

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 221

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 221

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“Trey!” Angela parted her lips in disbelief. “Do you have any conscience at all, saying something like that?”

She had borne him a child and endured years of blame and criticism from the Fox family. After finally securing even the smallest bit of standing in the household, he was now dumping every problem squarely on her shoulders!

“I’m done talking. My head hurts.”

Trey pressed his fingers to his brow. He had no desire to argue with Angela anymore.

But Angela refused to let go. “Trey, you’re not allowed to leave tonight. If you do, I’ll take Pete and leave tomorrow!”

“Stop making a scene.”

“Fine. Then I’ll go ask Dad to judge for us! Are we supposed to live apart for the rest of our lives as husband and wife?”

The more Trey tried to de-escalate, the more aggressive Angela became. Hardened with confirmation, she turned and headed straight for Arthur.

Of course, Trey couldn’t let her go to his father again. He grabbed her and pinned her against the wall.

His movements were uncharacteristically rough, slamming her waist hard enough to make it ache.

She frowned and glared at him. Reflected in Trey’s eyes was the woman’s pretty face-yet all he saw was something twisted and ugly.

“I’ll stay.” After a long moment, Trey finally said without any warmth. He had compromised.

But after saying that, he didn’t touch Angela again. He took off his coat, went into the bedroom, grabbed a quilt, and spread it out on the sofa, clearly intending to sleep there.

Angela felt as though her heart had been smashed to pieces. Watching her husband’s cold indifference toward her, her pride couldn’t bear it. She turned away in a rage and slammed the bedroom door behind her.

In the middle of the night, Trey’s headache grew worse. Cold sweat soaked through him.

He opened his eyes, hoarse, trying to call out for someone. When he spoke, the name that slipped from his lips by instinct was “Khloe.”

At the same time, elsewhere, Khloe was attending a business dinner for the Keller family project.

She had brought Charlotte along, planning to make a brief appearance, stay for a short while out of courtesy, and then find an excuse to leave.

But as soon as the dinner began, Charlotte received a phone call and hurried out first.

Moments after Charlotte left the table, Ethan followed her out.

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In a distant corner of the hallway, far from the private room, Charlotte nervously twisted the hem of her clothes.

Suddenly, a figure approached from behind. She nearly cried out in alarm when a large hand clamped over her mouth, trapping her beneath his body.

“So nervous-were you thinking about me?” Ethan teased softly near her ear.

Charlotte’s face flushed red, but her eyes burned with anger. “Ethan, what do you want?”

“Why so tense? I just thought it was a bit stuffy in there and called you out to get some air with me.”

Using his injured hand, Ethan lifted Charlotte’s delicate chin, deliberately flaunting the ‘favor’ he had shown

her.

“Please, just let me go,” Charlotte said coldly, staring straight at him.

“What kind of talk is that? I haven’t done anything to you. Didn’t you enjoy yourself last night too?”

Ethan tilted his head and murmured the words. In an instant, goosebumps rose all over Charlotte’s body-along with a crushing wave of shame.

The day before, after Ethan had rescued Charlotte, his hand had been bleeding badly.

She had wanted to take him to the hospital to get it treated, but he refused no matter what, insisting that she handle it personally.

He even claimed he felt terribly unwell, saying that if he went to the hospital for tests and was admitted, it would only cost Charlotte even more money.

Believing he was deliberately making things difficult to vent his frustration, Charlotte brought him back to her place to treat his injury, hoping to put the matter to rest.

But had she known things would turn out like this... no matter how much money she paid, no matter how Ethan threatened or coerced her, she would never have agreed.

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“I don’t remember anything from last night...”

Charlotte bit down hard on her lip. Blood quickly seeped from the corner of her mouth.

Ethan’s brow creased as he reached out and touched it.

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t remember. I remember.”

He lowered his gaze indifferently, staring at the bright red smear on his fingertip, and drew a quiet breath.

Last night, he had gone to Charlotte's place intending only to tease her a little.

Charlotte was one of Khloe's most trusted subordinates-if she got tangled up with him, that would be rather interesting.

