

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 291

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 291

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Even Ethan himself didn't fully understand why he found himself confessing his true feelings to someone like Charlotte. Yet, in her presence, he inexplicably felt at ease.

"You'll get what you wish for, Ethan."

Charlotte's voice was soft. She looked at him, a faint smile tugging at her lips, as she thought, 'Yes, no one is truly innocent. Not you, Ethan. And certainly not me-the one who would soon make you pay.'

Noticing he'd drunk too much, Charlotte reached out and removed the wine glass from in front of him, replacing it with a cup of steaming hot tea. She leaned closer, her voice unusually gentle.

"Ethan, you're a little drunk. Drink some tea and take it slow."

Ethan's gaze, bleary yet sharp, locked on her. Abruptly, he grasped her wrist. His palm was hot.

Charlotte didn't pull away. She let him hold her, leaning slightly forward in response.

"Bunny," Ethan murmured, "you seem to have a lot of questions today."

He didn't realize that the nickname he had reserved for that special girl in his heart had just slipped from his lips.

"Really? Maybe... it's been a long time since I've talked like this with someone... It's late, though. Let's go back."

The scent of alcohol mixed with the woody notes of his cologne hit her as he leaned close. Charlotte frowned, her breath brushing lightly across his brow, nose, and lips.

“Is this a ‘pretend to resist’ routine? Charlotte, I’m interested in you. You don’t need to test me.”

He narrowed his eyes, pausing mid-sentence as if weighing his words. Counting on his fingers, he finally held up three.

“If you’re willing to sleep with me, I’ll... consider a three-month arrangement. Longer than I ever spent with many heiresses. Think about it.”

His drunken words were accompanied by the firm, deliberate rubbing of her slender wrist.

Charlotte had never been able to lie; her resistance and her closeness were both obvious. Every little move she made revealed her intentions, and nothing was hidden from him.

Yet yesterday, she had kept him at arm’s length, and today she was suddenly showing goodwill. It seemed like a trap.

But Ethan? He had never feared traps in love.

Charlotte lifted her eyes to meet his, catching the drunken, probing look in them.

The private room was bathed in warm, dim light, casting shifting shadows across his sharply defined face. And yet, at that moment, Charlotte’s gaze was no longer timid or evasive—it was sharp, calculating, like a hunter appraising its prey.

She quickly withdrew her hand. “Ethan, you’re joking. How could someone like me... even compare to you? I just

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hope you won’t target me, and that you’ll leave Khloe alone.”

“What if I said I’d try not to trouble Khloe anymore?”

Ethan didn’t release her wrist, grabbing her slender arm instead. Even if it was the classic “push-pull” routine, he thrived on it. He had tasted every delicacy in life, yet sometimes, the most satisfying treats were the ones hardest to obtain.

“I can’t take your word at face value,” Charlotte said softly, her voice low and gentle, though subtly different from before.

Ethan, emboldened by alcohol, chuckled. “How will you know if you don’t try? I’m sincere with my woman. From off the bed... to on it.”

He leaned closer, whispering the last words into her ear, hidden behind strands of her hair.

Charlotte had no affection for him; his words, suggestive and provocative, only made her uneasy.

“Your sincerity... is just a three-month arrangement?”

Ethan froze, momentarily taken aback.

In his expectations, someone like Charlotte-the innocent, naïve little rabbit-would either refuse in embarrassment or give in hesitantly. That push-pull was part of the fun.

But he hadn’t anticipated this. She was neither submissive nor flustered; instead, her words carried a calm, measured tone, even suggesting terms.

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It seemed Ethan’s judgment of Charlotte had been entirely off.

He turned his gaze slightly, trying to study her expression. Charlotte lowered her head and nodded, calm and composed in a way that was rare for her.

“So... how long do you want? Could it be... you want to be my wife?” Ethan’s voice drifted through the dim room after a pause.

His fingers traced down her arm with a casual, almost teasingly seductive touch.

