

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 151

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 151

Chapter 151

Khloe usually headed straight for the shower as soon as she got home. But with Nick here tonight, she wanted to spend a little time with him first, so she asked if there was anything he felt like doing.

Watching a movie, reading, or playing games-she was fine with any of it, as long as she could keep him company.

Khloe had only been in one relationship before, and that had been a distant, school-age romance. In many ways, she was no different from a girl who had only just discovered love.

Back then, Trey had been the one to pursue her. Every date was planned by him, and most things revolved around his preferences.

When they were still students, Trey loved watching competitions, so Khloe followed him from place to place to see matches. After graduation, their dates narrowed down to little more than shopping and meals.

Trey devoted most of his energy to his career. He promised her that once his company went public, he would make it up to her with a honeymoon-then she could do whatever she wanted, go wherever she liked, all according to her wishes.

But Khloe had never really thought about any of that.

In love, she had grown used to giving quietly, to guarding and yielding, without ever truly considering what she herself wanted.

“You don’t have to force yourself to do anything for me,” Nick said. “If you’re tired, we rest. If you’re in a bad mood, do something that makes you happy... And if you’re willing, you can tell me what happened to you today. I really want to know.”

So when Nick said those words, Khloe was momentarily dazed.

He could clearly see the exhaustion she was trying-and failing-to hide.

She had come home late today. He hadn't pressed her with questions, but he remembered her saying she'd run into something upsetting.

"I want to take a shower first," Khloe said after hesitating, finally voicing her thoughts. "Then maybe we can finish the movie we didn't get to watch? Though I might not last till the end-I'm a bit tired today too... But I really want to talk with you."

In the world of powerful families, Khloe understood all too well what a marriage of alliance meant.

It was about pooling resources, joining forces, and supporting each other-but it had nothing to do with feelings.

She had originally seen Nick as nothing more than an excellent partner for cooperation. Yet as they spent time together, she found herself unknowingly growing fond of him, beginning to hope for more, and worrying that she might neglect his feelings.

"Okay."

Nick answered gently, as if no matter what Khloe said, he would always nod and agree.

Khloe used to think that Trey's indulgence was a form of tolerance. But only after being with Nick did she understand that true tolerance was a constant, quiet attentiveness-care and understanding woven into every moment.

He often noticed her needs even before she did.

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+25 Bonus

Afraid of making him wait too long, Khloe rushed into the living room after her shower, her hair not even fully dried.

Nick had showered as well, moving quickly. He was already seated on the sofa, waiting for her.

He hadn't brought any spare clothes with him and had asked Lenny to deliver some in a hurry, yet Khloe hadn't heard a thing the entire time.

Nick was now dressed in a black silk pajama set. The neckline of the top hung loosely open, revealing his chest, still faintly damp with moisture, half-hidden and half-exposed.

Thank goodness the lighting was dim-otherwise, Khloe was certain she wouldn't be able to hold herself together.

He was devastatingly attractive even when fully dressed. Disheveled, he was pure, walking hormones.

"Nick, what are you busy with?"

Khloe crept closer and deliberately lowered her voice, whispering near his ear.

Nick had been looking down at his phone, focused, as if handling work. When her voice reached him, his fingers trembled slightly, and he immediately turned off the screen.

"Nothing," he replied without hesitation. His voice was low, carrying a trace of chill that was hard to detect.

"Did something urgent happen again?" Seeing the slight furrow in his brow, concern surfaced in Khloe's eyes.

"No," Nick said.

When he saw that she seemed ready to ask more, he casually pulled her into his arms. "What made you unhappy today?" he asked softly. "Tell me."

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Khloe hadn't expected Nick to still be thinking about it, and she felt deeply moved.

"They're all unpleasant things," she said softly. "Talking about them would only put you in a bad mood too."

Besides, she had no intention of telling Nick about her plans to take revenge on Trey.

Nick was nothing like his outward appearance suggested. He was an exceptionally gentle man-unlike her own heart, already scarred and battered, still hiding deep resentment and anger.

Until all of that was completely cleared away, she didn't want him to see it.

Seeing that Khloe was unwilling to speak, Nick didn't press her further.

After a moment, he spoke again. "Your previous matter... hasn't it been settled yet?"

Khloe paused before realizing he was probably referring to Trey.

