

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 211

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 211 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 211

+25 Bonus

Chapter 211

Nick's dark eyes locked onto George, the sheer intensity in them far surpassing anything the elder could have anticipated.

"What did you say?" George froze, anger quickly flashing across his face.

Although Nick had never been particularly close to him growing up, he had always shown respect to his elders. Even during major disagreements, he would never openly contradict him in front of others-especially not in front of a mere daughter-in-law.

"Nick, don't..." Khloe's voice trembled slightly. She didn't want him clashing with his father, but seeing the furrow between his brows, she felt a pang in her chest.

"I'll handle my own matters. You needn't worry. It's late; Khloe and I will leave first."

With that, Nick didn't spare another glance at George. He took Khloe's hand and walked out.

"Nick!"

George's sharp shout went unanswered. Nick continued without pause, holding Khloe securely against him. She wanted to look back but found herself pressed firmly against his chest.

Loretta quickly gestured to Arista, who gently guided George's arm.

"Oh, George, it's just the children's business. You've said your piece-no need to be so stubborn."

"This is outrageous! You think marrying gives him wings to do as he pleases? I swear, Khloe is nothing but a disaster!"

George's anger toward Nick boiled over, spilling onto Khloe. He yanked free from Arista's arm and stomped back toward the study, leaving the young couple behind.

As Nick led her out of the Hunt family villa, Khloe couldn't help but worry. "Nick, your father cares about you too. Isn't it rude for us to just leave like this?"

"He doesn't care about me. He doesn't care about my feelings-only about what he's convinced himself is right. Don't mind his opinion. In this family, you just need to get along with Grandpa and Grandma."

His voice was calm, but Khloe could hear the faint trace of loneliness beneath it. She gently patted his shoulder in response.

On the way home, Khloe called Loretta to apologize on behalf of both herself and Nick.

Loretta reassured her, saying George simply had a blunt temperament and often spoke harshly first; he didn't truly hold any grudges.

Once home, Nick seemed to finally let down the tension he had carried all evening.

He had barely eaten at the banquet; seeing Clarice harass Khloe had left him with no appetite. Now, though it was late, he was hungry.

Before he could speak, Khloe, like a mischievous little spirit attuned to him, had already changed into comfortable clothes and gone to the kitchen.

1/2

Chapter 20

+25 Bonus

"Hungry, right? I'll make you some noodles. Don't underestimate this-it's just a bowl of noodles, but mine are really good. Better than anything at the Morrison family banquet."

Her playful teasing lightened the tense air.

Nick stepped up behind her, his strong arms sliding around her waist.

He didn't speak; the heat of his breath made her shiver slightly.

"Don't tease me. Go shower first; it'll be ready soon."

"Khloe... you'll stay with me forever, right? You won't leave me again?"

Khloe stiffened slightly, surprised by his sudden question.

“What kind of question is that? We’re married. If I don’t stay with you forever... what choice would I have?”

Her mock exasperation carried warmth and indulgence.

Nick’s heart softened. He rested his head in the hollow of her neck and whispered, “Good.”

Cooking noodles with Nick wrapped around her wasn’t easy, and Khloe had intended to push his arms away- but hearing his words, she let him stay.

Nick’s inner thoughts were so different from his imposing exterior. He, too, must have grown up without a sense of security, just like her.

Her husband still needed her care, even now.

Together, they shared a large bowl of soup noodles with vegetables and shredded meat.

The ingredients were simple, but Khloe’s cooking was excellent-light yet flavorful. Nick drank every last drop

of the broth.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 212**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 212 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 212**

Chapter 212

+25 Bonus

The night was deep as ink. The lights inside their home were out, and through the narrow gap in the floor-to- ceiling curtains, scattered city lights spilled softly into the room.

Khloe lay on the bed, still wide awake, when she felt a weight settle behind her. Nick’s clean, cool scent enveloped her as he wrapped his arms around her from behind.

“Can’t sleep?”

She didn’t turn around, speaking quietly instead.

When she'd gone to shower earlier, Nick had already returned to the guest room. Seeing the lights off just now, she'd assumed he'd gone to bed.

"Mmm. I want to sleep holding you."