“I’m just an ordinary person. I can’t play your games, Ethan,” Charlotte said, fighting the surge of revulsion in her chest. “I’m afraid I’d end up like... your former lover... shattered to pieces.”

“I’m talking to you. Don’t bring others into this,” Ethan said, his tone cold, the earlier looseness around him vanishing at her words.

He studied her for a long time-long enough that Charlotte thought he might have seen through her act. But in the end, he simply let go of her hand, leaned back in his chair, and finished his tea in one long swallow.

“Let’s go,” he said, standing with a slight stagger. “Walk me back.”

Watching his unsteady figure move away, Charlotte finally picked up her phone and ended the recording. Not a single useful piece of information had been captured-Ethan’s defenses were just too strong.

But she was patient. One day, she would make him fall, lose everything he wanted... and at that moment, every misdeed he had committed would be repaid with regret and despair.

Two days later.

Southwest border of Felanche, mountainous region, evening.

Nick had been busy all day. He’d only managed a brief call with Khloe at noon. The drive from the mountains back to the hotel took over an hour, and worried it might get too late, he had found a quiet corner to make a quick video check-in with her.

They had planned three video calls that day, but in recent days, fragmented calls and messages had been constant. Nick contacted her whenever he had a spare moment. Even Lenny noticed: whenever Nick reached for his phone, it was always Khloe on his mind.

It was hard to tell. The workaholic, who usually had eyes only for business, had turned into a hopeless romantic the moment he got married.

Today, Nick was in a good mood. For once, Khloe could see a genuine smile on his face.

All the business matters were nearly wrapped up. Tomorrow morning, after attending the final ribbon-cutting ceremony, he would finish his assignment and be ready to return.

Hearing this, Khloe brightened immediately and urged him to tell her the return schedule-she wanted to go pick him up.

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But the exact return time was still uncertain. There would be a promotional shoot in the morning. If it went smoothly, he could return by the afternoon; if not, it could be much later.

Nick didn't want to keep Khloe waiting. Yet, in the video, her resolve was clear.

"No matter how late it is, I want to see you as soon as possible," she said firmly.

Softness flickered in Nick's eyes. Before he could reply, Lenny came up beside him, seemingly needing something.

Khloe, ever thoughtful, said, "It's dark, and the mountain roads are dangerous. You should head back to the hotel first."

"Alright," Nick paused, hesitating for a moment before calling her name once more.

"Hmm?" Khloe looked puzzled.

"Nothing," he said after a brief pause, his voice deepening. "Rest early tonight. I'll contact you again tomorrow."

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"Okay."

After hanging up, Nick cast a slightly annoyed glance at Lenny. In the distance, Michelle's team was already arranging the set. Night shooting awaited, and if it ran too late, it would be difficult to film. Lenny's reminder

was necessary.

Though Michelle accompanied him on this trip, the past two days, they had worked separately. Nick hadn't seen her since. But tomorrow morning's ribbon-cutting and interviews would involve her fully. Interaction was inevitable.

Nick had almost mentioned this to Khloe, but the words felt forced on his tongue. More importantly, he didn't want her to feel even the slightest unease.

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Michelle had only filmed a few shots of the staff and the nighttime mountain scenery, with Nick's convoy appearing briefly as background. With her team assisting, the shoot wrapped up in under an hour.

By the time filming ended, night had fully fallen.

Just as Nick's car was about to depart, Michelle knocked on the door.

Lenny rolled down the window and cast a glance at Nick in the back seat, who had his eyes closed in rest, then politely asked, "Miss Keller, may I help you?"

"My car's full. Could I hitch a ride back to the hotel?" Michelle's gaze flicked toward Nick. "Nick, while we're heading back tonight, I can go over tomorrow's schedule in the car. That way, we don't need to discuss any further back in the hotel room."

Hearing this, Nick finally opened his eyes and gestured for Lenny to let her in.

As the door opened, Michelle moved toward the seat beside Nick. He said coldly, "There's space in the front."

Nick was seated in a seven-seater business van; the rear seats were largely empty.