"Mm. But it's almost done. There are still a few things I need to wrap up.

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"You don't need help?" Nick asked once more.

Khloe replied calmly, "No. I can handle it myself."

There was no need to use a butcher's knife to kill a chicken.

Besides, when it came to dealing with Trey, how could she possibly dirty Nick's hands?

She intended to torment Trey slowly, to make him repay everything he had squeezed out of her over those six years.

Nick didn't say anything else. His strong arm slipped lightly around Khloe's shoulders, drawing her against his side, yet his heart sank as if plunging into an ice cellar, a wordless sense of loss spreading through him.

Just moments earlier, he had received several messages-photos someone had sent him. They showed Khloe and a man in a hospital, tugging and pulling at each other.

So she had gone to see Trey tonight.

Was her bad mood today all because of that man?

She had been with him for six years. He was her first love. Even after he had deceived her feelings, was she still unable to let go?

Nick wanted to ask, but the words circled his throat again and again, never making it out.

He could understand that feelings built over so many years couldn't be erased overnight. Still, the thought that there was another man in her heart made his chest feel tight, uncomfortably sore, even a little bitter.

Khloe was truly exhausted. Leaning against Nick, she watched the movie for only a short while, spoke just a few sentences, and then fell asleep.

It was a horror film, yet she slept soundly. Her arm was hooked firmly around his, refusing to let go even when he carried her back to the bed.

The room was dark. Moonlight spilled in through the window, landing on half of her face.

One side of her striking features glowed like an angel bathed in light; the other sank into the cool, alluring

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+25 Bonus

darkness of the night..

Nick found himself staring at her again. He gently brushed her smooth brow, traced down the bridge of her high nose, and finally to her lips.

Her slow, steady breathing flowed softly against his fingertips.

“Khloe,” he called her very quietly.

She frowned slightly, as if she’d heard him, and murmured a faint “Mm.”

The corners of Nick’s mouth lifted. It was as if he were speaking to her-and as if he were talking to himself. From now on, I want the only person in your heart to be me... You’re not allowed to think about anyone else.”

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The next morning, Khloe woke up a little late.

Her room was bright, and she usually didn’t pull the curtains all the way closed at night, letting the sunlight wake her naturally. But yesterday, Nick had drawn them shut for her, allowing her to sleep an extra two hours.

Khloe assumed he was still there. Only after leaving the room did she realize he was already gone.

She had prepared the guest room next door for him, but it was completely untouched. He had probably left in the middle of the night.

A faint sense of disappointment rose in her heart.

When she opened her eyes, the first thing she'd thought about was having breakfast with him.

Then again, how could Nick have the time to eat breakfast with her every day?

Just then, her phone lit up with a message.

It was from Nick.

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Nick: [Are you up yet? I left breakfast at your door. Don't forget to take it.]

The moment Khloe saw the message, she opened her door. Sure enough, a black, round thermal container sat outside.

Inside were all kinds of food and several drinks.

Everything was packed in the insulated containers from his home. It looked very much like something specially prepared by Nick's personal chef.

Warmth spread through Khloe's chest. She replied at once: [Got it, thank you. Have you eaten breakfast?]

There was so much more she wanted to ask-why he hadn't stayed the night, whether he was busy today.

But after typing for a long time, she ended up sending only that.

Nick replied quickly: [I've eaten. I'm a bit busy right now. Let's talk later.]

Seeing his message, Khloe could only delete the long paragraph she'd typed out. She sent back a simple [Okay], along with a small emoji.

Nick set his phone down, then turned to look at the woman who had barged into his office.

“Michelle, the rules here at the Hunt Group are clear. You’re not allowed to see me without an appointment. If you do this again, I’ll reconsider all cooperation with your family.”

His voice was icy. He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, not even bothering to spare her another glance.

Michelle’s eyes were red. Lenny and the bodyguards stood nearby, unsure whether they should forcibly escort her out.

The Keller and Hunt families were currently collaborating on a project, so Michelle had access to the Hunt Group office building. By rights, they were acquaintances.

In the past, when Michelle had urgent matters and couldn’t reach Nick, she had come straight to his office. His reactions back then had always been indifferent, never harsh.

Because of that, Nick’s people had always treated her politely.

“Nick, why did you block me? Why are you being so heartless? What did I do wrong?” Michelle demanded, unable to understand. “The way she treats you—can’t you see what kind of woman she is?”

