

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 191

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 191 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 191

Chapter 191

Lauren's face went pale, her trembling hand reaching out to take the document from Stella. She froze the moment she saw it.

It was the marriage license of Angela and Trey.

Stella quickly rifled through the rest of the folder. Sure enough, it wasn't just the marriage license. There was also Pete's birth certificate-dates, times, even the paternity test report linking Pete to Trey.

Angela had thought ahead. From the moment Pete was born, she had prepared a paternity test, a safeguard in case the Fox family ever refused to acknowledge him.

"This... this..."

"Everyone, out!" Arthur drew in a sharp breath and barked at the nearby servants.

Once the room was emptied, he grabbed a long wooden cane and swung it toward Trey with all his might.

"No! Arthur! He's your son!"

The strike would have split Trey's skull. Arthur was beyond furious.

Stella trembled, fear rippling through her, but she planted herself firmly in front of Trey.

Trey closed his eyes, frowning, but made no move to dodge.

Lauren, alarmed, rushed forward and grabbed Arthur's arm from behind. "Are you trying to kill me, that I am? Calm down, all of you!"

old woman

Even in his rage, seeing his own son and wife, Arthur couldn't bring himself to strike with full force. The cane thudded to the floor.

Gritting his teeth, he demanded, “Explain. What the hell is going on?”

“As you can see,” Trey said, “Angela and I are married.”

At last, the secret he had buried for years spilled out. Fear gave way to relief. He hadn’t expected Angela to actually take such a step, but now it was done.

The truth left Stella and Lauren stunned, struggling to process it.

Arthur, surprisingly, laughed. “Not bad. You’ve deceived us flawlessly all these years. Pulling off something like this…”

“My marriage to Angela went against Grandpa’s wishes,” Trey continued, voice low. “You can punish me however you want, but Angela and Pete are innocent. Pete is genuinely of the Fox bloodline.”

Before his words could settle, a sharp slap landed across his face.

This time, it wasn’t Arthur-it was Stella.

“You’re hopeless! Innocent, she’s innocent? How can Angela be innocent? A teacher seducing a student is immoral! She knew we disapproved and still dragged you along. Shameless!”

Her face flushed, her voice cracking, tears welling up. She had never been this furious before.

She was livid. The woman she had despised for so long turned out to be her daughter-in-law. The child she

1/2

Chapter 191

+25 Bonus

thought she would send away was her grandson. And that detestable Khloe, the one she had scorned, was utterly irrelevant?

Lauren sat frozen in her chair, unsure what to do. (1)

Before, they could manipulate Trey-if needed, expel him from the house. But now, he had a child. And on top of that, a scandal of this magnitude.

If this got out, the Fox family’s reputation would be ruined. The company would suffer enormously.

At that moment, Arthur's phone rang.

He glanced at the unfamiliar number and, despite a sinking feeling in his chest, answered it.

"This is Angela," came the calm voice on the line. "I assume you and everyone have seen everything by now, haven't you?"

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 192

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 192 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 192

Chapter 192

Hearing Angela's voice come through the speaker, Stella lost all restraint. She shouted, "You vile woman! I'll tell you this—no matter that you and Trey are married, as long as I'm around, you'll never set foot inside our family home!"

"Fine," Angela replied, her voice calm. "I won't enter your family's doors."

Arthur frowned. "What exactly are you trying to do?"

"I just want to be with Trey," Angela said softly. "If you won't make things difficult for the three of us, I'll support Trey, do my best to be a good wife..."

She paused briefly.

Lauren looked at Trey. Her clouded eyes reflected helplessness.

Stella, however, ignored everything, teeth clenched, and continued to curse, "In your dreams!"

Angela smiled, unbothered by Stella's venom. She spoke again.

"I've devoted years of my youth and my heart. Even if we divorce, I am entitled to half of Trey's wealth. And even if you sever ties with him, my child is still your family's bloodline. Does that mean they will have no inheritance?"

