

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 101

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 101

Chapter 101

As expected, when the vote began, Khloe received unanimous support. Her permissions were activated on the spot, and her appointment was officially communicated to everyone.

By the end, Ethan's usual arrogance had completely vanished. His bow tie was loose, and he had taken off his glasses, struggling to steady his emotions.

"Ethan, thank you for your hard work today. It's a pity that Clarice hasn't been around these past few days. I was hoping to consult her on some management insights. Please convey my regards and wish her a speedy recovery," Khloe said softly as she stood to leave the conference room.

"Of course." Ethan clenched his jaw, forcing a faint smile.

Once she left, he immediately stormed back to his office, furious. He even called the two shareholders who had just switched sides, demanding to know why they had betrayed him at the last minute.

It turned out that Khloe's connections in the financial world were far stronger than they had imagined-she had dug up their personal details.

All their current assets were invested in the Morrison Group; their wealth and lives were deeply tied to the company. Privately, they had even arranged numerous under-the-table benefits for Ethan.

Khloe threatened them: if they didn't help her seize control, she would drive the Morrison Group's stock through the floor with her billions.

They couldn't afford to gamble. If Khloe went all out, she might really do it, and they, as board members, would be the ones to suffer.

On top of that, she already knew their secret dealings with Ethan...

Ethan's chest ached with anger. These old men were utterly useless! How dare they act without consulting him? He cursed under his breath, hung up the phone, and immediately drove off to find Clarice.

Meanwhile, Khloe returned to her office after arranging official placements for Charlotte and the rest of the team.

When she received the meeting minutes from her assistant, she was surprised to find an extra shareholder vote under her name.

Including Ethan's forced vote, she should have had four votes today—but why did the system show five?

Khloe opened the system and discovered that the Morrison Group now had an eighth shareholder, named... "Nick Hunt."

Her heart sank.

At some point, Nick had begun buying Morrison Group's scattered shares in batches. He had only obtained shareholder voting rights half an hour before Khloe's meeting.

Every shareholder was notified of the vote, and Nick had clicked to support her without hesitation.

He had done it deliberately... quietly, without drawing attention, to help her.

Khloe's heart swirled with emotion. She wanted to call him immediately but decided a simple phone call wouldn't be formal enough.

He had given her several rather valuable gifts before, and she had promised to return the gesture.

1/2

Chapter 101

Glancing at the time—it was just before six—Khloe headed straight to the city's largest luxury mall.

+25 Bonus

Trey's car pulled into the mall garage.

Inside, Angela sat with tears still streaking her face.

She had endured a series of blows over the past two days: first, Stella had thrown her out of her home, and then Arthur humiliated her at the company.

Trey hadn't dared to see her for two days, feeling guilty for his absence.

"Alright, don't cry anymore. I promised I'd make it up to you. Today, you can pick whatever you want. We need to get through this rough patch, and I'm sorry you'll have to bear some of it," he said gently.

After all, Angela was his wife. Trey couldn't focus solely on work. For now, buying her something she liked was the only way he could comfort her.

Angela had been refusing to leave the house, and Trey had dragged her out to get some fresh air. She turned her head, unwilling to speak, but he took her hand firmly.

"Okay, then promise me you won't let Khloe return to the company. And you won't give her half your shares!"

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Chapter 102

"All right, I promise you, alright?" Trey forced a small smile.

He didn't dare tell Angela that Khloe's return to the company was inevitable. Arthur had issued a final ultimatum: by any means necessary, Khloe had to come back and clean up the mess at the Fox Group.

To secure fifty percent of the shares, they would need to transfer the stakes held by his mother and Alicia to Khloe. He had quietly handled all of that behind their backs. Today was the deadline. After spending time with Angela, he planned to confront Khloe.

But for now, this was their time together. Trey wanted to push all worries aside. After all, once Khloe returned, everything would eventually fall back into place, and he could always find a way to make her return the shares to him.

Arriving at the mall, Angela's mood lifted considerably. Linking her arm through his, she browsed from handbags to jewelry.