A flicker of embarrassment crossed Michelle's face. She obediently moved to the front, thoughtfully leaving two empty seats between herself and Nick.

"Is this alright?" she asked.

Nick didn't respond verbally. He merely made a hand gesture indicating she could begin.

The car glided along the winding mountain road. Inside, a single reading light cast a warm, muted glow. Michelle pulled out a tablet and began walking him through tomorrow's schedule.

Nick mostly listened with his eyes closed, occasionally opening them to ask one or two concise questions at key points.

“...The last segment,” Michelle said, turning the tablet toward him to show a diagram. “Tomorrow morning, we’ve added a project—we’ll need to shoot the mountain observation deck around midnight...”

The car swerved as she spoke, and her body jolted; the tablet nearly slipped from her hands. Michelle saw Nick instinctively lift an arm, expecting him to steady her. Instead, he leaned back, folding his arms as if to shield himself—even against the chance she might brush him across the seat gap.

“We’ll follow your arrangements. Wrap up as early as possible,” Nick said, his voice flat and calm.

Michelle nodded, putting the tablet away. Once the discussion ended, only silence remained between them.

Her gaze drifted to the window, lost in the impenetrable darkness outside, fingers curling into a fist.

Late that night, the car arrived at the hotel.

Lenny stepped out to open the door for Michelle. Though there was only one decent hotel near the mountains, Nick had arranged for them to stay in separate wings.

Just as Nick turned to leave, Michelle spoke abruptly. “Nick... have you ever told Khloe the truth about yourself?”

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Nick’s steps froze. The night stretched his silhouette long and cold.

Michelle hurried to stand in front of him. Lenny reached out instinctively. “Miss Keller...”

“It was my fault back then. I didn’t fully trust our bond and wavered. But now I know—I love you, and I accept everything about you.

“But Khloe is different from me. If she knew the truth... do you think she’d still stay by your side?”

Michelle’s voice wavered, her composure cracking. This was likely her last chance; she wasn’t willing to give up.

“She is different. She would never... leave me in my vulnerable moments,” Nick said coldly, his voice low and steady, yet his back stiffened just imperceptibly.

“Since that’s the case, do you dare let Khloe know that the one sleeping beside her might spin out of control...”

“Shut up.”

Nick’s voice was hoarse, low, and dangerously calm.

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For a moment, Michelle was frozen by Nick’s gaze, but she forced herself to meet his eyes and even managed a small smile.

“So... you don’t fully trust Khloe either, do you? Since you know no one can withstand that kind of pressure, why can’t you forgive me...” (1

“Don’t dress up betrayal with such noble words.”

Nick’s voice was low, sharp, and laced with an almost suffocating weight.

Michelle’s face went pale instantly.

“I’ve never hurt an innocent person,” he added, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Lenny’s worry flared. Seeing the storm rising in Nick’s eyes, he coldly warned Michelle again, “Miss Keller! That’s enough. This is a business trip—your personal matters shouldn’t be involved. Please, step back!”

Michelle’s eyes were red, but she refused to weaken or cry. She gritted her teeth and held her ground.

“Nick, I didn’t betray you. You were just too decisive...”

“I think I’ve made myself very clear. As for Khloe and me...”

Suddenly, Nick stepped forward, passing Lenny. His gaze was almost predatory, and the intensity sent a shiver down Michelle’s spine. She instinctively recoiled a step, fear rooting her in place.

“If she cannot accept me, I’ll accept it.

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With that, he didn’t pause. He turned and strode away.

Lenny exhaled, his tension easing as Nick’s measured steps carried him out of sight.

“Miss Keller, please get a hold of yourself,” he muttered, voice unusually terse, then followed Nick’s departure.

Michelle felt drained, barely able to stand.

An assistant ran over from a distance, concern etched on their face. “Miss Keller...”

“Everything’s done?” Michelle asked, taking a steadying breath and eyeing the camera in their hands.

The assistant nodded and handed it over. “It’s just... with Mr. Hunt doing what he did, isn’t... it a bit—”

Michelle examined the photos. From a distance, the images captured them standing close, some frames looking intimate.

