

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 11

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 11 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 11

Chapter 11

“I’m at this age, and I still have to be lectured by my daughter-in-law? I’ve lost all face! Who does she think she is? If you hadn’t insisted on marrying her, would a woman like her ever have been worthy of setting foot in the Fox family home?” Stella wailed.

Seeing Trey remain unmoved, she spun around and began pounding her chest in a dramatic fit of fury.

Feeling completely helpless, Trey finally relented. He promised his mother he would discipline Khloe and personally bring her over to apologize to Alicia.

After leaving Alicia’s house, Trey immediately called Khloe

She took her time answering, and his tone was laced with impatience. “Are you home yet?”

“No. I’m still with a client. What is it?”

At that moment, Khloe was seated in the revolving restaurant at Oscar’s estate. A maid stood beside her, meticulously slicing a perfect cut of prime veal.

She hadn’t bothered to step away to take the call. Catching the cue, Oscar gave a subtle glance, and everyone in the room quietly withdrew.

“Mother and Alicia called you today. You stood them up?” Trey got straight to the point.

Khloe’s lips curved into a faint smile. “That’s right.”

“Khloe, Mother is an elder. Even if her temper’s bad, you should give her some leeway. And Alicia—she’s in confinement, her emotions are unstable. You shouldn’t hold it against her...”

His voice was gentle, but the reproach was unmistakable.

He didn't fully believe Khloe was as terrible as his mother and sister made her out to be. But with the family in such an uproar—Alicia even threatening divorce—if his father blamed him, the responsibility would fall squarely on his shoulders.

Combined with the recent stress at the company, his frustration boiled over. Without even hearing her side of the story, he started giving orders.

“Here's the plan. Tell me where you are. When you're done. I'll pick you up. We'll go see Mother and Alicia together, clear the air, and put this whole thing to rest.”

Trey thought he was being reasonable. If Stella's anger festered and Alicia kept making a scene, Khloe might be dragged back for a formal family reprimand.

Listening to him, Khloe almost laughed out loud.

But after a moment's pause, she didn't refuse outright. Instead, she casually sent him an address—one that was conveniently far away.

After hanging up, she set down her cutlery and dabbed her lips with a napkin. She was nearly finished with her meal anyway.

“Trouble?” Oscar finally spoke, swirling the wine in his glass with a hint of disdain. “Need me to take care of it?”

He had no interest in prying into her personal life, but as a man of the world, he understood that for a young woman, the most vexing problems were often matters of the heart.

“No need, Uncle. I can handle this myself. It's nothing major.”

Khloe thanked him for dinner and stood to leave.

1/2

Choptar

+25 Bonus

Oscar walked her to the garage, reminding her not to forget the event the following evening.

Having just inherited her family's assets, Khloe needed to make a proper appearance before the shareholders. By chance, the Morrison family was hosting a small business banquet the next night. It would be the perfect opportunity.

She agreed, and Oscar added, “By the way, after meeting Nick the other night, has there been any progress?”

“We exchanged contact information.”

Khloe had almost forgotten about it. After that evening, Nick had added her on social media, but his profile was completely blank—as if she’d been blocked.

She had considered reaching out but didn’t want to seem intrusive, so she let it be. Since the marriage was already arranged, she assumed he would contact her when the time was right.

“I know you’re reserved, but sometimes it’s okay to take the in little distant.”

Given his status, it’s natural for him to be a

To Khloe, the marriage was just another item on her checklist. Oscar, however, still hoped the two might develop some genuine affection.

She nodded slightly, offering no further comment.

By the time Trey finally reached the address she had sent him, two hours had passed.

The night was deep, but the commercial district was still bustling with people.

Khloe had only given him the street name, not a specific location. With no other choice, he parked in a nearby garage and sent her a text.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 12

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 12 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 12

Chapter 12

When no reply came, Trey assumed Khloe was still tied up with her client. He leaned back in his seat and settled in to wait.

The day had drained him—juggling time with Angela and a relentless stream of remote work had left him exhausted. Now, on top of it all, this family drama. He was running on fumes.

But then he thought about how far Khloe had traveled for a business meeting. She must be just as worn out, if not

more.