His voice was low and lazy. Though his tone was steady as ever, Khloe somehow caught a hint of indulgent clinginess in it.

The corners of her lips curved upward. "Nick, thank you for standing up for me today-and for speaking to your father like that because of me. I know that wasn't easy for you."

He fell silent for a moment, then tightened his arms, pulling her more firmly into his embrace.

"You don't need to thank me."

There was a faint, almost imperceptible rasp in his voice. "But today... my heart really wasn't at ease."

"Because of me?"

Her heart sank slightly. Was he still bothered after all?

"Thinking about how you were bullied, and I wasn't there with you..." He seemed to search for the right words, pausing briefly. "...it just makes me uncomfortable. I wish I could erase that time from your life- or that I'd met you sooner."

"That's all in the past," Khloe said softly, warmed straight to her heart by his words. She turned, her nose brushing lightly against his chin, her breath gentle. "I have you now."

"Being in the past doesn't mean it never happened." His voice grew deeper, carrying a restrained heaviness. "My heart aches for you."

He spoke the last words slowly, deliberately, each one weighted.

Khloe's chest filled with a bittersweet, burning warmth. She had never imagined that after hearing her past, Nick's only response would be pain for her-without the slightest trace of judgment or reservation.

Her eyes grew warm. Unable to resist, she leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to the beautifully curved corner of his lips.

"It's really over," she whispered. "Maybe those bad experiences were just so I could cherish what I have now... cherish you."

## Chapter 212

+25 Bonus

Nick looked down at her, deep emotions churning in his eyes. He lowered his head, brushing his nose against hers.

“That’s not enough.”

His voice was hoarse, tinged with an indescribable stubbornness. “Just cherishing isn’t enough. I want to make up-double-for everything you lacked in the past.”

His warm palm cupped her cheek, his thumb brushing lightly over the dampness at the corner of her eye, as if trying to wipe away every lingering shadow in her heart.

Khloe lifted her chin, and Nick’s kiss fell naturally onto hers.

Unlike his earlier gentleness, this kiss carried an almost reverent possessiveness-yet he restrained his strength carefully, afraid of hurting her. It was no longer a fleeting touch, but a deep, lingering kiss that claimed her breath.

Khloe felt slightly light-headed, her mind blank. She could only respond instinctively, fingers unconsciously clutching the fabric at his chest.

After a long while, Nick finally pulled back a little, his forehead still resting against hers, his breathing heavier.

“If it hurts, say it. If you’re uncomfortable, say it. From now on, you’re not alone. You don’t have to force yourself to endure anything.”

“Khloe,” he said, taking her hand and pressing it to his left chest. Beneath her palm, his steady, powerful heartbeat thudded again and again. “I want you to treat this as your greatest source of strength.”

P

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 213**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 213 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 213**

## Chapter 213

“Nick...” Khloe felt herself completely undone. She didn’t know how to respond, so she simply pressed herself closer to his face and closed her eyes.

She had never wanted to get involved in love again-but Nick was different. He was too good, too perfect, too impossibly himself. Good enough that she couldn’t rein in her heart. Even if it meant being hurt in the future, she only wanted to surrender fully and without reservation.

The next morning, just as the sky was lightening, Khloe was awakened by Nick’s kiss.

Opening her eyes, she saw him already dressed, sitting at the edge of the bed, his arm around hers. “Get up. I’m taking you somewhere today.”

“Where?” Khloe glanced at the clock on the nightstand. It was still early-only six-thirty. She tilted her head to look at him, and in the soft morning light, the usual sharpness of his features seemed somehow softened.

“To see my mother,” Nick said quietly.

Khloe froze. She knew his mother had passed away long ago. That loss was a wound he carried deep in his heart. For him to suddenly say he wanted to bring her here... the meaning was unmistakable.

Without hesitation, she nodded. “Okay.”

Before leaving, Khloe arranged a bouquet of flowers. She asked Nick about his mother’s preferences, wanting to prepare something more, but he simply held her hand. “You don’t need to prepare anything else. Just seeing you will make her happy.”

An hour later, Nick’s car arrived at a quiet cemetery in the suburbs.