Last night, she had sent Nick several messages. When she checked this morning, she discovered she’d been blocked.

“Shut up.” Nick snapped.

He lifted his gaze suddenly, the cold scrutiny in his eyes so sharp that Michelle felt a chill run through her whole body.

She had never seen him glare at her like this before. Her heart sank.

“Everyone out.”

Only after Nick gave the order did Lenny lead the others out of the office.

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+25 Bonus

When the door closed and only the two of them remained, Nick spoke again. “Who gave you permission to have someone follow her?”

Michelle had hired people to take photos of Khloe and Trey. The moment she sent them to him last night, he had threatened to end the cooperation with the Keller family and ordered her to delete everything immediately.

“So you know she’s involved with another man?” Michelle shot back. “Nick, even if you’ve been hurt before, you shouldn’t be this indiscriminating!”

She finally lost control, speaking in a rush, her words careless and sharp.

Before she could finish, the pen on his desk was flung violently away, startling her so badly that she jolted.

Nick had been raised with strict discipline. Even when furious, he had never vented his anger openly-especially not in such a rough manner, and certainly not toward her.

Michelle’s eyes instantly welled up. “Nick, is it really necessary to treat me like this over a woman you’ve only known for such a short time?”

“Michelle, listen carefully.” Nick’s voice was cold and steady. “She is my fiancée. This time, for the sake of the past kindness your family once showed me, I won’t pursue the matter. But if I hear anyone slander her even once, I will not be merciful.”

He stared at her, as if delivering a final warning.

“The same goes for you and your family. If you think you can’t accept this, then there’s no need for any further dealings between our two families.”

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“Nick, do you hate me that much?” Michelle cried. “Everything in the past was my fault. Please don’t wrong yourself just to take revenge on me... She... she’s not worthy of you at all...”

“Did you not hear what I just said?” Nick cut her off. He drew in a slow breath, clearly with no intention of arguing with her any further. Without hesitation, he raised his hand and began dialing a number.

Michelle knew all too well that once Nick spoke, he meant it. Even at tremendous loss, he would absolutely follow through and cancel the cooperation.

The Keller Group was nowhere near as wealthy or powerful as the Hunt Group. This joint project had required the Keller Group to pour in resources without counting the cost.

“Fine. I’ll leave right now,” Michelle said hurriedly. “I won’t investigate her again, and I’ll delete those photos completely-immediately!”

She couldn’t gamble her entire family’s future just to vent her anger at Nick. At the very last moment, she had no choice but to give in.

Only after she finished speaking, tears streaming down her face, did Nick lower his phone.

“Get out.”

He tossed out the two words in a low voice, without a trace of pity.

Michelle was crying uncontrollably. She covered her face tightly and rushed out of the office. Seeing her like this, even Lenny felt a twinge of sympathy.

After a while, he returned to the office. He had meant to ask whether Nick wanted him to handle any follow-up matters, but instead he heard the man say calmly,

“From now on, without my permission, do not allow Michelle into my office. And once this project with the Keller Group is finished, pass the word along there will be no further cooperation, ever.”

Everyone knew that the relationship between the Hunt and Keller families was far from ordinary. And Nick’s relationship with Michelle... had once been far from ordinary as well.

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Lenny had always believed that even after getting married, Nick would never truly be ruthless toward Michelle.

He hadn’t expected Nick to go this far.

Was this heartlessness... or was it precisely because he cared too much that he had to cut things off so completely?

That afternoon, just after Lauren was helped back to the Fox family estate by Stella, the housekeeper came rushing over, his face pale with tension.

“Old Madam, Madam... the household just received a fax-a fax!”

Already irritated, Stella snapped impatiently, “It’s just a fax. Is that really worth panicking over? Send it straight to the study.”

“It’s not that...” The housekeeper glanced at Lauren, uncertain whether he should continue.

Lauren shot him a cold look. “There are no outsiders here. Speak.”

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+25 Bonus

The housekeeper swallowed before going on. “The fax concerns the young master. It’s a DNA paternity test report. The sender shows as garbled characters—we don’t know who sent it.”

Both Lauren and Stella’s expressions changed instantly.

“What paternity report?” Stella snatched the envelope, tearing it open. “He’s nothing but an adopted child!”

