

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 231

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 231

Chapter 231

After Michelle was discharged, she immediately posted a V-log online, letting her fans and concerned strangers know she was safe.

The reaction was explosive. Messages poured in, urging her to return to the entertainment industry. The media storm that had seemed to settle surged back to life.

This time, Michelle went live herself, announcing that she was ready to relaunch her career-not in entertainment, but in her specialty: journalism. She intended to focus on public-interest reporting and charity

interviews.

The Keller family already collaborated with multiple foundations, so several nonprofit projects quickly reached out. Overnight, Michelle's follower count skyrocketed by hundreds of thousands.

Watching her livestream, Ethan's eyes curved with a hint of amusement. Indeed, a woman building a career exuded a far greater charm. Michelle wasn't completely naïve-this calculated display of vulnerability had been painful, but it won both Nick's and the public's sympathy, yielding impressive results.

Ethan promptly called Clarice to report the situation.

The man who attacked Khloe was no longer a threat, and Nick was already involved in the investigation. But no matter how thorough Nick's inquiries, he could never trace it back to Clarice and Ethan.

That man not only hated Niel, but had been one of Clarice's long-time admirers. Ethan only needed to subtly convey her predicament, and the man would willingly act foolishly.

Human nature-people always go crazy for what they cannot have.

From this point on, Keller family projects would fall into the hands of Ethan and Clarice, leaving Khloe effectively at odds with the Keller family. The Morrison family's

pharmaceutical empire controlled the lifeblood of Goldmont City's economy; offending the Keller family seemed minor, but Ethan knew better. Behind them stood various foundations, wielding influence comparable to the government's.

Clarice and Ethan operated differently. She preferred direct force, while Ethan was patient and strategic, calculating every move like a predator waiting for the perfect moment. Handling delicate "family affairs," his approach was far more suited.

After ending the call with Clarice, Ethan opened his laptop and saw the encrypted email from Fox Group sent yesterday. Since his investment, many of their projects had been revitalized. Fox Group, showing great tact, had offered their strategic project, eager for deep involvement from the Morrison Group.

A sardonic smirk curved Ethan's lips. He barely glanced at the project proposal before sending an invitation for a meeting. He imagined Khloe seeing her old flame in the company-her expression would be priceless.

Trey had been bedridden with a fever all day. By evening, the headache had eased just enough for him to sit up.

The bedroom was dark and silent; he could even hear the faint ticking of the clock. The stillness made him feel a pang of loneliness.

Trey had always struggled with headaches. In the past, Khloe would stay by his side the entire time, tending to him. Upon waking, he could always see her, whether she was resting or working-but simply having her there gave him comfort.

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+25 Bonus

"Feeling any better? Want to go to the hospital? Here, eat something first, then take your medicine."

For a brief, almost surreal moment, Khloe's voice and presence seemed to appear before him.

"Khloe..." Trey furrowed his brows, his voice low. He reached out to touch her, only to find the space in front of him empty.

"Who are you calling?" A footstep approached, and Angela's voice entered. She'd overheard Trey calling out and suspected he wasn't calling for her.

"I want some water," he said coldly, without looking at her.

Angela carried his dinner, prepared separately by the servants as a meal for his illness. Still fuming, she set the tray aside and turned to leave without another word.

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“I don’t want to eat this.” Trey’s voice was hoarse as he glanced at the tray, completely uninterested. “I want porridge.”

Whenever he fell ill, Khloe would personally cook porridge for him. Her porridge was always nutritious and delicious, with a variety of flavors-some sweet, some light and fresh-never the same twice. Even for someone like him, who normally disliked porridge and bland food, it was satisfying and something he looked forward to.

“I thought you didn’t like porridge. I asked the kitchen to specially prepare these dishes for you. Just try a little,” Angela said, her tone softening slightly, thinking he was sulking at her.

“I said I have no appetite.”

Trey didn’t even glance at the tray. He stood, changed clothes, and prepared to leave.

“Where are you going?”

Seeing him grab his coat and car keys, Angela immediately blocked the doorway.

