

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 241

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 241

Chapter 241

Trey's words only made Khloe laugh-angrily, but amused.

She had endured years of deception, and she had long made up her mind: to slowly torment and exact revenge on the Fox family, making them taste the same humiliation she had suffered. That was why she hadn't fully revealed the truth to Trey.

But now, it seemed that the Fox family's audacity surpassed even her patience.

She rolled down the car window, her voice icy.

"Trey, are you still living in a dream? Listen carefully. I've already dumped you. Even if you handed me the entire Fox Group and knelt before me begging, I would never go back!"

With that, she pressed the accelerator, showing not the slightest concern for him.

Trey was still in shock, frozen, until he realized she was seriously going to run him over. He leapt aside just in time, slamming into a pillar.

But Khloe's car didn't slow-it surged forward, accelerating into the night.

Angela couldn't stay calm any longer. She jumped out of the car immediately.

"Trey! Are you okay?"

She rushed to steady him, checking if he was hurt.

Khloe... was she insane? She had nearly run him over!

"I'm fine. You should go home. I have business to attend to!"

Trey, carried away by a storm of emotions, pushed Angela aside the moment he stood, sprinted back to his car, and slammed the accelerator to chase Khloe.

He refused to believe she could be this resolute in leaving him.

After all these years together-could he, who had known her so well, really fail to bring her back? A man by her side? That meant nothing. Khloe leaving him? Impossible.

Rational thought had completely abandoned Trey. There was only one thought consuming him: he needed Khloe back. No matter the company, no matter the family, no matter what Angela might think-he couldn't bear losing Khloe. Losing Khloe would be worse than death.

Khloe drove fast, deliberately taking twists and turns through several intersections, accelerating to shake him off.

Trey, frustrated that he had lost her, suddenly remembered the community she had mentioned wanting to buy in-right in the center of the financial district, where she had asked him for seven million for a new property.

He immediately searched for the location and sped toward it.

Night had fallen, and the moon shone bright.

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+25 Bonus

Within the gated community, cobblestone paths glimmered under the warm yellow lights, and precious bonsai pine trees stood silent at the entrances to the private residences.

Khloe parked the car in the garage and shut it off. The moment she stepped out, a shadow suddenly lunged at her from behind.

“So you had it all planned. Was it because I treated you too well these past two years that you’ve grown tired of me?”

Trey’s voice rang in her ears. Her body was shoved violently against the car.

Trey’s eyes were bloodshot, his hands gripping her shoulders tightly. His voice was twisted with fury.

—

“Tell me who is that man? Why are you throwing yourself into someone else’s arms so eagerly? Do you have any regard for the trust I placed in you, or for my family? Khloe, do you even have a heart?”

Even though rage surged through him, and he wished he could crush her for betraying him, the sight of her face gradually brought his reason back. His tone softened from anger to hurt.

Khloe was most vulnerable to guilt—he didn't need to argue right now about right or wrong. He just needed her to come back.

That other man... and her betrayal—he would settle that with her eventually. But first, she had to return.

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Khloe reeled from the impact, pain shooting through her body, but her eyes had gone ice-cold.

She no longer struggled. She simply lifted her gaze, her stare cutting through Trey like a blade.

“Trey,” her voice was low but deadly, carrying a chill that seemed to pierce bone, “stop pretending to be sentimental. Don't you find it disgusting yourself?”

“What... what do you mean?” Trey's heart skipped. A flicker of panic flashed in his eyes.

She looked different from before. Khloe had always been strikingly beautiful, a goddess in repose, cold and untouchable. Yet when they were together, her features softened with warmth. He had grown used to her gentleness, her care, her loving tolerance.

“Don't you know what I mean? Or do you need me to say it aloud for you?” Khloe drew a steady breath, disgust curling in her chest at his very presence.

No matter how refined his face was, inside, he was rotten. To her, he was no better than garbage. Being near him, speaking to him, it all felt filthy.

Trey's forehead veins throbbed violently, his panic turning to rage.