He hadn't expected Charlotte to be so resistant, avoiding him as if he were the plague.

Ethan had never met a woman he couldn't provoke a reaction from. Even when he tentatively offered her a sum of money, suggesting she simply follow him, Charlotte rejected him without the slightest hesitation.

There was an easier, better path laid out before her, yet she stubbornly refused to take it.

Was he really that bad? So bad that he couldn't even catch the eye of a poor girl like her?

Almost against his will, a desire to conquer took root.

Using the excuse that his wound was inflamed, he forced Charlotte to tend to him all night. After she collapsed from exhaustion and fell asleep, he gently unfastened a few buttons of her pajamas, pulled her into his arms, and took intimate photos of the two of them together.

At first, it was nothing more than Ethan's cruel amusement. He hadn't expected Charlotte to be even more naïve than he thought.

When he told her they had slept together, she actually believed him.

Whether Charlotte was pretending to be clueless or truly believed it, Ethan didn't mind playing along.

"Ethan, even if something did happen between us... it was an accident. You couldn't possibly be interested in a woman like me, right? I saw it that day-across the street... you already have a girlfriend."

Charlotte hadn't wanted to say it, but Ethan left her no choice. She spoke up, resentful yet helpless.

A shadow deepened in Ethan's eyes. She thought Michelle was his girlfriend? Hadn't she seen Michelle's face?

"Girlfriends can be replaced," he said coolly. "Right now, I'm more interested in someone like you."

His long, well-defined fingers slid into Charlotte's thick black hair. He cupped the back of her head and forced her to meet his aggressively intent gaze.

"But I'm not interested in you," Charlotte said through clenched teeth.

"If you're not interested, why do you keep dodging me? Why do you panic and blush whenever you see me-and

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why are you afraid of people finding out about our relationship?"

"I don't want Khloe to misunderstand, and I don't want ugly rumors spreading in the company. I cherish this job. I'm just a nobody scrambling to make a living. I can't compare to someone as distinguished as you. So please, have mercy and stop toying with me."

Charlotte's voice was cool and resolute, yet beneath it lay an unmistakable note of panic.

She treasured everything she had now and didn't want to be dragged into any conflicts. She knew very well about the tension between Khloe and Ethan, and she didn't want Khloe worrying over her.

That would fill her with guilt.

Besides, her mother needed large sums of money for medical treatment, and her younger brother still had school to attend. She couldn't afford to lose this job.

"Sure," Ethan said leisurely. "As long as you do what I say, I won't toy with you. I'll even treat you well and pamper you."

His breath brushed lightly over her skin, inch by inch. A chilling sensation instantly crept through Charlotte's

nerves.

"What do you want from me? At work, you're my superior, and I'm your subordinate. As long as it's within procedure, I'll handle any task properly. I don't need you to pamper me—"

Charlotte was still forcing herself to play dumb when Ethan pressed a finger firmly against her lips, cutting her

off mid-sentence.

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“Stop working for Khloe. Work for me instead. Whether you want to focus on your career or you want money, I can give you whatever you want.”

The moment Ethan finished speaking, Charlotte’s pupils widened slightly.

Her patience had reached its limit. Taking advantage of the instant he relaxed, she shoved him away with all her strength, twisted free from beneath him, and ran.

“I won’t betray Khloe! If you try to use this against me to threaten me... I’ll report you-for rape!”

Ethan had taken intimate photos of them. Charlotte, still innocent and inexperienced, felt so humiliated she wanted to disappear.

She knew perfectly well that Ethan wasn’t truly interested in her. He was only trying to use her to get at Khloe.

She had agonized over it all night, unsure what to do. But seeing Ethan’s face now, she decided to face everything head-on.

“Go ahead,” he said coolly. “Report me if you want. But do you have any evidence? If a scandal breaks out, who do you think can afford it? You-or me? Do you really think it would hurt me in the slightest?”

Ethan straightened his sleeves without looking back. His voice turned cold and hard.

“Charlotte, I’ll give you some time to think it over. Think carefully about your mother and your younger brother. Khloe is just your boss, not your family. She can’t help you much. In the workplace, there’s no such thing as lifelong loyalty. If you’re useless, being

discarded-or becoming someone else's burden-is an inevitable fate. People have to be responsible for themselves.”