A twinge of guilt pricked at him. She was working for the family company, after all. If she was short-tempered with his mother and Alicia after a long day, maybe it was understandable.

The more he rationalized it, the more he regretted his earlier harshness. When she showed up, he decided, he would focus on smoothing things over.

He didn't know how long he'd been dozing when his phone buzzed, jolting him awake. Thinking it was Khloe, he fumbled to answer, only to hear Angela's anxious voice.

"Trey, it's so late. Why aren't you home yet? Is everything okay?"

"Everything's fine. Just wrapping up some work," he said, sitting up and rubbing his temples. He hadn't even realized he'd fallen asleep. He didn't want to worry her with the drama involving Khloe and his family, so he kept it vague.

"It's two in the morning, and you're still working?" Her skeptical tone snapped him fully alert.

Two a.m.?

He checked his phone in disbelief. He'd arrived a little after eight. How had so much time passed?

A cold, heavy feeling settled in his chest. He muttered a quick goodbye and hung up.

Khloe still hadn't replied to his messages. When he tried calling her, the phone went straight to voicemail.

Anger, hot and sudden, surged through him. He slammed the car into gear and drove straight home.

Angela was waiting for him, but when he glanced toward Khloe's room, the door was shut, no light from beneath

Had she stood him up? Left him waiting out there for nearly six hours?

Trey ripped at his tie in frustration, kicked off his shoes, and stormed toward her room. Just as he reached for the doorknob, Angela caught his wrist.

"Trey, what are you doing? That's Khloe's room," she whispered, her voice tense.

They had always kept separate rooms. For him to charge into Khloe's room this late—and in front of her—was crossing a line.

Her questioning look brought him back to his senses. She was right. Khloe was probably asleep. Any confrontation could wait until morning.

He let out a steadying breath and allowed Angela to lead him away.

Back in her room, it all came pouring out. He told her everything.

A part of Angela had feared his distraction meant he was developing feelings for Khloe. Hearing the truth, a wave of relief washed over her.

1/2

+25 Bonus

“She’s never done anything like this to me before.”

His voice was low, thick with a rare and genuine hurt. For the first time, he felt the sting of being disregarded by a woman. Even when he’d pursued Angela, his success had always felt inevitable.

“Now you see?” Angela’s voice was soft, almost a purr. “Women only become spoiled when they’re indulged. You’ve treated Khloe too well all these years. Now she takes your affection for granted and thinks she’s above the Fox family’s rules.”

She handed him a glass of water and sat beside him, her fingers gently kneading the tension from his shoulders.

Trey covered her hand with his, but his gaze was distant. “Khloe isn’t like that.”

Even after she had played him for a fool, he couldn’t bring himself to believe she was truly calculating. In his mind, this was just a tantrum—a sign that she cared.

Ever since Angela had moved in, her

been harsher than usual.

paid Khloe

paid Khloe less attention. And today, with his sister involved, his tone had

Listening to him, Angela’s heart tightened. Even now, he was still making excuses for Khloe.

“Trey,” she whispered, her eyes narrowing slightly, “don’t tell me you’ve actually fallen for her?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 13

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 13 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 13

Chapter 13

“Why are you saying this again?”

+25 Bonus

Trey turned back and pulled Angela into his arms. “If I had feelings for her, I wouldn’t have married you and had Pete with you. But right now, Khloe has to be kept in check. We can’t handle any more instability right now.”

Angela fell silent. She understood the pressure he was under. Even if he had developed some attachment to Khloe, now was not the time to press the issue. She had to be the understanding one.

The next morning, Trey was up early. He’d barely slept, his mind churning over Khloe.

At the first light of dawn, he headed for her room, but his phone rang before he could get there.

He answered, his voice rough with fatigue and tension. “You didn’t come home last night?”

“Mhm. Drank too much with a client. Stayed at a hotel.”

Khloe’s voice held not a shred of apology, only the cool detachment of someone just waking up. “Did I keep you waiting?”

Trey froze. All the restless anxiety that had plagued him all night suddenly felt like a pathetic joke. “You stood me up for this?!”

“Not just that,” she continued, utterly unfazed. “I’m thinking of taking a few days off. I need a break.”