Yet, the irony wasn’t lost on her-Nick’s closeness wasn’t affection. It was disdain.

Tomorrow, he would leave. As usual, Lenny prepared to tidy Nick’s clothes, but Nick waved him off before reaching the room. Knowing his mood, Lenny didn’t press, planning to return in the morning.

The door closed softly.

Only then did Nick release the tension in his body. He rubbed his forehead, Michelle’s words weighing heavily

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on him, and the darkness that had been lurking surged back.

After a long pause, he drew a deep breath, forcing down the fear gnawing at him.

Finally, he took out his phone and hesitated before dialing Khloe.

It took a while before Khloe answered the call.

“Nick... what’s wrong?” she greeted him in her sleepy, intimate voice.

His jaw tightened, the coldness in his chest dissipating almost instantly.

“Sorry for waking you. I... I just suddenly missed you.”

“Aww, won’t we see each other tomorrow anyway?”

Her voice was clearer now. From the sounds he heard over the phone, she seemed to have sat up and flicked on the light.

“Yeah, but I couldn’t help it,” Nick said softly, a trace of melancholy barely audible. “I thought you wouldn’t answer.”

She had already wished him goodnight via text, yet he had called.

“My phone has a special alert for your calls. No matter how late, I’ll answer-so you won’t worry if you can’t reach me.”

Khloe’s voice carried a yawn, carefully stifled, but he could hear her exhaustion beneath it.

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“Thank you.”

“For what? Since when are you being so polite?”

Khloe rubbed her eyes, suddenly sensing a subtle shift in his tone.

Nick smiled. “It’s just... no one’s ever waited for me this late before.”

“Alright, from now on, I’ll take on the task of waiting for you. As long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

“Khloe...” His voice dropped slightly. “You’re this good to me... is it out of obligation, or do you really like me?”

Her sleepiness vanished at once. Nick’s question left her alert, and a soft blush crept across her cheeks.

“Well... it’s right to treat you kindly out of obligation, but... I can’t be nice to someone I don’t like.”

She said the last part almost too softly, and even she felt embarrassed at how sappy it sounded. Why did Nick always enjoy teasing her like this?

There was a brief silence on the line before his voice returned. “I’ll remember what you said today.”

His gentle tone carried through the phone, almost tangible in its intensity. Khloe’s heart felt as if something had lightly bumped it, sending a tingling warmth through her.

Before she could respond, he added, “Alright. Go to sleep now.”

“Mm... you rest early too,” she whispered. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Nick’s eyes softened. He wanted nothing more than to finish the remaining work here as quickly as possible and return to the home where someone was waiting for him.

The next morning, the entire mountain region lay shrouded in a thin veil of mist. The sky was overcast, clouds hanging low, yet the muted, almost ethereal light perfectly complemented the spirit of unity and progress among the people.

Nick and Michelle followed the schedule, completing the morning interviews. Throughout, Nick maintained absolute professional distance, minimizing even eye contact.

Finally, the team prepared for a group shot at the observation deck. Nick moved first to the designated spot, posture straight and commanding. Michelle followed, carrying the camera equipment.

But as her foot landed, she stumbled sharply and let out a startled gasp, losing balance and pitching uncontrollably toward the edge of the observation deck.

The deck sat midway up the mountain, with a half-built railing that offered scant protection. Michelle's position was right on a step, completely exposed. A fall from there would be life-threatening.

Of everyone nearby, Nick was the closest.

Everything happened in an instant.

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Nick reacted immediately, gripping her arm and yanking her back with a powerful motion. But Michelle, in her momentum, crashed against his chest. Even so, he didn't hold her close—he pushed her back firmly.

Though their contact lasted only a fraction of a second, the corner of the deck held a faint shutter click, capturing the moment.

“Be more careful.”

Nick gave her a cold glance before signaling Lenny to bring in the bodyguards and secure the perimeter.

Michelle touched her arm, which throbbed from the strong grip, frowning slightly. When he pushed her away, the force had been immense, as though she were nothing more than a nuisance. Yet, even this was better than being ignored entirely.