“Is this because I’ve been busy with work and neglected you? Or because I didn’t meet your unreasonable demands for the company’s shares? Khloe, all these years, have I done so little for you? How can you betray me over this?”

“Yes, you’ve done a lot for me.” Khloe cut him off, her tone calm and deliberate.

“To win my affection, you schemed endlessly; to make me a shield for you and Angela, you exhausted yourself for years; to make me raise your child, you wove lies into what you called ‘love.’ Trey... I thank you.’

Every word struck like a thunderclap, each one more shattering than the last.

Trey’s grip loosened suddenly, and he stood stunned. She... she knew all of it?

Khloe straightened, small in stature compared to him, yet radiating a presence so formidable it erased the memory of the gentle, tender woman he had known. Each of her words sliced toward him like a sharpened blade, merciless.

Trey staggered backward, bumping into the thick trunk of a nearby tree.

“Khloe... What... what are you saying? I... how could I ever be with Angela...”

Cold sweat drenched him, yet he still tried to resist.

Khloe had no patience for his denials.

“Our marriage certificate was fake. You and Angela are the real married couple.”

She had planned to reveal this only after completely dismantling the Fox family. But plans couldn’t keep pace with reality-Trey was too entangled, too obsessive, and... she was already married to Nick. There was no need for a slow revenge anymore.

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+25 Bonus

“Khloe... when did you...” Trey’s lips went pale. His eyes lost their spark, his heart felt like it had been pierced by a bullet, and he couldn’t breathe.

All the recent events crashed over him like a tidal wave-no wonder she had been so ruthless, no wonder she demanded the company shares, no wonder she had used another man to provoke him!

She had known everything... and now, she was taking her revenge.

Trey couldn't think. Terror seized him, making his body tremble uncontrollably. His lips parted, his legs went weak, and without warning, he collapsed to his knees before Khloe.

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Watching Trey drop to his knees, Khloe frowned, undisguised disgust spilling across her face.

She had once thought he was simply scum-calculating, manipulative, using women without remorse, a thoroughly hypocritical and sinister man.

But seeing him now, exposed and stripped bare, without even a shred of backbone, she realized he didn't even qualify as scum anymore.

At least a truly capable bastard would have the nerve to see things through to the end.

“Khloe, I was wrong. I'm sorry... I've wronged you!”

Trey clenched his teeth. The humiliation burned, but this was no longer the time for pride. His resentment and unwillingness had long surpassed his self-respect. He had to keep Khloe.

Not just for himself-but for the Fox Group.

If Khloe revealed everything, what would become of his reputation? Of Angela's? Of the Fox family's name?

The company was at a critical stage before going public. No matter what, they had to survive this.

Even if it meant... divorcing Angela.

“I did have feelings for Angela in the past. I was momentarily possessed, blinded, and made a terrible mistake...” His voice grew hoarse. “But these past years, my feelings for you were real. Without realizing it, I discovered you had become irreplaceable to me...”

Khloe, please forgive me. No matter what you ask of me, I'll make it right. I'm willing to do anything..."

Every word was bitten out with force, his eyes glistening with tears, as if he were truly repentant to the core.

Khloe had long grown tired of his performance. The more sincere he sounded, the more absurd it felt.

When she laughed, Trey felt as if he'd been slapped. Embarrassment and frustration surged together.

"Khloe, can't you give me one more chance for the sake of all those years we shared? If I didn't truly care about you, I wouldn't beg like this. Do you really think life will be easier once you leave the Fox family? You're a woman with no background, no backing-what kind of man better than me would genuinely treat you well?"

In his panic, he revealed his true thoughts.

Seeing that he couldn't even keep up the act anymore, Khloe let out a cold laugh.

"Trey, even if every man in this world were dead, I still wouldn't get back together with you. Not in this lifetime. Not in the next. Not in the one after that."

Her words sounded light, but to Trey, they were vicious beyond measure.

He had never imagined Khloe could hate him this deeply, as if there had never been any love between them at all. He had been erased completely.

