

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 331

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 331

Chapter 331

“That day... the person I bumped into... was you?”

Khloe could hardly believe it.

“Yes,” Nick said, a faint smile tugging at his lips, his eyes reflecting the tremor in hers. “I recognized you the moment I saw you. You usually seem so composed... how could you walk so carelessly? You hit my chest so hard I nearly winced.”

Though the words sounded like a gentle rebuke, there was a teasing lilt to them. The emphasis on chest was soft, but it sent a shiver down Khloe’s spine as she recalled it, a tingling warmth spreading through her body.

“It was raining... and the light was poor...” Khloe reached out, lightly touching his chest. “Does it still hurt? I can rub it for you.”

Nick laughed, a clear, ringing sound that made her heart flutter.

“No, not at all,” he said, gripping her wandering hand. “That day, I didn’t leave immediately. I stayed near the car and watched you for a while.”

“You... watched me secretly?”

“After bumping into you twice in a row, there’s only one woman who leaves an impression like that.”

That day, Nick hadn’t left. Seeing Khloe taking shelter from the rain, he had told someone to buy her an umbrella. But before it could be delivered, she had dashed back into the downpour.

She had noticed an old man scavenging across the street in the rain, his belongings scattered everywhere. Khloe had rushed to help him.

Halfway through picking up the items, a few well-dressed men approached, umbrellas in hand, and helped out, even giving them each an umbrella. Khloe had found their sudden appearance a little odd at the time.

“Oh... they were your people?” she realized, suddenly understanding why they hadn’t accepted her payment for the umbrellas.

Nick didn’t confirm or deny. “It seems your attention was fully on the task at hand.”

“Indeed...” Khloe reflected, feeling a flush of embarrassment at her own obliviousness. Then, with curiosity bright in her eyes, she asked, “And the third time?”

“The last time was when you went to buy a house.”

After seeing the news of Niel’s death, Nick had learned about his illegitimate daughter inheriting his estate. Niel and Nick had little interaction, but he could tell Niel had always longed for children. Only near the end of his life did he discover he had a daughter, so he left his inheritance entirely to her.

Nick had only intended to see if he could repay a favor to Niel’s family, never expecting that the daughter of his benefactor would turn out to be Khloe.

Three encounters with a stranger were already fate enough, but on top of that, they shared this hidden

connection.

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Even for Nick, someone who didn’t believe in destiny, gods, or fate, he couldn’t help but feel the pull of inevitability.

“So it was all just coincidence?” Khloe asked softly, marveling at the strange twists of fate.

“There was coincidence, yes... but also gratitude,” Nick said. “And the decision for our marriage... it’s because of you, and only you.”

When he had first considered the arranged marriage, he had rationalized it as careful calculation-Niel’s connection, business considerations, the pressure from his grandparents. But now, in retrospect... it was simply because he liked Khloe.

After their shower, Nick had Lenny bring Khloe one of his own shirts to wear.

She hadn't brought extra clothes, and being in the mountain village, shopping wasn't convenient. A trip to buy something suitable would take at least an hour or more.

Nick's shirt was large on her, draping loosely, its empty expanse inviting exploration. As Nick watched her slip it on, he felt a heat ignite low in his abdomen, a dangerous, immediate fire he could barely contain.

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Nick wrapped his arms around Khloe from behind, gently inhaling the scent of her hair.

“Don't move,” she murmured. “Your injury could reopen... we should go back to the hospital.”

Khloe didn't want him to push himself further. After everything that had just happened, his face had paled even more. He still appeared calm, joking with her, but she worried he was forcing it, that his body could no longer

bear it.

“If it reopens, it reopens,” Nick said. “I'm not going back to the hospital. I just want to stay with you.”

Her patience snapped. Khloe wriggled free from his arms, turned to face him, and furrowed her brow. Her expression was stern.

“If you say things like that again-if you keep risking yourself-I won’t speak to you ever again.”

“I... I didn’t mean that,” Nick said, flustered by her sudden severity.

