

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 271

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Chapter 271

So it seemed, Michelle's public welfare work had reached the national level.

Lenny had thought Michelle had finally moved past everything....

But who could have guessed? The world was full of unexpected paths, and danger lurked everywhere.

Nick studied Michelle for a moment, his brow furrowing so deeply it seemed almost to sink into his eyes. The air around them stiffened.

Lenny felt his stomach twist; he feared that the next second, Nick might just refuse to go.

With a man like him, forcing the issue could only lead to disastrous consequences.

Yet, this wasn't just a Hunt Group project-it was a national-level priority. No matter how unwilling Nick was, he couldn't shirk such a responsibility.

Michelle understood this. She withdrew her hand and took the seat across from him.

She wore a khaki-colored work jumpsuit, her long hair tied into a neat high ponytail. Her makeup was understated, a departure from her usual polished and vibrant style, lending her an air of professionalism and approachability.

"I'm only here to document footage and written records," she said. "If my presence is unwelcome, I can limit my appearances in front of you. I hope we can cooperate smoothly."

"Your words are too formal. The project takes precedence; personal impressions are irrelevant. I hope you focus solely on your recording work, as you said."

Nick deliberately spoke formally, and Michelle felt a faint weight in her chest-but her expression remained pleasant. She checked her watch, quickly set up a stand, and started recording.

“There’s a bit of time before departure. May I conduct a brief project interview with you first?”

Nick did not refuse. Michelle began immediately. Her preparation was thorough, her questions professional and efficient, staying strictly on business. It was clear she truly was focused only on her work, just as she had

claimed.

Back home, Khloe’s phone started buzzing the moment she walked in.

A bank notification popped up-a transaction labeled “Equity Transfer Service Fee Subsidy” had been processed.

Almost immediately, an unfamiliar number called. She answered, and a steady male voice came through.

“Hello, Miss Roswell. I’m a lawyer from the legal department of Fox Group. Your equity transfer has been fully processed. The updated shareholder registry is complete, and all relevant legal documents and equity certificates are on their way to your residence. Delivery is expected within thirty minutes.”

“Got it.”

Her eyes were cold as she spoke, tone indifferent, then ended the call. She wasn’t surprised; today was precisely the third day-the final deadline she had given Trey.

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Soon after, another message arrived-this time from Trey himself.

Trey: [Khloe, the procedures are complete. Fifty percent of Fox Group’s equity is now yours. I have fulfilled my promise. I do not seek your forgiveness, only your willingness to grant me a chance to apologize in person. I want us to start over.]

Seeing a rare glimmer of sincerity in his message, Khloe made the call immediately. The line connected almost instantly.

“Khloe...”

“Ten tomorrow morning. Fox Group.”

She hung up before he could say another word.

Though her tone remained icy, hearing her words gave Trey a small measure of comfort.

Three days ago, Fox Group had been investigated for project flaws, forced to cancel multiple partnerships, including their collaboration with Hunt Group. To make matters worse, Hunt Group abruptly withdrew its investment that afternoon. 1

The news of Hunt Group’s withdrawal couldn’t be kept secret for long. Without new investors quickly stepping in, the company’s IPO review would inevitably be halted.

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Any delay now would trigger an unstoppable cascade of losses for the Fox Group. If the consequences were severe enough, the company might not even survive.

Trey transferring shares to Khloe at this moment wasn’t just about saving the Fox family’s face-it was also a way to ensure Khloe would return to the company.

The project had exploded because the new team couldn’t fix the loopholes. But Khloe’s ability to salvage projects and recover data was unparalleled. In Fox Group’s darkest days, it had been her who turned crises into triumphs.

With time running out, Arthur had no choice but to bow and compromise. Clearly, the company couldn’t afford to be without Khloe.

“What are you doing?”

When Trey returned to his room, he found Angela rifling through his usual briefcase.