Her words were irrefutable. With a child, this wasn't something that could simply be erased.

Arthur's face darkened. His breathing slowed. He shot a glare at Trey before speaking.

"Angela, I can give you some money. Take the child and leave."

Angela's voice was calm but resolute. "I don't want your money. I just want to tell you that I love Trey. If you insist on separating us, then I'll have to protect my marriage my own way."

Her tone sharpened, edged with frost, as she realized they would not yield.

Trey could no longer contain himself. "Angela, what the hell are you trying to do?"

"Trey, you've already gone against your grandfather's will," she said gently, though her heart ached. "If this cannot be undone, then we rise and fall together."

She softened her voice, leaning toward him through the phone. "If I make our relationship public, reveal all you've done to me and Khloe... it won't just affect the family's reputation."

Of course, it wouldn't just be the family's reputation. If Angela acted, everything Trey had done could destroy the company, its IPO, and even him.

"You're threatening us?" Arthur's voice hardened. He hated threats above all.

Khloe had tried to leverage projects and company influence he hadn't yielded. And now this woman was threatening him? 1

"If you insist on calling it a threat, then there's nothing I can do. So be it."

"Wait!" Arthur panicked as she moved to hang up. He couldn't gamble the future of their family or the company, and he certainly couldn't allow his lifetime of prestige to be undone by one woman.

He relented, at least for now. "Where are you? Let's talk this through. Since you and Trey have a child, the kid is part of our family."

1/2

Chapter 192

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"I'm at the door," Angela said coldly, "but Stella won't let me in. I was planning to leave."

Stella froze, throwing Arthur a warning glance. Her urge to scream at Angela, to hate her utterly, surged-but she had heard enough of the conversation to understand the danger.

Lauren exhaled deeply, pounding her cane on the floor several times, then rose and walked away. She didn't want to see Angela.

Arthur's jaw tightened, eyes cold as they swept to Stella.

Trey spoke immediately, voice urgent. "Angela, don't sulk. Mom's angry words are just that. I'll come get you now.

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2/2

Chapter 193

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 193

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 193 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 193

Chapter 193

Stella clutched Trey's arm, unwilling to let go, but Trey lowered his gaze and slowly pried her hand away.

He shot a brief, apologetic glance at his father, but Arthur didn't return it.

The call ended abruptly.

Arthur could only watch, helpless, as Trey dashed out the front door.

Before long, Angela was back at the Fox family estate, escorted by Trey.

The mansion hadn't changed in years. Everything looked the same, unchanged by time.

Angela removed her baseball cap. Her hair, slightly messy, fell over her shoulders. She smoothed it lightly and deliberately straightened her posture.

Years ago, when she had been Trey's tutor, she had entered through the main entrance, hand-in-hand with him. Back then, his face had been bright with joy, and the entire Fox family had welcomed her warmly.

Not now.

The atmosphere was thick and heavy. Trey was silent, brooding. Arthur and Stella's disdain and disapproval were etched plainly across their faces.

Despite it all, Angela felt victorious. All those years of struggle had led her back here. She had returned.

"Shameless," Stella muttered under her breath, refusing to give her any face, and turned away, following Lauren.

Angela's chest rose and fell, but she held herself steady.

Trey, wary that she might lose control, immediately took her hand.

He hadn't expected her to defy his plan and skip her trip abroad. Instead, she had chosen to come back and make a scene here. The tenderness and guilt he had once felt toward her now twisted into caution, into a careful watchfulness.

Perhaps her past gentleness had been a performance. He had met her with sincerity, while she had planned from the beginning to ensnare him.

Now, with Pete in the picture, he bore a responsibility toward her, but he also had to make sure she didn't spiral out of control. (19)

"Let's talk," Arthur said, his voice edged with fatigue. He cast a brief glance at Angela, then turned toward the study.

Angela's return was a storm waiting to happen.