But Khloe had hit the nail on the head. Compared to caring for himself, he had always been more concerned with others-those around him, the matters on his mind. And no one had ever scolded him like this before.

“No matter what you mean, I’m upset right now... unless you behave, follow the doctor’s orders to the letter, and do exactly as you’re told.”

Seeing his genuinely panicked expression, Khloe softened her tone, letting a hint of coaxing creep in.

Nick opened his mouth to protest, but she silenced him with a single look.

“Nick,” she said, her voice soft now, tinged with tender concern, “don’t make me worry, okay?”

“Okay,” he replied.

Her combination of firmness and gentleness worked better than any command. Nick almost immediately conceded, letting her guide him back to the bedroom to lie down.

Within ten minutes, the medical team arrived with their equipment. The private doctors Arista had called in yesterday were also there, accompanying them.

During the examination, Khloe stayed close, clutching his hand, her gaze never leaving him. Beneath the bandages, the bright red scabs still oozed faintly.

Seeing the harsh sutures, her heart tightened, and her fingers involuntarily clenched.

“It’s fine. We just need to clean the wounds,” the doctor said.

Externally, the injuries weren’t severe. From the temperature and imaging scans, the internal injuries were also improving. The hematoma on his spleen was gradually subsiding.

“Mr. Hunt,” the doctor said, frowning slightly, “you do have a minor rib fracture. You need to rest in bed and avoid any strenuous activity.” He glanced at Khloe as he spoke, noticing something that concerned him.

Khloe’s face paled, a heavy guilt settling in her chest.

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Nick gave a quiet, “Mm,” his eyes briefly meeting hers as he lightly stroked her hand, silently signaling that it was alright.

As soon as the examination ended, he was quick to dismiss the doctors, seemingly afraid that too many words would only make Khloe more anxious.

Still, she followed behind, lingering to discuss his condition further with Loretta and Arista.

Nick’s condition was stable, but he would need a long period of recovery. Returning to their home country as soon as possible was the best option.

Arista immediately arranged a helicopter for the early morning flight back. Loretta also contacted Leon via video call to report on the situation.

Leon was pacing like a man on a hot pan, anxious to come in person. Loretta had insisted on only bringing Arista, reasoning that more people would make things difficult.

During the call, Leon could see Nick but didn’t want to disturb him, so he spoke briefly. Half of his words, however, were aimed at Khloe.

“Nick, you need to get better quickly. Poor Khloe is worried sick. Look at her-she traveled all this way, and her once flawless face looks tired and worn.”

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Nick was already exhausted, yet he still let out a soft laugh. “You’re right, Grandpa. I need to get better soon.”

In the past, whenever the two elders teased him about marriage or a future granddaughter-in-law, Nick would always brush it off. But now that he had Khloe as his wife, he had suddenly grown obedient.

Sure enough, a man only reveals his wife-doting side once he actually has a wife. Grandfather and grandson were exactly alike.

Still, Nick's voice remained weak. The gentler it sounded, the more it tugged at the heartstrings.

Seeing how close Nick and Khloe were, Arista felt tears well up with relief. She discreetly wiped her eyes and

took Loretta's hand.

"Let's go. We'll let Khloe take care of Nick."

Loretta nodded, finally letting out a long breath. The two needed each other right now-no amount of concern from elders could compare to the nourishment of love.

"Khloe, we'll be troubling you."

"Grandma, please don't say that. Taking care of Nick doesn't feel like a burden at all."

"If you need anything, tell Lenny, or call me or Arista anytime. We're always here. And don't exhaust yourself— rest early."

After a few more reminders, Loretta glanced at Nick. He didn't speak, only tugged his dry lips into a faint smile.

The private time his grandmother and Arista left them was something he deeply appreciated. He looked at Arista, gratitude clearly visible in his eyes.

Once everyone left, the room fell quiet again.

When Khloe stood up, Nick instinctively reached out and grabbed her hand.

She couldn't help smiling. "I'm not leaving. I'm just getting you something to eat. You'll need to take your medicine afterward."

Reluctantly, Nick loosened his grip. Even with her right in front of him, he still wanted her within arm's reach.