“Nothing,” Angela stammered, quickly picking up the bag. “I just wanted to tidy up a bit... and I saw some little bugs in here.”

“I told you not to touch my things.”

Trey didn’t have the patience for Angela now. He sank into the sofa, loosening his collar, and let out a long breath. His mind was consumed with one thought: how to win back Khloe’s trust tomorrow.

Angela set the items down and, seeing the grim expression on his face, guessed it was about Khloe. The past few days had left her tense and uneasy.

She feared Khloe exposing their private matters-but even more, she didn’t want Trey to be manipulated or the Fox Group controlled by Khloe. Yet, the situation was out of her hands.

In the wake of the company’s recent upheaval, Arthur had repeatedly urged her to consider the bigger picture, to think of Trey first, and to stabilize Khloe for the good of the company.

Earlier that day, before Trey returned, she had even heard from Lauren that Hunt Group had pulled its investment.

Though Angela hated to admit it, at a critical moment like this, Khloe was indeed indispensable. Even if she had acquired her shares, what could she realistically do? The company’s IPO was far off; Khloe’s return to Fox Group was simply to salvage the project, to fight the hardest, most exhausting battles again.

Angela, with Pete by her side, remained the true Mrs. Fox. The family would know where their loyalties lay. Even for purely pragmatic reasons, Khloe couldn’t swallow such a large piece of the pie-she would eventually reach

a dead end.

With the situation analyzed, Angela managed to suppress her anger for the time being.

“Has Khloe still refused to accept your apology?” she asked.

“She said she’d come to the office tomorrow morning.”

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Angela was slightly taken aback. “She’s coming back already?”

“Yes, now that she’s received fifty percent of the company’s shares. Fox Group is her life’s work too. If it goes public, she’ll be the biggest beneficiary. Even if she weren’t doing it for personal feelings-”

Trey’s gaze darkened, and an uncomfortable sense of unease prickled at him. “She’d still be doing it for the sake of her own interests.”

Though in his heart, he never truly believed Khloe would bow for profit. Her willingness to meet him likely stemmed from the attachments of the past.

“For now, you’ll have to bear it.”

After a moment, Trey added, glancing at Angela. He needed her cooperation to stabilize Khloe; for the time being, they would have to pretend to be separated.

Angela’s expression was grim, but she nodded. “I understand. As long as Khloe doesn’t provoke me, I won’t make a move. After all... my feelings for you are far truer than hers.”

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Trey heard Angela’s words, but the flutter of old affection was gone. He only offered a perfunctory smile in

response.

There was a time he truly believed Angela was his true love. She had tolerated him and endured everything for

his sake.

But ever since she had threatened his family with their son and their private matters, Khloe had eclipsed her completely in his heart. At least Khloe's love and hate were intense-she dared to love and to hate-while Angela's affection was hollow. She could harbor so much resentment and still speak of love with such false

earnestness.

"By the way," Angela hesitated before speaking, "didn't you keep some of Khloe's research papers before?"

Trey paused for a moment. "Why?"

"Nothing... I just wanted to take a look." Angela settled next to him. "I'm still interested in the data, and I thought I could use this time to study a bit."

"Can't you just read books? You really need her papers?" Trey sighed.

Khloe's papers hadn't been published-they were specialized research. When they'd first married, she had trusted him enough to give them to him as a kind of dowry. He had kept them close, unwilling to let anyone else see them.

"Please... I'm curious too. I want to see what makes her so exceptional. If I keep studying, I won't be any less capable than her."

Angela nestled into him and began to pester him coquettishly. Unable to resist, Trey finally got up and fetched a USB drive. It was valuable; he carried it with him everywhere.

"Thank you, Honey!" Angela's eyes lit up, and she planted a quick kiss on his cheek.

"Don't share it with anyone. Return it within a week."

"Okay."

...

Late that night, rain began to pour.

Charlotte woke with a start at the thunder, immediately checking to make sure all the windows were securely shut.