Charlotte knew that trying to fight Ethan on her own would be like smashing an egg against a rock.

But before he could say another word, she had already walked away.

Back at the banquet, Khloe immediately sensed something was off. Charlotte had been acting strangely all day.

“Are you really not feeling well? You don't have to force yourself. Why don't you head home first?” Khloe said gently.

“I'm fine, Khloe. I just... want to talk to you later,” Charlotte replied, pressing her palm tightly against her thigh.

Khloe nodded. “All right.”

Khloe had stayed on guard throughout the dinner, expecting something to happen, but to her surprise, the Keller family proved easy to work with. Although it was called a banquet, there was very little drinking-mostly expressions of thanks and discussions about the project.

Michelle, the project lead accompanying them, even took the initiative to break the ice, toasting Khloe and exchanging polite pleasantries.

Given Michelle's earlier emotional outbursts, Khloe had been wary of her. Yet, until the banquet ended, Michelle didn't display any inappropriate behavior.

After all, the Keller family came from a scholarly background. Michelle's upbringing couldn't have been that

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+25 Bonus

poor.

Even if she'd once lost her head over feelings, Nick was already married now. It was time for her to let go.

Perhaps, Khloe thought, she had been too guarded.

After the banquet, Khloe asked Charlotte to call the driver. Just as they reached the restaurant entrance,

Michelle called out to her.

“Khloe, may I have a word with you alone?” Michelle lowered her head, her voice soft.

Khloe glanced at Charlotte. “Go wait for the driver. I’ll be there shortly.”

Charlotte nodded, cast another look at Khloe and Michelle, then turned and left.

“You’re truly charming,” Michelle said meaningfully. “Not only is your marriage happy, even your subordinates care so deeply about you.”

Khloe didn’t respond to the implication. She simply asked politely, “Michelle, what would you like to say?”

“I know some of my past behavior was too extreme and caused trouble for you and Nick,” Michelle said sincerely. “I wanted to properly apologize. The past is the past. I hope we can work well together from now on... and perhaps even become friends.”

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Michelle’s expression was calm. The faint melancholy in her eyes didn’t seem to carry any malice.

After saying her piece, she extended her hand toward Khloe.

“There’s no need to apologize,” Khloe replied evenly. “As long as you don’t take it to heart. Cooperation is a matter between our companies-we’ll all take it seriously.”

Khloe lightly clasped Michelle’s hand, neither cold nor overly warm.

Seeing this, Michelle didn't press the conversation further and simply watched Khloe walk away.

But Khloe hadn't gone far when a figure suddenly burst out of the darkness. A cold flash of steel sliced through the night, lunging straight at her-

"Watch out!"

Michelle shouted sharply and rushed forward, throwing her arms around Khloe and dragging her aside.

It all happened too fast. Khloe hadn't even had time to react before Michelle was already calling for help at the top of her lungs.

The attacker was a middle-aged man. When his blade missed, he immediately turned and charged again.

Khloe shoved Michelle away at once. She had learned some self-defense in school. Though she hadn't practiced in years, muscle memory kicked in. She dodged nimbly and even managed a couple of moves, trying to restrain him.

"Miss Roswell!" Out of the corner of her eye, Michelle saw bodyguards rushing over from a short distance away.

She had already been pushed aside, yet she rushed back again, throwing herself between Khloe and the man with the knife just as Khloe was about to pin him down.

"Michelle!"

Khloe never expected her to intervene again. The attacker slashed backhandedly, slicing straight across Michelle's wrist.

At the same moment, the bodyguards seized the man and knocked the dagger from his hand.

Clutching her arm, Michelle doubled over in pain. Her face went deathly pale in an instant, cold sweat breaking out across her forehead as her body went limp.

Khloe immediately pulled a handkerchief from her bag and pressed it to the wound, but the cut was badly placed -it had hit an artery. The blood poured out, impossible to stop.

"Khloe, are you... are you okay?"