He spoke little along the way, holding her hand tightly. Khloe could feel it-the closer they got to the destination, the more he restrained his usual cold, commanding presence, and the rarer, fragile loneliness shone through. She said nothing, simply accompanying him silently.

At the grave, Nick placed the flowers and half-knelt, brushing away the thin layer of dust on the headstone. The cemetery was silent, the morning mist not yet fully lifted. He moved carefully, as if afraid of disturbing the eternal rest of the one beneath.

Khloe stood a step behind him, her chest tightening with an ache she couldn’t name. Here, she saw Nick not as the powerful, feared man of the business world, but as a child who had finally let his guard down, revealing his vulnerability.

His mother had been frail, and she had died from complications caused by giving birth to him. Nick had never known her, yet even in childhood, he carried the heavy shadow of her death as his own burden. –

When Loretta had spoken about this, she had been subtle, but Khloe had understood: the strained relationship between Nick and his father, George, stemmed from his mother's passing. George had never wanted his wife to risk her life to bear a child, and after her death, he had even tried to avoid seeing Nick. Young Nick had grown almost entirely in isolation.

Khloe could not imagine what it must have been like for a small child to process the kind of hurt and blame powerful enough to consume him. Her heart ached uncontrollably.

1/2

Chapter 213

+25 Bonus

She looked at the tombstone. The photo depicted a gentle, beautiful woman, her features faintly reminiscent of Nick, her smile soft and warm.

Nick gazed at the photograph for a long time before finally speaking, his voice huskier than usual, as if whispering to his mother-or perhaps introducing her to Khloe.

“Mom, I brought someone to see you.”

He turned slightly, holding out his hand to her.

Khloe placed her hand in his cool palm. His grip was firm, as if drawing strength from her.

“She's Khloe,” he said, his voice steady now, carrying the weight of a solemn entrustment. “She's my wife.”

Khloe knelt lightly on the grass beside him, ignoring the dew that might dampen her clothes.

“Hello, Mom. I'm Khloe,” she said softly, her voice full of sincerity. “Don't worry. I'll stay by Nick's side and take good care of him.”

2/2

Chapter 214

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 214

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 214 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 214

Chapter 214

“Thank you, too... for giving birth to such a wonderful, exceptional son.”

The words seemed to pierce straight to the deepest part of Nick's heart.

His hand gripped hers so tightly that his knuckles whitened. From as far back as he could remember, every mention of his mother had always been tinged with sorrow and regret. His very existence had seemed to steal her life, to rob his father of happiness.

Nick had once been consumed by the despairing thought that he should never have been born. Night after night, that thought gnawed at him like a relentless worm, burrowing deep into his soul.

But now... Khloe was saying thank you. Not pity, not regret-but gratitude. Gratitude for the woman who had given him life, and gratitude for his very being.

Her words struck like an unexpected ray of light, illuminating a barren stretch of his heart that had never known warmth. That self-loathing, etched into his very bones, was violently shaken.

He lowered his head, his eyes already glistening with moisture.

Khloe felt his body tremble slightly, the grip of his hand sending a near-spasmodic wave of pressure through her own. She knew he must be weathering an internal storm, so she wrapped her other arm around his shoulders, letting his lowered forehead rest against the side of her neck.

For a long time, they stayed like that. The sun rose fully, piercing the clouds, and its warm light poured over them, bringing a gentle, quiet heat.

“Do you think she regretted it?” Nick's words were half-question, half-murmur, but Khloe understood the weight behind them.

“Never,” she said, swallowing the ache in her chest, her voice firm and unwavering.

“Your mother loved you more than anything, so she made her choice. Her greatest wish was always for your safety, your health, your happiness... for you to become someone truly remarkable. You are the pride of her life.”

Nick’s shoulders shuddered again.

He had never heard words like that. His father’s coldness, the pity of others—all had nailed him to the cross of his so-called “original sin.” Yet Khloe, with something so simple and pure, had lifted him off it.

He leaned in her embrace for a little longer before slowly raising his head. “Khloe... let’s go back.”

At the Morrison Group, around noon.

Khloe had just finished handling the day’s routine tasks and was heading downstairs for lunch when she spotted Charlotte exiting the elevator, head bowed, lost in thought.