Suddenly, a sharp, heavy knock rattled her door, making her jump.

"Who's there?"

It was past midnight, and she hadn't ordered any takeout.

Peering through the peephole, she saw only emptiness. Her heart raced, and just as she hesitated, the knocking came again. She took a step back.

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“Who is it? Don’t play games with me. I’ll call the police!”

“It’s me. Ethan.”

The man’s voice was weak, hoarse, and heavy, echoing in the hallway with ragged, uncomfortable breaths.

“Ethan?” Charlotte’s panic spiked. “What are you doing here? Are you here to get revenge?”

Ethan was slumped at the door with one leg bent, utterly drained from drinking. He had no strength to stand, but at her absurd question, he forced himself upright.

“Revenge...? Not worth my effort personally-cough-ugh-”

His words cut off mid-sentence, replaced by a violently sudden retch.

Charlotte furrowed her brows. He wasn’t... vomiting at her door, was he? That was certainly an unusual way to get revenge.

“Ethan... should I call the police, or get you a cab?”

She considered calling Khloe, but it was already one a.m., and she couldn’t bring herself to wake her. She decided to handle it herself. From the look of him, he posed little threat tonight.

“You...”

Ethan vomited again, then, irritated by her words, slammed his fist on the door twice.

“I’m not here for revenge. Open the door and let me rest a bit.”

“Why come to my house to rest? Can’t you go home?”

“I don’t want to go home tonight.” Ethan coughed and drew in a slow breath. “Besides... this is all your fault today, Charlotte. The scar on my palm hasn’t healed, and you repay me with enmity...”

In his eyes, Charlotte was a poisonous snake disguised as an innocent little rabbit. He had helped her once with good intentions, and yet, she had fed him fake data, played him, and even colluded with Khloe to humiliate him. 1

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Clarice was still fuming. Once Ethan got home, he'd probably end up kneeling at the door all night.

But the things Khloe had said to him today left him utterly unsettled. He didn't know how to process it, only that he needed a place to be, someone to keep him company.

He knew a lot of people, but when he wanted someone who could truly stay with him, he realized there was no one like that around. Everyone was either after gain or affection. There was no one he could speak honestly to. At least Charlotte hated him-he could vent reasonably.

"The ones who cause harm get what they deserve... I just want to work properly at the company. If you don't target Khloe, don't threaten me, and don't... harass me, I'll respect you as a senior executive of the company. That's my goodwill to you," Charlotte said, recalling how Ethan had tried to trick her that night, even lying that they had been intimate. Any trace of sympathy evaporated.

After she finished speaking, she ignored the knocks. No matter how hard Ethan pounded, she didn't open. Yet, she left a sliver of space-she didn't call the police either.

After a while, when the hallway went quiet, Charlotte went to peek through the peephole. The view was pitch- black. Probably gone?

She slowly cracked the door open. Just as she started to relax, a heavy body suddenly fell, crashing to the floor. Charlotte almost screamed.

“E... Ethan?”

The hallway lights flicked on, revealing Ethan asleep right at her door. His face flushed, clothes disheveled, still clutching his coat. One hand had fallen to the ground, the scar on his palm bright and raw.

Charlotte cursed under her breath but, gritting her teeth, dragged him inside. She only got him to the doorway- any further and she wasn't risking it.

“Let's call it even,” she muttered, then cleaned the vomit he'd left at the door. She fetched a towel and wiped his face and body. Charlotte planned to lock her bedroom for the night and lay out a blanket by the front door. He was sleeping, yes-but he wasn't trustworthy.

As Charlotte went to grab his coat, a wallet slipped from Ethan's pocket. A photograph fell out.

Charlotte froze. Her eyes trembled as she caught sight of the girl in the photo. She covered her mouth in disbelief.

It was her childhood friend, her sister-in-all-but-name... the one who had jumped off a building last year after a heartbreak.

The next morning, at ten sharp, Khloe arrived at the Fox Group HQ.