Charlotte ran over in a panic. Seeing blood on Khloe, she thought something had happened to her.

Khloe didn't have time to explain. She and Charlotte quickly helped Michelle into the car and rushed her to the nearest hospital.

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+25 Bonus

After they left, Ethan finally stepped out from a corner of the restaurant into the glow of the streetlights.

The Keller family members had already gone. Once the bodyguards subdued the attacker, they called the police and waited for them to arrive.

Ethan glanced at the man pinned to the ground by several guards, casually asked a question, then lit a cigarette nearby.

Watching the man's ashen face from the corner of his eye, he walked over and stuffed the last bit of his cigarette into the man's mouth.

"Intentional assault-and on someone from the Keller family, no less. When you get out, try to be a better person."

With that, Ethan got into his car and drove off.

At the hospital, outside the operating room.

Charlotte stayed with Khloe the entire time, waiting outside. Seeing how silent Khloe was, she swallowed back what she had wanted to say.

"Michelle will be fine," Charlotte said softly, trying to comfort her. "You don't need to worry too much, Khloe."

What Charlotte didn't know was that Khloe wasn't thinking about Michelle at all.

Her thoughts were fixed on the man who had suddenly appeared.

He looked familiar. It took her the entire drive before she finally remembered who he was.

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He was the very man who, at the Morrison family's banquet the night before, had publicly brought up her past with Trey.

It seemed today's incident had everything to do with Clarice and Ethan.

Still, if they truly meant to come after her so viciously, there was no need to choose such an occasion. With so many people around, at most, she would have been injured.

Unless... Michelle was behind this.

Khloe couldn't shake the feeling that Michelle's self-sacrificing act-throwing herself in harm's way to save her-was a little too much.

Yet, Michelle's injuries were undeniably severe. She had lost a great deal of blood when she was brought to the hospital, nearly going into shock.

If it were all for show, would she really have gone that far?

Before Khloe could sort through her thoughts, members of the Keller family arrived.

It was Michelle's mother and her second uncle.

Both looked stricken with worry. When Michelle's mother asked Khloe about what had happened, tears immediately welled up.

"Michelle has been delicate since she was little-she can't bear even the slightest pain..." she cried.

Michelle's second uncle comforted her, his own face equally heavy with concern.

They didn't say much to Khloe. When Khloe tried to offer comfort, they didn't seem inclined to engage either. Soon, the doors to the operating room opened.

The moment the doctor stepped out, the Keller family rushed forward.

Only after hearing that Michelle's life was not in danger did they finally breathe a sigh of relief.

The cut on her wrist was deep, but it hadn't damaged any nerves. She would only need to stay in the hospital for observation while her arm healed.

After thanking the doctor, Michelle was wheeled by a nurse into a private ward.

Michelle's mother followed alongside the bed, tears once again blurring her eyes.

"My baby, how could you be so reckless? That was a criminal!" she sobbed. "Thank goodness it didn't hit anything vital... You must never put yourself in such danger again!"

Michelle's second uncle cast a meaningful glance at Khloe,

"Khloe, you don't need to blame yourself," he said pointedly. "Michelle has always been straightforward. Even if she gets hurt herself, she can't bear to see someone else in trouble."

"Yes. We were fortunate that Michelle stepped in when she did," Khloe replied, catching the underlying

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implication in his words. She spoke sincerely. "I'll take full responsibility for Michelle's medical expenses and her recovery afterward."

"That's not what I meant. Our family doesn't lack money," Michelle's second uncle said somewhat awkwardly. "It's good that you're safe."

As he spoke, a set of hurried yet steady footsteps approached.

Nick appeared at the doorway of the hospital room.

He wore a broad overcoat, his tie loosened, his stride urgent-his anxiety unmistakable. Only when he saw Khloe standing there, unharmed, did the tension between his brows finally ease.

Lenny followed close behind with two bodyguards, lowering his head slightly in greeting to the Keller family.

"Nick..."

Michelle's second uncle was just about to speak when Nick had already walked straight up to Khloe.

“Are you okay?”

Ignoring everyone else, he pulled Khloe toward him and gave her a swift once-over from head to toe. Only after confirming she was truly unharmed did the chill in his eyes recede.