His voice shot up. “Time off? Do you have any idea what’s going on right now? The company just lost a major project! This is the critical moment to recover, and you-”

“I’ve been working nonstop under unbearable pressure. I’m not feeling well,” she interrupted, her tone sharp and cold. “Or is the company going to collapse without me?”

She didn’t give him a chance to respond. “Yesterday, while our assistant was shoving documents at me to sign, I was in the middle of negotiating a multi-million dollar compensation deal with a client. I didn’t have a second to breathe. And then? Your mom called me over and over, demanding I drop everything to cook for Alicia because she only likes my food.”

She paused, her voice dripping with icy sarcasm. “Tell me, Trey—be honest. Was I supposed to abandon a multi-million dollar negotiation to run home and play personal chef for your sister?”

His throat went dry. He knew exactly how crucial that client was and how much work Khloe had poured into saving the deal.

“I know it’s difficult, but they can’t keep interfering like this. I am not the Fox family’s private cook. Yesterday, because I didn’t show up, your mother called me disrespectful, and Alicia accused me of putting on airs. Did you know that?”

Trey’s brow furrowed deeply.

“My head is completely focused on saving this company, and yet your family is actively trying to drag me down at every turn.”

Then, her words became a razor’s edge. “How about this—you go tell your mother I’ll resign. I’ll dedicate myself to cooking special meals for Alicia. The company can figure it out on its own. After all, what difference can one person really make?”

“Are you out of your mind?” Trey’s voice cracked. “Resign? Now? What happens to the company then?”

“Then you tell me, what do you want?” she fired back. “Either your mother and sister apologize and promise never to interfere with my work again, or I go home and be a full-time nanny. The company’s problems won’t be

1/2

Chapea

+25 Bonus

my concern anymore.”

She let the silence hang heavily between them before delivering the final, brutal blow.

“So choose, Trey. Do you want me stabilizing the company and bringing in business, or do you want me serving your sister her meals?”

On the other end of the line, Trey went completely silent.

Trey knew, with chilling clarity, that when Khloe used this one, she wasn't bluffing. Without her, no one could clean up the mess the company was in.

“Khloe, my mother and Alicia, they...” He tried to find a softer path, but she cut him off without mercy.

“Don't make excuses. I only need them to understand one thing: I am here to work, not to be their servant. If they can't respect that, then I see no reason to continue.”

For the first time, Trey realized with stark clarity—the woman who had once been so compliant was gone. The woman on the other end of the line could no longer be placated with empty promises.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 14

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 14 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 14

Chapter 14

But with Stella's explosive temper and Alicia's love for drama, demanding they apologize to Khloe would turn the entire household into a warzone.

“Khloe, you know how my mother is. Asking her to apologize is...”

Clenching his jaw, Trey decided to buy himself some time and just pacify Khloe for now. The company's survival had to come first.

“I believe people are capable of change, Trey. For my sake, and for the company's, I hope you'll think this through carefully.”

With that, Khloe hung up without a second thought and turned her phone off completely.

When Trey immediately tried to call her back, the line was dead. He ripped at his tie, a furious, helpless rage burning in his chest.

Angela had been right. He had spoiled Khloe rotten! How dare she throw a tantrum at a time like this?

Blinded by anger, Trey didn't go after her. He refused to believe the company's IPO depended entirely on one

person.

What he didn't expect was for chaos to erupt the very afternoon Khloe left. The company's executive chat exploded with news: three major partners had abruptly canceled their contracts with the Fox Group, sending the shareholders into a frenzy.

By the time Trey rushed in, he immediately called an emergency meeting. The reason for the cancellations quickly surfaced: a critical product launch the previous afternoon had been botched.

Product launches were Khloe's direct responsibility. But at that exact time, she had been fielding call after call from his family.

Trey was speechless. Just then, Stella's name flashed on his phone screen again. Without thinking, he snatched it and hurled it against the wall.

The entire room froze. His assistant nervously retrieved the shattered phone, and Trey simply waved a hand, dismissing the meeting.

It took him a long time to cool down before he finally grabbed his jacket and headed home.

By then, Alicia had fought with Stanley again and was back at her mother's house. She and Stella were deep in conspiracy, plotting how to "put Khloe in her place" once and for all.