Lauren leaned heavily on her cane, staring intently at the pages about to be pulled out.

When the names on the report came into view, both women froze, momentarily doubting their own eyes.

Lauren grabbed the report at once. Her breath caught, and she nearly couldn’t inhale.

Stella hurried to help her sit down. “Mom! Don’t get worked up. Deep breaths—deep breaths!”

The report slipped from the old woman’s hand and fell to the floor. The housekeeper quickly bent down to pick it

In stark black-and-white, two names were printed clearly.

[Conclusion: Based on the existing materials and DNA analysis results, it is supported that Angela Thompson is the biological mother of Pete Fox.]

Lauren sat on the sofa, trying to steady herself. Stella immediately ordered someone to call the private doctor, though her own hands were trembling violently.

After a moment, Lauren finally came back to herself. Extreme shock flashed through her eyes, followed by uncontrollable fury.

“Angela... that vile woman!” she roared. “How dare she-how dare she let Trey adopt her illegitimate child! What on earth is she plotting?!”

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“So Pete is her illegitimate son. No wonder Trey protected him so fiercely... I see now that they really never cut ties. Trey must have known all along!”

Stella was so furious that she no longer bothered to shield Trey. Thankfully, Arthur wasn’t home-if he had seen this, he would have beaten Trey to death on the spot.

Once Lauren had calmed down, she immediately had someone contact the testing hospital to verify the authenticity of the report.

They still didn’t know who had been sending them these things, or for what purpose. But for now, the priority was dealing with Angela and Pete.

Family scandals must never be made public-especially not in a way that could affect the Fox family or the

company.

That evening, an urgent phone call summoned Trey back to the family estate.

He assumed something had happened to his grandmother again. Instead, when he arrived, he found Lauren and Stella seated upright in the main hall, waiting for him with grave expressions.

“What’s going on?” Trey asked uneasily, sensing that something was wrong. “Grandma, Mom-did something happen?”

Before his words had fully fallen, Stella shot him a cold look. On the table in front of him lay the faxed report.

“This...” Trey’s face changed instantly. He looked up at once. “Mom, who sent this to you?”

“It was sent anonymously. But the report is real.” Stella’s voice was icy.

Lauren stared straight ahead, sitting perfectly still, offering no comment.

That silence only made the chill creep deeper.

“This must be fake,” Trey insisted. “Pete is an adopted child. How could he possibly be related to Angela? Maybe it’s some business rival trying to stir up trouble in our family...”

“You and Angela’s affair is known only within this family,” Stella cut in with a cold laugh. “Even your marriage to Khloe was kept secret from the public. Hardly anyone knows about it. If this were really a business rival, they could have spread your scandals everywhere. Why bother with such petty, roundabout tricks?”

Trey hadn’t even finished defending himself before her words shut him down.

“Mom, that’s impossible...’

“Whether it’s possible or not, have Angela come over and redo the paternity test. One test will settle everything.” Stella’s gaze was sharp. “Unless you already knew the truth and deliberately kept clinging to her, unable to cut ties –so much so that you even extended your affection to her illegitimate child?”

Stella had tried hard to suppress her emotions, but by the end her words were still laced with bitterness.

Trey had been outstanding since childhood-handsome, academically gifted, and filial. How was it that only when it came to Angela, he couldn’t let go?

A woman six years older than him, his former teacher no less, with such loose morals-what was so good about her that he still couldn’t forget her, even after she had a child?

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+25 Bonus

“I can guarantee that Angela and Pete have absolutely nothing to do with each other!” Trey blurted out.

But such a sudden, forceful guarantee only made him seem even more flustered.

Stella knew her son too well. Ever since he was young, whenever he lied or felt guilty, this was exactly how he

looked.

“And what are you using to guarantee that?” Stella’s voice shot up. “Trey, if you have the guts, swear on Angela’s and Pete’s lives! Swear that if they really are mother and son, they’ll die a horrible death!”

“Mom! That’s enough!” Hearing this, Trey’s expression changed drastically. He shouted at once, stopping her.

Clearly, there was no longer any need for another paternity test.

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Lauren let out a cold snort. She lifted her hand, stopping Stella from launching into another furious tirade.