“I’m going to the office. There are still a lot of things I need to handle today.”

“You’re not feeling well. You can go tomorrow; it won’t make a difference.”

“I’m fine.”

Trey strode toward the door. Angela couldn't stop him, and just then, Pete ran out. She shot him a meaningful glance.

"Daddy!" Pete clutched Trey's leg, his small voice trembling with pleading. "Daddy, I'll be good from now on! I'll listen! Please don't go!"

Yesterday, Pete had been scolded and was still sulking, but seeing his father leave triggered his instinct to hold him back. His mother had always told him that his biggest support was his father. With both parents upset, he felt he needed to be even better.

Trey, despite his irritation, couldn't ignore his son. Seeing the child's watery, pleading eyes, he finally stopped.

"Pete, be good. Daddy has work to finish. Go find your mom."

Yet, much to Angela's surprise, Trey gently pushed Pete aside and still moved toward the door.

"Trey, do you really not want to live with me anymore? You've never been this cold before. Is it only what you can't have that's worth wanting?" Angela's emotions overwhelmed her. Ignoring the servants' gaze, she shouted behind him, her eyes welling with tears and resentment.

"Trey."

At that moment, Arthur returned home. He reached the stairway and immediately overheard the exchange. Seeing Angela and Pete clinging to Trey while he held his coat and prepared to leave, he understood instantly.

"It's so late. Where are you going? I heard from Angela that you had a headache. Are you feeling better?"

"I'm fine now," Trey said, lowering his head. "There's work at the office I need to catch up on. I lost a day and

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want to check on it."

"One day at the office isn't important. Your health is. And keeping your family from worrying is also important."

Arthur's usually sharp voice carried a rare warmth, though tinged with fatigue. He had spent the day busy at the office, but there was finally some good news: the Morrison Group's investors wanted to meet next week.

He didn't want any commotion, especially between Trey and Angela.

Trey opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Arthur instructed a servant to lock the door and asked Trey to come to his study to discuss matters.

Angela, realizing Arthur was helping her, gave him a grateful glance and quickly took Trey's coat.

By the time Trey emerged from the study, night had fully fallen. He stood at the bedroom door, hesitating to go inside.

The Fox Group's current situation was excellent. Once the collaboration with Morrison Group's project was secured, they could potentially go public in just a month or two.

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But once the business matters were settled, the weight of family affairs pressed in.

Trey had always imagined that he would endure with Angela until his family gave up opposing him, until his career succeeded. Yet now, standing at this moment, he felt none of the exhilaration he had expected.

Khloe was no longer relevant at the company, yet she remained, in name, his wife-and she still loved him so fiercely. 1

If he were to expose the truth and leave her in such a cruel manner... she would hate him, wouldn't she?

In the past, Trey had felt guilty but not conflicted. It didn't matter what happened to Khloe; his gratitude and affection belonged to Angela. To be with her, sacrificing Khloe was merely a necessary cost.

But somewhere along the way, Khloe had become woven into every corner of his life, her presence impossible to ignore. And now... he found himself reluctant to let her go.

After a shower, Trey returned to his room. Angela happened to be changing clothes. Whether by accident or design, she was trying on several sets of new lingerie-each one alluringly provocative.

Inevitably, he paused at the doorway for a moment before stepping forward. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, slowly and deliberately, from her neck down to her chest.

Angela tilted her head back, initially feigning resistance with a few playful pushes, but soon she melted into his embrace, her movements growing increasingly compliant.

Trey's eyes narrowed as he noticed something unusual in the soft glow of the room.

"Your birthmark..."

He brushed aside Angela's hair and carefully searched behind her ear and along the nape of her neck-but the tiny, crimson mark that had once been there was gone.

The mark had always been small, the size of a sesame seed, hidden deep enough to be barely visible. Normally, he would not have noticed it. But tonight, wanting to revisit the memories of their past, he sought it deliberately -and realized he hadn't seen it in a long time.

Back on the snow-capped mountains, when he had rested behind her shoulder, all he saw was that tiny red mark. When he first spoke of it upon meeting Angela, it was the only detail he could recall.