“I’m fine. But Michelle was injured,” Khloe said softly.

Afraid his concern for her might upset the Keller family, she shot him a subtle look of warning.

Nick had been working late as well. Knowing Khloe had a business dinner, he planned to find her afterward- only to receive her call instead.

He had practically had Lenny speed all the way here.

Even though Khloe had told him over the phone that she was fine, his heart had remained tightly clenched the entire drive.

Seeing the way Nick focused solely on Khloe, Michelle’s mother immediately felt aggrieved on her daughter’s behalf. “Nick, Michelle was injured today protecting Khloe. How is it that you’ve come all this way and don’t even check on the patient first?”

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In the business world, the Keller family wouldn’t dare offend the Hunt family. But in private, by all rights, Nick still owed them a debt of gratitude.

When Nick was young and living under someone else’s roof, he suffered more hardship than most. It was Michelle who went to her elders and asked them to protect him.

Once, when Nick ran a high fever that wouldn’t break and developed a severe allergic infection, his condition turned critical. It was Michelle who discovered it in time and rushed him to the hospital for treatment.

Without Michelle and the Keller family, even if Nick hadn't died, he would likely have been left with lasting complications.

The two grew up together after that. Nick treated Michelle well, and the two families had even come close to becoming in-laws...

Even if that bond no longer existed, did all those past kindnesses simply vanish with it?

"Michelle, thank you for today."

Nick spoke in a low voice. His hand naturally came around Khloe's waist from behind as he guided her toward Michelle's hospital bed.

His tone was much the same as usual—calm and businesslike—but noticeably gentler.

Michelle was weak, propped against the headboard, her wrist wrapped in thick bandages, her face pale as paper.

When she saw Nick, a faint glimmer of light flickered in her eyes. But the moment she noticed his intimate posture with Khloe, that light quickly dimmed.

"There's no need to thank me..." Michelle said softly. "Khloe is also my business partner. How could I stand by and watch her get hurt?"

Though her words sounded noble, her gaze never left Nick's face.

Even a bystander would feel a pang of sympathy at the sight of her—so fragile and pitiful.

Seeing her daughter like this, Michelle's mother glanced at Nick, hesitating as if she wanted to speak but couldn't quite bring herself to.

"This favor—we'll both remember it," Nick said hoarsely. "Focus on recovering. If you need anything, you can tell Khloe or me."

A chill settled in Michelle's heart.

Whether intentional or not, even at a moment like this, he made a point of including Khloe—clearly drawing a line between himself and her.

Yet, he knew perfectly well that she had done all this for him.

"Nick... could I speak with you alone, just for a moment?"

Michelle bit her lip. Her voice was faint, drained by blood loss and exhaustion.

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As she spoke, she looked up at Khloe, her expression almost pleading. “Khloe... just a little while. Would that be okay?”

Hearing this, Khloe moved considerately, preparing to step away and give them space.

But the instant she shifted, Nick’s grip on her tightened, firm and unquestionable, holding her in place.

A faint glimmer crossed Khloe’s eyes. She leaned close to Nick’s ear and whispered, “It’s fine.”

It was fine. She trusted him.

What lay between him and Michelle was long in the past. No matter how unwilling Michelle was to let go, it wouldn’t change anything.

“Nick, Michelle has been close to you since she was little,” Michelle’s mother finally couldn’t hold back any longer. “For the sake of your past bond, are you really going to deny her even this small request?”

Michelle’s second uncle stepped forward as well, frowning in displeasure.

“Nick, my niece is stubborn, yes-but she was hurt this badly today. Do you truly have no conscience at all? Don’t you know who she did this for?”

These were not words that should have been said in front of Khloe. But Michelle was their precious girl, and they simply couldn’t stand by any longer.

Ever since Nick and Michelle separated, Michelle had been worn down, nearly broken.

People always said women were the ones who loved too deeply, while men were heartless.

But was Nick truly so heartless-able to turn around and be so inseparable with a woman he’d only known for such a short time?

And to treat someone who once saved his life as though she were a stranger?