“Trey, I’ll give you one week to deal with that woman properly. And remember to pass this message on to her-

“Tell her to leave the country immediately. From now on, she is never to set foot in Goldmont again. Otherwise...” A ruthless glint flashed through the old woman’s cloudy eyes. “She’d better be prepared to never see her son again for the rest of her life.”

At those words, something seemed to occur to Trey. He froze for a moment, then turned to Stella. “You’ve taken Pete away?”

He reached for his phone at once, intending to call home, but Stella cut him off coldly. “There’s no need to worry. As long as Angela leaves obediently, I’ll arrange for Pete to reunite with her in a year. I have no interest in raising her son for her.

“But if she insists on clinging to you and refuses to let go, then Pete will be sent somewhere she’ll never be able to find. And Angela’s family-and she herself-should be prepared to stand against the Fox family for the rest of their lives...”

“Grandma, I swear I won’t see Angela again!” Trey said angrily, knowing there was no room left to maneuver.” But Pete is only an adopted child. He’s still young. You shouldn’t involve a child in this...”

“Trey, at this point, I have no intention of verifying anything further.” Lauren gripped the armrest of the sofa, swallowing a hard breath. “I don’t want to see that woman. The Fox family’s dignity cannot be trampled underfoot by a child of dubious origin and a woman with corrupt intentions. As for what you choose to do, weigh it carefully yourself.”

With that, Lauren didn’t spare Trey another glance. She rose, and the servants immediately stepped forward to help her leave.

Knowing he couldn’t sway the old woman, Trey turned at once to Stella. “Mom! Where did you send Pete?”

“I don’t know,” Stella replied. “That was arranged by your grandmother’s people. Even if I did know, I couldn’t tell you. But rest assured, the Fox family won’t lay a hand on a child. If you want to see Pete sooner, then do exactly as your grandmother says.’

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Seeing Trey like this, Stella felt both anger and a trace of heartache.

Just look at what Angela had done to her son-raising someone else’s child and even growing attached to him.

“Mom, actually Pete...” Trey’s face flushed with urgency. The truth nearly spilled from his lips, but at the last moment, under Stella’s searching gaze, he clenched his teeth and swallowed the words back down.

“Actually what?” Stella asked, suspicious. “Don’t tell me you’re still hiding something from me.”

“Pete can’t be left alone,” Trey said through gritted teeth, his fists clenched. “If something happens to him because of this, what then?”

“If anything happens, that’s Angela’s fault,” Stella said coldly. “Besides, didn’t Pete grow up in an orphanage? With someone looking after him for the time being, is he really going to die?”

Her words cut into Trey’s heart like a knife.

“In any case, think it through carefully,” Stella added with a final warning. “Your father will be back in a couple of days. If you don’t handle this properly, don’t even think about staying-not just in this family, but in the company

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+25 Bonus

as well!”

After delivering her last warning, Stella had no desire to say more. She turned and went back to her room to rest.

Was she cursed with bad luck lately? Nothing but trouble, day after day.

After leaving the family estate, Trey drove straight to Angela’s place. His mind was in complete turmoil. He smoked an entire pack in the parking garage before finally stepping into the elevator.

Angela had just finished showering at home and was chatting in her alumni group when the doorbell rang.

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When Angela saw that it was Trey, a flicker of surprise rose in her heart.

Their relationship had cooled noticeably these past few days. Especially after Lauren returned home, Trey barely replied to her messages anymore. All he seemed to think about, day in and day out, was Khloe.

Kirsten had advised Angela that at times like this, the more urgent one felt, the more one should hold back and deliberately cool things down.

Just like Khloe-she'd once been as obedient as a pet, following Trey's every word, yet his heart and eyes had

always been fixed on Angela.

But now? Khloe had walked away and left Trey in the cold, and instead, he started thinking about her again.

That was human nature. What you can't get is always the most tempting.

Trey was under immense pressure right now, exhausted both physically and mentally. Angela believed that this was precisely when she should give him more space.

She thought Kirsten made sense.

Though she was full of grievances, there was still Pete between them. As long as the child couldn't bear to leave her, Trey would come looking for her sooner or later.

Angela adjusted her nightgown, slipped off her outer robe, leaving only the thin straps of her slip dress exposed, and then opened the door.

"What made you think of me today?" she asked. "Coming to see me so late-aren't you afraid your family will find out?"

Her words were teasing, but her voice was impossibly soft, deliberately seductive.