In less than an hour, they had spent a few hundred thousand dollars.

Looking down at the sparkling diamond bracelet on her wrist, she nestled happily against him. "Trey, thank you. I feel so much better now. You've spent so much on me... and you didn't even flinch..."

"Of course. My money is all for you," Trey said, stroking her delicate, fair wrist. His thoughts drifted back to shopping trips with Khloe.

Even when he let Khloe pick gifts freely, she had never chosen anything costing more than a few hundred dollars over the years. The most expensive items she owned were likely bought with her own savings. She hated spending his money, always saying the company was still growing and that he should save in case of emergencies.

"Hey, I really like that brand over there. Let's go check it out," Angela said, her eyes lighting up. She had spotted a famous jewelry store, a royal-brand boutique, where even small pieces could cost a few hundred thousand dollars.

"All right," Trey nodded. Although he thought they had already spent enough today, Angela was still enthusiastic, and he didn't want to dampen her mood.

Inside the store, Khloe was browsing. She had just picked out a pair of sapphire cufflinks and was paying for them.

The design was unique, a one-of-a-kind piece that couldn't be found anywhere else. She had immediately taken a liking to it. The deep, ocean-blue hue perfectly matched Nick's solemn temperament and noble aura. Thinking of him wearing these cufflinks, she hadn't even glanced at the price.

"Miss, your purchase has been wrapped."

"Thank you."

Khloe picked up the elegant branded shopping bag and rose from her seat-only to nearly collide with Trey and Angela, who were walking in arm-in-arm.

The three froze, standing less than half a meter apart.

Khloe quickly regained her composure. Her gaze fell on their tightly clasped hands. Instinctively, Trey pushed Angela slightly aside.

“Khloe... what are you doing here?” he asked, feigning calm as he stepped forward, though his voice betrayed a trace of nervousness, and his face had paled noticeably.

1/2

Chapter 102

+25 Bonus

“Shouldn’t I be asking you that?” Khloe raised an eyebrow, her tone casual yet cutting. “Out on a little date with Angela during work hours?”

“You’ve misunderstood. We’re not-“Trey avoided her gaze, awkwardly rubbing his nose. “We just... happened to run into each other.”

“Yes, we just happened to run into each other,” Angela echoed, her expression shifting with a hint of triumph. A smug smile curved her lips. She sidled up to Trey, deliberately brushing against him, and shot Khloe a challenging look.

“Trey’s been busy these past few days, and since I’ve been helping him so much, he thought he’d buy me a little gift,” she said softly, almost taunting. “Khloe, I hope you don’t mind? After all, since you haven’t been at the company, I’ve been helping Trey so much that I’ve had no time for myself.”

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Chapter 103

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Chapter 103

Angela's show of defiance was as obvious as could be. Trey quickly shot her a warning glance, silently telling her to tone it down, before hurriedly speaking again.

"Khloe, these past few days while you've been away, Angela has indeed helped out a lot at the company. And she's been taking care of Pete too."

"Really? If Angela is so diligent, why have I heard that some of the company's projects were completely ruined by her, and that she even resigned out of guilt? And just a couple of days ago, your mom sent me a message saying that Angela seemed to have moved out overnight... I wonder what happened?"

Khloe's casual, curious questions immediately made both of them look as uncomfortable as if they'd bitten into a fly.

Angela's lips twitched, and sparks practically flew from her eyes as she stared at Khloe.

Trey immediately stepped in front of her. "Khloe, Angela did her best on your projects. But you know your clients only recognize you. And... you moved out. Angela felt it wasn't appropriate to stay in the house, so she moved out on her own."

"Khloe, don't be mad at me. Let's go home, okay?" Trey's voice grew softer, tinged with emotion as he reached out to take her hand.

Khloe quickly pulled away. She really thought he deserved an Oscar for his acting.

"I'm not mad at you. I just... enjoy living alone these days. And Angela is actually better suited to take care of Pete. Knowing she's there makes me feel at ease."

"Don't say things like that," Trey said, his voice catching slightly. "I've already arranged the shares you wanted. Tomorrow morning, come back to the company... Half of the Fox Group will be yours. What else could you possibly worry about?"