Trey quickly turned on the light. Angela, startled by his sudden intensity, froze.

"That mark... I removed it a long time ago. Didn't I tell you?" she said, her voice calm but evasive.

"Why remove it? That mark may be subtle behind your ear, but it meant everything to me..." Trey's voice rose with disbelief and urgency.

He had told her before-he had loved that tiny red birthmark as if it were a drop of his own blood.

“I... the placement was inconvenient. I thought it might affect my luck. The company’s going public, and I just... wanted some reassurance.”

Angela, unsure how else to explain, lowered her gaze and muttered a line even she felt absurd saying.

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+25 Bonus

Trey stared at her in silence, his heart tightening with a sharp pang. All desire vanished in an instant.

He turned, grabbed a pack of cigarettes, and said, “I’m going to the balcony to smoke. You should rest.”

“Trey...” Angela wanted to protest, but he gave her no chance.

On the balcony, he locked the door behind him. He could no longer suppress it. Fingers trembling slightly, he dialed Khloe’s number.

At that moment, Khloe had just stepped out of the shower, her hair piled high as she sliced fruit in the kitchen for Nick. His familiar presence brushed past her ear.

She instinctively drew her neck back, but a cool fingertip traced a spot behind her ear.

“Khloe... your mark... it’s beautiful.”

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“Mark? What mark?”

Khloe tilted her head, feeling a playful itch at his teasing, completely unaware that there was a mark on the back of her neck.

“A red birthmark,” Nick’s voice dropped low, almost pressing against that spot as he spoke. “It’s hidden... but...”

His breath grew heavier, and he trailed off mid-sentence.

“But what?”

Though he hadn’t finished, Khloe had already turned to face him.

In an instant, Nick shifted forward, his broad shoulders drawing her closer. With lightning reflexes, he pressed her body against the cabinet behind her, but his hands had already cupped the back of her head, steadying her.

A cold, shallow breath brushed her cheek. Their eyes met, dark, smoldering, and restrained yet feral in its intensity.

“But...” His husky voice dripped with temptation, “...it’s very attractive. Impossible to resist... I want to see it more closely.”

Before she could respond, his warm lips descended on hers.

Khloe barely had time to react, letting out a soft hum as she tilted her head, yielding to the sudden, consuming intimacy.

Her cheeks flamed red, blood tingling through her veins like electricity. Her delicate fingers instinctively clutched at the firm expanse of his broad back.

Nick’s kiss was gentle yet penetrating.

Khloe began to retreat, trapped uncomfortably between his chest and the cabinet, but he closed his eyes and lifted her effortlessly, wrapping her legs around his waist and securing her against him.

Her brows furrowed slightly; her body softened under his touch. Yet just as his hand traced toward the hem of her shirt, an abrupt ringtone shattered the moment.

Her phone lay just behind her, but trapped in his embrace, she couldn’t reach it-and Nick had no intention of letting go.

The ringing didn’t stop. Whoever it was, they were relentless.

Distracted, Khloe glanced toward the phone. Nick, however, swiftly grabbed it first.

It was an unfamiliar number.

Khloe reached to hang up, but instinctively, Nick pressed the answer button. His eyes darkened, showing an uncharacteristic flash of impatience.

“Khloe... why did you block my number?”

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Trey’s slightly anxious, almost pleading voice pierced their bubble.

Khloe’s brow knitted. She moved to end the call, but Nick shifted just enough to block her, staring her down. His eyes, still glistening from moments ago, now carried a sharp chill.

She froze, trapped by his tightening grip, knuckles whitening.

“Khloe... I’ve missed you so much...” Trey’s voice softened, drawn out seductively even across the line.

But to Khloe, words that once felt intimate now only churned disgust in her stomach.

Nick’s gaze never wavered, lips barely moving, holding his breath while his chest rose and fell with palpable intensity. She understood perfectly—he wanted to hear her speak to Trey himself. Calm on the surface, but the vein on his temple betrayed the storm beneath.