“Charlotte?”

Charlotte had taken the morning off. Khloe knew about the difficulties in her family and trusted that Charlotte would never let personal matters interfere with work. She had therefore approved a full day of paid leave for her. But now, only half a day had passed, and here she was back at work.

1/2

Chapter 24

“Khloe!” Charlotte seemed startled, her eyes darting briefly at Khloe.

“You took the morning off, didn’t you? Everything settled?” Khloe asked, concerned.

+25 Bonus

Charlotte nodded, looking a little dazed. “It’s all handled... nothing too serious. I didn’t mean to worry you.”

“It’s fine. Things haven’t been too busy at the company lately. If anything comes up, you just tell me.” Khloe smiled warmly and patted Charlotte on the shoulder.

Charlotte had been the first subordinate Khloe had personally mentored at Fox Group. Though the youngest in the department, she worked the hardest. Smart and quick to understand, she grasped everything almost instantly. Khloe had always taken a special interest in her development. Beyond work, Charlotte shared some striking similarities with Khloe herself, and the two got along like true sisters.

“Okay...” Charlotte replied softly.

At that moment, the elevator chimed, and the doors opened. Stepping out was Ethan.

Their eyes met instantly. When he noticed Charlotte standing nearby as well, his brows arched slightly.

D

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 215**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 215 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 215**

Chapter 215

“What a coincidence.”

Seeing Ethan, Khloe instinctively drew Charlotte slightly behind her. “Ethan, why are you coming in so late today?”

Normally, Ethan was like a live wire-always in the office before anyone else showed up. Khloe prided herself on being a workaholic, yet even she had to admit she wasn’t on his level.

“Can’t help it... had to play hero and save a damsel.” Ethan’s words carried an ambiguous tone, a faint smile dancing in his eyes.

He glanced at Charlotte, head bowed, standing behind Khloe, but Charlotte didn’t look at him, keeping her gaze lowered. His eyes passed over her quickly.

“Looks like you had a little adventure last night,” Khloe said, puzzled by his remark.

She had no idea what he meant, though she remembered Oscar mentioning that Ethan’s personal life was rather ... chaotic. Women came and went quickly, with no style left untried.

And right now, Ethan was disheveled-just an open-collared shirt, no tie, no jacket. He looked exactly like someone who had just staggered out of a nightclub after an all-night party.

“If I want an adventure, I might have to pick up some tips from you, Khloe,” he said, his glance flicking deliberately at Charlotte.

Khloe furrowed her brows, confused. “Pick up tips... from me?”

“Khloe, are you heading to lunch now?” Charlotte suddenly grabbed Khloe’s arm, as if startled.

Khloe noticed Charlotte’s complexion-it was deathly pale.

“Charlotte, you don’t look well. Are you feeling okay?”

Ethan snorted and, not waiting for Charlotte to fumble for an answer, said, “I’ve got something else to take care of, so I’ll be leaving first.”

“Oh, right.”

He had only taken a couple of steps before glancing back. His eyes met Charlotte’s, and she quickly looked away. Ethan, however, smiled brazenly,

“The Kellers’ project is signed-quarterly key project. There’s a dinner tonight with their executives. Khloe, you absolutely must attend.”

Without waiting for her reply, he turned and left.

Because of Michelle, Khloe had initially planned to avoid any involvement with the Keller family project. But the project was high-level and specialized, and her team was the company’s top group for that type of data.

In the morning meeting at Morrison Group, the client specifically requested Khloe’s team. Professionally, she

couldn’t refuse.

1/2

Chapter 215

+25 Bonus

Personally, though, Khloe wanted to minimize any contact with Michelle.

“Khloe... are you really going to handle the Kellers’ project? Can’t you decline?” Charlotte asked as Ethan walked

away.

Khloe's voice carried a trace of helplessness. "I can't refuse. The project is too high-profile, and they

specifically requested us. Professionally, I have no reason to say no, and Morrison Group wouldn't cancel such a prime downstream partnership."

Seeing Charlotte's concern, Khloe softened her tone. "Don't worry. I'll avoid private interactions with Michelle as much as possible. I won't give her an opening."