Angela's hand trembled, and the things she had just bought fell to the ground with a clatter.

She nearly choked on her own shock.

Trey had lied to her? He was really going to give half of Fox Group to Khloe?

"Khloe, even the cheapest items in this store cost a hundred thousand. Those cufflinks you bought... they weren't cheap, right? Are they for Trey?"

Seeing Khloe's shopping bag, Angela sneered.

"Trey works hard for his money. If you really want to win his favor, shouldn't you help him with the company instead of splurging on luxury items?"

"Even if Trey wanted to give you the Fox Group's shares, how could he trust you if you act like this?"

Her words struck Trey as well.

Those cufflinks Khloe had bought-they could only be for him. No matter how hard a woman pretends, her actions rarely lie.

Trey found himself involuntarily moved. In the time they'd been apart, she seemed even more beautiful. Her style, her taste, everything had changed. At first glance, he almost didn't recognize her. Khloe's aura was that of a noble heiress.

7/2

Chapter 103

+25 Bonus

"Khloe, Angela is right-you don't need to give me such expensive gifts. Just don't get upset with me anymore. Let's handle the mess at the company first. That's worth more to me than any gift."

His voice deepened, and as he stepped closer, his eyes softened with genuine affection.

"Go return the cufflinks. The company's in a difficult spot. Money should be spent where it matters most."

Khloe nearly laughed out loud. These two were working in perfect harmony-supposedly on a shopping date together-but somehow it turned into a performance where she was the one squandering Trey's money.

"First of all, Trey, these cufflinks aren't for you. I have more than one person I can give gifts to. And second, Angela, you should watch your words. Defaming someone can have legal consequences."

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Chapter 104

“I used my own money for all of this. Over the past few years, the profits I’ve generated for the Fox Group have long surpassed ten million. Even if Trey gave me money, it doesn’t cover the fraction of dividends he owes me. Should we go ahead and calculate everything, item by item, right here?”

Khloe’s voice was calm and steady, yet each word struck Trey like a blow to the chest.

What he dreaded most was her bringing this up. In the past, Khloe had protected his pride. Even when she single-handedly carried the company, she always credited him. But now, if she got serious, every project she’d handled, every figure in the books—everything was verifiable.

“Khloe, that’s not what I meant... and Angela didn’t mean it either...”

Trey panicked, but before he could finish, Khloe wasn’t listening. Her gaze flicked down to the shopping bags lying on the floor.

“Angela, you bought quite a lot. That must’ve cost a pretty penny, right? And yet, Trey didn’t tell me. After all... the money you spent is part of our... ‘marital’ assets.”

Khloe deliberately emphasized the word marital.

“Khloe, you-” Angela’s anger surged. She almost lunged at Khloe, ready to fight her on the spot. ‘Marital assets? Who does Khloe think she is?!’

In Angela’s mind, the money Khloe spent was Trey’s money—hers!

But Trey acted first. He bent down, grabbed the fallen shopping bags, and handed them directly to Khloe.

“Khloe, you’ve got it all wrong. These are gifts for clients. I haven’t even bought Angela’s gift yet. If you don’t approve, I won’t send it. Angela won’t mind at all, but you shouldn’t be petty. Are you even jealous over Angela?”

Trey’s tone was calm, even slightly teasing, as if the situation were nothing.

Khloe tilted her head and smiled faintly, glancing at the yellow diamond bracelet on Angela's wrist.

"That bracelet is for a client too?"

"Yes. I just asked Angela to help me try it on."

Before Angela could protest, Trey removed the bracelet and placed it back into the shopping bag.

Seeing Angela's ashen face, Khloe couldn't resist a small, sharp laugh. "Trey, if these gifts are for clients, isn't letting a former employee choose them... a little over the line?"

Her soft, measured voice had suddenly raised the stakes, and Trey felt a cold sweat break out. If this got back to his father, he might have to relinquish his CEO position at the Fox Group.