That familiar anxiety-buried deep inside him-stirred again, dark and unhealthy.

But in the very next instant, Nick crushed it down with sheer will. He was different now. Those bleak past days were long behind him.

Khloe wouldn't abandon him. And he absolutely could not allow himself to show any ugliness in front of her.

Once the pills were taken, sleep would come quickly. Wanting to stay with her just a little longer, Nick delayed taking his medicine, forcing Khloe to feed him bit by bit.

Whenever she brought a pill to his lips, no matter how unwilling he was, he swallowed it.

There were seven kinds of pills. Khloe fed him several times.

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The last two were especially bitter. With no water left, she fed them to him mouth-to-mouth.

Nick quickly developed a taste for it, pulling her into his arms and kissing her for a long while-until Khloe couldn't take it anymore and bit his lip to force him to stop.

Fortunately, the medication soon took effect. No matter how strong-willed he was, he couldn't fight the heavy wave of drowsiness.

"Khloe, do you know?" Nick suddenly spoke with his eyes closed, his voice soft, like sleep talk. "When I was unconscious, I had a dream."

Khloe was wrapped in his arms, resting against his chest, afraid to move. "What kind of dream?"

"It felt like someone was praying by the window, begging the gods. In exchange for me to wake up, she was willing to trade... ten years of her life."

At those words, Khloe's ears burned red. She nearly wanted to roll over and dig a hole to bury herself in.

How embarrassing...

That kind of mortifying thing had actually been heard.

Why did he have to regain consciousness at that exact moment?

“I didn’t. You heard wrong. It was just a dream,” Khloe said, struggling slightly and choosing denial.

“I was deeply moved,” Nick said. “But I don’t want your ten years. Not even a single day. I only want you to stay by my side properly. Until the day I die-not a single day less.”

“Stop talking about death! It’s bad luck! You’re not allowed to say that!”

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Khloe couldn’t bear it any longer and quickly cut Nick off.

His lips curved into a faint smile.

“Hmm,” he said softly, “I don’t believe in ghosts or gods.”

“You said that. I know.” Khloe calmed down, quietly nodding. He had told her the same thing when they watched horror movies together.

Nick continued, “But if it were your wish, I’d be willing to trade my life for yours.”

“Nick! I told you not to say things like that!” Khloe’s tone grew sharper. He had just returned from the brink of death-she was naturally sensitive, and utterly on edge!

“But you said the exact same thing...” Nick’s voice had grown thick and slurred.

“I-I only said it because I had no choice...” Khloe realized too late that she’d been tricked, quickly biting her lip before whispering, “I said I didn’t.”

After that, she noticed Nick had already gone quiet. His heartbeat had steadied, his breathing even and light, as if he had already fallen asleep.

Waiting a moment to confirm, Khloe gently tugged the blanket over him and stayed by his side, keeping a quiet vigil.

Her own sleepiness wasn't overwhelming, though, and so she found herself counting his eyelashes instead.

Nick's eyelashes... were more numerous than a flock of sheep.

Meanwhile, Clarice had just received news of Nick's awakening.

She couldn't understand it at all. The guys she hired never left loose ends-how could Nick have woken up just like that?

Immediately, she dialed an encrypted number.

"What's going on? Your people failed? I wanted permanent results! You said it was foolproof!"

The voice on the other end sounded impatient. "The time was too short. There wasn't a chance to act."

"What did you say?" Clarice's shock was palpable. "You didn't make a move?"

Had Nick's accident really been... an accident?

"I'll handle it. But let me warn you-you have no authority to give orders here."

And with that, the call ended.

Clarice clenched her teeth, frustration boiling in her chest. The other party was part of the underworld; she couldn't control them completely-but they couldn't possibly be treating her like a fool, could they?

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They'd taken the money, obtained the information... and yet Nick was still alive?

For a moment, Clarice slammed her hands on the scattered desktop ornaments in frustration, fireless rage coursing through her. Then, almost immediately, an overseas message arrived.

Out of regard for the payment, the other party had explained the situation.