“Trey! Stop calling me. I’ve already made it clear—we have nothing to do with each other... and,” Khloe’s voice lowered, tinged with lingering heat from Nick’s kiss, “I’m... married.”

She intended her words to be cold and decisive, but the moment she spoke, Nick’s hand at her waist tightened, and his tongue slipped into her mouth again.

A soft, breathless sound escaped her, and the charged, lingering warmth from the kiss even seemed to thread through the line to Trey.

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Trey hadn't yet recovered from his shock when the phone line was filled with that seductive, intoxicating sound again...

He immediately lost his composure. "Khloe? What are you saying? You're my wife! Who else could you possibly marry?"

His voice thundered through the line, but all he received in response were heavier, more desperate breaths. Khloe, drenched in Nick's tender, insistent attention, had no room to even hear Trey. Every inhale felt like a struggle.

Suddenly, she felt the subtle reaction of the man holding her...

"Khloe! What the hell are you doing? Do you really have to go this far just to make me angry?"

Trey struggled to keep his tone steady, lowering his voice slightly. He still wanted to reason with her. After all, the more she acted out, the more it proved she cared about him.

"She's not trying to anger you. She's being intimate with me," Nick finally growled, heavy breaths escaping him. "If you dare disturb my wife again, I'll make sure you regret it miserably."

And with that, he hung up, tossing the phone aside.

Khloe was flushed red, caught between embarrassment and exhilaration. As Nick's arms retracted slightly, her body melted against him. Yet, just as his hand brushed toward a place it shouldn't, he abruptly stopped, restraining himself mid-motion.

She clutched his neck instinctively. "Are you angry?"

"Mm. I'm jealous."

Khloe blinked, surprised at his blunt admission. He lifted her gently from the edge of the cabinet, his palm brushing lightly across her cheek. The gesture was soft, but the intensity in his eyes carried an unmistakable chill.

"Nick, I don't look back. Since the day I learned the truth, there's no room in my heart for him. I've already blocked him. If you're worried..."

“I’m not doubting you...” Seeing her so earnest for him, Nick’s expression softened for the first time. “But Khloe ... I’m fiercely possessive. The more I love someone, the more irrational I can become...”

“Stop saying these embarrassing things,” she murmured, shaking her head. Nick always wore the most restrained expression while speaking the hottest words. Sometimes, it was too much for her to bear.

“I mean it. I’m afraid I’ll lose control. I don’t want you to grow weary of me someday.”

His voice dropped, and for a fleeting moment, the commanding aura that usually surrounded him seemed to fade. Khloe’s heart skipped; she had glimpsed a rare vulnerability. Even his own possessiveness scared him... lest it hurt her.

“I won’t,” she said without hesitation.

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“Really?” His brows knit slightly. A faint smile curved his lips, but his eyes betrayed a subtle, indecipherable melancholy.

“Of course. As long as you don’t lie to me or hurt me, I will never tire of you... I-”

Her voice faltered, heat creeping up her ears as she softened it. “I like you, too.”

“...Khloe.”

Nick’s chest tightened. Impulse overtook him, and he lifted her in his arms, carrying her to the bed.

Moonlight poured in through the window, washing the room in silver, casting glimmering shadows across the floor.

Khloe’s body tingled with sensitivity; a few movements and she was already near her limit. She clutched his hand tightly, a mixture of anticipation and nervousness running through her.

Yet at the crucial moment, Nick’s rationality returned. Sensing her shiver, he froze, holding himself back.

He propped himself up, gazing down at her in the muted lunar glow.

Khloe's eyes glistened with unshed tears, her lashes damp, and her quickened breath lifted the delicate line of her collarbone, leaving him completely unmoored.

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“What’s wrong?” Khloe’s voice was soft and hazy, tinged with shyness as she whispered, “Did I... make you uncomfortable?”

“Of course not,” Nick’s voice was hoarse, almost breaking from the intensity. “It’s just... I can’t bear it.”

Khloe was utterly alluring, yet pure and flawless, like a treasure. Even the slightest pain to her made his chest ache unbearably.