Her previous defamation case against Khloe was already under review. Angela could not escape responsibility and would have to rely on the Fox family to settle financially.

Meanwhile, Arthur's instructions were strict: she must not appear publicly, and her relationship with Trey could not be revealed. Only the Fox family could know.

A contract was quickly drawn up for Angela to sign. Before the company's IPO, she had to cooperate fully with Trey and the family, preserving their image. Any violation would mean she forfeited her claim to the Fox estate and Pete's custody, along with heavy financial penalties.

Chapter 193

+25 Bonus

Angela, prepared as always, added a clause of her own: once the Fox Group went public, her marriage to Trey must be made public.

Arthur, wanting to keep her in check, still had her sign.

To monitor her, she was to reside in the Fox estate, not with Trey. The reasoning was simple: he was still, at least nominally, Khloe's husband. If Khloe returned home, it would be complicated to explain.

Angela didn't protest. Pete had been brought back, and staff were on hand to care for him. She needed only to be served and looked after.

That night, she settled in.

Arthur had arranged for her to occupy the large master bedroom opposite Stella's, sharing it with Trey.

Stella could hardly contain her fury.

But Arthur, sequestered in his study, didn't intervene. Stella had no choice but to vent to Lauren.

She couldn't escape Angela now. The woman was living under her eyes, with a child. How was she supposed to endure this?

"If I had known, I would never have let Khloe leave..."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 194

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 194 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 194

Chapter 194

Stella's thoughts drifted, as they always did, to Khloe.

No matter how irritating Khloe could be, she was still far better than that scheming, shameless woman, Angela.

“Even if Khloe didn’t leave, nothing would’ve changed. Trey and Angela are already married.”

Lauren leaned back against the headboard, having just swallowed a calming pill, taking a few slow, deep breaths.

She couldn’t make sense of it. Holding her late husband’s will in her hands was like gripping a knife at her own chest.

The Fox family’s vast fortune—decades of toil, sweat, and heart—could it really be squandered in Trey’s hands?

“Then do we just... accept Angela?” Stella’s voice carried her disbelief.

“She has a child now. If she behaves, helps Trey... what choice do we have? My worry isn’t even that part. It’s the aftermath... Khloe can’t hide forever. How can she divorce if there’s no marriage to prove it? And if she doesn’t, how will Angela handle it?”

Lauren’s eyes dimmed slightly. She was half-buried in age, already feeling removed from the unfolding world. As long as the Fox lineage continued, who Trey’s wife was mattered little.

“Khloe can’t stir up any trouble. Worst-case scenario...” Stella’s voice dropped, hesitant. “If she can’t divorce... then she’s out of the way.”

The plan was simple. First, coax Khloe back. After the company IPO, engineer a little accident—make her vanish. Over time, Angela and Trey’s relationship could be revealed naturally. Pete was already Trey’s adopted son; everything else would follow.

And Khloe... she would just have to consider herself unlucky.

It was the simplest, most direct solution. Yet it was also the only way Lauren could reconcile it in her heart.

She said nothing, only cradled her steaming cup of tea and let out a long, quiet sigh.

That weekend, evening had settled over the Morrison family estate. In the rear garden, servants moved busily, arranging tables for an outdoor banquet, stacking champagne towers and assorted pastries.

Tonight, Clarice hosted a family dinner. She had invited the Hunt family and a few business magnates she knew well.

Oscar and Michael arrived early. Seeing Ethan inside, speaking with Clarice, they approached with polite greetings.

Clarice looked radiant, even for mid-September's lingering chill. A fur shawl was draped over her shoulders, but it seemed to accentuate her poise rather than weigh her down.

After some casual banter, Clarice gave Ethan a subtle look. Michael, noticing his father's expression, quickly found an excuse to leave.

Left alone, Oscar smiled at Clarice. "Clarice, did you want to speak with me?"

She returned the smile, pouring champagne for him.

"Oscar, we're family. We should see each other more. Since Niel's gone, you haven't come by at all."