Trey wasn't in the mood. He gave her a brief glance, then walked straight in and sat down, silent for a long while.

"Something troubling you?" Angela asked tentatively. "Is it the company?"

She sat close beside him and immediately caught the heavy scent of cigarette smoke.

Trey rarely smoked-because she didn't like it.

Angela frowned slightly. "You smoked?" As she spoke, she instinctively reached to take off his coat, but he suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"Angela... you might need to go abroad for a while."

“Abroad?” Her eyes filled with shock. “Why?”

They had already spent so much time hiding from others, always meeting briefly and separating again.

She had gone through so much hardship just to give birth to his child, slowly closing the distance of their long- distance relationship step by step, finally making it to his side.

“It’s only for a while,” Trey said quietly. “Don’t worry. Once Grandma leaves and the company stabilizes, I’ll find another solution.”

He kept his head lowered, not daring to meet her gaze. His voice was low and light, carrying an exhaustion and helplessness he’d never shown before.

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+25 Bonus

“How long is ‘a while’? And Pete is still so young-he can’t be without me...”

Panic crept into Angela’s voice. Trey acting like this truly frightened her.

“It’s precisely because of Pete.”

“Trey, what exactly happened? What does this have to do with Pete?” Angela grew frantic. She tugged at his arm, demanding answers. Only then did Trey tell her everything that had happened that day.

He didn’t want to see Angela hurt, didn’t want the mother and son to be separated, and even more so didn’t want Pete to be harmed.

But now, they were already trapped in a dead end. They couldn’t move forward, and there was no way back. All they could do was grit their teeth and keep going.

“Why?” Angela cried. “What did we ever do wrong by being together? Didn’t things end up like this because of your family?”

“Since we’re already being pushed this far, why don’t we just go tell them now-tell them that Pete is your child, that we’re legally husband and wife!”

In her agitation, Angela immediately reached for her phone.

Trey’s expression changed. He grabbed her quickly and pushed her back onto the sofa.

“Are you out of your mind?”

“No-you’re the one who’s lost it!” Angela shouted. “Trey, for your own sake, you’re even willing to abandon your son, aren’t you? Do you know what they might do to Pete? He’s only five...”

“They won’t do anything to Pete,” Trey said urgently. “You just need to go abroad. I’ll find a way to bring Pete back

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“Are you even a man, Trey?!”

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Angela had truly lost control this time. She cried and screamed, slapping Trey hard across the face.

He didn’t dodge. He let her hit him, curse him, and vent her fury without resistance.

Only when she was completely exhausted did he finally release her wrist.

“Do you really think that if we tell them the truth, we’ll be able to be together?” he said.

“Grandma holds Grandpa’s will. From that moment on, everything in the Fox family would have nothing to do with us. I’d have nothing. How would I take care of you and Pete then?

“And if Khloe were to find out about all of this, our relationship would become a public scandal. Do you think we’d still have any place to stand in Goldmont in the future?”

Trey’s words were brutally realistic. Each sentence pierced Angela’s heart like an ice spike.

She had already cut ties with her own family. If Trey were cast out by the Fox family as well, how would the two of them possibly raise Pete?

Seeing Angela finally fall silent, Trey rubbed his forehead and took a deep breath.

“I don’t want this to blow up any further, Angela.”

“Who sent that DNA report?” Angela suddenly asked, her eyes darkening as if she’d thought of something.

Trey shook his head. “I don’t know. But whoever knows about us is probably someone we know. For now, don’t contact any of your old friends. That includes Kirsten.”

“You’re suspecting my friends?” Angela stared at him in disbelief. “The person you should be suspecting most is Khloe!”

At the mention of Khloe’s name, Trey felt as if he’d been struck by electricity. He spoke at once. “It absolutely can’t be Khloe!”

“Why not?” Angela shot back. “Think about it carefully. Hasn’t her attitude toward you been strange lately? Ever since I moved into your place, she stopped caring about the company, our relationship was discovered by your mother, and now even Pete...”

The more Angela spoke, the more something felt wrong.

A woman’s intuition told her that all of this had to be connected to Khloe.

“You’re just too tense,” Trey said flatly.

Angela’s argument was forceful, but he dismissed it entirely.

If Khloe really knew about them, how could she stay so calm-no confrontation, no demands for an explanation?