She glanced back at the step she had nearly fallen from. Had he not caught her, she would have truly lost that gamble.

Two hours later, the shoot finally wrapped. The crew began packing up, and the children who had assisted were led away by the team leader.

Nick, eager to return, prepared to call Khloe as soon as he got into the car.

But before anyone had gone far, a strange vibration ran through the mountains. A low, unsettling rumble sounded from above and to the side, sending a chill down the spine. 1

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“Watch out! Falling rocks!”

Someone shouted, and Nick turned just in time-his pupils snapping wide.

A massive boulder, wrapped in soil and debris, was tumbling down the mountainside!

Panic erupted immediately. People scattered in every direction.

But directly in the boulder's path, a small girl, no more than seven or eight, had fallen to the ground, paralyzed with fear. She was staring up at the collapsing rocks, completely forgetting to run.

"Look out!"

The girl was close to Nick. He didn't pause to think. He pivoted instantly and charged back.

"Nick!" Michelle screamed from ahead, turning just in time to witness the scene, her face drained of color.

"Sir!" Lenny froze in shock.

Yet, in the face of this sudden disaster, fear overwhelmed him, paralyzing him from taking even a single step forward.

The other bodyguards and bystanders were the same. Everyone saw the little girl, but only Nick moved without

hesitation.

Amid the thunderous roar of the falling rock, he scooped the girl tightly into his arms, using his back as a shield, and lunged to the side with all his strength.

A deafening crash shook the earth.

The jagged boulder grazed Nick's side before smashing into the ground, sending shards of rock flying like bullets against his body.

The impact blackened his vision. He hit the ground hard, the girl still in his arms. Pain surged through every nerve and sinew.

Warm blood trickled from his temple, blurring his sight.

He could feel his ribs might be broken, each breath ripping through him like knives,

"Mr. Hunt!"

Through the cloud of dust, Lenny and the bodyguards rushed forward, clawing at smaller rocks atop him.

The little girl, cradled in Nick's arms, had fainted from terror and the impact. But aside from a few scrapes, she was unharmed. She was the first to be carried to safety.

“Nick! Nick!”

Michelle threw herself to her knees beside him, ignoring everything else. Seeing his neck soaked in blood, tears streamed down her face like rain. Her heart ached as if it were breaking.

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“The girl...” Nick rasped through the pain, his voice faint.

“She’s fine! You have to hold on, sir!” Lenny shouted back, already choking on his own tears, anticipating what Nick wanted to say.

Blood continued to seep from Nick’s head and body, and no one could tell the full extent of his injuries.

He tried to tell them not to panic, but even opening his mouth pulled at the wound. He groaned low, pain stealing his strength.

Consciousness began to fade, darkness creeping into his vision.

In the last second before he slipped into blackness, his lips barely moved as he uttered, “Don’t... let her know...”

Nick was directing Lenny.

Lenny understood immediately—he couldn’t let Nick’s injuries be discovered by Khloe.

“All right. Hold on... the medical team is coming right now.”

“Nick!”

Michelle reached for his hand, but hearing him still thinking of Khloe at a moment like this, her heart felt as if it were being cut apart.

Elsewhere, Khloe had just driven up to her office building. She froze, an inexplicable chill running down her spine.

She glanced at her phone—still before ten o’clock.

Nick had promised to contact her in the morning. She had messaged him as soon as she woke, but there had been no reply.

Was he busy?

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At noon, Angela returned to the Fox family estate from the hospital with Pete, her expression weary.

“Mommy, is Daddy really that tired? He’s been sleeping for two whole days!”

Pete looked up at the room upstairs, curiosity shining in his eyes as he asked Angela.

Angela faced him, momentarily at a loss for how to explain. After a pause, she ruffled his hair gently.

“Your Daddy is just very tired and needs plenty of rest. Things have been hectic at home lately, so you have to behave, okay?”