"But I just feel... that Michelle won't be that easy to handle."

"We can't avoid her completely. I can't sidestep every time."

Charlotte's face remained worried. "In that case, for the dinner tonight... I'll go with you."

"Okay." Khloe nodded.

That afternoon, at the Fox family estate.

Stella had just woken from her nap and summoned a servant to fetch the nutritious drink she had prepared when she heard the sound of Angela and Pete running around downstairs.

"So noisy."

2/2

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 216**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 216 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 216**

Chapter 216

Rubbing her temples, Stella muttered a low curse.

Just then, a maid hurried back, but she wasn't holding the drink Stella had requested.

"Madam... I had the kitchen prepare a fresh bowl for you, but it'll take a little longer." The maid's face looked pale and anxious.

“What do you mean? Didn’t I tell you to have it ready before my nap? Are you out of your mind?”

“It’s not that...” the maid said, feeling wronged. “I did prepare it, but Angela drank it.”

“What? That was mine! How dare she take it?” Stella’s eyes widened in disbelief. Her temper flared instantly, and without waiting for an explanation, she stormed off to confront Angela.

Her nerves were already frayed-ever since Angela had moved in, she couldn’t sleep at night. But Angela had no awareness at all, constantly causing trouble at home with the child, always in the way, even neglecting basic courtesy.

Stella had endured it for the sake of Pete, her grandson, and because the company was at a critical period. But this blatant disrespect, taking her nutritious drink? That was unforgivable.

Angela was in the living room, playing chase with Pete. Stella cleared her throat sharply. Angela immediately stopped, but Pete, caught up in the excitement, kept running around her.

Stella gave the maid a glance, and the maid quickly ran over to intercept Pete.

“Young Master, stop running. Your grandmother is here.”

Pete, terrified of Stella, instantly hid behind Angela, peeking out at her with fear. Even though he was her grandson, Stella didn’t feel any softness toward him at that moment.

“Mom, you’re up from your nap. Is there something you need?” Angela said calmly, her face lighting up with a gentle smile-but the warmth didn’t reach her eyes; they glinted coldly, like a blade.

Stella snorted. “Don’t call me that. I can’t handle it. Which daughter-in-law would make such a racket while her mother-in-law is sleeping, and even take her nutritious drink? Angela, you’ve completely abandoned any pretense!”

“Sorry... I tried to be quiet, but I still disturbed you? But Pete’s here, and you said you didn’t want me to take him out. So we have to play at home,

“As for your drink... the kitchen had it ready, and no one told me it was yours. I didn’t know, so I drank it. And since you’ve made it clear this is my home, I can be a little casual, can’t I? One bowl of nutritious drink-surely you’re not that petty?”

Angela’s words flowed freely, calm and even-toned, yet each syllable seemed designed to provoke Stella’s temper.

“Angela, are you deliberately trying to get back at me? You just want the household in chaos, don’t you?” Stella glared at her, signaling the maid to pull Pete away, then stepped forward, closing the distance between herself and Angela.

1/2

Chapter 216

+25 Bonus

In the past, Angela had been terrified of Stella, like a mouse before a cat. But now, despite Stella’s imposing presence, Angela showed no sign of backing down. Instead, she lifted the corners of her mouth, smirking.

“Mom, you’re mistaken. I’m Trey’s wife and your daughter-in-law. I only want what’s best for the family, I only hope... for your well-being.”

Before Angela could finish, her face was suddenly slapped sharply to the side!

P

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 217**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 217 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 217**

Chapter 217

Stella showed Angela absolutely no mercy, delivering a brutal slap in front of Pete.

Angela’s face instantly flamed red, five finger marks seared across half her cheek, swelling up in a moment.

Seeing his mother hit, Pete struggled and shouted toward Stella, “Bad woman! How dare you hit Mommy!”

“Impudent child! Lock him in his room and let him think about his manners! Like mother, like son-your mother’s no good, so she raised you without any discipline!” Stella yelled furiously, completely ignoring Angela’s expression.

The maid, accustomed to following orders, quickly covered Pete's mouth and tried to drag him away.