"Angela was just trying to help," he said quickly. "But Khloe, you're right. I wasn't thinking it through. Why don't you pick the gifts yourself?"

Without hesitation, he handed all the shopping bags to Khloe, as if determined to win her over completely.

Angela could only watch, her chest tightening, as Trey handed over the very items she had chosen. Her eyes burned red, but she could do nothing except bite her lip and glare at Khloe.

"If I pick them, I'll make sure they're nothing like Angela's tacky choices, which make the Fox Group look so tasteless."

1/2

Chapter 104

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Khloe gave the shopping bags a dismissive glance before tossing them to the saleswoman who had just helped her.

"My husband bought these. They're not great, so they're yours now."

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Chapter 105

“Ah... Miss, this is far too valuable. I can't possibly accept it..” the saleswoman said.

“Don't worry. My husband has plenty of money. This is how he gives gifts to friends. You just saw it yourself didn't you?”

“Well... then I'll accept it. I'm truly grateful!”

The saleswoman was utterly flustered. She had been observing the trio from the sidelines and now understood exactly what was going on

They said life as a wealthy family's wife was never easy. Trey already had such a stunning wife, yet here he was dealing with other women and trinkets.... why bother?

But Khloe's audacity was downright satisfying to watch

Trey, seeing Khloe casually give away items worth hundreds of thousands, couldn't help frowning in pain

“Khloe.... what are you doing?” he asked, a mixture of concern and exasperation in his voice.

“Trey, I'm doing this for your own good Or... do you want your dad to know you went off and picked gifts with an outsider?” Khloe turned and cut off his words.

The brighter her smile, the sharper her words.

Trey clenched his jaw. Khloe was clearly sparring with Angela, and he could only admit his own mistake. Women were utterly irrational when it came to jealousy.

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Angela was furious. Khloe had the audacity to make a scene and publicly humiliate there, protecting the secret between them, Angela could do nothing. She had to endure it

But she couldn't hold back entirely. Tears streamed down her face, and she quickly came to wipe them away.

Trey noticed her distress and felt a pang of sympathy. Just as he moved to check on her, Kalbe summoned him again. "Go pick out another gift at the counter."

Having just gifted the saleswoman, the attentive clerk now presented Khloe with a set of the store's most exclusive items: a pair of top-tier turquoise cufflinks, custom-made, priced at 198 thousand dollars, MTD a production time of three months.

"Khloe, this gift is too extravagant. Why don't we pick something else?"

"Weren't you the one who asked me to choose? I just picked something a little pricier than what Angela bought. But in terms of taste, it's leagues ahead. This brand serves royalty, once you send this gift, I guarantee there won't be a client you can't win over."

Khloe didn't even look up, her voice calm and measured as she studied the images on the clerk's iPad.

The saleswoman, sensing Trey's intent, launched into an enthusiastic presentation of the brand's prestige, implying that if he truly wanted to give a meaningful gift, Khloe had chosen the absolute best.

"All right. We'll go with your choice," Trey said, resigned. After all, it was a custom piece he could always see... it back later if needed.

But he hadn't expected Khloe, after swiping his card, to take an address sheet and ask him which client the girl should go to.

Chapter 105

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"For a gift this valuable, I want to deliver it personally. Let the staff arrange follow-up delivery if needed, but I'll deliver it myself. That's the proper way to show sincerity."

"Oh? Which client? And it requires the esteemed Fox Group's CEO to deliver it?"

Khloe's gaze was icy, locking on the small trace of panic in his eyes.

He pressed his lips together, then said after a moment, "To... Anthony Ramsay."

Khloe lifted her lips in a faint smile and filled in the client's information.

Indeed, Anthony was a contact the Fox Group had engaged with, though his cooperation intentions were lukewarm. Recently, Trey had been attempting to bid for one of his projects.

After completing this, Trey seized the opportunity to corner Khloe.

“Khloe, I know I was wrong. Come home with me. I’ve agreed to get everything you wanted...”

“When will the share transfer agreement be signed?” Khloe interrupted, her focus singular.

Trey’s jaw tightened, and he lowered his head, voice cold. “Whenever you want.”