His marriage to Khloe was a sham. If she left, she’d walk away with nothing.

“Trey, it’s Khloe! She’s getting revenge on us!”

Angela’s baseless accusation only irritated him. He cut her off coldly. “Didn’t you want to study abroad? Over the next couple of days, look into schools. I’ll cover all the expenses.”

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+25 Bonus

“Trey...”

Angela tried to keep talking, but after dropping those words, Trey stood up and left, giving her no room for discussion at all.

She grabbed a glass and hurled it at the front door, screaming hysterically as if she'd gone mad.

Why wouldn't he believe her? Why did she always have to bear everything alone?

Everyone in the Fox family deserved to die-and Khloe most of all!

Just as Angela was on the verge of exploding, the vibration of her phone pulled her back to her senses.

It was a message from a group chat of Trey's alumni, celebrating something.

She picked up her phone and saw that it was about a former student of hers, Brandon Parkson.

He had originally been a finance major, but later developed an interest in journalism and transferred departments.

Angela had personally helped him with the application and arrangements.

Now, Brandon had finally become a reporter at Goldmont's official television station. He'd be appearing on TV often in the future, and everyone was congratulating him.

A glint flickered in Angela's eyes as certain memories suddenly resurfaced.

Back then, the reason she had been so willing to help Brandon was because, at the same time Trey was pursuing Khloe, Brandon had also been relentlessly chasing after Khloe.

2/2

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 159**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 159 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 159**

Chapter 159

Although Brandon didn't measure up to Trey in terms of background or status, he had met Khloe earlier than Trey ever had. Back when they first enrolled, it was Brandon who had picked Khloe up.

Khloe was diligent in her studies, and Brandon constantly stuck to her-attending classes together, studying together. With someone like that always around, it made Trey's pursuit of Khloe extremely inconvenient.

So when Angela learned that Brandon wanted to transfer majors, she took the initiative and extended an olive branch.

What she hadn't expected was that, before leaving the finance department, Brandon staged a grand, highly public romantic confession to Khloe in front of the entire faculty.

At the time, everyone was cheering him on. Angela could even see that Trey was starting to look restless.

Fortunately, Khloe didn't give him the slightest courtesy. In front of everyone, she rejected Brandon outright.

Angela still remembered it clearly. Brandon was so humiliated that he couldn't hold back his tears on the spot.

The incident was deeply embarrassing and led him to almost completely cut off contact with his former classmates. It wasn't until after graduation that he slowly became active in their group chats again.

A reporter... and with such deep ties to Khloe.

A thought flashed through Angela's mind. 2

She immediately reached out to Brandon in private, first sending her congratulations, then asking about his recent situation.

Brandon responded warmly. Angela had been the school's "goddess" lecturer—well-liked by everyone. On top of that, she had treated him exceptionally well, personally helping him handle his transfer.

Angela: [Do you still remember Khloe?]

Brandon: [Uh... why bring her up all of a sudden? I've long forgotten about what happened back then.]

From his tone, it seemed he still hadn't let go. Angela felt reassured. She called Brandon directly.

Already simmering with anger, she got straight to the point, telling him why she was calling and asking if he could help her publish an article exposing Khloe's true nature.

Many people in the alumni circles knew that after graduation, Trey had married Khloe. Brandon was no exception.

But Angela told him that after marriage, Khloe had been unfaithful, using the excuse of helping Trey build his career to seduce men everywhere. She claimed that the Fox Group's rapid expansion over the past two years, and all those major projects, were the result of Khloe's actions.

"So Khloe is that shameless?" Brandon exploded. "I saw it coming long ago. Back then, she was flirting with men everywhere. When she was with me, she deliberately made me think she liked me—who knew she was chasing Trey at the same time!"

The moment Brandon recalled the past, his anger surged. After Angela's words, his disgust and hatred for Khloe instantly reached their peak.

Hearing someone hate Khloe just as much as she did finally eased the suffocating resentment in Angela's chest.

"Brandon, you're a good man. What Khloe did back then was truly too much," Angela said softly. "Actually, Trey

1/2

Chapter 159

+25 Bonus

and I are quite close as well. I really can't bear to see him kept in the dark, sinking deeper and deeper."

Step by step, she stirred Brandon's emotions.