"Who dares touch my son!"

Angela's sharp, commanding voice cut through the commotion. She glared at the maid and barked, "I am also a lady of this house. If you bully Pete, believe me, I'll have you handed your wages and out the door this instant!"

Her piercing tone was terrifying, and the maid's eyes immediately darted nervously to Stella for guidance.

"Heh." Stella let out a humorless laugh. "Angela, you're no lady of our family. Take the boy away."

"Then I'll call Trey and Dad right now!" Angela retorted, her words freezing Stella in place.

Arthur had repeatedly warned her to yield a little to Angela at home and to keep Trey and Angela's relationship private. But Angela had now completely overstepped, leaving Stella fuming. How could she swallow this insult?

"What's going on now?"

At that moment, Lauren appeared, supported slowly by two servants, approaching Pete's side.

Pete glared at Stella, his large eyes reddened, body trembling with fury, sniffing as if on the verge of tears.

"Pete, you must be polite to your elders. Greet Grandma and Great-Grandma when you see us. Don't be so willful."

Lauren's voice was gentle, guiding the servants to release Pete.

But he immediately ducked behind Angela, refusing to respond or show any acknowledgment of the matriarch's instructions.

Seeing Lauren arrive, Angela's expression softened slightly.

"Grandma, it seems we've disturbed you. Actually, there's nothing serious today, but Mom always seems dissatisfied with me. If this continues, it'll be hard for me to stay at home." Her eyes flickered with a cold light as she deliberately tilted her face to show the slap marks.

Lauren remained calm, simply turning her gaze to Stella. She didn't even need to ask to know they had argued over some trivial matter again.

Since Angela moved in, the two women had already clashed multiple times in a single day. Because Arthur had ordered restraint, Stella had no choice but to appeal to Lauren for support.

1/2

Chapter 217

+25 Bonus

Lauren, aligned with Arthur, wouldn't side with Stella, and she had anticipated these conflicts from the start.

"Mom! Today's mess is all because some people are so ungrateful. I've tolerated enough. Now she doesn't like me, and I'm supposed to move out?" Stella drew in a forced breath, her head feeling light with anger.

Even when Khloe displeased her, Khloe had never dared to directly defy her or oppose her! Every daughter-in-law had suffered grievances before, but this Angela-she even involved the child!

"But hitting her is your fault," Lauren said, sighing helplessly, her gaze shifting slightly-neither on Angela nor meeting Stella's pleading eyes.

22

2/2

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 218**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 218 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 218**

Chapter 218

"I..."

“Apologize to Angela,” Lauren cut Stella off, her voice lowered, leaving no room for negotiation. “We’re all family. If there’s something to say, say it properly in the future.”

Stella had been married into the Fox family for half her life and had always been sharp-tongued and unyielding. This was the first time she felt so wronged that tears welled in her eyes.

The servants all lowered their heads. Angela lifted her chin in quiet triumph, looking at her mother-in-law, feeling as though years of pent-up resentment had finally found release.

“Mom, Grandma is right,” Angela said gently. “I wasn’t asking for an apology, but you were so violent. If Pete sees that, he’ll be frightened. For your grandson’s sake, you should set an example... If you’re wrong, you should admit it.”

Her tone was soft and unhurried, yet every word landed like a sharp, invisible slap.

Stella nearly ground her teeth to dust, but under Lauren’s clearing of her throat, she finally caved.

“I’m sorry.”

The two words slipped out quickly. She let out a cold laugh. “Angela, you win.”

“Mom, please don’t say that,” Angela replied mildly. “If the family isn’t harmonious, how could I ever be a winner?”

Having forced Stella to bow her head, Angela had no intention of pushing further. She took Pete by the hand, gave Lauren a brief nod, and walked away without looking back.

A dull pain stabbed Stella’s chest. The moment Angela left, she turned to Lauren with a trembling voice. “Mom, you’re killing me like this!”

“Enough. I know it hasn’t been easy for you,” Lauren said flatly, unwilling to deal with Stella after dealing with Angela. “Endure it for now. When the company’s IPO goes smoothly in a few months, we’ll have Angela move out.”

With that, she left in a hurry, taking the servants with her.