“Next Monday. I’ll arrange the schedule and notify you.”

Khloe turned to leave.

Trey wasn’t giving in.

“Khloe, what have you been busy with lately? Why is it so hard to reach you? Are you managing all right living outside? When will you finally come home?”

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Chapter 106

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Seeing that Khloe seemed to finally be a little more cooperative, Trey felt a measure of relief.

Even if she didn’t return home, it was convenient for him to take care of Angela and Pete—but appearances still had to be maintained. Otherwise, Khloe’s constant sulking would be a headache.

“Can’t I have a little space for myself? Must everything revolve around you and the Fox Group? I said it already-I enjoy living alone, so if there’s nothing important, don’t look for me.”

Khloe’s voice was ice-cold, stripped of pretense. She didn’t even want to act anymore.

Trey, however, still thought she was just sulking.

“Khloe, I know you’ve wanted personal space these past two years of marriage. But you know I can’t live without you... these days, I’ve really missed you...”

Before Khloe could reply, a sudden cry rang out across the store.

Angela had collapsed!

Trey’s reaction was instinctive. He dashed forward, parting the crowd, and held her firmly in his arms.

“Angela!”

Her face was pale, as if she had gone into sudden shock. He called her name repeatedly and, without a second thought, carried her straight to the parking garage.

He didn’t even pause to acknowledge Khloe, who was still standing in place.

True feelings are stronger than any performance. He hadn’t even finished acting yet before rushing to comfort his

one true love.

After all, after pouring ten years of feelings into the marriage, and getting deceived for six years, one look was enough to know who mattered most to Trey.

Khloe could only stand there in silent disbelief, suddenly realizing how unlucky she’d been to encounter them today.

That evening, as soon as Khloe got home, she called Nick.

Admiring the gift she had selected for him, she felt a quiet thrill of anticipation.

“Hello?” Nick’s voice came through. Calm as ever, yet-perhaps it was her imagination-his tone sounded unusually soft today. Gentle enough to send shivers straight to her bones.

“Oh, I just wanted to ask... Would you be free for dinner tomorrow?”

There was a pause on the other end, as if he were waiting for something.

He glanced at Lenny beside him, reaching for the day's schedule. A quick look revealed a jam-packed day from morning to night.

Lenny couldn't help but pity him. Year-round, Nick was buried in work, and now that there was finally an opportunity for a connection with a potential match, their time together was pitifully scarce.

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Chapter 106

+25 Bonus

"I have time." Despite reviewing his packed schedule, Nick's expression remained calm as he replied.

Lenny froze. Should he remind him? Tomorrow's agenda was notoriously unmovable!

"Really?" Khloe's voice brightened with joy. She had expected a refusal. "Then I'll book the restaurant for tomorrow. Dinner's on me-I'll send you the address later."

"Okay." Nick's answer was brief, yet his voice retained that rare softness.

After hanging up, Lenny noticed the faintest smile tugging at the corner of his boss's lips.

"Sir... tomorrow's schedule..."

"Is there a special occasion tomorrow?" Nick asked, as if he hadn't heard Lenny's warning.

"Tomorrow..." Lenny hurriedly pulled out his phone to check. "Ah, sir, tomorrow is Valentine's day!"

Realization dawned on him. "I understand now! Miss Roswell is inviting you to celebrate Valentine's day with her!"

11

For couples, this day was special. No wonder he was willing to adjust his schedule.

A shadow of thought crossed Nick's eyes.

Valentine's day...

His grandmother had reminded him that morning to invite Khloe home for a meal, explicitly noting it was Valentine's day and instructing him to prepare a gift.

He had left in a hurry and hadn't asked further. Only now, after freeing up some time, could he properly consider

Even if Khloe hadn't called, he would have eventually realized tomorrow was Valentine's and made arrangements. But now, she had taken the initiative herself.

Had she... been thinking about him all along?

Meanwhile, under Trey's care, Angela had started to feel considerably better.

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2/2

Chapter 107

Angela had been furious back in the luxury store, Blood seemed to rush backward through her veins, her legs were weak, and darkness crept at the edges of her vision.