Pete nodded earnestly. He understood that everyone in the family was unhappy. It was surely that bad woman, Khloe, causing trouble again.

When he grew up, he would help his parents and deal with that wicked woman once and for all.

After handing Pete over to the household staff, Angela went upstairs to check on Trey.

The past couple of days hadn’t been easy. Arthur had regained consciousness, but his aftereffects were severe- his speech was still slurred.

Stella had cried herself raw, staying by his side in the hospital day and night. Overnight, she had transformed from a formidable, commanding matron into someone haggard and worn.

Now that Alicia had nearly finished her confinement period and had gone to the hospital to relieve Stella, Angela no longer needed to stay there. She could return home to care for Pete, Lauren, and also look after Trey.

Trey had been deeply shaken. After Arthur's illness, he had developed a fever himself and had been bedridden for two days.

Khloe's actions were calculated to kill the Fox family's spirit. While Arthur lay gravely ill, she had somehow raised a massive investment and used it to dilute the Fox family's shares to less than ten percent! Even selling off all the family assets wouldn't have been enough to match the capital required.

At this rate, the Fox family's company would definitely be renamed!

Khloe was ruthless, utterly without shame. Online criticism of her and Trey had not stopped. The Fox family had nowhere to turn. They had no allies in the industry. Everyone assumed this was the end of the Fox family.

But nobody realized the true architect and beneficiary of all this was Khloe herself. She was no innocent victim- she was a venomous woman.

"Trey..."

Angela returned to the bedroom, only to find Trey absent from the bed. The sheets were a chaotic mess, and a medicine box lay overturned on the floor.

She had called him countless times, all unanswered. Then, seemingly realizing something, he had hurriedly left

the house.

His fever had just subsided, but he was still weak as he drove toward the Fox Group.

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He knew Khloe was continuing her attacks on the company. Yet, the thing that hurt him most wasn't the company-it was that she truly intended to leave him, severing all ties.

Only now did Trey realize that he wasn't as detached as he had thought. He had been dreaming of Khloe in a foggy, half-conscious daze these past two days.

In his dreams, he relived everything from the beginning of their acquaintance-the journey they had taken together. Khloe had given him a sense of security and warmth he had never experienced in the Fox family.

She would steadfastly stand by him through any challenge, convincing him that as long as he didn't let go, she would never leave.

Her selfless devotion, her pure and priceless care, was like air and water-essential.

He had always told himself that everything he did was for Angela and the company. Yet, the more he insisted on that, the more he unknowingly developed feelings for Khloe.

Soon, Trey arrived near the Fox Group building.

Khloe had instructed the security team to create a blacklist, preventing him and Arthur from entering the premises again.

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Trey's mind was a whirlwind, consumed entirely by thoughts of Khloe. Rationality had long since vanished.

He refused to enter the company. Instead, he waited at the entrance, the inevitable path she would take when leaving.

He had to see her again and speak his heart aloud.

He needed to tell her, face to face, that he wasn't here for the company, nor for the Fox family-he was here for her.

All those years of feelings, years even he couldn't bear to let go of-how could Khloe simply sever them so easily?

Trey had bet correctly.

These past days, Khloe had been busy tying up the Fox family's affairs. Morning found her at the Morrison Group; by afternoon, she returned to the Fox Group HQ.

The moment her figure appeared at the company entrance, Trey seemed to be injected with a surge of adrenaline. He flung open the car door and bolted forward.

"Khloe!"

He reached her in a few strides, but before he could get close, security guards at the company restrained him.

One of Khloe's bodyguards immediately stepped in front of her as well.

She glanced back from her position at the doorway, looking down at Trey, who was less than half a meter away.

Just two days apart, and Trey had already changed.

Once so meticulous about his appearance, today his beard was unshaven, his shirt collar loose, his suit wrinkled. He looked disheveled and exhausted, almost broken.

He was still weak from a high fever. Cold air from his rapid breathing, combined with a push from the guards, made him cough and bend forward, sweat beading on his forehead.

Yet, he refused to retreat. His eyes were full of pleading as he gazed at Khloe.