“You’re so precious...” His Adam’s apple bobbed as he spoke, each word strained yet resolute. “I want to wait... until after the wedding to give you a perfect night, a wedding night worthy of a lifetime of memories.”

Khloe’s eyes trembled-partly in surprise, partly in overwhelming emotion. “Nick...”

But before she could say more, he adjusted her collar, pulling her gently into his embrace, his palm pressed firmly against her back.

She had been prepared, yet Nick’s determination made her feel cherished, more so than she had ever felt herself. The stirring warmth in her chest transformed unfulfilled desire into tenderness.

A tenderness softer than the moonlight spilling across her skin.

Meanwhile, Trey spent the night tossing and turning, sleepless.

Hearing Khloe say she was married-and knowing there was really a man beside her-he felt as if his head and chest would explode.

Impossible. Khloe didn’t know the truth of their fake marriage... how could she possibly marry someone else?

Was she trying to provoke him...?

Could she really be with another man just to make him jealous?

The thought that he had never even been with her-and that another man might now have her-made Trey want to die right then.

By four in the morning, he could no longer bear it. He called his assistant, demanding they find Khloe's address by any means necessary.

No wonder she could endure so long without coming to him...

He had to see for himself if Khloe really had someone else.

...

The next morning, Nick arrived at the Hunt Group headquarters and immediately instructed Lenny to obtain a full investigative report on the Fox Group.

Khloe had mentioned wanting to personally take revenge on the Fox family, so originally, Nick hadn't intended

to intervene.

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But now, with Trey dragging his name into the mess, if he didn't act, Trey might think he was too soft-hearted.

"Fox Group is preparing for an IPO?" Nick raised an eyebrow as he scanned the report.

Whether they were going public or on the verge of bankruptcy, they didn't even seem clear on their own prospects.

"Sir, the Chairman warned you not to intervene," Lenny reminded him quickly.

George had stressed it repeatedly: the family had finally secured its domestic standing. If he acted impulsively on personal feelings against another company, the family's reputation would suffer. Most importantly, once you act, others follow suit-he didn't want Nick to lose control because of Khloe.

“Why use a sledgehammer to crack a nut?” Nick said coldly. “I’m interested in all Fox Group’s projects. Take them over. Make a subtle announcement in the relevant sectors of Goldmont City. That’s all.”

If the projects were snatched, and rumors quietly spread, Fox Group wouldn’t be able to hold firm-no direct confrontation needed.

But the operation had to remain discreet, or George would step in.

“Got it,” Lenny replied. Then he remembered something. “You asked me to look into Ethan and Clarice. I’ve already assigned people. Here is part of their recent daily activity and network connections.”

Lenny took a file from his briefcase and placed it on the desk.

Nick nodded, about to set aside the Fox Group report, when on the last page, he noticed Morrison Group’s investment.

“Who from the Morrison Group invested in the Fox Group?”

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Nick’s sudden question left Lenny momentarily stunned. “Morrison Group invested in Fox Group?”

He hadn’t even noticed that line in the report.

Logically, with Khloe at the Morrison Group, Morrison Group wouldn’t have any dealings with the Fox Group. And who in their right mind would invest in such an ordinary company?

“I’ll check... it seems to be encrypted,” Lenny said, taking the file.

Nick didn’t speak, but his expression darkened.

There were only two possibilities: Morrison Group's move was aimed at Khloe—meaning it had to involve Ethan and his team.

Or... it could be Khloe herself. Could she still be hung up on Trey?

The thought flashed briefly, then was immediately dismissed. Nick knew it was impossible, yet any matter involving Khloe made it impossible for him not to overthink.

This feeling of being possessive and insecure over someone else... even he despised it in himself.

By evening, Trey hurried back to the Fox family estate, waiting at the gate for Angela to appear.

The mysterious investor from Morrison Group had arranged a meeting for next week, and tonight, he planned to attend a high-profile jewelry auction.

Originally, Trey intended to go alone, but Angela, upon hearing that the auction was hosted by an internationally renowned organizer with numerous top-tier collections—and that prominent figures in Goldmont City had received special invitations—insisted on going to see the world. If she could also pick up some treasures for herself along the way, all the better.