When a servant announced Trey's return, smug smiles spread across both their faces.

They exchanged a triumphant glance. Of course Trey had brought Khloe back to beg for forgiveness.

But when the door opened, only Trey walked in—his face so dark it looked like it had been carved from storm clouds.

He didn't even glance their way, striding straight into the study and slamming the door.

Half an hour later, he emerged with his father, Arthur Fox.

The icy aura radiating from Trey was enough to freeze the room. Stella rushed over, alarmed.

“Trey, where is Khloe? Why didn’t you bring her back?”

He stopped, his eyes like shards of ice. “Mom, you need to control Alicia. If she causes more trouble, can you personally cover the losses the company will suffer?”

1/2

Checker

+25 Bonus

Stella’s voice shot up an octave. “What is that supposed to mean? Has that wretched woman poisoned you against your own family-”

“Poisoned me?” Trey let out a harsh, cold laugh and slammed a financial report down on the coffee table. “Thanks to your constant interruptions yesterday, she failed to secure three key contracts. The company lost nearly ten million. So tell me, whose fault is that really?”

The color drained from both Stella and Alicia’s faces.

“Trey!” Alicia shrieked, her voice shrill. “You’re yelling at us for her? She’s just an outsider-”

“An outsider?” His glare was sharp enough to cut steel. “She’s the one building Fox Group into a publicly traded company. And you? All you do is spend my money and get in the way.”

He fixed them both with a final, uncompromising stare.

“The two of you will apologize to Khloe. Now.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 15

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 15 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 15

Chapter 15

Stella reacted as if she'd been scalded. "Apologize? I'm her mother-in-law! On what grounds should I?"

"On the grounds that she's holding the company's core project for next quarter."

Arthur finally spoke, tossing the file onto the coffee table. That riverside villa under your name, and Alicia's trust fund they're frozen, effective immediately. They'll stay frozen until you apologize to Khloe."

"Mom," Trey added, his voice steely, "you need to get a handle on Alicia. No matter how spoiled she is, she doesn't get to gamble with the company's future."

That villa was Stella's pride and joy, her ultimate status symbol. Alicia's trust fund was her only leverage over her husband. Losing them would mean they couldn't hold their heads up in the Fox family.

Alicia panicked. Tears welled instantly in her eyes. "Dad! You can't do this to me. I just had a baby...!"

"The Fox family's money can support idlers, but not fools, Arthur snapped. "Either you apologize to your sister-in-law immediately, or you pack up and leave this house. Choose."

Stella's hands shook violently. She looked at Trey's hardened profile, then at her husband's uncompromising

stare.

Only then did she realize that her attempt to crush Khloe had backfired spectacularly. Instead of humiliating her daughter-in-law, she and Alicia had drawn fire from both husband and son, suffering heavy punishment in

return.

At last, Stella clenched her teeth and ordered the servant to dial Khloe's number.

When Khloe answered, Stella's voice was stiff as rusted iron. The word "sorry" was torn from her throat as if it were barbed wire.

Alicia sobbed into the receiver, her words a tearful mumble. "I-I shouldn't have disturbed you at work..."

When the call ended, a heavy silence fell over the living room.

Stella stared out the window, her eyes burning with pure venom. Her hatred for Khloe seethed within her.

“That bitch dared to humiliate me and Alicia. One day, I’ll make her pay a hundred times over,” she thought.

That evening, when Trey returned home, Angela had prepared an elaborate dinner.

Thrilled that Khloe wasn’t there, she saw it as a chance for their little family of three to finally enjoy a meal in

peace.

While Angela and Pete were in high spirits, Trey didn’t crack a smile. Despite the feast on the table, he just pushed his food around with his fork before claiming he had no appetite and retreating to his study.

The company was a mess, his family was a constant source of drama- a throbbing headache pulsed behind Trey’s

eyes.

The worst part was, if Khloe had successfully forced his hand this time, what was to stop her from holding the company hostage again in the future?

The more he thought about it, the tighter his chest felt.

And every time his thoughts landed on Khloe, the ache dug especially deep.

He couldn’t focus on work. His finger hovered over her number on his phone, nearly dialing before he stopped.

1/2

+25 Bonus

himself at the last second.