Nick had suffered an accident near the border. Their operatives couldn't get close, and backup from the Hunt family had arrived. Security was tight. They would have to wait for the next opportunity.

But the message reassured her: since they had accepted the contract, and the target was George's son, they would see it through to the end. They would wait until he returned to the country, then act.

Yet, reading this only worsened Clarice's mood. She hadn't wanted him to return to Goldmont City in the first place-her plan had been to strike while he was abroad.

"Mom."

Suddenly, Ethan's voice rang out as he pushed the door open without warning, startling Clarice.

"Who told you to come in? Why didn't you knock?" she snapped.

"I knocked for a long time. I heard a lot of noise inside, and I thought something had happened to you..." Ethan's eyes swept over the mess on the floor before landing on

the phone s **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter**

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Clarice wasn't paying any attention to Ethan at all until she heard what he said. Her eyes, which had just closed, snapped open again.

"What did you say?"

Clarice knew Michael couldn't be detained for long. With the Starr family's limited influence, they could make things difficult for him for a while at most. Even without her stepping in to pull strings, a little financial loss on Oscar's end would eventually smooth things over. Michael was bound to be fine sooner or later.

She just hadn't expected it to happen so fast.

She had deliberately provoked the Starr family, intending to keep them locked in conflict with Oscar for a while longer.

"Michael returned to the country secretly last night," Ethan continued. "You told me to keep an eye on Oscar's side, but they were clearly avoiding attention-tight information control, no one going in or out of the house. I only found out because someone I'm seeing happens to know Oscar's driver."

Clarice's face darkened visibly. She slapped her palm against the desk, laughing in anger.

"Oscar. Michael. Very played."

No wonder Oscar ultimately sided with Khloe.

It seemed she couldn't count on anyone in the Morrison family anymore.

If that was the case, then she wouldn't bother honoring whatever family ties remained.

"Oscar doesn't know what's good for him," Ethan asked in a low voice. "Should we do something?"

Clarice thought for a moment, her gaze turning cold. "Of course. I'm leaving Goldmont City for a few days to meet someone. You go back to the company and keep a close eye on Khloe."

"Got it," Ethan replied, lowering his head.

Late at night, Trey and the rest of the Fox family were gathered in Arthur's hospital ward.

Arthur had regained consciousness earlier that day, but he was still suffering from a severe stroke. He was aware, yet unable to speak or move.

The doctor said Arthur had suffered a massive brainstem infarction. Though emergency treatment had saved his life, the chances of recovery were slim.

The news was devastating-like the sky collapsing over the Fox family.

Stella had cried all day. Alicia stood nearby, complaining bitterly as well.

When she saw Trey arrive late with Angela, she rushed forward and lashed out at Angela. “You shameless woman! Our family is in this state because of you, and you still have the nerve to show your face?”

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“Alicia, watch your mouth,” Angela snapped back. “I’m your sister-in-law! And if this family has fallen apart, the real culprit is Khloe-not me!”

Angela had barely arrived before being verbally attacked, and her temper immediately flared.

She refused to back down, glaring back with a vicious, shadowed look that made even Alicia hesitate.

“Sister-in-law? Angela, you really have some nerve,” Alicia sneered. “If you hadn’t been seducing my brother all these years, stringing him along while giving the company terrible advice, would Khloe have gotten the chance to strike? One shameless woman put our family through so much suffering-now we have you, another cheap and useless-”

Before she could finish, a sharp slap landed across Alicia’s face.

Angela had completely lost her temper. She put all her strength into it, her own palm going numb from the impact.

Alicia was stunned. Tears instantly welled up before she erupted in fury. “Angela! I’ll kill you! I’ll fight you to the death!”

She had cursed Khloe plenty of times when she was emotional, and Khloe had never once laid a hand on her.

Who did Angela think she was, daring to hit her?

The Fox family was still drowning in grief and hadn’t been paying attention to their argument. No one expected Angela and Alicia to actually come to blows in the hospital room.

“Angela!” Trey hurriedly grabbed her, while Alicia’s husband, Stanley, rushed to restrain his wife.