She told him that Fox Group was doing very well now. If he could help Trey see Khloe for who she really was, she could introduce the two of them later and help support Brandon's future career.

Brandon came from an ordinary background. Being able to enter Goldmont Television Station was entirely due to his own hard work. But if he wanted to rise in a place where everyone else had powerful connections, networking was indispensable.

Angela's words struck him right at his weak spot.

“Angela, you don’t need to say more. I’d gladly help you even if not for that,” Brandon said eagerly. “Besides, for us journalists, writing articles is second nature!”

He immediately agreed to help her. After hanging up, Angela transferred him ten thousand dollars.

“Brandon, you and I are the only ones who know about this. It has to stay confidential,” she reminded him.

After a round of polite refusals and repeated assurances, Brandon finally accepted the money.

He trusted Angela completely and made no attempt to verify anything she’d told him. With the materials she sent over, he immediately began drafting an article designed to smear Khloe. 1

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 160**

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Chapter 160

+25 Bonus

In the news industry, things like this were hardly rare. Even if it was fake news, what could Khloe—a powerless, orphaned woman with no backing—really do to him?

Brandon was highly skilled professionally. The reason he’d made it into Goldmont Television Station was precisely because he excelled at writing viral pieces that stirred public emotion. Anything that passed through his pen could ignite public opinion in an instant.

This time, writing about Khloe hit especially close to home. From the indignant perspective of a wronged victim who had been toyed with, he painted her as a “serial seductress” who had emerged from a prestigious university.

At school, she was the undisputed “bloom admired by all.” In society, she became a smooth, calculating social butterfly.

In the early hours of the morning, Brandon published the article using his high-follower account as a Goldmont reporter. Overnight, it exploded in popularity, even surging into the top three trending topics online.

The most searched headline read: “Elite University Beauty Sleeps Her Way Through Goldmont’s Business Tycoons After Marriage.”

In the article, Brandon used Khloe’s real name and school, barely disguising the Fox Group at all.

Almost immediately, a wave of Khloe’s former classmates came out to gawk. Alumni groups and social media feeds went into a frenzy of reposts.

Online, the discussion focused on moral decay and social values-but among the people around Khloe, the impact

was far more direct.

Khloe usually left a decent impression, but there were also plenty who were instinctively hostile toward a woman who was both beautiful and accomplished. Now, after reading the article, whether they’d liked her before or not, everyone formed a negative opinion of her.

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The scandal spread rapidly throughout the Fox Group as well.

“So that’s what kind of person she is... No wonder she always landed every project...”

“Being pretty doesn’t excuse doing something so disgusting. She’s an embarrassment to women...”

That morning, the moment Trey arrived at the company, he heard the office buzzing with chatter.

The instant Khloe’s name reached his ears, he summoned someone to find out what was going on.

Before long, the article was placed in front of him.

The writer seemed to know everything about Khloe. In his narrative, she had been a scheming woman juggling multiple men since her school days. After graduation, she married a rich heir, then leveraged his company to continue her “games among the flowers,” engaging in shady competition and under-the-table dealings...

“Bastard!”

Trey hadn't even finished reading when his blood pressure shot through the roof. He slammed his hand on the desk.

The assistant, visibly shaken, said carefully, "Please calm down, sir. If this really is Miss Roswell's doing... for the company's reputation, should we notify HR first?"

"Notify my ass! I'm talking about the person who wrote this article-he's the bastard!"

1/2

Chapter 100

+25 Bonus

Trey abandoned all pretense of civility, cursing outright. In a surge of rage, he even hurled the assistant's phone across the room.

"Mr. Fox!"

The assistant sucked in a sharp breath, heart aching as he hurried over to pick up the phone.

Without waiting for him to follow, Trey stormed out of his office and convened an emergency meeting with department heads.

Everyone assumed there was some urgent corporate crisis. No one expected the meeting to be about a single article.

"Online articles are not credible. The person described here could never be Khloe. Her character and conduct are things you've all seen for yourselves," Trey said coldly.

"Spread the word: I don't want to hear a single rumor about Khloe inside this company. Anyone who continues to circulate this article will be fired immediately and held legally accountable."

He delivered every word with icy precision, then slammed the door as he left the conference room.

In the eyes of his employees, Trey had always been composed and levelheaded. Lately, though, it was as if he'd become a different person-his actions growing more and more impulsive.

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