She didn't ask Trey directly; instead, she approached Arthur subtly. After all, women had an instinct for choosing jewelry gifts, and Arthur now just wanted Angela to behave. As long as her request wasn't excessive, he wouldn't object.

So Trey reluctantly agreed to take her along.

He waited at the gate for quite some time, but Angela didn't appear. Growing annoyed, he received a call—his assistant reporting on the investigation into Khloe,

The results were... nothing.

Khloe had left no trace in Goldmont City. Not a single person around her would divulge any information.

“Worthless!” Trey swore under his breath.

No sooner had he hung up than Angela climbed into the car.

She had spent a long time choosing her outfit: a deep green velvet evening gown paired with a black short jacket lined with fur, radiating elegance and luxury.

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+25 Bonus

Trey merely glanced at her and said nothing.

Angela had half-expected a compliment-she had spent three painstaking hours dressing up! But Trey's cold indifference made her stop hoping. She turned her gaze to the window instead.

At the venue, Trey strode ahead, completely ignoring Angela, who was struggling in high heels to keep up.

"Ms. Roswell, right this way. We've arranged seating for you in the VIP section on the second floor," a staff member announced.

Shortly after Trey and Angela entered, Khloe was escorted to the VIP area by her manager. Two dedicated attendants were already waiting at the door.

She had received the auction invitation earlier that day. Khloe wasn't particularly interested in jewelry, but both Loretta and Arista had sent her numerous gifts. She knew they enjoyed collecting jewelry, so she decided to sneak in and pick out some pieces as return gifts.

The organizers, of course, pulled out all the stops once they learned the Morrison Group heiress would attend.

The auction hadn't even started when Khloe took her seat, and a server handed her a tablet.

All of the evening's lots were displayed on it, allowing her to pre-select items and consult staff with any questions.

"Oh, by the way, I'll be remaining anonymous tonight," Khloe said, scanning the tablet.

The venue was packed with entrepreneurs and prominent ladies. She was here to shop, not socialize.

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The manager nodded. “Understood. No one will know you’re here today.”

It wasn’t just Khloe who worried about trouble-so did the staff. Any disruption at the auction could cause

chaos.

Soon, Khloe finished pre-selecting the pieces.

One was a top-tier black Padparadscha sapphire necklace, elegant and imposing-perfect for Loretta’s refined taste. The other was a pair of rare pink-purple sapphire earrings, delicate yet dazzling, with just a hint of youthful charm-reminiscent of Arista.

Price was no concern for Khloe.

Once the bidding began, her pre-selected items were placed at the front. Naturally, she made no concessions and immediately secured the black Padparadscha sapphire necklace.

But her bold move instantly drew attention.

“I heard there’s a mysterious VIP here tonight. Bidding that high right at the start-no way they’ll lose.”

“Who in Goldmont City could it be? The Morrison family? The Hunt family?”

At the mention of the Morrison family, Trey’s brow twitched.

He glanced toward the opposite VIP section, but the view was blocked by curtains and bodyguards-he couldn’t see a thing.

If it was really someone from the Morrison family, could it be that heiress? To start with the black Padparadscha sapphire necklace-that was impeccable taste.

Lost in thought, Trey was suddenly tugged by Angela.

“This one’s nice-I like it,” she said, pointing at the pink-purple sapphire earrings on display.

They weren't as extravagant as the black Padparadscha sapphire necklace, but extremely rare. The pink-purple sapphire earrings sparkled vividly. Her eyes shone with desire.

"It's... okay," Trey replied absently, still thinking of the Morrison heiress.

That day, her voice had sounded so young, so much like Khloe's. His mind had already linked the two faces. If those earrings were on Khloe, they would look perfect-stunning, fitting.

On impulse, he raised his paddle and placed a bid.

Immediately, someone countered-over 300,000 dollars, chasing him.

Aha-so the mysterious VIP in the opposite VIP box had acted. Trey couldn't help but stand and look across.