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“Angela! Get out of here!”

Stella had finally had enough. Seeing her daughter being bullied, she snapped at Angela.

Trey tried to pull Angela away, but she refused to budge. She spoke up defiantly, “It’s your daughter who started this today. I was just trying to check on Dad out of kindness. If anyone should leave, it’s her!”

“Angela!” Trey’s patience snapped. “Enough! Dad is still here. Even if you’re upset, can’t you just hold it in?”

“Why should I be the one to hold it in...” Angela refused to yield.

“Let go of me!”

Alicia still wanted to strike back, and she almost clashed with her husband, Stanley, who was trying to restrain her.

Stanley, knowing his wife’s impulsive nature, feared the scene would escalate and embarrass them all, so he held her firmly and led her out.

Once one side had left, Trey finally released his grip, though his glare remained sharp—a silent warning.

Angela’s emotions were still raw, but she was more controlled than Alicia. She quickly composed herself, no longer speaking. She placed the items she had brought aside and softly greeted Arthur. “Dad, don’t worry. Trey and I are here. You just focus on resting and getting better.”

Arthur’s eyes flickered, and his breathing grew heavier. He seemed to want to say something, but his mouth refused to form words.

Though his consciousness was clear, his hand had been trembling on the bedside moments earlier when Alicia and Angela almost came to blows. Just seeing him now, his condition plain on his face, it was obvious he was

still weak.

Angela's words were sincere, yet in the current situation, they carried an almost ironic weight.

"Our family is cursed," muttered Lauren, letting out a heavy sigh.

She couldn't bear it any longer. With that, she allowed herself to be guided out of the room.

As she passed Trey, her eyes flicked coldly toward him. He dared not meet her gaze and immediately lowered his head,

But Lauren was old and had endured too many upheavals in the family. She had barely eaten or slept these past few days, sustaining herself only with medication. She had visibly lost weight and looked utterly haggard. Seeing her own son lying weaker than herself, she couldn't help but fear that her final days might be lonely and bleak.

Cursed family, unfilial children-such misfortune!

Stella, usually at odds with Lauren, saw that even the old woman's customary authority had vanished. Her heart sank. Was their family on the brink of collapse?

Once Lauren and Alicia left, the room fell silent.

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Stella, who bore no affection for Angela, sat coldly to the side.

Trey glanced at Angela, silently urging her to ease the tension and comfort his mother.

But Angela ignored him. She sat down, quietly peeling an apple.

Stella assumed Angela was cutting it for her or Arthur, but to her surprise, Angela chopped the fruit into small pieces and ate them herself.

Arthur's room had two nurses, and with Stella and Alicia alternating shifts, there was little need for extra attention. Yet, here Angela was, leisurely eating fruit and scrolling on her phone while the rest busied themselves caring for the patient.

Stella's face darkened completely. Finally, she could bear it no longer and snapped, "Trey, why don't you just take your wife and leave? The place is small. We don't want her getting worn out."

Trey, already weary and dispirited, had just finished tidying up the bedside. Hearing this, he finally noticed Angela's behavior.

Exasperated, he barked, "Do you even know how to care for the elderly? If you want to rest, go home!"

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"All the work here is already done by the nurses. What else do you want me to do?"

Angela's voice was soft, but there wasn't a trace of submission. She knew Stella was looking for a fight. Calmly, she picked up the apple again. "Mom, do you want some?"

Stella's anger surged, but she lacked the energy to argue further. She took a deep breath and muttered, "People are never satisfied. Only when you have something to compare can you tell what's truly good and what's worthless."

Her words weren't directed at anyone in particular, but the implication cut deep.

Angela instantly bristled. She shot up from her seat. "What do you mean by that? You think Khloe is better? Are you insulting me?"

"I didn't say anything," Stella snorted.

“Better? If Khloe is so great, would the family be in this mess? Trey and the family treated her well-did she leave any leeway when she took revenge? Such a cunning, ruthless woman-and you think she’s good?”