"Khloe, stop pretending to be strong! I know you've been badly hurt, but do you think saying these cruel things can erase our past?"

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+25 Bonus

Trey suddenly stood up-only to be kicked hard in the knee by the sharp tip of Khloe's high heel. Caught off guard, he crashed back down, half-kneeling on the ground.

Khloe immediately bent down and seized his face, her grip merciless, her gaze dripping with contempt.

“Trey, if you don’t want your affair with Angela exposed to all of Goldmont City, I advise you to transfer the company shares that belong to me-principal and interest included-into my name within three days. This is the price you owe for deceiving me all these years.”

Trey hadn’t expected Khloe to abandon emotion entirely. Panic surged. He shoved her away and tried to keep arguing-until the recording she played froze him in place.

At some point, she had recorded his kneeling confession.

“Should I send this to Angela,” Khloe asked softly, smiling, “or just drop it straight into the group chat?”

She raised her phone.

The screen was already on her contacts list-Select All highlighted. One tap was all it would take.

Trey stopped instantly, not daring to move another inch.

“Khloe... you weren’t like this before. Let’s stop hurting each other. I know you’re hurting, but so am I. These

years of deceiving you, I was anxious and tormented as well. And what hurts me the most is that I’ve long since...

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“Say one more word, and I’ll send it,” Khloe said.

Trey swallowed the words stuck in his throat.

By now, Khloe had completely stopped trusting him. Talking about feelings would only make things worse. He nodded quickly.

“Fine. I won’t say anything. I’ll do whatever you want... You want the shares, right? I’ll give them to you.”

Khloe knew he was just trying to steady himself. Since he loved lies and schemes so much, let him struggle.

When taking revenge, the cruelest part isn’t the outcome-it’s the process.

She wanted Trey and the Fox family to suffer, to be unable to find peace. And even if they handed over the shares, who said she’d let Trey or Angela off the hook?

As Khloe turned to leave, Trey instinctively reached out to stop her. But she had already anticipated it. She sidestepped, her tone icy beside him.

“Don’t ever appear in front of me again.”

Then, as if to punctuate the warning, she added, “Because my status has changed, I have to consider my husband’s feelings now.”

Trey’s face flushed crimson. “Khloe, you’re lying! You couldn’t have married someone so fast!”

“Shh.” Khloe snapped, her expression sharp as a warning. “My husband is not someone you can mess with. If he misunderstands anything... or gets upset, the consequences won’t be in my control.”

Without waiting for a response, she strode away, head held high.

Her words hit Trey like a blow to the chest. He froze for a few seconds, watching her approach the elevator, and his instincts screamed at him to follow.

But then, a tall man in a suit appeared seemingly out of nowhere, blocking his path.

“Sir, please stop. Without an owner’s invitation, no one is allowed inside.”

Trey assumed it was just a security guard and ignored him. “Move aside! I’m married to the resident who just went in. Mind your own business.”

Before he could take another step, two more burly men appeared from behind. With a single gesture from the man in front, they grabbed Trey’s arms.

These weren’t ordinary guards. Trey struggled, but his strength was useless against them. The two men’s cold expressions and commanding presence made him falter immediately.

“...You...”

Before he could finish, a fist slammed into his nose. Heat and pain exploded in his head. Blood filled his mouth; a metallic, iron-like taste coated his tongue.

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+25 Bonus

Then, the two men released his arms, grabbed his tie, and twisted it until he nearly suffocated before finally letting go.

Trey collapsed to the ground, utterly powerless. But they didn't stop. Without a word, they rained brutal punches and kicks on him.

Only when blood ran from his mouth, and his body was close to giving out, did a sharp male voice cut through the chaos.

“That's enough.”

The voice sounded familiar. Trey, barely able to lift his head, immediately recognized it.

It was the man who had answered Khloe's call... the same bastard who had been with her.

Trey tried to crawl away, but a heavy foot pressed down on his back, pinning him again.

The man's harsh voice was like the roar of the underworld.

“Next time you think about bothering Khloe, make sure someone's ready to collect your corpse!”