Khloe, looking through her binoculars, saw the bidder too.

It was Trey.

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+25 Bonus

And beside him sat Angela.

Truly a devoted couple. Their household and company were in turmoil, yet they could still attend an auction together.

Khloe had been too busy with her own affairs to concern herself with the Fox family. She had revealed Angela and Pete's mother-child relationship, expecting Trey to kick them both out of Goldmont City, or at least spark a public frenzy.

Now she realized she had underestimated just how shameless the Fox family was.

Snakes and rats in a nest, colluding with each other-the family was likely all together now.

A chill flashed through Khloe's eyes. She signaled the manager, nodding toward Trey.

Unsurprisingly, the pink-purple sapphire earrings were hers as well, won with her lavish bid.

Trey struggled briefly but gave up.

If the bidder truly was the Morrison heiress, he stood no chance. His attention had already been captured by the mysterious figure in the box; he didn't even bother monitoring the other items anymore.

Angela sighed, disappointed. "What bad luck... I really liked those earrings."

"You liked them?" Trey asked, slightly surprised.

"Yes. You were so eager to bid just now-weren't you buying them for me?"

Angela froze, realizing she had misread his intentions. She had assumed Trey had bid because he indulged her, so she leaned closer, looping her arm around him.

"We're buying gifts for someone from the Morrison family. I don't have the budget to buy you anything," Trey said coldly.

The words drained all color from Angela's face.

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Angela frowned, about to speak, when suddenly several men in sharp suits appeared behind them, speaking lowly. "Excuse me, could you step aside for a moment?"

"What's going on?"

Trey had no choice but to rise with Angela, following the men into the corridor.

"Sorry, may I see your invitation, please?" one man asked politely, but his tone carried a clear distance.

"I don't have an invitation. I bought tickets," Trey said, a hint of irritation in his voice, as he handed over the tickets for inspection.

The man barely glanced at them. “I’m sorry, but you are not an invited guest. Participating in this special auction without an invitation violates the rules. We’ll refund your tickets. Please cooperate and leave.”

“What do you mean?” Angela was stunned. How could a public auction kick people out like this?

“This is absurd. What rules have we violated?” Trey’s voice darkened with anger.

The man explained without changing expression, “Only invited guests on the invitation list may bid on our rare pieces. Your ticket should indicate this.”

The rule was real: to honor the privileges of special guests, rare items were first offered to them. Ordinary attendees could only bid if no invited guest participated.

But in practice, violations were rarely enforced so rigidly, and people were almost never asked to leave.

Trey felt doubly humiliated.

“What do you mean by this? Even if we missed the rule, you don’t have to kick us out!”

Angela’s voice rose with indignation. “Let me tell you—we are not ordinary guests. Do you know the Fox Group? He is the CEO of Fox Group. Fox Group has just received investment from the Morrison family. Offending us is the same as offending the Morrison family!”

Her words stunned the men.

The Morrison family? The Morrison heiress was seated in the VIP box right across from them. If they were relying on the Morrison family, why would Khloe want them to come and throw ordinary attendees out? They had come to curry favor, not to provoke!

After a brief silence, Angela lifted her chin, smugly convinced she had intimidated them.

But the highly trained staff couldn’t help but lower their heads and smile,

“What? You don’t believe us?” Angela’s face flushed as she glanced at Trey for support.

Trey’s expression was dark. “This is insulting. I’m going to file a complaint!”

“Of course, you may file a complaint... or you can have the Morrison family do it,” the lead man said, trying to keep a straight face. By the last words, though, his voice betrayed a slight tremor.

Chapter 239

+25 Bonus

“You...” Trey’s pride flared. Surrounded by people, he restrained himself, but without witnesses, he might have punched the man on the spot.

Seeing Trey’s reaction, the bodyguards around them stepped closer, eyes sharp and threatening.

Angela’s anger mixed with fear. She whispered, “Just wait! Once the Morrison family publicly announces their collaboration with us, you’ll see exactly whom you’ve offended today!”