Angela hated it more than anything when anyone said Khloe was “good.” She had suffered so much because of Khloe. She had given everything for the Fox family and for Trey, yet now she was being compared to her!

Trey’s expression darkened. He grabbed Angela with surprising strength. Before she could react, he was dragging her out of the hospital room.

“Trey!”

Angela’s body tensed, hurt by his force, but he didn’t relent, dragging her all the way to the hospital entrance without a word, ignoring her struggles and shouts.

Only outside did he finally toss her the car keys. “Go home. Don’t come back. You’re not needed here.”

“Trey! Are you angry at me? Your mom and Alicia bullied me, can’t you see that?”

Tears welled up in Angela’s eyes. She hadn’t meant to provoke Stella, but nobody was born to be a punching bag. Was it fair that only his family got to shout and berate, while she wasn’t even allowed to have feelings?

Besides, it was Khloe who caused all this trouble for the family-how could it be blamed on her?

“I don’t have the energy to argue with you now. If you can’t accept it, then never set foot in our family home again. I won’t force you.”

Trey didn’t look back, his words icy, before striding away.

Angela’s temper flared further as she remembered the way Trey had pleaded with Khloe,

“So you really don’t want to be with me anymore! Your heart belongs only to Khloe! After everything she’s done to you, are you just naturally a masochist?”

Angela lost all restraint, not caring to spare him any dignity.

Trey felt the sting. Perhaps she was right. Maybe he was being foolish. When he had been with Khloe, he’d never

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imagined a day like this—a day when he couldn't let her go.

Even though Khloe hated him, even though she had done irreparable damage to his family, he couldn't stop thinking about wanting to go back to what they once had. But that “once” had been a mistake.

“Mom and Alicia have caused Khloe no less grief than they've caused you,” Trey said coldly, without turning back, before walking off.

He knew Stella and Alicia weren't easy to deal with. Over the years, he had tread carefully, trying to keep the family from tearing itself apart.

Angela hadn't been around much, so she had avoided conflicts. But with Khloe by his side for the past two years, he had seen everything she endured.

Khloe had always borne her burdens alone for him. She dealt with Stella, appeased Lauren and Arthur, avoided Alicia, and never allowed herself to break. She wasn't a pushover. She could go just as wild as Angela—and even worse, if she wanted to.

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But Trey knew this: Khloe had been willing to lower herself for him, to restrain her sharpness, to love him

without reservation.

Her love had been quiet and unassuming, yet it was the gentlest and most profound emotion he had ever known.

He didn't realize it while he had it—but once it was gone, he felt just how precious it had been.

Perhaps the best things in life were always like that.

When Trey returned to the hospital room, Stella's expression had softened considerably. Without Angela around, she seemed to breathe easier and freer.

Arthur's eyes never left Trey. He seemed to want to say something, but his frail body made words difficult. Trey understood his father's intent.

Right now, the company was what mattered most.

But Trey didn't dare speak the truth.

They had no real power in the company. Khloe had introduced funds from god-knows-where, and that diluted the Fox family's shares to nearly nothing. Years of accumulated wealth had almost vanished.

He had thought Khloe's revenge would stop once she'd weakened him financially. But in just a few days, the Fox family's core business had collapsed.

Employees and clients alike had abandoned the company. It was now little more than an empty shell, with only some debts remaining.

If this continued, the only possible outcome was bankruptcy—and the Fox family would be dragged into the mess.

“Dad, focus on getting better. Khloe has returned to the company. At least there's hope for a listing. Once things stabilize, we'll find a way forward.”

Hearing this, Arthur's expression didn't improve much, but his breathing eased slightly.

Trey stayed in the room until his father fell asleep, then prepared to leave. Stella, keeping vigil, accompanied him only to the door.

“Is the company really... still okay?” she asked, worry in her eyes.

“Mom, take care of Dad. I'll figure out the company...” Trey didn't answer directly, but that alone was enough.

There wasn't much they could do anymore. They were old; a second chance was far from easy. Trey, though still young, had a tarnished reputation in the business world of Goldmont City. If the company went under, it would be hard for him to just work for someone else.