If he gave in now, she would only tighten her grip.

Trey had no energy for intimacy with Angela that night. Even when she knocked and came in, he brushed her off, using work as an excuse.

“Since Khloe hasn’t come home,” Angela asked quietly later, having noticed his distraction, “are you thinking about her?”

Trey let out a short, humorless laugh, reaching out to ruffle her hair. “I am thinking about her. I’m thinking about why—why she dared to throw such a huge tantrum over my mother and Alicia.”

“She’s never lost her temper with you before,” Angela murmured. “Is that what scares you?”

“What do you mean?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 16

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 16 –

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 16

Chapter 16

“Are you afraid of losing her?” Angela pressed.

Her probing was obvious, but Trey was too drained to play games tonight. He let out a cold, dismissive laugh. ” Don’t talk nonsense.”

With that, he turned off the light, set his phone aside, and shut her out completely.

Angela wanted to push further, but he had already ended the conversation. A sharp pang of frustration pierced her chest.

When Trey finally fell asleep, she slipped out of bed, leaned over, and quietly unlocked his phone.

The screen was still open on his chat with Khloe.

Two hours ago, Trey had sent her a message, trying to start a conversation. She hadn’t replied.

‘No wonder he’d been glued to his phone all evening, pretending to work. He was waiting for her,’ Angela thought bitterly.

A cold dread settled in Angela’s stomach. Watching him frown even in his sleep, she felt a chill seep deep into her bones.

The following evening.

Trey was in the middle of business drinks when his phone suddenly began to vibrate nonstop.

A long-dormant alumni group chat had exploded to life, messages flooding in one after another.

“Have you heard? The Morrison family’s mysterious heiress finally showed her face!”

It was like someone had dropped a bomb in the chat.

“The Morrison family? You mean the ones who make the whole financial district tremble when they sneeze?”

“That’s the one! Niel’s long-lost daughter—just brought into the fold, already inherited ten billion, and officially named the heir to the Morrison empire!”

The person sharing the news was clearly at the event. “This banquet is insane. Three layers of security. No one can get within ten feet of her—she’s being kept under wraps.”

The group chat went wild.

“Ten billion? That’s the kind of luck you don’t even see in movies!”

“What’s she like? Stunning? Single?” one alumnus joked. “If she’s my type, I might just shoot my shot...”

“Keep dreaming. I caught a glimpse from across the room. Her aura’s unreal. In a champagne-colored gown, standing under the chandelier like she was glowing. That profile is lethal. Puts any A-list celebrity to shame.”

“Any photos? You have to share!”

The classmate sent a helpless emoji. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to get a picture? Her security is watching everyone like a hawk. I only managed to get this one blurry shot when she turned away... but you’ll get the idea.”

A photo loaded.

1/2

Tricotyl lis

+25 Bonus

The quality was poor, taken from a distance with her features blurred. But the outline was clear: a slender figure, her hair styled in an elegant updo, a delicate jawline, and the graceful curve of a neck made even paler by the diamonds resting against it.

The chat erupted again.

“Holy crap, that silhouette! Looks like a movie star.”

“Wait... kind of reminds me of my ex...”

“She’s definitely beautiful. But... I swear she looks familiar. Didn’t someone say she studied finance? Could she be our alum?”

“No way! You mean the campus belle from our department Khloe?”

“Impossible. Didn’t Khloe marry Trey? How could she be the Morrison family’s heiress...”

The mere suggestion ignited a firestorm of speculation. The conversation spun wildly, but it kept circling back to the Morrison heiress.

Khloe’s name suddenly blazed across Trey’s screen.

His brow furrowed deeply. He immediately tapped to open the photo.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 17

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 17 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 17

Chapter 17

The photo was still loading when his phone rang. It was Angela.

The moment he answered, her sobs hit him like a physical low.

“What happened? What’s wrong?” His chest tightened, panic sharpening his voice.

But no matter how urgently he pressed, Angela just wept, refusing to speak.

Helpless, Trey softened his tone. “Where are you? Are you at home? I’m coming to you right now, okay?”

Before he could finish, the line went dead.

A cold dread washed over him. Without a second thought, he made hurried apologies to his clients and rushed out.