A cold chuckle followed from one of the companions.

Only after the men left did Trey struggle to his feet. His abdomen had been kicked repeatedly; nausea hit him like a wave. He stumbled a few steps before bending over to vomit. Blood mixed with stomach acid burned in his throat, and the world seemed to tilt beneath him—he truly felt like dying would have been easier.

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### Chapter 245

Trey had barely caught his breath when another group of men in security uniforms charged toward him, flashlights blazing in his face.

“Who let you in? How dare you harass the residents? Get lost, or we’re calling the police!” one of them barked.

“You... you...”

Trey tried to speak, but pain shot through him with every breath. His words came out in ragged gasps.

He had parked outside the complex and bribed the gatekeepers a hefty sum just to get in. And now, these men had taken the money and acted as if they didn’t know him at all.

Several minutes later, he managed to limp back to his car, utterly drained, without the strength to drive anywhere.

His phone vibrated-it was Angela calling. She had called multiple times, all of which he had ignored. Now, he weakly pressed “answer.”

“...Hey, come pick me up.” Before she could say anything, Trey, his voice hoarse and weak, cut in.

Sensing something was wrong, Angela immediately asked for his location.

After hanging up, Trey slumped over the steering wheel, his body aching, but his mind still replayed Khloe’s merciless words. The pain in his body was nothing compared to the sting of her rejection.

She... truly didn’t feel anything for him anymore? What had that man said or done to cloud her heart?

Amid his frustration and despair, Trey suddenly remembered something Khloe had said when he once proposed to her.

“Khloe, if one day I accidentally hurt you, but sincerely want your forgiveness, would you forgive me?”

“Of course. You’re my husband, and you treat me so well. Our love has come this far; I won’t give up so easily.”

No... it wasn’t possible. Khloe had loved him for six years-how could she have fallen for another man in such a short time? Even if he had hurt her, the deeper the wound, the harder it should be for her to let go.

Her cruelty, her anger, her use of another man to spite him-it only proved she hadn’t truly let him go.

A cold smirk crept across Trey’s face.

‘Khloe... let’s see how far you can go. You’re trying to use a man unworthy of your love to get back at me-I want to see how long this ridiculous revenge will last.’

Khloe had just returned home and was about to call Nick when the doorbell rang. She glanced through the peephole and opened the door immediately.

“Aren’t you supposed to be busy late tonight?” she asked, glancing at the clock-it was just past nine.

Nick had mentioned a meeting that would last past eleven, so they wouldn’t have dinner together. She had

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+25 Bonus

taken the opportunity to attend the auction alone, though she had wanted him to accompany her.

“Canceled,” he said coolly, taking off his coat.

Khloe instinctively reached to take it, but Nick swept her into his embrace with one hand, placing the coat neatly on the console by the door.

“Did something happen?” she asked, noticing a tension in his expression that wasn’t there before.

“Yeah... I just wanted to see you too badly to sit through the meeting.”

His warmth enveloped her, and Khloe stiffened for a moment before relaxing into him, wrapping her arms around his waist. She whispered, “Then why didn’t you call me? I would have come home earlier.”

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Nick didn't respond to Khloe's words immediately. His gaze was so deep it almost made her uneasy, as if he were lost in thought. She could sense that something weighed on him.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" she asked softly.

"Trey is downstairs."

His lips moved slightly as he gently brushed her hair back before speaking. His voice carried little overt emotion, yet it sank heavily into Khloe's heart.

"You... saw everything?" Her eyes flickered with a hint of panic.

She straightened immediately, speaking earnestly. "Don't misunderstand. It was just a coincidence that I ran into him today. And I made everything clear between us!"

She had confronted Trey because of Nick. In recent days, she'd realized the most important thing wasn't the past-it was the present. If Nick was unhappy, she could even let go of all past grievances and sever any ties with the Fox family.

"I didn't misunderstand," Nick said, his voice low, and his gaze darkened with a barely restrained chill. "I just... seeing another man entangled with you... it makes me uncomfortable."