But once back in her room, Lauren lashed out, knocking over the tea a servant had just brought in. Seeing Angela’s smug face had left her thoroughly displeased.

She had thought that even without Khloe, the Fox family would be just fine. Who could have known Angela would turn out to be such a disaster?

Lauren felt even worse when she thought of Khloe. In the past, whenever she clashed with Stella, Khloe always sensed her mood and found clever ways to cheer her up.

No matter how poorly Stella handled things, as long as Khloe was in the house, everything stayed orderly and harmonious.

1/2

Chapter 218

+25 Bonus

That evening, before Trey even made it home, he received a tearful call from his mother.

As soon as he arrived, he went straight to Stella's bedroom.

She had collapsed that afternoon. A doctor had already come by and said it was a case of extreme anger attacking the heart, with signs of myocarditis. She needed rest and quiet.

"Mom, why did you get so angry? Your health is what matters most," Trey said, seeing her lying pale and frail on the bed. His chest burned with frustration.

When he first heard about the conflict between his mother and Angela, all he felt was helplessness. But seeing Stella in such a pitiful state-something he had never witnessed before-left him deeply unsettled.

"You wouldn't care if I lived or died anyway... Raising a son like you was a mistake. I deserve this," Stella said bitterly, turning her head away as tears slid down the bridge of her nose the moment she saw him.

Trey's heart ached. "How could I not care about you? Mom, I know this is all because I've failed you as a son. Please don't be angry with me. Focus on getting better-tell me to do anything, and I will."

The instant Trey spoke, Stella cut in with her demand.

"Then I want you to divorce Angela!"

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 219**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 219 -

# Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 219

Chapter 219

Trey's brow tightened, leaving him momentarily speechless.

"What? You refuse?" Stella suddenly sat up.

Her face, usually full of color, looked genuinely haggard now. She grabbed Trey's hand tightly. "If you had to choose between me and Angela, would you really choose her?"

"Mom, what are you doing? Why say something like that?" Trey hurried to calm her, well aware of her volatile and extreme temper, afraid she might work herself into another rage.

"I know Angela harbors some resentment toward you," he added quickly. "Don't worry. I'll talk to her properly."

"Talk to her properly?" Stella scoffed. "She hates me to the bone and would love nothing more than to see me drop dead from anger! If that woman really listened to you, would she have driven me to this state? Would she have dragged your private matters out in front of the family elders?"

Her words were harsh, but every sentence struck home, cutting straight to Trey's heart.

On the surface, he and Angela seemed harmonious, finally a family of three. But her secret betrayal and threats had already torn a crack in their trust.

In recent days, Trey had been working late into the night, rarely staying here at the family estate with Angela. At most, he would stop by for dinner and to see Pete. If not for his mother calling him today, he wouldn't have

come at all.

After ten years with Angela, this was the first time he felt so exhausted and suffocated, with an urge to escape her presence.

Yet bound by responsibility, promises, and the debt of past kindness, he still couldn't bring himself to abandon her so easily.

Maybe this was how relationships worked-there were always low points. Endure them, and things would pass.

But when Stella said those words, Trey's mind went briefly blank.

If he divorced Angela... would that mean he might have the chance to start over with Khloe?

The thought flashed by, and Trey immediately regained his composure.

"The company is at a critical stage right now..."

"I mean after the company goes public!" Stella cut him off. Hope surged in her eyes as she softened her tone, playing the emotional card.

"Trey, trust me. You and Angela will never be happy. She can't even raise a child properly. Even if the company is left to you, with her by your side, the family will eventually fall apart.

"You must see it now-she's nothing like the understanding, gentle woman she pretends to be in front of you. She's ruthless and unscrupulous. If she can betray you for her own sake now, there's no telling what worse things she might do in the future!"

Every word Stella spoke sank deep into Trey's heart.

1/2

Chapter 219

+25 Bonus

Although he managed to placate his mother and steady her emotions, his own turmoil refused to settle.

Trey pushed open the door to Angela's room. Pete was running around, firing a toy gun, and a stray shot hit him squarely on the head.

"Pete!" Angela rushed over, snatching the toy gun from Pete's hands. "Don't point that at people. You hit your dad-apologize, now!"