1/2

Chapter 194

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"Ah, just been busy," Oscar replied, taking a small sip.

"You have to take care of yourself. I hear you haven't visited the Morrison Group in a long time. Are you really leaving a company you've spent over a decade managing entirely to the younger generation?"

"Leaving it isn't the problem. I just worry they'll push me out," she said lightly, a smile that barely moved her

eyes.

"Not at all. Khloe's still immature. The company's in better hands with you there." Oscar's words were always pleasant, comforting.

Yet Clarice knew better. The smoother his tone, the deeper his intent.

Once, she had believed he stayed away from the Morrison Group and the estate because he was content, unambitious—a straightforward, earnest family man tending his own patch of land.

But ever since Niel passed, she realized she had been mistaken.

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 195

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 195 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 195

Chapter 195

+25 Bonus

Chapter 195

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her.

By all rights, an illegitimate daughter inheriting all of Niel's legacy should have prompted Oscar, as the elder other, to consider the needs of Niel's wife and adopted son.

But Oscar turned and walked so closely with Khloe, even supporting her with his son in public. It was clear: he wasn't giving Clarice any face.

Oscar, I don't think I've done anything to offend you," Clarice said, her voice calm but sharp. "Is it just because I'm not a Morrison, while Ethan isn't blood of your Morrison family either?"

He raised an eyebrow and held his gentle gaze, no longer beating around the bush.

"You... you're speaking in a way I don't understand," Oscar said quickly, lowering his glass. "If this is about Khloe's marriage, I was only following my dad's wishes. I never meant to go against you."

He had avoided Clarice for some time, wary of her sharp mind and long memory. She held grudges, and he could

not afford her ire.

"You know I could never give up the Morrison Group," Clarice said. "Niel and I endured countless hardships together. All I've done for the company-he might forget, but everyone else remembers. To simply hand it over to an illegitimate daughter... do you think that's fair to me?"

Clarice's eyes glistened with emotion. Her voice wavered in the last sentences, and she looked down to wipe at the tears threatening to fall.

Oscar hated this—the power of a woman's tears.

"I've long since stopped interfering with the company. I can't control it. But believe me, I would never target you. Khloe is related to me by blood, that's true, but you're just as much my family as she is."

Clarice lowered her head, her voice soft. "Then why... why didn't you tell me about the marriage?"

Oscar hesitated for only a moment before answering. "Dad asked me not to speak of it. I didn't know Khloe well then. The marriage... it wasn't something to be revealed lightly."

Clarice remained silent. She was testing him. He had been closest to her father-in-law, and after Niel's illness left him infertile, she had no children of her own.

The late patriarch had been wary of her from the start. Now Khloe had returned while he was abroad. Clarice felt

uneasy.

If it were just Khloe, that might have been manageable. But if both the patriarch and Oscar favored the girl... she would have no way forward.

Oscar... you're the one I trust most in this family. After Niel left, my only anchor is the Morrison Group. If Dad really can't accept me here, just tell me..."

Her voice broke mid-sentence, and tears rolled down. Oscar had no choice but to reach out, offering comfort.

"I promise," he said repeatedly. "Dad isn't against you. Before Niel passed, he asked me to take care of you. As long as you don't want to leave the Morrison Group, no one will ever be able to force you out."

Clarice lifted her head, eyes red but relieved. "If, in the future, you would have to pick between Khloe and I in the

1/2

Chapter 195

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Chapter 195

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1/2

Chapter 195

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company... you would support me?”

He exhaled slowly. “I... I can’t say for certain. But if that day comes, I won’t favor Khloe. I will judge only by the company’s needs.”

“That’s all I need to hear,” she said, finally satisfied. Her tears stilled, and she began chatting with him as if nothing had happened.

In mere minutes, the distance Khloe had created between them seemed to dissolve completely.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Michael was busy attending to guests when his gaze met Winnie.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 196

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 196 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 196

Chapter 196

Winnie had come with her family, the Olsons. Veronica was there too.