He trusted her completely and didn't feel threatened by Trey. But a subtle, possessive jealousy lingered no matter how he tried to dismiss it.

Nick drew her close again, his broad frame radiating a chill that seemed to come from the night itself. He was imposing and strong, yet there was a fragility to him that made Khloe's heart ache. She hugged him back tightly, like stroking a lion's mane, unwilling to let go.

Khloe thought for a moment, then spoke softly, "I'm sorry. I won't let you see things like that again... What can I do to make you feel better? Tell me, and I'll try to do everything you want."

"I got my men to beat him up. He'll probably spend the night in the hospital." Nick's voice was low, calm, but it sounded a little like he was testing the waters to see her reaction.

Khloe raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised, then nodded. "Good. Thank you for taking care of that for me."

"I've also strengthened security in the complex."

"Mm."

"This place isn't good enough. Let's move."

"Mm?"

"We should also pick a new house for our marriage. I've had Lenny start preparing the documents. In the end, your opinion will decide everything."

With that, Nick's intent was clear. He released her, and the shadow that had lingered in his eyes was gone, replaced by a light, teasing warmth.

"So you were waiting here for me?" Khloe smiled. "If we move, you won't be upset anymore?"

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+25 Bonus

"Yes." Nick nodded solemnly, his voice gentle. "I don't want anyone disturbing us."

"Good."

Khloe tilted her head, her eyes tracing the strong, angular lines of his face. It was a face usually sharp and commanding, yet in this moment, even his features seemed softened.

Later, Khloe excitedly showed Nick the jewelry she had bought at the auction-one piece for Loretta, another for Arista. She had chosen each according to her own taste. She wasn't sure whether they would like them.

Nick, however, hardly glanced at the pieces, his gaze fixed on her instead.

“Since you picked it, I’m sure they’ll love it,” he said.

Khloe looked up, meeting his intense gaze. She pressed her lips together and teased lightly, “Are there any CEOs in Goldmont City better at flattery than you?”

“I don’t know,” he murmured, leaning closer to brush a strand of hair from her face. “But there’s no one who

loves you more than I do.”

Khloe’s face flushed scarlet, and her breath caught.

How could Nick always make even the cheesiest lines sound so direct?

“Oh, by the way,” he added, a note of casual efficiency entering his tone, “I found the thing you were looking for.

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Time with Khloe always flew, and Nick often forgot the important things amidst the moments together.

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 247**

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Chapter 247

Nick rose and handed Khloe a file.

It contained information on Clarice and Ethan.

Khloe operated in the open, they in the shadows-it wasn’t easy to track them. Both had secretive backgrounds and private lives, making any investigation difficult. Even with Nick’s extensive effort, only a small portion had been uncovered, mostly concerning Ethan.

Clarice was the second daughter of the Davis family. Though favored, she hadn't inherited many family resources. In the past, she had used various methods to gain more influence within the family, earning the displeasure of many relatives.

It wasn't until she partnered with Niel that she gained a foothold in the Morrison Group. Naturally, she wouldn't relinquish the power she had secured there.

Ethan, however, was different. Adopted by Clarice at the age of five, he had been raised closely under her guidance. Most of his dedication to the Morrison Group stemmed from a sense of obligation and gratitude.

But one detail was particularly noteworthy. Ethan's biological parents had once been implicated in stealing commercial secrets from the Davis family. Before they could be imprisoned, they suddenly died in a car accident. After their deaths, Clarice personally adopted Ethan and brought him into the Morrison family through marriage.

By logic, Ethan's parents had only been high-level executives in the Davis family. Although they knew Clarice, they weren't close. Even if Niel later couldn't have children due to illness, there would have been no need for Clarice to adopt a five-year-old.

"You mean... Ethan's parents' deaths might be connected to Clarice?"

That was a bombshell.

Khloe felt a surge of interest, instinctively leaning closer to Nick. He nodded at her approach, drawing near until his lips were almost brushing hers, and then said, "Clarice is someone who never acts without personal gain. The case of Ethan's parents has no traceable details... Do you think there might be something... hidden?"