Nick listened in silence, his expression steady, offering no rebuttal.

He did still hold respect for the Keller family-and for Michelle-out of old ties and gratitude.

But he understood even more clearly that what Michelle needed now was precisely this kind of distance.

Khloe, not wanting Nick to be put in a difficult position, gave his hand a gentle squeeze. Yet, he showed no sign of wavering under the pressure. The arm around her waist only tightened.

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Their eyes met for only a brief moment, yet Khloe instantly understood what he meant.

Nick said, his tone uncommonly gentle, “The kindness the Keller family-and Michelle in particular-once showed me is something I have always kept in my heart. If there ever comes a day when I can repay it, I will not be stingy.”

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Then his tone shifted, firm and precise. “However, that repayment should not-and will not be built on my personal relationship with Michelle. I don't wish to create unnecessary misunderstandings or further entanglements.”

Nick's principled words left Michelle's mother and uncle with nothing more to say, as if they had just been pressing the issue without reason.

“Michelle, if there's anything you want to say, you can say it here. Khloe is my wife. There is nothing I can't say in front of her. If you find that inconvenient-”

As his words fell, Nick turned slightly and gestured to Lenny behind him. “Lenny can handle any of your needs on my behalf.”

Nick's cold decisiveness felt like a public humiliation to Michelle. Tears pooled in her eyes, and her entire body trembled uncontrollably.

She had risked her life, yet she couldn't even earn a few private words with him?

Forcing back her tears, Michelle tugged the corner of her mouth into a bitter smile. “Nick, you don’t have to guard against me like I’m some kind of thief. I just wanted to tell you...

She paused, then continued, “What’s past is past. From today on, we’re just ordinary friends. I don’t want you to treat me differently every time we meet, as if I were some kind of danger.” (1

Seeing her daughter in pain, Michelle’s mother felt her own heart twist. Her uncle’s face darkened; his lips pressed tightly together as he turned away.

Nick’s stance was clear. He showed no intention of clinging to old ties. No matter how dissatisfied they felt, they didn’t dare say more, afraid it would only make things worse.

“You’re overthinking it,” Nick said in a low voice. His gaze swept over the pain on Michelle’s face, and there was indeed a trace of reluctance.

Seeing this, Khloe gently continued for him. “Michelle, there’s no need to worry. Nick is a man of principle and gratitude-he knows where boundaries lie. He won’t treat you differently because of the past. As for your follow -up treatment, I’ll arrange the best medical care and take full responsibility. Please focus on recovering and get well as soon as possible.”

Her tone was warm and composed, instantly easing the awkward tension in the room.

After speaking, she lifted her gaze to Nick, her eyes clear and calm. “Let’s go. We shouldn’t disturb Michelle’s

rest.”

Nick clasped her hand in return, nodded briefly to the two elders, and left without another glance at Michelle, walking straight out with Khloe.

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Seeing him truly leave like that, Michelle moved in agitation, only for a sharp pain to shoot through her wrist. Tears immediately streamed down her face.

“My baby girl...” her mother hurried to her side, holding her protectively. “You should give up now, shouldn’t you? Nick... he’s made up his mind to cut things off with you.”

Michelle's uncle couldn't bear to see her torment herself any longer and spoke harshly, "It's not worth it! Look at how he treats Khloe-their husband and wife, of one mind and one heart. Men change their hearts that fast. Don't be foolish anymore!"

"No... Nick is different. I know he is." Michelle was in so much pain she could barely breathe, yet she still forced out those words.

Only she knew-Nick wasn't a cold, heartless man. On the contrary, he was the gentlest man she had ever known. 1

On the drive back, Nick was clearly subdued. He held Khloe tightly against him but said very little.

Khloe wanted to speak, but hesitated, afraid of touching an old wound.

Michelle had once said that Nick had been hurt deeply in the past.

Khloe understood. Sometimes, the most ruthless-seeming people were the ones who had been hurt the most.

She trusted Nick completely. He didn't need to explain, and she didn't care how others viewed it. All she wanted was for him to be well.

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Back home, Khloe received a call from her assistant.