But fainting? That was partly intentional.

Seeing Trey groveling to coax Khloe calmed her in no way. She could hardly bear it she felt like dying right there,

Fortunately, Trey's first concern, even in that moment, was still her, Seeing her collapse, he immediately abandoned Khloe and rushed her to the hospital.

He stayed by her side as the doctors prescribed medication, lingering until she felt stable enough to go home. Once they reached home, he personally cooked for her,

“Trey... Khloe is simply unbearable. You saw today-how she treated me, and how she treated you!” Angela's voice was thick with frustration. “Maybe... we should just be honest about everything, After all, we have a son together. No matter how much your parents hate me, they'll have to accept it, right?”

Just as Trey blew on the seafood porridge to cool it, ready to feed her, Angela grabbed his arm, her eyes glistening with tears.

Seeing her so upset, he felt a pang of guilt. But every word she spoke only made his dilemma worse.

“Angela, you know my parents’ temper. Even if they could accept everything we’ve done... what about the company? I can’t have the family home in flames and the company suffer too.”

Angela knew he wouldn’t agree to her suggestion, yet she couldn’t swallow her anger. She pushed the bowl of porridge away.

“If Khloe goes back to the company, your whole family will be at her mercy. What hope do I even have?”

“She won’t. When she returns, I’ll fix things with her slowly.”

Thinking of Khloe, Trey’s chest tightened with frustration. He hadn’t confronted Khloe today for Angela’s sake. When he called her later to explain, she had only coldly told him to take care of Angela first—simultaneously jealous and completely indifferent.

“You’ll fix things with her slowly? What about me?”

Angela suddenly felt a stranger in the man before her. Ten years... she had given everything for Trey. And now, in front of her, he was ready to appease another woman!

“I’m doing this for the company’s IPO. Once it goes public, as my legal wife, you’ll benefit the most. You already have more than Khloe. Why are you choosing this moment to make things difficult?”

Trey’s patience for comforting her snapped. He set down the porridge bowl and stood,

“Trey!” Angela called after him, but he didn’t turn. In frustration and rage, she slammed the bowl to the floor.

Hot porridge splattered everywhere; shards of the bowl scattered, cutting across Trey’s arm and drawing blood.

He snapped. “You’ve completely lost your mind! Calm yourself. We’re not speaking for now—don’t contact me!”

With that, Trey slammed the door and left. Even when Angela chased him downstairs, he drove off, leaving her completely broken.

She cried until she couldn't breathe, calling him incessantly through the night-but he didn't pick up.

1/2

Chapter 107

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This was the first time in their entire relationship that Trey had subjected her to cold violence.

They had once promised that no matter how much they argued, it would never last longer than an hour. If she was upset, he would appear immediately. No matter how angry, he would always answer her calls.

But now... everything had changed.

The next evening, Khloe, meticulously dressed, arrived early at the private restaurant they had booked.

Only when she stepped inside, seeing the restaurant adorned with romantic decorations everywhere, did she realize-today was Valentine's day.

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Chapter 108

Khloe felt a sudden warmth stir in her chest.

She'd invited Nick out on Valentine's day – would he misunderstand?

The table she had booked was in the most luxurious private room on the top floor, three walls of floor-to-ceiling windows, offering an unobstructed view of the city's dazzling nightscape.

As the night deepened, the atmosphere grew tranquil and serene.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated. It was Trey calling.

She instinctively tried to swipe it away, but in her haste, she accidentally answered.

"Khloe?" Trey's voice came through immediately. Before she could hang up, it was too late.

He hadn't expected to reach her, and there was a note of surprise in his tone. Apparently, Khloe's anger had cooled somewhat.

"What do you want?" Khloe said coldly, irritation creeping into her voice.

"It's Valentine's day tonight. If you're free, I've booked a restaurant... maybe we could—"

She didn't let him finish. Instead, a thought crossed her mind, and a small, sardonic smile tugged at her lips.