Though the topic was serious, his deep, magnetic voice carried a teasing undertone. As his words lingered, Khloe's gaze dropped to the pronounced line of his throat.

Nick suddenly tilted his body, aiming to kiss her.

Khloe blinked, holding her breath, and said softly, "I think... there probably is."

His eyes narrowed slightly, breath growing heavier. Her words matched his tone, her flushed face radiating shy allure, delicate and tempting like a ripe fruit.

"But that's not our concern... Ethan himself is thoughtful and perceptive," Khloe said, sensing him moving closer, her voice growing quieter. "I-"

Before she could finish, Nick's lips met hers as expected. His kiss was gentle and cautious, brushing her mouth lightly, pausing to tease her lower lip.

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+25 Bonus

“About the Morrison Group investing in the Fox Group-you didn’t know that yet, did you?”

Even after being flustered and heart racing, Khloe snapped back to reality at his words.

“The Morrison Group invested in the Fox Group?!”

She sat up sharply, pressing her hand instinctively against Nick’s chest. He let out a muffled sound, frowning.

“Sorry, did I hurt you?”

“No. Your little kitty strength could never hurt me.”

Nick caught her hands before she could wander, holding them firmly against his chest. Though there was no

pain, her mischievous touch had brushed a sensitive spot. His cheeks flushed slightly, but he quickly regained composure. After all, even for a man, staying calm around someone he liked was never easy.

“Who’s so petty... Could it be Ethan and Clarice? Did they invest in Fox Group just to spite me?”

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Chapter 248

+25 Bonus

Khloe felt as if someone had dumped a bucket of cold water over her-angry, anxious, and slightly shocked.

Seeing how seriously she took the matter, Nick's lingering jealousy finally melted away. He had known all along: Khloe would never give Trey an inch of mercy.

"Supporting the Fox Group doesn't harm the Morrison family much, but having Trey running in and out of Morrison Group, constantly crossing paths with you, will inevitably draw criticism," he said.

The damage was minor, but the disruption was immense. With a single sentence, Nick had cut straight to Ethan's unscrupulous intentions.

He didn't expect one move to crush Khloe, but there was no shortage of schemes and underhanded tricks.

"What's your plan?" Khloe asked.

The Morrison family's maneuvers could only be countered strategically. But Nick was confident—they wouldn't dare act openly against Khloe. All they could attempt were petty tricks, which Khloe was more than capable of handling herself.

Indeed, as soon as he finished speaking, Khloe's lips curved into a knowing smile, as if an idea had just occurred to her.

"Since they're so fond of the Fox Group, let's wish them a happy collaboration," she said lightly.

"Do you want me to do anything?" Nick asked.

He noticed a strange gleam in her eyes—not tenderness, but something sharper. He intertwined his fingers with hers, his thumb brushing the diamond ring on her ring finger.

Khloe let out a soft laugh and suddenly leaned her head onto his shoulder, whispering a few words. Nick's expression barely shifted, though the faintest lift at the corner of his lips and the softened glow in his eyes betrayed his approval.

"Perfect," he murmured.

Later, after showering, they lay together.

Khloe, unable to sleep, gazed at his flat, broad chest, feeling a gentle flutter in her heart. Time had flown. It felt like they'd just met, yet now their breathing, their presence, was etched into her bones.

How could she not feel anything for a man like him? For a body like his?

Yet, Nick held her each night with perfect restraint. Respectful... yes, but his self-control was extraordinary.

"...Nick? Are you asleep?" she asked softly, watching his closed eyes and even breathing. His long lashes caught the dim light filtering through the window, drawing her gaze.

When he didn't respond, she reached out carefully. Just as her fingers brushed his lashes, Nick's eyes opened.

"What?"

"I wanted to count your eyelashes," she whispered.

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+25 Bonus

Nick stared at her. His dark eyes betrayed no trace of sleepiness—only a piercing clarity that seemed to read her every thought.