The man who had attacked her had already been interrogated. It turned out he had once been on the brink of bankruptcy after Niel's critique of one of his company projects. His wife, overworking to save the company, had died from the strain.

He blamed Niel for everything-and upon learning that Khloe was Niel's daughter, he had been waiting for the perfect chance to exact revenge.

“Someone like that, left unchecked, is a threat to society.”

Nick’s voice was calm, almost casual, yet the cold intensity lurking beneath it sent a chill down the spine. Without hesitation, he called Lenny and gave the terse instruction to “handle him.”

Nick’s words were always measured, but the ruthlessness in his eyes left no doubt. Even Khloe could feel a shiver at the lethal decisiveness he could summon when he chose.

“Do you think someone might be behind that man?” Khloe asked after a moment’s thought.

Nick’s gaze darkened immediately. “You mean Clarice?”

“Yes,” Khloe replied, nodding.

Although it was just her conjecture, Clarice’s targeting of her had been far too obvious. And no matter how successful the man’s business was, how could he have even appeared at the Morrison family banquet—or known Khloe’s plans for the evening?

The answer was clear, and Nick’s expression turned grim.

“But there’s no proof. If they were going to do this, they wouldn’t leave any trace. Clarice and Ethan are clearly playing a shadow game against me.”

Khloe felt a wave of unease. She was used to handling threats with soft tactics, not force. But Clarice’s methods were cunning, unpredictable—and she worried about the people around her getting caught in the crossfire.

“Whoever dares to set their sights on you is asking for death,” Nick said, his gaze sharp and deep. After a brief pause, he added, “Leave the Morrison family to me. Don’t try to bear it yourself.”

Khloe looked at him. Though his words sounded casual, she knew that once Nick decided to act, he wouldn’t hold back. Feeling someone care this fiercely warmed her heart completely.

“All right, but...” Khloe softened her expression, a faint curve to her lips, “this is my battlefield. They’re coming for me it’s only right I settle it myself. And your dad was right: your family shouldn’t meddle in my private matters that might disrupt business ties. The Hunt Group shouldn’t be dragged into the Morrison family feud. Clarice and Ethan must have skeletons in their closet. Can I borrow your intelligence network?”

Hearing this, Nick understood she already had a plan. He personally preferred direct, decisive action—sometimes extreme measures were necessary to protect someone fully.

Yet Khloe was his wife, and he respected her absolutely. He would not allow anyone in his family to judge or impede her. Even if he wasn't afraid of George, Khloe must remain untouchable.

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“Fine. I'll follow your lead. But from this moment, your security must be heightened...”

He lifted a hand gently, tilting her chin up, closing the space between their eyes. His tone shifted, soft yet dangerously intimate.

“How do I strengthen it?” Khloe asked, her gaze dropping along the line of his throat, her cheeks flushing pink.

“...Constant reporting. Twenty-four-hour contact.”

Nick's low voice pressed against her ear, warm and heavy with breath, teasingly intimate.

“I won't be able to breathe like this,” she murmured, already struggling for air simply from being so close.

“This is not negotiable, Mrs. Hunt. It's an order.” His voice deepened, pressing over her neck like a scorching kiss. “Understand?”

Khloe tilted her eyes toward him, meeting his smoldering gaze with a playful glint. “Nick, your possessiveness is terrifying. Are you afraid I'll run, or that you won't be able to protect me?”

2/2

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 229**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 229 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 229**

Chapter 229

Nick let out a low, amused chuckle, his fingertip brushing against the corner of Khloe's mouth, lightly tracing it. "Want to see if I can really protect you? You can try, but let's see if I can clear everything around you so thoroughly that not even a strand of your hair gets hurt."

The words were clearly flirtatious, but for some reason, as Khloe gazed into his eyes, a faint chill ran down her spine. It wasn't a joke-there was something almost disturbingly possessive lurking beneath, buried deep in some shadowy, inaccessible corner.

That night, Nick's phone buzzed incessantly. Khloe was woken by the noise and nudged him. His hands had been wrapped around her waist the whole time; only after a moment did he lift them to reach the nightstand and silence the phone. He did it with his eyes closed, pressing the screen into shutdown.