"Please... just let me say a few words. I know I was wrong... I know you don't want to see me now. But... just remember that we once loved each other."

Khloe's gaze was icy. Seeing him like this, she felt a strange mixture of satisfaction and sorrow. -

Yes. They had once "loved" each other. In the lies he had spun, he had claimed love while shredding her heart.

"Trey... you think you have the right to speak of love? Are you here to tell me jokes?" Her lips curved into a cold, humorless smile.

"I don't deserve it... but I... I truly love you."

Trey's brows knitted tightly; his pale lips trembled. There was a humility in him she had never seen before.

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He bent his knees, teeth clenched, tears brimming-and knelt before her.

Surprise flickered in Khloe's eyes, quickly replaced by merciless mockery.

"As expected, your bottom line is as worthless as your pride. If you want to play the devoted lover, go home and perform it for Angela. She probably still likes that sort of thing."

"Khloe, I'm not acting, and this isn't about the company! I've thought it through-I can give up everything, really! I came today for you. I... I truly want to start over with you!"

Trey's voice trembled in desperation. He looked at her cold, indifferent features, pain knotting in his chest.

Suddenly, Khloe turned to walk away.

Trey, thinking his words had moved her, rushed on, speaking even more fervently.

"I know I was completely wrong before, that I never cherished you... But believe me, in the days you've been gone, you've been all I've thought about! If you give me just one chance, my heart will never waver again!"

Khloe's steps halted. Trey tried to pull her into his arms, but the bodyguards blocked him.

"Trey... if you want to start over with me, what about Angela?"

Her voice was calm, cold, laced with a hint of mockery.

Trey, paying no mind, answered without hesitation, "I'll divorce her!"

"And if she refuses? What about Pete? He's your child-your son. You can't just erase him. Can your family accept that?"

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“My family never agreed to Angela being my wife... but whether she wanted to or not doesn't change my mind. I only want to be with you. As for Pete, I can let him stay with Angela-we can have a child of our own.”

Trey was teetering on the edge of madness. All he wanted now was to convince Khloe to return to his side. For that, he was willing to give everything, wholeheartedly.

“You heard that, Angela? Your husband is determined to divorce you.”

Khloe scoffed coldly. Her gaze shifted and fell on a spot not far behind Trey.

Trey froze for a moment, then whipped around. There stood Angela, silently, watching him.

Angela's eyes bore into him. She barely registered Khloe's scornful laughter. All she could feel was an unbearable, searing pain coursing through her body.

A deep, hopeless despair spread from her core.

Was this her karma?

She had insisted on being with Trey to spite his grandfather, and he had cursed her to the end.

All Trey's unwavering devotion, all the victories she had thought she fought so hard to claim... turned out so fragile and so easily shattered!

“Angela...” Trey's eyes were red, his throat raw, as if knives were slicing through it. Words failed him.

“Are you really going to divorce me? And abandon Pete? You'd rather pick that toxic woman who's ruined you?”

Angela tried to speak calmly, to maintain dignity, but her voice trembled despite her best effort.

Trey's face was as pale as paper. He glanced at Khloe's cold, mocking eyes, then back at Angela's heartbreak- stricken expression.

One was the woman he had once loved, the one he had betrayed everything for. The other was the woman he now realized he had long since fallen for, the one he could not afford to lose. His heart felt as if every organ were being twisted by knives.

“Yes,” he said finally, barely lifting his head. “Angela... I’m sorry. I can’t lie to myself anymore, and I won’t lie to you. The one I love now... is Khloe.”

“Trey, you’re the most skilled actor I’ve ever met-but you’re also utterly disgusting.”

The words had barely left Angela’s lips when Khloe’s voice hissed from behind, cutting into the air.

By now, a crowd had gathered at the company entrance, eager to witness this scandal unfold.

But Khloe had long since grown tired of the sordid display of these two. She turned to her bodyguard, gave a brief command, and walked away without another glance.

Seeing Khloe leave, Trey sprang to his feet, desperate to stop her. But he moved too abruptly; dizziness swept over him, and his weakened body nearly collapsed.