She had already confirmed the shares. From today onward, she held the company's ultimate authority.

Before she even stepped into the office, she had reserved the top-floor boardroom and contacted the media the night before, sending out a sensational news tip.

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Trey was surprised when he received her email alert, but it made sense. Khloe had been deceived for so long- her pride and anger naturally demanded she make a statement now. After all, her current position far surpassed his.

He instructed his assistant to prepare her favorite drinks, personally reserved her preferred restaurant, and even arranged a surprise. Everything was ready for their new beginning.

But when the boardroom doors opened, a slender, upright figure stepped in, backlit, instantly drawing every eye.

“Khloe...” Trey rose, ready to speak, but seeing Khloe’s entrance, it was nothing like he had imagined.

She wore a crisp, pale green suit skirt, her long hair smooth and meticulously draped over her shoulder. Behind her trailed two lawyers, briefcases in hand, radiating professionalism, and a court officer holding documents in uniform.

The woman standing before him was the partner he knew better than anyone.

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But at this moment, Trey felt a strange unfamiliarity.

Was it his imagination?

Since when had Khloe become so dazzling, so untouchable?

“Good morning, everyone. I’m Khloe Roswell. I’m sure all of you are aware of the recent changes in company ownership. The company has also faced many issues lately. I won’t take up much of your time. After I announce a few important matters, you may all be dismissed.”

Khloe strode past Trey without a glance and ignored Arthur, who remained seated in the main chair, expecting her to offer a courteous greeting.

She reached the head of the table, did not sit, and merely nodded at the lawyers beside her.

One of the lawyers stepped forward, addressing the room with precise authority.

“According to the legally binding shareholding agreement and the company’s bylaws, Khloe Roswell now holds fifty percent of Fox Group’s shares, making her the largest single shareholder. As confirmed, Miss Roswell enjoys full decision-making and managerial rights corresponding to her shares.”

Confused murmurs rippled through the room.

Wasn't Khloe just an employee? How had she suddenly acquired the Fox Group's shares? And... what exactly did she intend to do now?

Trey's face darkened. "Khloe! Don't be ridiculous. Even if you hold the company's highest authority, you still need to consult Dad before doing anything."

He understood her desire to flaunt her new status after years of contributions to the company. But with so many people present, this display risked embarrassing the Fox family.

Arthur also fixed her with a cold stare. Though displeased, he didn't believe Khloe alone could stir up real trouble.

Khloe's gaze finally landed on Trey and Arthur-but her eyes carried a quiet mockery, distant and merciless.

A chill ran down Trey's spine. He rose abruptly. "Khloe, let's step aside and talk."

Before he could approach, the person beside Khloe blocked him.

"I hereby announce," Khloe's voice was crisp and measured, each word striking like an ice pick, "that due to Trey's major decision-making failures during his tenure, and the potential reputational risk posed to the company by his personal conduct, I, as the largest shareholder, propose-and it takes effect immediately..."

"To remove Trey Fox from all positions as CEO of Fox Group."

"Khloe, what the hell are you saying?" Trey roared, disbelief lacing his voice, the veins at his temples twitching as he struggled to contain himself.

He tried to shove past the person blocking him, eyes locked on Khloe. "You think your shares give you carte blanche? Fox Group is the foundation of the Fox family!"

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"Furthermore, Arthur Fox, as a senior board member and chairman, for failing to correct these decisions, shall also relinquish all company authority effective immediately."

Khloe ignored Trey, continuing calmly.

Arthur, stunned by her audacity, slammed the table and rose. "This is madness! Khloe, have you lost your mind?"

“Carte blanche?” she echoed the phrase, her voice low but crystal clear across the room, tinged with icy derision. “Trey, when you used me as a shield for yourself and Angela, exploiting my hard work to prop up your company without giving me any return-wasn’t that ‘carte blanche’?”

She didn’t wait for an answer. Her gaze shifted to the grim-faced Arthur.