"Is it urgent? Should you answer?" Khloe asked, still sleepy.

He drew her close again, his low voice rumbled, "Sleep."

The next morning, Khloe woke to find him gone. Her phone was full of notifications-messages, missed calls.

Charlotte's messages told her to check the work group: everyone was discussing the abrupt halt of the Keller family project, hinting that the collaboration might be terminated. Khloe was confused, scrolling through her phone until a breaking business news notification appeared:

"Keller Family Heiress Survives Suicide Attempt; Out of Danger After Rescue."

The article included details about the Keller family and Michelle. In her youth, Michelle had been in advertisements for TV and briefly entered the entertainment industry. Though she never became a big star, she retired quietly.

The news of her suicide attempt had not only shocked the public but also revealed her identity as the Keller family heiress, drawing intense discussion.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 230**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 230**

Chapter 230

+25 Bonus

“As long as you believe you’re doing the right thing, there’s no need to care what anyone else thinks.”

Khloe’s voice was calm, yet carried a quiet, unshakable strength. Her gaze softened as she looked at Nick, full of acceptance and understanding.

Hearing her words, the shadows clouding Nick’s expression began to lift. A faint smile curved his lips as he pulled her into his embrace. His voice regained its usual clarity. “With you here, none of that matters.”

“Mm... no matter what happens in the future, I’ll face it with you. Just like you said—you don’t need to put on a brave front in front of me...” Khloe rested against his shoulder, pouring all the warmth in her heart into gentle reassurance, hoping to soothe him even a little.

Nick composed himself and reminded her not to visit Michelle for the time being. In the midst of such a sensitive situation, he worried about the Keller family’s reaction—and even more about Khloe being caught in public scrutiny.

“I understand,” Khloe said. “It wouldn’t be appropriate for me to appear now. It might even upset Michelle. I’ll have my assistant send a message of comfort instead.”

Nick knew she could handle everything, but for some reason, just looking at her made him unbearably anxious.

At noon, Ethan arrived at Michelle’s hospital room carrying an expensive fruit basket.

Michelle lay on her side, staring blankly out the window, utterly drained.

Earlier that morning, while her family slept, she had used a fruit knife to reopen her wound, spilling blood across the bed. Fortunately, a nurse making her rounds discovered it in time to save her life.

The scare had exhausted Michelle’s mother as well, who had stationed multiple caregivers and security guards around the room, inside and out, 24 hours a day, before she could even rest at home.

“Why were you so reckless? You’ve barely started and already can’t endure it?” Ethan muttered as he squeezed the fruit basket among the pile of gifts. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed that Khloe and Nick had also sent their own high-end offerings—luxury supplements, carefully selected.

He muttered under his breath, “Even so... he hasn’t come to see you.” He was somewhat stunned; after all, Nick had managed the Hunt Group alone for years without a single mistake. He was a ruthless man.

Michelle didn’t respond, her gaze fixed straight ahead.

“Michelle,” Ethan began, “do you know how a war is lost?”

She remained silent, and he continued, “A war is only lost when one side surrenders. As long as the war isn’t over, no one has lost.”

Something in his words stirred Michelle slightly. She turned her head to look at him.

Ethan picked up a pastry from the table, took a bite, and then offered it to her. “Eat something. Your body is the foundation. If you collapse, the war is over.”

Michelle ignored him. He finished his own quickly, then stood and patted his hands together.

1/2

Chapter 230

+25 Bonus

“You know best what Nick likes about Khloe... and what he likes about you. A thousand-mile dike can be destroyed by ants. Just because Nick didn’t come see you this time doesn’t mean he doesn’t care.”

Satisfied that he had made his point, Ethan left after a brief farewell.

Michelle finally reached for a piece of pastry and ate it mechanically.

It had to be admitted: Ethan was skilled at manipulating emotions.

Michelle had gone a whole day without eating. No amount of coaxing from her family or doctors had worked; they had to resort to nutritional IVs. What no one expected was that by evening, she began to recover.

By the next day, Michelle was discharged from the hospital.

2/2