Seeing Trey back, Pete's eyes lit up. He happily dropped the toy gun and ran to him.

"Daddy! I'm sorry!"

Trey crouched down, his expression grave as he looked at Pete.

This time, he didn't ruffle the boy's hair or warmly lead him back to Angela as he usually did.

Instead, Khloe's words surfaced in his mind.

'A child's temperament reflects the adults around them, but upbringing can still change that. Sometimes, being strict is necessary.' 1

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 220**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 220 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 220**

Chapter 220

+25 Bonus

Ever since Khloe took part in raising Pete, the boy had remained fiercely rebellious. At first, Khloe had tried to reason with him patiently, but Pete was unruly and never truly accepted discipline.

Once, when Trey saw Khloe impose strict punishment on Pete, he had stepped in to defend the child, telling her he was still young...

Now, it seemed Khloe had been right all along.

A child's temperament mirrored the adults around him. Pete was stubborn like himself and, like Angela, inclined to ignore rules.

How many times had he said that the toy gun was not to be played with when others were around? Yet every time, Pete did the same thing again.

Trey took Pete's small hand and spoke sternly. "Has Daddy ever told you that you're not allowed to play with toy guns in the room? That you can't point them at people?"

"Yes..." Pete answered in a small voice. Sensing the chill in Trey's demeanor, he immediately tried to pull away and escape.

But Trey held him fast. "Since you know better but refuse to change, should you be punished?"

Pete's eyes darted around before he quickly turned to Angela, panicked, silently pleading for help.

Angela stepped forward at once. “All right, all right. Just promise Daddy you won’t do it again.”

Her tone was casual as she spoke, already reaching to take Pete away.

“It’s because you always indulge him like this that he dares to be so willful.”

Trey gave Angela no chance to intervene. As soon as he finished speaking, he firmly grabbed Pete’s arm and slapped his palm.

Pete had never been treated so harshly by Trey before. Terrified-and with Trey’s strength behind the blow-he burst into tears immediately.

“Why are you hitting Pete?!” Seeing her son cry, Angela’s heart ached. She rushed forward, trying to snatch him away from Trey.

Instead, Trey grew angrier. He scooped Pete up horizontally, strode to the sofa, pressed him down, and smacked his backside hard.

“Mommy! Mommy! Help! Help!!!”

Pete wailed, crying his lungs out as he screamed for Angela.

Angela panicked and wrapped her arms around Trey from behind, using all her strength to stop him. “Trey! What’s gotten into you today? Don’t take your anger out on Pete! Is something this small really worth beating him to death?”

Only after several blows did Trey’s anger finally subside. He let go, and Angela immediately rushed to cradle Pete in her arms.

1/2

Chapter 220

+25 Bonus

“Pete, don’t cry, don’t cry. Mommy’s here. It’s all right...”

Watching the way Angela indulged Pete left Trey speechless.

His mother was right. With Angela like this, how could she ever raise a child properly?

If anything, Pete might actually have a future only if he stayed by Khloe’s side.

Irritated, Trey tugged off his bow tie and went straight to take a shower.

Fury still burned inside him. He turned the water to ice-cold and stayed under it until he began to shiver, then hurried out.

When Trey emerged from the bathroom, Angela was sitting on the sofa waiting for him.

After comforting Pete for a while, she had already handed him over to the servants and sent him back to his room to sleep.

But Angela's anger had not dissipated.

Trey didn't want to talk to her. He changed his clothes and was about to leave.

"You're not staying tonight?"

Angela hadn't expected him to leave so directly. She stood up and grabbed him.

Trey replied coldly, "I have a meeting early tomorrow. It's better if I go back and rest."

"You've been so cold to me for days now. If you're still angry, then let's talk it through. Don't give me the silent treatment, and don't use Pete as an excuse!"

Her words sparked Trey's anger again.

"What do you mean, using Pete as an excuse?" Trey shot her a frosty look. "Pete has been raised by you with no sense of rules at all. You've made Mom so angry she's fallen ill, and the atmosphere at home is a complete mess. Am I the one making excuses, or are you the one who's in the wrong?"