"Count my eyelashes?" he repeated, his low voice teasingly husky, the tail of the word curling in playful mockery. "Just counting lashes... is that enough? Would you like to know every inch of my body too?"

Heat rushed to Khloe's ears. She tried to pull back, but he drew her closer into his chest. The warmth of his body pressed through the thin fabric of his sleepwear, soothing against her skin.

"I have an important assignment next week," he whispered, lips nearly brushing her ear, his breath hot against her skin. "I'll be on a business trip... for about a week."

Khloe flinched slightly, an inexplicable emptiness settling in her chest. "A whole week?"

"When I return," he continued, "we'll have our wedding."

His hand traced her back with a restrained yet deliberate desire. "...Then, you can do more than just count my eyelashes."

His words, soft as they were, weighed heavily on her heart. She understood him clearly and lowered her gaze, shy and speechless.

"...Mm," she murmured.

The next morning, Charlotte quietly slipped into Khloe's office.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 249

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 249

Chapter 249

Early yesterday morning, Charlotte received a call from her younger brother, Christopher. The school had refused to process his enrollment due to their family background.

But Charlotte had already spent a significant amount of money to get him into this school. Christopher had just barely gotten into this top city high school, and giving up now would only make future academic prospects even harder.

Just then, a message from Ethan arrived, asking if Charlotte was facing any difficulties and offering his assistance.

Charlotte immediately realized that her brother's situation was closely tied to Ethan. Without hesitation, she went to find Khloe-but Ethan seemed prepared and intercepted her in the elevator.

"Charlotte," Ethan said, his tone cold and cutting, "do you really think Khloe can save you? You don't have any backing. Khloe can help you for now, but she can't protect you forever. Do you plan to rely on her for the rest of your life? You don't care about your brother's future, but what about your mother's illness-does that not concern you?"

The threat was unmistakable: today it was Christopher, tomorrow it could be their mother. In Goldmont City, the Morrison family's influence ran deep. Even though Khloe still had some power within Morrison Group, if Ethan decided to use underhanded methods, she might not be able to defend against them.

"I'd never betray Khloe. If I have to, I'll just resign!" Charlotte said firmly.

"Do as you like," Ethan replied with a light, dismissive smile. "I'm not as terrifying as you think. I have only a small request. Once you handle this, I promise I won't bother you again."

What Ethan wanted was data from a project Khloe had recently taken over.

As the team leader and Khloe's most trusted subordinate, Charlotte often helped copy files, since only she knew Khloe's computer password. Core project data, however, required special key access, which Charlotte could not touch.

So, in this case, Ethan really did only need an ordinary project file. He claimed it was to help someone in Clarice's network compete for a project and would not affect Khloe in any way. But Charlotte did not trust him for a second.

Charlotte spent half an hour in Khloe's office. When she came out, she ran right into Khloe.

"Charlotte? Were you looking for me?" Khloe asked, surprised to see her emerge from her office.

"Yes, Khloe," Charlotte said, flustered. "I... I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Ah, I see. Is this the matter you were going to tell me about the night before last?" Khloe asked gently.

Charlotte nodded. "...Yes, that's right."

"Okay, then let's go inside and talk."

Khloe was about to enter the office when Ethan appeared in the distance.

1/2

Chapter 249

+25 Bonus

Seeing him, Charlotte immediately lowered her head, avoiding his gaze.

"Good morning, Khloe," Ethan greeted, and Khloe returned a professional smile. "Good morning, Ethan."

"There's a brief meeting I'd like you to attend. A few company decisions need to be made- it won't take long," Ethan said, his eyes briefly sweeping over Charlotte before returning to Khloe. "Everyone's waiting."

"All right, I'll head there now," Khloe said, dismissing him politely, then turned to Charlotte. "I'll be back soon."

“Khloe,” Charlotte grabbed her arm, voice urgent, “be careful of Ethan... and Michelle. Also... don’t work yourself so hard in the future. Your health is more important.’