“And you,” she continued, raising her tone slightly, “who stop at nothing for profit, using every means at your disposal-haven’t you already lost your mind?”

She drew a slow breath and delivered the final blow.

“From today onward, the Fox Group is under a new reign.”

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“Don’t even think about it!” Arthur’s whole body trembled with anger. “Khloe, even if you hold shares, you can’t just decide the management team on your own! Fox Group is the Fox family’s foundation. If you push too far, the one who’ll be leaving is you!”

“By all means, try.” Khloe’s voice was calm and fearless. She glanced at the people beside her. “I’m planning a full audit of the company’s accounts for the past three years. By the time it’s done, let us hope you and Trey will have nothing else to worry about.”

No company could withstand a full-scale audit-especially not Fox Group.

Since taking control, Trey had frequently used corporate funds for Angela’s benefit, and Arthur’s own hands weren’t exactly clean. Once the audit began, it would be a miracle if they weren’t implicated.

Trey faltered. He hadn't expected her to be this ruthless, to go this far.

"Khloe, please, don't make this harder than it has to be. If you're angry, fine, take it out on me. Dad has never treated you harshly..."

Arthur pointed at Khloe, taking several deep breaths, then turned to the executives and long-time company members with a sharp command.

"She's maliciously trying to seize power! The company can convene an emergency shareholders' meeting to overturn her decision! Legal team, who's going to file the suit? I want her sued immediately!"

Ordinarily, Arthur's words were law.

But now, everyone in the room exchanged uneasy glances. Not a single person moved to act.

"Khloe! I'll do whatever you ask of me, but you shouldn't drag the company into this. And remember, the Fox Group's foundation isn't something you can shake with just your shares! Our network, our resources-you have no idea!"

Trey struggled to maintain his composure. His words were meant as a warning, yet his expression betrayed defeat. He was almost... pleading.

Inside, he felt utterly humiliated. All his passion for Khloe had brought him nothing but disgrace.

She... hated him that much?

Khloe ignored them both, turning slightly to signal the lawyer beside her.

The lawyer immediately stepped forward. "According to the company bylaws, Ms. Roswell holds absolute authority over personnel appointments. As for any emergency shareholder motions to overturn her decision..."

He paused, sweeping his gaze across the executives and the two shareholders present.

"As long as the motion is not supported by all shareholders, it is legally invalid. Those present may proceed to vote."

Trey's eyes darted to the two shareholders. They were long-time friends and loyal supporters of Arthur. They held the final 2% of the company's shares outside the Fox family. If they opposed Khloe, even with her decision-

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making power, the company procedure could delay execution.

Arthur turned sharply to them. "Vote! What are you waiting for?"

He had long abandoned dignity. His face was red, his usual authority gone. He even pounded the table in front of

them.

The two shareholders exchanged a tense glance, seeing hesitation mirrored in each other's eyes.

They had long-standing ties to the Fox family. Their interests were bound together; one's gain was the other's.

But now... Khloe held half the company's shares and had absolute legal leverage.

Moreover, the company had been in decline, largely due to Trey's mismanagement and Arthur's age, leaving them unable to support it.

The other executives weren't fully aware of why Khloe had returned, though rumors had been circulating for some time.

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The shareholders had heard that all of the Fox Group's key projects had originally been won by Khloe. This time, after Morrison Group pulled its investment, half the company's projects were at risk. Khloe had been invited back to save the company.

“Khloe, what you’re doing... even if you have personal grievances with the Fox family, this isn’t the way to settle them publicly, is it?”

Finally, one shareholder couldn’t stay silent, attempting to ease the tension.

Khloe didn’t reply. She simply curved her lips into a faint smile.

With a subtle gesture, she signaled, and a lawyer handed her a tablet.

Turning the screen toward the room, she addressed everyone.