The thought of Angela in danger felt like having his soul ripped out.

Luckily, he hadn't drunk much. He kept calling her as he drove until, finally, on the fifth try, his call was picked

"Angela, what on earth happened-"

"I'm not Angela. This is Kirsten. You'd better come to Q Bar She's completely wasted."

Kirsten Jackson, Angela's best friend, owned Q Bar in Goldmont City. Years ago, when Trey was secretly pursuing Angela, they'd often met there under Kirsten's watchful eye

"I'm on my way!"

Trey hung up and sped toward the bar, arriving in under fifteen minutes.

Inside a private booth, Angela was slumped against Kirsten's shoulder, her face flushed, body swaying as she slurred about wanting another drink.

The table was littered with empty bottles. She'd clearly had far too much.

"Angela... what is this?"

The sight stunned him and broke his heart. In all their years together, Angela had never touched alcohol. She was always so careful about her health.

"Trey, don't you think you've gone too far?" Kirsten's voice was like ice. "Do you have any idea how much Angela has sacrificed for you? And now, because of that woman, you're going back on your word to her?"

The moment she saw him, Kirsten's expression hardened. She pulled Angela closer, physically blocking him from approaching.

"Kirsten, what are you talking about? How have I gone back on my word?"

Exhaustion weighed heavily on him. Seeing Angela like this was bad enough; now he had to deal with Kirsten's accusations. He was at a loss.

"See for yourself."

Kirsten pulled out her phone and slammed it on the table.

On the screen was her text history with Angela.

Angela hadn't slept at all last night—she'd spent the whole night pouring her heart out to Kirsten.

Over the past few days, Trey had grown distant and cold, dismissive of her feelings, completely preoccupied with

172

Khloe. Last night, he'd even secretly messaged Khloe again.

+25 Bonus

Angela had been devastated, yet she hadn't wanted Trey to worry. So she confided only in Kirsten, bearing her sorrow alone.

"I wasn't going to get involved," Kirsten said, her eyes blazing. "But I know what's going on with you and Khloe. Don't you dare tell me it's nothing. You can't mess with Angela like this. After everything she's been through, what do you take her for?"

Kirsten had been overjoyed when Angela finally moved back in with Trey. After five long years, her friend had finally gotten the life she deserved.

And now, in just a few days, she'd been reduced to this—humiliated and broken, drowning her sorrows.

Kirsten had reached her limit. She called Trey here to confront him, to stand up for Angela.

"You want to use Khloe to handle your family? Fine," she spat. "But you do not get to cast Angela aside because of her."

"You've got it all wrong. There's nothing between me and Khloe. Last night was... a special circumstance."

"I don't care what 'special circumstance' it was," Kirsten shot back, cutting him off. "What I do know is this: Angela bet her entire life on your promise. I will not let you make her lose everything."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 18

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 18 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 18

Chapter 18

Kirsten delivered her warning, each word sharp with threat

Trey drew a deep, weary breath. Arguing with her was pointless.

“Kirsten, give us a moment,” he said, his voice low. “Let me talk to her.”

Angela, who had been silent until now, gave Kirsten’s hand a faint squeeze and turned her face away.

Understanding, Kirsten reluctantly stood and left the room closing the door behind her.

Finally alone, Trey loosened his tie and sat beside Angela. He reached for her arm, but she shoved him away.

“Come on, Honey, let it go, alright? I’m so exhausted lately!” he said.

Angela remained silent, but after a moment, her shoulders began to shake softly.

Trey knew she was crying again. His chest ached, a sharp, piercing guilt.

“I’m sorry. This is all my fault.”

He wrapped his arms around her from behind, holding her tightly no matter how she tried to pull away.

“The company is a disaster. Deals are falling apart, the losses are piling up, and my family is at each other’s throats. I’ve been completely overwhelmed I haven’t had the energy to be there for you.

“As for Khloe... there is nothing between us. She threw a fit and disrupted work. I was just managing the situation.

Π

His explanation seemed to slowly calm her. Angela stopped resisting and sat quietly in his embrace as he

continued.

“You know, Khloe still has her uses. If she gets suspicious, it ruins everything. Is your faith in me really that weak?”

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Trey sighed, bitterness threading his low, weary voice.

