached its climax, the truth revealed, Lucas slapped his thigh in astonishment. "So that's it! | knew it-the scariest thing isn't ghosts, it's the human heart." Nick finally spoke, slow and deliberate. "And? What did you see?" "1...

definitely saw something." Lucas, still caught in the story, tried to force a business lesson out of it. He blurted out, "That neighbor... he's so good at pretending! Outwardly warm and helpful, but secretly... wait," he paused, realization dawning as he turned to Nick, "you made me watch this to tell me that-" "The investment environment in Goldmont is just like this movie, " Nick said evenly. He picked up the remote and rewound a few key dialogue scenes. "Everything looks prosperous. Opportunities are everywhere. Everyone greets you with smiles, telling you how great it is here.

But the real threats aren't always the obvious competitors. The real danger comes from those who seem close, inconsequential, or even 'helpful'-those who quietly observe, extract information, and assess your strength and moves." -- He pointed to the neighbor's wholesome-looking face on the screen. "Look at the questions he asks the protagonist: 'How's business lately?' Thinking of expanding?' 'I heard that plot of land in the east is good.' Each one seems caring, but really, he's gathering information-assessing the protagonist's capabilities and intentions."

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 850**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 850 - Khloe noticed Charlotte picking up extra bowls and utensils. "Put them down," she said lightly. "Maybe he'll be here soon." Nick followed her gaze and guessed who they were talking about. He'd heard from Khloe that Noah had safely returned to Goldmont. It was thanks to Noah that Khloe had managed to stay composed these past days. Nick and Noah shared a bond forged in life-or-death situations; he considered Noah a close friend. But Noah was elusive, moving like a ghost, and meeting him wasn't something Nick could arrange on a whim.

Finally, everyone gathered together for the meal. Michael suggested using soft drinks instead of alcohol to toast, raising a cup in celebration of Khloe and Nick That morning, the official announcement had already come: the country's top-level energy project would

go to the Hunt Group this year. The decision was almost a foregone conclusion. Yesterday, Nick and Khloe had made a series of promises during their livestream that had sent the entire internet into a frenzy.

Everywhere online, there were fans shipping the couple, people following their careers, but most of all, countless — onlookers were genuinely supportive of this couple whose work genuinely benefited society. A public project for the people deserved to go to the people's choice. And Hunt Group was the only answer. "These achievements are thanks to all of you... and you too, Khloe," Nick said, clinking cups with everyone. "It's | who should thank all of you," Khloe replied with a smile. After toasting with the group, Nick raised a separate cup to make a more personal gesture.

Since he couldn't drink alcohol, he downed the health fruit-and-vegetable juice Khloe had prepared in one gulp. Seeing him drink so quickly, Khloe couldn't help but warn him, "Slow down." Michael looked at Nick with admiration. He had brought a bottle of red wine and poured himself a glass. "til join you for a toast," he said warmly. "Mr. Hunt, seeing how wholeheartedly you care for Khloe... seeing you two so happy, | truly feel glad for you both." Khloe frowned at the formal address. "Michael, why are you still calling him 'Mr. Hunt'?" Michael blinked, suddenly embarrassed.

It was true—he still had — a strong filter for Nick. With his aura, he was used to speaking respectfully. Nick smiled faintly and nudged him. "Agreed." "Right... then, Nick," Michael said, his cheeks coloring slightly, "may you and Khloe always remain loving and happy together." Excited, he downed the glass of red wine in one gulp. Winnie quietly poured herself half a glass and drank alongside him. Their eyes met briefly, calm and gentle, showing a quiet affection that mirrored the couple's own. Khloe leaned toward Nick and whispered something in his ear.

Nick's smile deepened, and he looked again at Michael and Winnie. "Congratulations. Happy wedding. If you don't mind, I'd like to plan your wedding. Consider it Khloe and me giving you both a gift for your marriage." Nick's words made Michael and Winnie exchange a glance, and their smiles slowly faded. Charlotte, who knew about the couple's situation, also looked slightly uneasy. Khloe noticed and asked, "What's wrong?" — Winnie hesitated, then spoke softly. "It's unnecessary. Thank you for the thought, but Michael and I... we've already divorced." "Divorced?" Khloe gasped.

She instinctively glanced at Nick. He furrowed his brow slightly. "Was it because of the Morrison family?" Khloe pressed further. "Because of Uncle Oscar? Did he give you trouble again?" Michael and Winnie exchanged a small, understanding smile and shook their heads. "He didn't do anything. This... this decision was ours," Michael explained. Charlotte, anxious for them, couldn't hold back and recounted the whole situation to Khloe. "At the time, Ethan was causing chaos within the Morrison Group. We were all worried... only Oscar could stop him, so..."