"How's Angela? She fainted yesterday-surely she needs company. On a special night like this, you're not thinking of spending it with her?"

Every word dripped with mockery, yet her voice was soft enough that Trey didn't detect it.

"Khloe, you're overthinking again," he said gravely. "Why would I spend Valentine's Day with Angela? She's unwell, yes, but I have no obligation to be with her."

No obligation?

Then what about the past two years of marriage, every Valentine's day Khloe had returned home early, preparing everything perfectly, while he drifted in in the dead of night?

Once, Khloe even caught a whiff of unfamiliar perfume on him.

She had trusted him completely, accepted his explanation that it was a client, never doubted him, even feeling pity for him.

In six years together, she had done everything a devoted wife should.

She had given him her full trust, all her devotion, and the love she had to give. And he had destroyed it all with his own hands.

Khloe had grown up without much family affection and had no particularly close friends. She had never depended on anyone or relied on anyone's love. She treasured her own feelings, cautious not to be hurt.

But with Trey, she had given everything-holding nothing back, leaving no space for herself.

Remembering all the lies that had wrapped around their past, she could no longer contain her anger. She hung up.

“Khloe?”

Trey stared at his phone, a shadow of loneliness crossing his face.

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Khloe was now fully immersed in work. For the past two years, he hadn't done enough. She had wanted to celebrate Valentine's day, but every year, he had spent it with Angela and Pete.

Trey sat alone in a high-end restaurant, half a bottle of red wine gone in a single stretch.

Thinking of Khloe, he should have been angry-but a hollow ache gnawed at him, as if a piece of him was missing.

Was it a feeling of losing control? Or... could he not be completely heartless toward Khloe?

He stayed until the restaurant closed, drunk and unconscious.

Soon, Angela arrived. Seeing him slumped over the table, her heart clenched.

“Trey...”

She had spent the entire evening calling him, but he hadn't answered. The last call had been taken by a server, who told her he was drunk.

She had immediately rushed to the restaurant.

“I’m sorry... I shouldn’t have put you in such a difficult position...”

All her grievances, all her anger, melted away the moment she saw him in such a pitiful state.

2/2

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Chapter 109

When Angela had first met Trey, he was still a young man-but already remarkably mature and charismatic. He was meticulous in everything he did, and his emotions were always under control.

Getting drunk in a restaurant like this was completely out of character. He would never have allowed himself to behave so disgracefully.

Tears were faintly visible on his face, evidence that he was nearing his breaking point over everything between them...

The more Angela thought about it, the more her heart ached. With the help of the staff, she quickly got him into the car.

Seeing him lying lifeless in the passenger seat, she furrowed her brows and traced the line of his cheek.

Just as she leaned forward to press a gentle kiss to his lips, she suddenly heard Trey whisper, “Khloe... Don’t do this to me...”

He gripped her hand tightly and pulled her into his arms-but the name he kept calling was Khloe!

Angela’s eyes widened, and it felt as though a sword had pierced her heart. The pain was unbearable.

Her mind went blank for a long moment before she shoved him away. “Trey! Do you... like her?”

But he was too drunk to notice her actions. He barely raised his hand and continued calling Khloe's name.

"Khloe... forgive me..."

"You..." Angela's anger boiled over. She slapped him hard and stormed out of the car.

Meanwhile, Khloe waited late into the night-Nick never arrived.

She stared at the last call on her phone. Two and a half hours earlier, Nick had called to say an emergency had come up and he would be late.

The waiter approached apologetically. "Miss, I'm very sorry... it's past closing time."

Khloe glanced up. It was already 11:30 p.m. Many of the city lights outside had gone out.

"Fine. I'll leave now," she said, nodding. After a moment, she decided to call Nick-but the call went unanswered.

Was she being stood up?

Looking at the gifts she had set aside, she felt a pang of disappointment.

They were only tied by a contractual relationship. If Nick truly had something more important, it was reasonable that he'd cancel at the last minute.

Perhaps, because it was Valentine's day, she had allowed herself a small, inexplicable hope.

Khloe returned home at exactly midnight. Her stomach grumbled. She was about to make herself a quick meal when her phone rang.