“I told you... I’m just scared,” she whispered, her voice hoarse from tears. “After all these years, what if you’ve changed? I only worry because... you’ve spent two years working side-by-side with her every day. How could I not?”

Gently, Trey turned her to face his utterly broken.

The scent of alcohol clung to her, her cheeks streaked with tears—she looked

This was the woman who had once carried him on her back for three days and nights through a blizzard. The strong, resilient girl who had saved his life now seemed so fragile in his arms.

When he was six, he’d gotten separated from his group during a winter camp in the mountains. As a deadly snowstorm raged and the cold threatened to claim him, a warm voice whispered in his ear, begging him not to fall asleep.

That voice stayed with him for three long days and nights.

He later learned it was Angela who had found him and carried him to safety.

“My life is yours,” he vowed. “I promised I would repay you forever, that I would never waver. If I break that promise, I—”

Before he could finish, Angela pressed her fingers to his lips, stopping him.

1/2

+25 Bonus

Her face was flushed, her eyes glistening as she leaned into his shoulder. “Don’t say such terrible things. I believe you. It’s just... sometimes my thoughts spiral. After all, you see Khloe every day...”

Trey managed a soft chuckle and pinched her cheek lightly. ‘Silly girl. Some connections are forged in an instant and last a lifetime. And other people are just passing through. No matter how long you know them, fate will never truly tie you together.’”

The memory of that mountain—his real first meeting with her always filled him with a profound sense of duty. From childhood until now, no one, not even his parents, had ever made him feel that way.

For that single moment of salvation, he was willing to give her everything.

Angela was his everything.

As for Khloe... she was remarkable in her own way.

At times, he wavered. At times, he wasn't sure if it was guilt or something else stirring in his chest.

But Trey knew one truth: none of it mattered.

He stayed with Angela until she finally calmed. By the time they returned home, it was already two in the morning.

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 19 –

Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 19

Chapter 19

Trey carried Angela back to her room with painstaking care terrified of making a sound that might wake Khloe.

He glanced at Khloe's door. It remained tightly shut.

He told himself she couldn't possibly have been gone for more than two nights. She had a temper, sure, but Khloe knew her limits. She had to be in there, asleep.

Besides, the pair of luxury heels he'd bought her—her favorites—were still neatly lined up in the entryway.

Exhaustion weighed on him, but after a moment's hesitation, he turned and walked toward Khloe's room.

His hand was on the doorknob, about to turn it, when the sound of small, hurried footsteps echoed down the hall.

“Daddy!”

Pete's voice made Trey's heart lurch. He spun around and quickly pressed a finger to his lips.

The boy's face instantly fell. He shot a furious glare toward Khloe's door.

“What are you doing up so late?” Trey scooped his son into his arms, lowering his voice as he carried him away. “What's wrong?”

“Mommy is throwing up...”

The title made Trey's brow furrow deeply.

“I told you—you can’t call her ‘Mommy.’ Khloe is your Mommy.”

11

“She is NOT!” Pete’s face flushed red as he shot back without a hint of hesitation. “She’s just a mean woman who bullies Mommy!”

Trey’s gaze turned to ice, his voice dropping dangerously low. “Say that again.”

His expression was so dark that Pete instantly shrank back, his wide eyes blinking in fear. He didn’t dare utter another word.

When Trey returned with his son, he found Angela hunched over the toilet, retching violently.

Not wanting to disturb Khloe, he dismissed the idea of calling the servants. He found the medicine himself, then, helped steady Angela and gently wiped her face.

Once the nausea had passed, Trey stayed by her bedside, unwilling to leave.

“Angela…”

“Mm?” Her face was pale and drawn. The words he’d meant to say stuck in his throat.

Pete had always been defiant toward Khloe, but since Angela’s return, it had gotten worse. Just now, he’d dared to call her “Mommy.”

Trey had wanted to ask Angela to correct the boy, but the timing felt all wrong. This wasn’t the moment to bring Khloe into it.

“It’s nothing,” he said finally. “Just… don’t drink like that again. Your body can’t handle it.”

“I won’t next time. You should get some rest too.”

Seeing his concern, a faint, soft smile touched Angela’s eyes.