1/2

Csapte 200

+25 Bonus

Angela rushed forward, catching him before he fell.

“Angela...”

She didn’t speak. Instead, she raised her hand and slapped him.

Trey lowered his head, not resisting, not speaking further.

More people gathered, snapping photos and recording on their phones.

Could these two be the couple behind the latest scandal making the rounds online?

Angela’s face flushed with shame. She gripped Trey’s hand, trying to pull him away, but he remained rooted in place.

“I know you’re trying to save the company,” she said, trying to temper her anger. “I’m furious, but I won’t fight you over this right now.”

Trey's chest ached with a quiet despair. When he raised his eyes, they shimmered with moisture. He gave Angela a bitter smile, but said nothing.

What he had just spoken-the one truthful thing he had ever said-wasn't believed by anyone.

920

That night, Khloe still could not reach Nick by phone. Anxiety gnawed at her.

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 300

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 300 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 300

Chapter 300

Khloe knew Nick would never go an entire day without contacting her.

Feeling helpless, she tried calling Lenny repeatedly. Several calls went unanswered. An hour later, a message finally arrived from him.

Lenny: [Sorry, Miss Roswell. I was busy just now. Mr. Hunt has been tied up with some matters and cannot return yet, nor can he contact you. Once he is free, I will have him call you personally.]

Even with Lenny's reply, the tight knot of worry in Khloe's brow did not ease.

Something was wrong. Nick had promised he would return today. Even if delayed, he should have called her himself. Could something serious have happened-something that kept him from even sending a word?

Staring at the ten calls and multiple messages she had sent him, her unease only deepened.

She tried messaging Lenny again, but received no response. If it were truly an urgent matter, pressing him further would only be intrusive.

But still... her heart refused to settle.

Khloe spent the entire night overthinking, barely sleeping.

Before dawn, she woke and instinctively checked her phone for a reply. But the conversation with Nick still displayed her unanswered messages.

Torn and anxious, she waited until exactly eight o'clock before calling Lenny again.

Still no answer.

It wasn't until she arrived at the Morrison Group building that morning that Lenny sent another message, nearly identical to the one from last night.

Her patience snapped. She dialed his number directly. The call rang for what felt like an eternity before he finally picked up.

His voice was low, almost hesitant, as if trying to shrink away from her. "Miss Roswell..."

"Where's Nick?" Khloe's voice carried a mix of irritation and worry. "Why has he suddenly stopped replying? Has something happened?"

Even the busiest person could at least send a quick message to reassure her, right?

"He..." Lenny hesitated. "He has been in emergency meetings non-stop since yesterday. His phone... was broken yesterday. I'll have him return your call later. Miss Roswell, please don't worry."

Khloe felt something odd in his tone. "Broken...?"

She wasn't sure if it was just her imagination, but Lenny's voice seemed to tremble, as if he was afraid to speak to her too long.

"Yes. I'm... currently hosting guests for him. I have to go. Miss Roswell, please don't worry. I'm sure Mr. Hunt will contact you soon..."

1/2

Chapter 300

+25 Bonus

"Lenny..." Khloe hesitated, about to say something more, but Lenny had already hung up.

Seeing that the call had lasted less than a minute, her confusion peaked. Was she being too insecure?

As she arrived at the Morrison Group office, a notification popped up in her small five-person chat group.

It was an entertainment news article, with someone tagging her.

[Khloe, isn't this Nick?]

[Looks like Nick... but isn't the woman next to him the one from the engagement banquet?]

[Her name's Michelle. I read about her before-she was a host in the entertainment industry, then left the circle. Now, she's doing livestream charity work... But hasn't she broken things off with Nick?]

The group chat was ablaze with discussion. Everyone was concerned for Khloe, repeatedly asking if the man in the news was Nick.

If Nick and Michelle were still entangled, what would Khloe do?

Already worried about Nick, she barely had time to read the messages. But the moment she saw his name, she immediately tapped on the link.