“Right, right... the exit is this way.” The man cleared his throat, hastily pointing them toward the way out. Continuing any further would have made him laugh out loud-but professionalism, after all, had to be maintained.

Trey’s face was iron-gray, his chest tight with anger. Angela felt like she had swallowed a fly.

After getting dressed up for a rare night out, barely settling in, they had been kicked out?

But with so many people against them, there was nothing they could do. They trudged away, heads down.

Just then, as they rounded into the underground garage, Khloe was being escorted down by the venue’s security from the private elevator. The car door opened, waiting.

2/2

Chapter 240

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 240

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 240 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 240

Chapter 240

“Isn’t that Khloe?”

Angela's sharp eyes caught Khloe at once.

She glanced nervously at Trey. How was it that every time they appeared together in public, they ran into Khloe? Could Khloe be secretly following them?

She claimed she was done with Trey, yet she demanded company shares, refused to let go, and kept stirring up trouble-so many tricks up her sleeve. A scheming bitch indeed, Angela thought.

Trey lifted his gaze. The instant he saw Khloe, he instinctively stepped away from Angela.

"I'll go take a look. You get in the car first."

He tossed out the words and hurried toward Khloe without giving Angela a moment to react.

Khloe hadn't noticed the two standing in the corner. Once the bodyguards finished loading the items into the car, they left. Khloe slid into the driver's seat and was just about to close the door when a hand suddenly wrenched it open.

On the man's wrist was a Patek Philippe. The familiar wedding band gleamed harshly.

"Khloe! You finally showed up!"

Trey's voice was rushed, his breath uneven, as he wedged half his body against the car door.

He had been seething with anger toward her, but the moment he saw her, most of it inexplicably drained away.

She was stunning-so breathtaking that his heart skipped, no less than the first time he had seen her years ago in the university campus administration office.

Her thick, jet-black hair was simply styled, diamond hairpins clipped at her temples. Soft waves fell past her shoulders, glossy and fragrant with an unmistakable hint of a high-end perfume.

Her clothing style hadn't changed much-still understated and elegant. She wore a warm ivory gradient, long-sleeved dress. The brand was unidentifiable, yet the fabric spoke of exceptional quality.

Her accessories were minimal as well: a pair of pearl earrings, a clear teardrop diamond necklace...

Except for the massive diamond ring on her finger-and a pair of matching couple's bracelets on her wrist.

The moment Trey saw the ring, he grabbed Khloe's arm without thinking.

"What's with this ring? Where's our wedding ring? Do you really have another man?"

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Trey would never have believed Khloe capable of cheating.

"Don't touch me!"

Khloe hadn't expected to run into Trey either. A flicker of surprise crossed her face as she tried to wrench her arm free. But she was no match for his strength. Without hesitation, she yanked the car door hard-

1/2

Chat 240

+25 Bonus

Trey's arm was viciously caught in the door.

"Ah-!"

He cried out in pain and instinctively let go.

Knowing she was alone and couldn't afford to get tangled up with him, Khloe moved to drive off at once.

But Trey immediately chased after her, blocking the front of the car.

"Khloe, get out here and explain yourself! Why are you treating me like this? What did I do wrong? All these years, even if I didn't achieve much, I worked myself to the bone! Do you know how much pressure I endured back then just to be with you, how hard I fought to convince my family? And now, you betray me-do you have any conscience at all?"

Trey was nearly seeing red. His hoarse shouts echoed through the entire garage.

He had always cared most about his pride, yet now, he didn't spare it a single thought. His mind was filled with the image of Khloe speaking intimately on the phone with that mysterious man.

He had suffered through sleepless nights over it—and now she had truly gone looking for another man.

Seeing Khloe's car come to a stop, Trey clenched his fist and slammed it down on the hood.

“Khloe, I’ll give you one last chance. Get out of the car. If you admit your mistake right now, maybe-just maybe -I’ll let it go and forgive you. Otherwise, I’ll make you pay. Forget the Fox Group’s shares. From this moment on, you are no longer my wife... no longer the Fox family’s daughter-in-law. You won’t get a single thing from the Fox family ever again.”

☐