“You haven’t seen the news yet, have you? At a time like this, I’d advise you to prioritize your own interests. If the Fox Group collapses now, who stands to lose the most? Isn’t it you?”

The moment her words fell, a ripple of shock spread through the room. Many executives squirmed in their seats.

The two shareholders’ faces drained of color, turning pale with dread.

Trey hadn’t even processed it yet, and Arthur was already frozen, his eyes wide in disbelief at the tablet’s

content.

“Khloe! You treacherous, venomous woman!”

The tablet displayed a breaking business news story from that very morning: [CEO of a Prominent Goldmont City Family Enterprise “Bigamous,” Deceived Female Employee for Two Years, Already Married with Children!]

The report was detailed, almost reading like a full-scale biography of Trey and Angela’s “glorious deeds.”

The scandal was so shocking, it upended social norms and, set against the backdrop of a wealthy family, went

viral within three hours.

Major media outlets were sharing it, and its reach was still climbing.

Though the names were not disclosed, the article included a pair of almost-identifiable photos, with only the eyes blurred. School and company names were disguised but clearly pointed to the Fox Group. Anyone familiar with Goldmont City’s business scene could recognize them instantly, as could anyone connected to the people involved.

“Khloe... you said... as long as I gave you the shares, you wouldn’t-”

Trey’s shame was like having his dignity stripped away in public. His chest tightened, his breath catching. A woman who had once held him at the center of her heart and eyes was now poised to destroy him completely.

“Trey, you deceived me for years. I owe you no loyalty. And I never said that I would let you off after you gave me the shares,” Khloe said, her voice calm but cutting.

Even she found it ironic. Where had Trey gotten the audacity to think that after all he’d done, she would still turn the other cheek?

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“Why would I repay evil with virtue?” She shook her head. “He’s seriously mistaken me for someone I’m not.”

Trey froze. “Khloe! This is underhanded!”

He had assumed her threats the other night were merely leverage to secure shares. He never expected she would wield them to ruin him.

Khloe didn’t waste time on him. She turned to the two previously hesitant shareholders.

“Gentlemen, Fox Group’s reputation is collapsing by the second. If you continue to follow Trey and Arthur, you surely know better than I do what you’re risking.”

Her words were the final straw.

Following the Fox father and son would mean walking straight into a fire. If the company fell, their fortunes would

go up in smoke. Aligning with Khloe, however, offered a chance at survival.

One shareholder drew a sharp breath, decision hardening in his chest.

Avoiding Arthur’s deathly glare, he said in a low, firm voice, “I... support Khloe’s proposal. Immediately remove Trey as CEO and Arthur as Chairman. The company cannot be dragged down any longer!”

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The other shareholder, seeing the first one speak, immediately followed, his voice sharp and urgent. “I agree as well! Khloe, please execute the decision immediately!”

“Bastards! You... ungrateful, treacherous bastards!”

Arthur shook with rage, pointing a trembling finger at them. Before he could finish, a violent fit of coughing overtook him. His face went from red to a sickly blue, and he nearly collapsed.

Trey lunged forward to steady him, his own face ashen.

“Khloe... after all our years, you’re going to be this ruthless? You think hurting me will make you happy?”

“Trey... now you see, don’t you? The woman you trusted... the one you placed your whole heart in... this is how she treats you. She’s... she’s merciless, vicious, and poisonous...”

Arthur gritted his teeth, holding onto Trey’s hand for support, his body trembling violently.

Before Khloe could say another word, a sharp-eyed executive called security. Within moments, several guards had surrounded Trey and Arthur, hesitating briefly but resolute.

“Please leave immediately. If not, we’ll have no choice but to call the police.”

“Get out of my way!” Arthur glared at Khloe, wrenching his hand free from Trey’s support. Trembling, he forced himself to walk out. A lifetime of dominance in business had never subjected him to such humiliation. His throat tasted of blood.