“Hello, Mr. Olson,” Michael greeted, leading the couple toward a seating area off to the side.

Veronica smiled politely as she followed, then glanced back at Winnie, who trailed silently behind them. “Hey, aren’t you going to say hi to your old friend?”

The onlookers didn’t know the history between Winnie and Michael, but she did. She knew it too well.

When they were kids, Michael used to run over to their house constantly, always trying to play with Winnie. As they grew up, he followed her from school to school, from place to place. Anyone with eyes could see it: Michael was madly in love with her, utterly obsessed.

And Winnie-she had a talent for tormenting him. For over a decade, she had turned the polished young master of the Morrison family into a man whipped like a dog.

She’d go out, and Michael would drive. She’d go to drinking parties, and Michael would drink until his stomach bled. Trouble at school? Michael would take the hits. Even her romantic relationships-Michael was the shield, the buffer.

The Olsons, and even Oscar, were fully aware of this tangled mess. But Winnie was adopted, and the Olson family owed her. She was naturally rebellious, and Michael had chosen, willingly, to be her doormat. No one could intervene.

The entanglement finally ended two years ago.

Winnie’s ex-boyfriend got drunk at a nightclub and started a fight. Michael intervened to protect them both-he broke two ribs and almost became paralyzed. And yet, Winnie ran off with her ex.

Oscar was furious. Michael was useless, and he nearly disowned him.

Since then, Michael had purged himself of any romantic folly. He buried himself in work and no longer greeted Winnie, acting as if they were strangers.

But some people are perverse when they lose something. Winnie, having given up on love, began chasing Michael.

Veronica hated her with a passion. And as luck would have it, she witnessed a scene: Winnie blocking Michael's car, demanding time to explain herself. But Michael showed no mercy and drove away.

That incident gave Veronica years of ammunition to mock Winnie. Her friends all knew- Winnie was reckless and shameless.

Whenever Michael appeared, Veronica would find some way to needle Winnie.

"You a dog? All you do is bark all day." Winnie, already in a foul mood, didn't hold back.

"You..." Before Veronica could respond, Winnie stormed off

Seeing a servant carrying juice nearby, Veronica seized a cup and flung it. It hit Winnie squarely.

Winnie froze in the middle of the path. Her body shuddered as the sticky red liquid ran down her face and through her long hair. Most of the guests had arrived by now, and several watched in stunned silence.

She wore a white camisole dress, now ruined.

"Oh my... I'm so sorry, Winnie. Maybe you should go change. Or go back for a moment? People might make fun of

1/2

Chapter 196

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you again, or even call you crazy.

Veronica crouched slightly, pretending to be sympathetic.

A servant rushed over to help, but Winnie pushed them aside. She raised her hand and slapped Veronica across the face.

The sound rang sharply, drawing immediate attention.

The Olson couple, hearing the commotion, hurried back.

Mr. Olson's eyes immediately landed on the scene: Winnie, covered in mess, and Veronica clutching her face, tears streaming.

"Dad! I... I accidentally spilled a drink... and Winnie hit me!"

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 197

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 197 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 197

Chapter 197

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Veronica threw herself into her father's arms, and her mother hurried over to hug her as well. Both of them glanced at Winnie, sensing the tension between the two girls, yet their hearts ached more for their own daughter.

Winnie had always been difficult. Cold, stubborn, impossible to manage. If it weren't for the family's debt of gratitude and the trust fund they'd placed under her care, they wouldn't have indulged such an unruly, arrogant young lady.

"Winnie! You embarrass yourself enough as it is-how can you act like this in front of everyone?" Her father's voice was low but sharp, a mix of anger and exasperation. "Apologize to Veronica immediately, then go back inside and reflect on your behavior!"

"Apologize? For what? She threw juice at me. Shouldn't she be apologizing? And if you're going to favor your biological daughter this much, you shouldn't have adopted me in the first place. That way, at least no one would look ridiculous."