Stella drew a deep breath and, after a moment of hesitation, suggested a begrudging idea. “Have you... considered getting back together with Khloe?”

Though she despised Khloe, when comparing her to Angela, Khloe had more use. At least she could support the company and benefit their family.

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If Trey hadn't deceived her so severely, perhaps she could have remained a dutiful, hardworking daughter-in-law for life.

Even if her family background wasn't impressive, she was easy to control.

Back then, whenever Stella had a minor illness and went to the hospital, Khloe wouldn't dare be insolent; she would obediently attend to her.

Now, the more Stella thought about it, the more she longed for those days. She cursed herself for not allowing Khloe and Trey to marry sooner—at least then she could have monitored them, ensured the marriage and the papers were done, instead of letting Trey create such a disastrous mess.

“She...” Trey couldn't bring himself to admit that he had once pleaded with Khloe. A tight, oppressive weight settled in his chest.

Stella assumed he was too proud to admit it. She said, sulking, “I don't want you to plead either. That girl is ungrateful this time, yes—but I thought about it. A woman deceived like that would naturally be angry. Besides, you did go too far... If Khloe didn't care for you at all, how could she hate us this much?”

Trey still didn't respond. **Billionaire's Match Novel**

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The idea that Khloe still loved him, even if just a little, made Trey feel so much better. It was far better than her completely ignoring him.

“I see what you need to do,” Stella said, her tone sharp with scheming. “Cut Angela loose completely. Divorce her. Let her have Pete. Khloe can still bear children; you can have another child later.

“If you can’t convince her, just make it a done deal. When it comes to winning a woman over, a man has to be a little strategic. Even the coldest woman can be softened by a good man’s persistence.

“As for everything Khloe’s done these past few days... once you get the company back, we’ll settle the score with her slowly.”

Stella had made up her mind. In Trey’s life, there were two women-Khloe and Angela.

Her choice was obvious: Khloe.

Trey showed no expression, only giving a perfunctory reply to Stella’s fanciful advice.

But all night, her words kept planting themselves in his mind, replaying over and over.

He sat in the car until the early hours.

Khloe had blocked his number and deleted his contact. Messages wouldn’t go through, friend requests were denied, and even her social updates were no longer visible.

Trey wanted to steady his mind, to rethink their relationship-but every attempt was immediately swallowed by a whirlpool of emotion.

He especially couldn’t forget her ruthless expression outside the Fox family compound.

He opened his phone gallery and spent a long while scrolling through old photos of them together.

The memories from their four years at university were the most numerous.

In the two years after their marriage, Khloe had been too busy, and he had buried himself in the company, leaving no time for even a handful of private dates.

If he could have just one more chance to start over, to erase every mistake between them... how perfect that

would be.

He hated the man he had become and longed, like Khloe, to love someone sincerely.

It wasn't until dawn that Trey returned home.

At such an early hour, the servants were barely up, and breakfast wasn't ready. Seeing him return, they hurriedly asked what he wanted to eat.

Trey waved them off and silently headed upstairs. Angela and Pete were still asleep.

Before he reached his room, he saw Lauren stepping out.

"Grandma," Trey greeted. "Just woke up?"

1/2

Chapter 330

+25 Bonus

"Come with me."

Lauren hadn't slept much either. She had been waiting specifically for Trey's return.

They went to Arthur's study. After sending the servants away, she handed him a prepared asset statement.

She had spent the entire night thinking before making this decision.

"This... is Grandpa's fund?" Trey's eyes widened.

The Fox family's fortune had been built almost entirely by Trey's grandfather. To prevent the company from being mismanaged by his children in the future, he had set aside a fund managed by a foundation. Now, its assets were close to 100 million dollars.

While 100 million dollars couldn't compare to a listed company, it was more than enough to help Trey rebuild his fortunes.

Originally, the fund had been intended for Lauren, to be distributed to their children after her passing.

But because of Trey and Angela, Trey's grandfather had added a clause before his death: if Trey and Angela failed to break things off, the fund would be donated rather than left behind.