Trey felt every ounce of his strength drain away. He stared at Khloe, hatred and disbelief warring in his chest, but beneath it all, memories of their past together clawed at his heart, pain stabbing him mercilessly. How could she-so coldly-cut him off?

She had promised him once, back when they were together, that no matter what happened, she would stay by his side. Yet now, no matter how he searched her face, she did not give him a single glance.

No sooner had they been forcibly escorted from the company than Arthur collapsed, unable to hold himself up. Trey rushed forward, catching Arthur before he hit the floor.

“Dad... Dad!”

An hour later, Arthur’s emergency treatment concluded, and he was moved to the intensive care unit. Normally prone to high blood pressure, the violent surge of anger had triggered a sudden cerebral hemorrhage. Though the doctors acted quickly, his prognosis was grim.

Even if he survived, he would likely never move freely again-his remaining years confined to a bed.

Trey stood outside the ICU, head bowed, lips pale, eyes bloodshot. His fists dug into his palms, nails biting deep into the flesh, drawing blood without even noticing.

If he hadn’t been so indecisive... his father wouldn’t be like this.

Khloe... this was all Khloe’s fault.

He had never made a mistake this catastrophic. He had known the danger, yet had pressed forward without

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hesitation. And now... she had the audacity to betray him, to trample over his love and trust?

The weight of grief, humiliation, and rage pressed down on him like a living thing, suffocating.

His phone kept vibrating, flashing with calls from friends and acquaintances alike-but he ignored every one of them.

Outside, the world had turned upside down: scandal, the company’s takeover, his father’s critical condition.

He was finished. The Fox family’s legacy, shattered. In Goldmont City’s corporate circles, they had become nothing but a complete joke.

He slid down the wall, powerless, until he was seated on the floor, hands tangled in his hair.

“Trey!”

Angela, having just returned from shopping, froze when she saw him slumped outside the ICU. Her chest clenched, a sharp pang of fear and worry gripping her.

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Angela knew everything that had happened at the company.

Though, like the rest of the Fox family, she was furious, Angela reminded herself that she was now the matriarch of the household. Her duty was to guard the family and Trey, to keep calm and composed.

Lauren was old and could not stay at the hospital indefinitely. After Arthur had been stabilized, Stella took responsibility for caring for the elderly lady and escorted her home. Naturally, the hospital and Trey were now Angela’s responsibility.

Angela took a deep breath. Thinking of how Khloe had treated the Fox family and Trey, her teeth itched with rage. She struggled to keep her composure.

She couldn’t even bear to glance at the news. The endless online commentary was a barrage of insults directed at her and Trey. Every word cut deep.

The internet’s moral arbiters thrived on scandal, passing judgment from their lofty thrones while their own lives were far from exemplary. They were nothing but a pack of freeloading busybodies, addicted to other people’s misfortune.

In less than a morning, many of Angela’s personal and verified accounts had been scraped clean. Her once- sterling reputation, her carefully cultivated “goddess” image, all destroyed. Friends and former students reached out to verify the truth. Influential contacts she had painstakingly built over the years deleted her without a second thought.

The impact on her was as severe as that on Trey and the Fox family.

She helped Trey to his feet. He was utterly lifeless, his gaze unfocused. After a long pause, he looked at her and murmured, “You should go home. I’ll stay with Dad. Things are tense-don’t go out.”

“At a time like this, we need to shoulder everything together. Trey, don’t worry. I won’t let you face this alone.”

She wrapped her arms around him, her touch gentle and grounding.

Though Trey did not respond, Angela felt a quiet satisfaction. The worst had come to pass, but perhaps it was for the best. From today, Trey could finally see Khloe for who she truly was, sever ties completely, and let go.

And Angela could finally take her place openly as the lady of the Fox household.

The online noise would not last forever. Time would pass, and who would still dwell on them?

As for the company, they still held half of Fox Group’s shares. If Khloe wanted to turn it entirely into her own, she would have to take it public first. They had time. Plenty of it.

...