Winnie spoke calmly, taking the towel from the servant and brushing juice off her face and clothes as if no one else existed. She ignored the stares, the whispers, and took a step

toward the exit. After all, they had forced her to attend this event; if they wanted her to leave now, she was more than willing.

But her father's pride wouldn't allow it. Her words struck him like a slap to the face.

"Ungrateful girl! You will apologize to Veronica right now, or you won't leave!"

Before she could even react, her father grabbed her and pulled her toward Veronica.

Winnie only laughed. "I'm not apologizing. What are you going to do about it?"

Her father's hand shot up in anger, and Winnie tilted her chin even higher, as if daring him to strike.

Michael, standing just behind her parents, felt his chest tighten. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could, a figure moved faster.

"Mr. Olson, please don't!"

It was Khloe. Her voice reached him clearly.

He looked up to see her step between Winnie and her father, gently pulling Winnie back. With Khloe were Nick,

Loretta and Leon.

Khloe had only just arrived, but she immediately noticed the commotion-Winnie and Veronica in the middle of it.

She remembered how Winnie had once helped her at a charity gala. From that, Khloe could tell Winnie wasn't inherently cruel-just outwardly stubborn and cold. Veronica, by contrast, was the kind of pampered heiress who could be deliberately cruel.

"Khloe..." Mr. Olson's anger softened immediately at the sight of her. "It's not that I want to ruin the atmosphere,

but Winnie is so difficult... I-"

"I understand," Khloe interrupted gently, a faint smile on her lips. "Every family has its troubles. Winnie certainly has her own personality, and yes, she can be impulsive. But look at her now-someone threw juice at her, and she's being scolded. How could she be in the mood to speak reasonably?"

Her voice was calm, diplomatic, yet carried a quiet authority. She then glanced at Veronica, whose red handprint across her cheek was unmistakable.

1/2

Chapter 127

+25 Bonus

Huddled in her mother's arms, Veronica's expression shifted from victim to fury. "Khloe, this is none of your business! Even if I threw juice at Winnie, she hit me first. She's the one at fault!"

Winnie, noticing Michael's gaze fall on her, pulled free from Khloe's hold. "This isn't your concern. You don't need to defend me."

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 198

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 198 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 198

Chapter 198

Khloe didn't react. Winnie had always been like this. She could tell that Winnie's expression had shifted the moment Michael appeared. Winnie cared deeply about him-so seeing herself in this state under his gaze must have stung.

"I'm not speaking for you," Khloe said softly, "but today is my dinner, and as the host, it's my responsibility to mediate."

With that, she stepped in front of Winnie, gently shielding her.

"Winnie, can you give me a little face and let me help you change into something dry?" Khloe's calm, gentle tone left Winnie with little room to argue. She nodded slightly, eager to get out of the crowd.

With Khloe taking charge, Mr. and Mrs. Olson naturally held their tongues. But Veronica was relentless.

"She slapped me and just walks away? What am I supposed to do about the humiliation? Khloe, don't you think siding with Winnie like this is bullying?" Her voice trembled, the words coming through tears, while a crowd had gathered around to watch.

From the onlookers' perspective, the one who'd been slapped seemed weaker. No one had seen Veronica pour juice on Winnie earlier, but everyone had witnessed Winnie arguing back with her father. Veronica was seizing the moment, trying to make Winnie look bad, and by extension, Khloe.

Seeing Veronica turning her frustration on Khloe, Khloe's calmness drew another figure in-Nick.

The instant he stepped forward, Veronica's eyes lit up with hope-but just as quickly, her expression sank, her eyebrows knitting into a pitiful line. How could Nick have shown up just as Khloe arrived? She had come today precisely because she'd heard his family would be there, hoping to see him...

"You were hit, she was splashed. Isn't that even? How is that bullying?" Nick's voice was cool, measured, and it ran straight through Veronica, sending a shiver down her spine.