That clause restricted Lauren's authority. If Trey and Angela hadn't consummated the marriage, she could have hidden it—but now, she couldn't violate the terms.

Naturally, she was angry. Trey had messed up so much—if the inheritance went to him, it could bring disaster. It was better, in her mind, to follow her husband’s wishes and donate it.

2/2

Billions Match Novel Chapter 340

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 340

Chapter 340

After all, as long as the Fox family still had the company, they wouldn’t fall completely. This punishment was something Trey deserved.

But now, with Khloe hollowing out the Fox Group and poaching most of its employees and clients, Lauren simply couldn’t swallow her anger.

She had thought it through last night, and now, she had made up her mind: the fund would go to Trey. With Arthur’s health failing, Trey was the only one capable of saving the family’s legacy.

“That’s right. Take these funds. Whether you use them to rebuild the family business or as collateral for financing... there’s always a way. Khloe doesn’t have a family background, and she can’t stand firm in the business world. A gentleman waits ten years for revenge; as long as you’re determined, nothing is too late.”

Lauren didn’t believe the rumors that the company relied entirely on Khloe. Khloe had only gotten close to the Fox family and learned those skills through experience! Taking the Fox family’s assets would have been enough –but on top of that, she left them no breathing room, spreading news of Trey and Angela’s situation far and wide... Such a malicious girl-Lauren felt she had truly been blind to defend her.

“But... Grandpa’s will... I’ve already violated it...”

Trey’s newfound hope wavered as he thought of the key problem.

“I’m the guardian. As long as you and Angela finalize the divorce, this fund is yours,” Lauren said.

Her words shook Trey again. Stella had said it, and now, his grandmother said it too. Perhaps divorce really was the only way forward for him and Angela.

“You old hag! You’ve gone overboard! I’ve been holding back to please you all this time, and now the whole family gangs up to bully Pete and I?”

Trey hadn’t even finished speaking when the door was forcefully pushed open. Angela rushed in, eyes red, her voice raw and hoarse with emotion.

Was she supposed to suffer alone just because there was trouble?

Lauren and Trey hadn’t slept, and Angela hadn’t either. She had waited the entire night for Trey, even sent him messages apologizing-but he hadn’t responded at all.

Hearing movement in the hallway, she had come out to find him, only to see him follow Lauren into the study. She pressed herself against the door to listen, only to hear Lauren’s piercing voice demanding that Trey divorce her.

The servants rushed over, quickly restraining Angela.

Lauren’s face was a storm of dark and pale hues, her expression reaching the pinnacle of severity. She didn’t want to air the family’s dirty laundry, nor stoop to arguing with Angela. She pursed her lips at Trey.

“You decide. You know the family’s situation better than anyone.”

Seeing Lauren leave, Angela wanted to storm after her and vent, but Trey held her firmly, dragging her back into

his room.

1/2

Chapter 340

+25 Bonus

“She’s my grandma. She spoke harshly, yes, but do you really want to fight her over it?”

“My dad is still in the hospital. You want my grandma to be admitted there too?”

Trey’s stern words left Angela feeling utterly helpless, her tears spilling uncontrollably. Her grief and fury had reached such a height that she couldn’t even speak.

Trey, annoyed yet unable to bear seeing her like this, turned and brought her a tissue.

“Wipe your tears.

His voice softened slightly, and a flicker of tenderness crossed his brow-Angela noticed instantly. She clutched his hand tightly.

“Please, Trey... I don’t want a divorce. I really love you. I’ve done so much for you; I have no way back. I won’t divorce you...”

Trey sighed. Though his heart had already made the decision, saying it to Angela’s face still felt unbearably cruel.

P

But when Stella mentioned that Khloe still loved him, a ripple stirred in his long-dead heart.

There wasn’t just hatred... There was love too?

D

he had left on the desk.

“Say what you need to say.”

Clarice rolled her eyes, sitting down heavily in the chair and taking a deep breath to steady herself.

“Michael has returned to the country.”

Ethan’s voice was light and casual, with a trace of teasing that barely registered.

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