Hearing this, Khloe sensed something was off. “Charlotte, what’s wrong? You sound like you’re saying goodbye to me.”

“No! I’m just really worried about you,” Charlotte said quickly, averting her eyes. “I should get back to work!”

Before Khloe could respond, Charlotte hurried off.

Khloe was slightly puzzled, but she didn’t have time to think it over. Ethan’s assistant came promptly to escort her to the meeting.

2/2

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 250**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 250 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 250**

Chapter 250

When Khloe finished the meeting and went to look for Charlotte, she was startled to find that Charlotte’s workstation had been completely cleared out.

She immediately asked the other four members of the team, but they were just as bewildered. Charlotte had come in that morning and treated everyone to breakfast and milk tea. Later, they all went to a project meeting together. Charlotte had said she was going to the restroom, and after that, she never returned.

By the time the meeting ended and they came back, Charlotte had already packed up everything at her desk, as if she were resigning.

Khloe’s heart sank. She was just about to call Charlotte when a resignation request popped up on her phone.

It was submitted by Charlotte.

How could this be? Khloe knew better than anyone how much Charlotte needed this job.

She tried calling Charlotte again, but the phone was already unreachable.

Back in her office, Khloe found Charlotte's resignation letter placed neatly on her desk. She opened it and saw that Charlotte had written at length about her gratitude, explaining that she wished to resign for personal reasons. She said she couldn't bear to say goodbye in person to Khloe and her colleagues, so she had chosen to leave a letter instead.

A dull heaviness pressed against Khloe's chest. Charlotte was not someone who would leave without a word. She had seemed a little off that day at the Keller family dinner, but Khloe had assumed she was simply unwell and hadn't thought much of it.

Now it was clear-she had neglected Charlotte.

Khloe didn't approve the resignation process. Instead, she sent Charlotte a message, telling her that no matter what had happened, she hoped Charlotte would trust her and come talk to her face-to-face.

"What... what did you say? Khloe already knows about you and Angela?"

In the Fox family living room, everyone wore grim expressions.

Trey had been beaten badly the night before. He'd gone straight to the hospital for treatment and IV fluids. Angela stayed with him the entire night, and only that morning did they return home together.

However, Trey hadn't told anyone that it was a man by Khloe's side who had beaten him. To preserve his dignity, he claimed he'd had a dispute with Khloe and gotten into a fight with the neighborhood security guards.

Even Angela didn't know what he had really gone through.

It wasn't until now that Trey revealed that Khloe knew the truth, shocking Angela as well.

If Khloe already knew about them, didn't that mean she now had leverage over the Fox family?

"Yes." Trey's face was ashen. He took a deep breath and continued, "She threatened us-three days. If we don't give her half of the company's shares, she'll make everything public... about me and Angela."

1/2

\*hapter 250

+25 Bonus

“She’s insane!” Stella shrieked. “Does she really think our family is that easy to threaten? What kind of nobody thinks they can covet what belongs to us?”

As she spoke, she shot a pointed glare at Angela.

Angela’s face instantly went pale. Her lips parted as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, no words

came out.

“No wonder,” Lauren murmured, lowering her head with a heavy sigh. Her brow was knotted with worry and helplessness. “With her strong personality, it’s not surprising she’d retaliate like this.”

She had thought that Khloe had merely grown arrogant from being indulged. She never imagined Khloe knew everything all along.

If Khloe had still been kept in the dark, there might have been room to maneuver. But now that she knew the truth, there was no turning back.

“Retaliate against us? A nobody like her?” Stella scoffed, still unconvinced. A vicious glint flashed in her eyes. “I say we might as well—once and for all...”

“Mom!” Angela exclaimed, understanding immediately.

She was trying to stop Stella from saying it out loud, but she grasped her meaning instantly.

If Khloe disappeared, wouldn’t that solve all of the Fox family’s problems at once?

Trey froze, then shot to his feet. “What are you thinking? Murder is illegal!”

“Of course, we can’t do anything illegal,” Stella replied coldly. “But creating an accident...”

☐