Seeing Nick and the Hunt family step in, the crowd instinctively parted. The Olson parents' authority seemed to evaporate. Veronica's mother gently pulled her daughter back.

"All right, Veronica. Winnie is still your sister. A little clash is normal-you understand, don't you?"

Veronica opened her mouth, still wanting to protest-but her gaze fell on Nick, sharp as a hawk, and she faltered. Her anger and pride froze into silence.

"So this is how you handle your daughters? No fairness, only emotion. And today is the Morrison family dinner. As a guest, creating such a scene-it's rather disrespectful."

Veronica stayed quiet, but Nick's eyes didn't leave Mr. Olson. The man's face paled; he hadn't expected an outsider to intervene in his household affairs.

Everyone around was surprised. Nick was well-known in business circles for his cold, detached temperament. He had no friends and no enemies in the market-he never took sides, let alone defended a woman.

His words carried weight like a decree. Anyone he opposed would struggle, no matter their wealth or influence. And now, for the first time, he was protecting someone else.

"Sorry, Nick," Mr. Olson said quickly. "I got carried away and neglected the issues between my daughters. This is entirely my fault."

Nick didn't respond. He walked to Khloe's side and leaned in to whisper something quietly. Then he summoned

Chapter 198

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his people to escort Khloe and Winnie to the car so she could change.

Loretta joined in, accompanying Khloe with ease. She had prepared two sets of dresses for this exact possibility, and now they were needed.

Watching the Hunt family escort Winnie away, Veronica and her parents drained of color, realizing the balance of power had shifted completely.

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 199

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 199 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 199

Chapter 199

It wasn't until Winnie and the Hunt family had left that Veronica finally stomped her foot in frustration. "Why would Nick... side with Winnie?"

A bystander, someone who knew the situation, leaned over and whispered, "You don't know? Nick and Khloe are engaged. So when Khloe speaks up for Winnie, Nick is just protecting her."

The engagement between Khloe and Nick had been kept almost entirely secret. Even the engagement party was private-only close family and a handful of prominent business figures were invited. Most people, especially those at a distance, had no idea. The bystander had only caught wind of it through whispers before the dinner began.

After all, while the Morrison family might be the richest in the city, they weren't exactly connected to the Hunt conglomerate. Why would the two families suddenly have dinner together?

Naturally, the Olson family had no clue. Their dealings had mostly been through Clarice, and they'd barely met Niel in person. After Khloe entered the Morrison family, Clarice's interactions with them had dwindled even further. It made sense that the Olson family hadn't heard anything.

When Veronica heard the truth, it felt as though someone had ripped her soul out. Her legs nearly gave way.” Khloe... He’s engaged to Khloe...?”

Her chest ached, shattered into pieces.

She had secretly loved Nick for so long. Even if they weren’t together, he should be with someone suitable... someone like Michelle Keller, from a prestigious, refined family. Not someone like Khloe-arrogant, shameless, a mere illegitimate daughter.

Her mother quickly steadied her, whispering softly, “Honey, don’t be too upset. Maybe it’s just fate. You can’t force what’s not meant for you.”

She understood her daughter. Ever since Veronica had met Nick, no one else could measure up. And now that he was truly engaged, it was time for her to let go.

Meanwhile, Khloe helped Winnie onto a van to change into a pale blue strapless mermaid gown.

Their figures were similar, though Winnie was slightly shorter, more delicate, and Khloe’s slenderness made the gown fit her perfectly.

“There. You look even more stunning.” Khloe carefully wiped Winnie’s hair with a wet wipe and handed her a compact for touch-ups.

“Thank you,” Winnie said quietly, looking down at the dress. “I’ll wash it and return it to you later. And for what you did for me today... I’ll repay it someday.”

Khloe smiled. “Don’t be so formal. You’re friends with Michael. And you helped me out at the charity dinner last

time. We’re even.”