“I’ll stay until you fall asleep,” he insisted. “It makes me feel better knowing you’re settled.”

12

+25 Bonus

Knowing how stubborn he could be, she didn’t argue. She just closed her eyes and held his hand.

He studied her beautiful face, yet a strange sense of unfamiliarity stirred within him.

Time is a ruthless blade, he thought. The woman who had once been his solace now felt like a weight, her presence suffocating.

And Khloe...

Unbidden, her image surfaced in his mind poised, composed, and increasingly distant, drifting further and further out of reach.

The next morning, Trey deliberately put on the shirt Khloe had bought for him.

But when he walked into the dining room, her seat was empty. He finished his breakfast, and there was still no sign of her.

“Where’s Madam? Isn’t she up yet?” The question slipped out before he could stop himself.

At the word “Madam,” Angela’s body went rigid. Her eyes instantly lifted to his.

The maid answered, “Madam hasn’t been home these past few days...”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 20

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 20

Chapter 20

Trey froze. “What do you mean, she hasn’t been home?”

Before the maid could elaborate, his phone vibrated insistently. Another crisis at the company.

He dismissed the servants with a wave and stepped away to take the call.

When he returned, his face was several shades darker. Angela’s heart sank at the sight. “What is it now?”

“Another major project just fell through. The client insists they’ll only work with Khloe.”

The words lodged in his throat like a stone.

+25 Bonus

That project was the company's most critical venture this past year—flagged as a top priority in all the annual reports. If it collapsed, the shareholders would have his head.

hend

“But... Khloe is just a manager, isn't she?” Angela couldn't comprehend it. “How can a partner choose her over the company's CEO?”

Angela simply couldn't fathom it. Was Khloe really so indispensable that the entire corporation faltered without her?

“I have to get to the office.”

Without another word, Trey grabbed his coat and strode out

At that very moment, Khloe was settling into a plush seat aboard Oscar's private jet.

As the new majority shareholder of Morrison Pharmaceuticals, she was en route to a prestigious international charity gala in a neighboring country.

The event's guest list was notoriously exclusive—a who's who of global magnates and Fortune 500 leaders. A true power summit.

In previous years, Niel and Clarice, along with their son Ethan, had always attended.

But with Khloe inheriting Niel

entire stake, the invitation was formally addressed to her. In a fit of pique, Clarice had refused to go. Ethan, following his mother's lead, had declined as well.

Their boycott was a very public snub, signaling that Khloe was an unwelcome outsider in the Morrison family.

This left her in a precarious position. For someone who needed to build her network and establish authority within Morrison Pharmaceuticals, it was a glaring vulnerability.

So Oscar had decided to escort her personally, determined to ensure she made a powerful entrance and silence the gossip about the “illegitimate daughter.”

By evening, the jet touched down at the gala's host hotel.

The building soared like a palace of glass, so dazzling it was nicknamed the “Crystal Palace.”

“Dad, so this is Khloe?”

Awaiting them was a tall young man with a refined air. Silver-rimmed glasses framed delicate features, and his eyes held a gentle, intelligent warmth.

Khloe knew who he was from Oscar—her cousin, Michael Morrison, his only son and heir.

1/2

Chapter 20h

+25 Bonus

With Oscar retired, most of his business empire was now in Michael’s hands. His schedule was a relentless global tour, and he had flown back specifically to attend the gala for one reason: to lend Khloe his visible support. As Niel’s daughter, she couldn’t be left to stand alone.

Khloe’s first impression of him was immediately favorable. Over dinner, the two found an easy, natural rapport.

Unlike his father’s more blunt and hearty demeanor, Michael was meticulous and thoughtful—the kind of man whose quiet attention made you feel genuinely cared for.

Oscar clearly approved of his son’s polished manners. After the meal, he entrusted Khloe to Michael’s care and went off to mingle with old acquaintances.

Michael proved to be an impeccable guide. He patiently walked her through the gala’s agenda, the custom gown waiting for her, and even reviewed the draft of her speech, explaining every detail with precision. 1

His phone buzzed constantly with urgent work calls, but he would merely glance at the screen, silence it, and return his full focus to her.

“Thank you, Michael. I can manage from here. You should go handle your work.”

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