It wasn’t until the afternoon that Khloe finished the shareholders’ meeting at Fox Group.

After removing Trey and Arthur from their positions, she immediately began restructuring the company’s core leadership. The company still had talented, loyal veterans and executives-but the top management had always been a Fox-family affair, trained personally by Arthur and surrounded by relatives and family friends. Khloe’s reshuffle effectively severed the Fox family’s grip on the company.

1/2

Chapter 25

+25 Bonus

She then appointed an interim CEO of her own choosing. This person would manage the company temporarily, focusing on coordinating with authorities to identify and fix project flaws, and reorganizing the business.

No one dared to ask about the company’s listing. Now, the only person they could rely on was Khloe, and they feared that if she acted out of revenge, she might take the company down with her.

But Khloe had a plan. Fox Group's core operations were built by her, and many employees were innocent in all of this. Once she fully brought the company under her control, she could begin preparations for an IPO on her own

terms.

2/2

Billions Match Novel Chapter 280

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 280

Chapter 280

+25 Bonus

Before that, however, Khloe still needed to dilute the Fox family's shares completely. From now on, the Fox Group would be entirely separate from the Fox family, until they had nothing left.

As Khloe walked out of Fox Group, she noticed many people watching her. Most of the gazes were tinged with caution and fear.

Everyone had seen the news online. To outsiders, Trey was a scoundrel, but Khloe's revenge was equally formidable. Her actions affected the fates of everyone in the company. Few had her ability or her ruthlessness, so naturally, most people felt afraid at the very thought of her.

On the surface, Khloe appeared indifferent, but deep down, a complex swirl of emotions lingered.

That evening, the moment Khloe returned home, she called Nick on a video call.

She had been busy almost all day and had only reported to him in the morning that she couldn't do a call. Breaking their "three calls a day" routine made her feel slightly guilty.

But when she dialed, Nick didn't answer immediately. Assuming he was still occupied, she went to make herself a bowl of instant noodles. There was plenty of food at home, and Loretta often sent her gourmet meals, but she hadn't had instant noodles in a long time and had been craving them.

Just as she finished preparing the noodles, Nick's video call came through. She answered right away, placing her phone on the kitchen counter stand and bringing her bowl over.

On the screen, Nick appeared in his hotel, clearly having just returned. He held his phone in one hand, and she could hear Lenny's voice offscreen. He waved someone out to close the door before speaking.

"Sorry, I was just in the elevator."

"That's okay. No need to rush. Just call me when you're back and settled," Khloe replied calmly.

She leaned closer to the screen, suddenly curious. Nick's face filled the frame, the lighting harsh, yet every angle accentuated his features. Even the slight curve of his Adam's apple and the contour from jaw to neck exuded a sensuality like a male celebrity streaming live.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" he asked, finally noticing her gaze as he settled at his desk and set the phone down.

"Don't move," she said softly. Though her tone was playful, her large eyes were earnest. "I'm checking if you've been working yourself to exhaustion... Are you tired?"

She had told him countless times to rest and take care of himself. This wasn't idle chatter- she intended to

monitor him.

"I'm not tired," he replied with a light laugh, leaning closer to the screen so she could see his face clearly. Though separated by a screen, his warmth was unmistakable, and she could feel his rhythm-breath, heartbeat, the subtle intensity radiating from him.

Khloe instinctively reached out, letting her fingertip brush near the corner of his eye. Her touch met only the cold screen, yet it felt as if she could feel the warmth of his skin.

1/2

Chapter 280

+25 Bonus

Nick's heart stirred. The urge to be with her, to pull her into his arms, rose suddenly, sharply.

"Khloe..." he whispered.

“You look fine. Not too tired. Lenny must have made sure you rested,” she said, her gaze softening. Her words carried a subtle trace of worry, almost imperceptible, but it was there.

She knew he had pushed himself hard, returning to the hotel only after ten o'clock. If he hadn't had unfinished work, he would have called her first.