“I’m not friends with Michael,” Winnie said. “I only intervened last time because I couldn’t stand Veronica, not because I was helping you.”

She cleared her throat, careful not to let Khloe misunderstand.

“And... from now on, don’t speak up for me in front of others. Anyone who drags my name into their affairs won’t

1/2

Chapter ips

+25 Bonus

end well.”

“Why?” Khloe asked, curious.

Winnie looked distant, almost cold, but her words betrayed a sensitivity beneath the surface. “That’s not something you need to know.”

With that, she opened the van door and stepped out. She saw Loretta still waiting nearby. She didn’t walk with Khloe-she left on her own.

Loretta watched her go, slightly puzzled. Khloe had helped her, but Winnie didn’t seem to acknowledge it.

“This girl... she doesn’t seem very easy to get along with,” she muttered.

“Maybe it’s just a protective shield,” Khloe replied thoughtfully. “I think she’s actually quite interesting.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 200

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 200 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 200

Chapter 200

Khloe linked arms with Loretta, a little embarrassed. “But, um... I lent out the dress you bought me. I hope you’re not mad?”

Loretta’s face lit up with a broad smile. “Mad? Why would I be mad? I bought it for you, didn’t I? If it makes you happy, it can be hers. Anything for my darling Khloe!”

Every time Khloe spoke, Loretta lit up with joy. How had her granddaughter-in-law turned out to be so gentle and kind?

When Khloe returned to the open-air dining area, she saw Nick standing off to the side, speaking with someone. Not just anyone-his father, George.

“Nick’s father is here too?” Khloe asked, a hint of surprise in her voice.

He hadn’t attended their engagement before, claiming he was tied up with work abroad. Now, Nick ran the family business, while George, as honorary director, mostly appeared

at social functions. But he was never idle; even amidst his side ventures, his mind always lingered on the Hunt family empire, watching its every move.

“Yes,” Loretta replied, smiling as she took Khloe’s hand and led her forward. “Last time, you got married in a rush, and he couldn’t get away. But the Morrison family sent the invitation in advance. He specifically came back just to see his daughter-in-law.”

Seeing Khloe, the tension in Nick’s brow eased immediately. He quickly approached her and took her hand.

Khloe looked down, shy, and greeted his father politely. “Mr. Hunt...”

“Mr. Hunt?” Nick murmured softly by her ear, low enough that only she could hear.

Khloe froze for a heartbeat. “...Dad.”

The sudden familiarity softened George’s stern expression. The tightness in his face eased, and a small smile crept onto his lips.

“Khloe, it’s nice to finally meet you.”

He studied her carefully. She was even more composed and lovely in person than on video. Charming in a way that immediately drew the eye. His son was lucky—he’d brought home a true beauty.

From his pocket, George produced a cold, metallic set of keys. “I didn’t have time to prepare much. This is a limited edition, custom-made car. Consider it a little ‘welcome to the family’ gift.”

A Rolls-Royce emblem gleamed on the key fob. Casual words for a gift worth nearly a million.

“Thank you, Dad, but you really don’t have to—” Khloe started, glancing at Nick.

The Hunt family never gave anything halfheartedly; the value of each gift reflected their care, subtle yet undeniable.

It surprised her. She’d always assumed that the wealthy were petty, critical of their wives. Perhaps it had just been her experience with the Fox family that shaped that idea. Clearly, the truly powerful had a different presence entirely—not petty schemers, but people with an almost natural grandeur.

Before she could finish speaking, Nick had already taken the keys from her, murmuring a quiet “thank you” on her behalf, tucking them carefully into her clutch.

Watching his son, George felt a flash of recognition. He had long thought of Nick as a distant, hard-to-reach child

1/2

Chapter 200

+25 Bonus

-someone who had required strict discipline to mold. Even now, Nick managed the Hunt family business with remarkable skill, but in George's eyes, Nick had always needed guidance.

Yet now, seeing Nick with a wife, with a family of his own, he realized Nick had already grown.

2/2