She answered. Nick's voice came through, urgent. "Are you home? I saw the restaurant had closed."

"Didn't I message you that I went home first?" Khloe said, surprised. She hadn't expected him to head there at

1/2

Chapter 109

+25 Bonus

this hour.

“...I didn’t see the message. I’m at your door now.” His voice was ragged, as if he had just endured strenuous exertion-far from his usual calm and composed tone.

Khloe’s eyes widened. She hurriedly opened the door.

Before her stood the man, a bandage wrapped around his forehead, faint bruises along his cheek and mouth. His coat was draped over him, dust and grime streaked across his clothes, his crisp shirt undone at the collar. On his pale neck were tiny scratches, small traces of blood.

“Nick... what happened?” Khloe gasped, reaching toward him but hesitating.

“I had a car accident on the way and had to deal with it. Sorry to keep you waiting.”

His Adam’s apple bobbed as he spoke. The tone was calm, almost casual, despite the seriousness of what had just happened.

Khloe parted her lips, at a loss for words. “...So... the emergency you mentioned... was a car accident?”

2/2

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 110

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Chapter 110

Nick let out a low hum. He had just finished a meeting and had left a few minutes later than planned. He had intended to take the highway and make up time, but a few rear-end collisions caused a traffic jam, and his car had been caught in the mess.

His injuries were minor-mostly superficial-but the accident scene was severe, with the roads blocked along the way, which delayed him considerably.

Not wanting to worry Khloe, he had kept the details off the phone, only briefly tending to his wounds before rushing to their appointment.

“How could you not tell me that something this serious happened! Your safety matters more than any date!” Khloe’s chest tightened as if someone had gripped her heart. Seeing him like this, her nerves frayed.

A wave of panic surged through her, and on impulse, she threw her arms around Nick.

“Khloe...” Nick’s heart skipped a beat, and his eyes flickered with surprise.

Her body was warm, instantly thawing him from the chill of the night air. He lifted a hand, hesitated, then gently rested it on her slender back, letting his palm sweep through her silk-soft hair.

The subtle scent of her woody perfume was calming and comforting, and for a fleeting moment, he felt completely at ease.

After a moment, Khloe calmed enough to reluctantly release him. “I’m sorry... I overreacted. I was terrified seeing you hurt. I feel so guilty knowing you’d gotten into an accident just coming here for our date.”

Her eyes glimmered faintly with unshed tears, genuine worry shining through.

Before Nick could respond, she examined him from head to toe. “Are you hurt anywhere else? I should take the hospital right now...”

“I’m fine. Just superficial wounds. Besides, I failed to keep my promise for dinner.”

you

to

His voice was deep and measured, his brow furrowed in lingering guilt, his gaze dark and intense like thick ink.

Hearing him speak, Khloe felt a sudden warmth in her chest, as if her heart had been gently stirred.

Nick was always dependable. Perhaps keeping promises was just another rule he lived by- but she hadn’t been made to feel this valued in a long time.

Lowering her head, Khloe whispered, “Dinner isn’t that important. It’s fine...”

“What I promised you is important,” he interrupted. “Besides, it’s Valentine’s day. We’re supposed to celebrate together.”

Nick cut her off again, noticing the faint melancholy in her expression. He didn’t know how to comfort her, so his voice took on a serious and earnest tone.

Khloe's heart stirred once more, and her eyelashes fluttered. Words like this coming from Nick sounded almost out of place, as if their date were a matter of high-priority work for him.

"Valentine's day is already over, Nick," she murmured, a faint curve of a smile on her lips.

"Not yet," he replied clearly, then took her hand. "Let's go."

"...Go where, this late?"

1/2

Chapter 0

+25 Bonus

Khloe frowned. He was injured-shouldn't he be resting? Right now, she honestly didn't care whether they

celebrated Valentine's.

But Nick didn't give her time to protest. Firmly, he pulled her out the door, and in the rush, Khloe only remembered to grab the gift bag she had placed by the entrance.

It was the gift she had prepared for him.

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