

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 341

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 341 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 341

Chapter 341

Seeing Trey remain silent, Angela panicked. “Are you really going to divorce me?”

“The family... needs that fund,” Trey said, his throat tight. His voice was low and restrained, and he didn’t dare meet her eyes.

Tears slid down Angela’s face, but she laughed bitterly. “Is it for the fund... or for Khloe?”

She knew well enough that Trey had an eye for both. The fund and Khloe-he probably wanted them both. Even if he said now that he wouldn’t divorce her, she couldn’t believe it. He was too far gone to even bother lying

anymore.

“I’m sorry,” Trey said, closing his eyes briefly before speaking in a heavy tone.

Ever since that day he had gone to beg Khloe, there had been no turning back.

“I’ll compensate you. Anything you want, I’ll give it to you.”

“Compensate?” Angela snorted coldly, the last trace of light in her eyes gone.

Was it true that the harder one tried to hold on to something, the more it slipped away? Or was this simply her punishment?

Her mind flashed back to the year she turned twenty.

While studying abroad, she had run up huge debts out of vanity. Too ashamed to tell her parents, she had no choice but to work in nightclubs. Being the only female college student there, she was introduced to a wealthy

older man.

At first, Angela only accompanied him for drinks. She was naïve and unprepared for his relentless attention and lavish generosity. Soon, the man told her to set a price, hinting this would be his last visit.

Angela understood what he meant, and after a storm of internal struggle, she had given in.

But fate had a cruel sense of humor.

Not long after, she met Trey. She was six years his senior, yet he carried the energy and charm of youth, and she fell helplessly for him.

Raised indulged and pampered, she always wanted what she couldn't have. Trey was handsome and cultured on the outside, selfish and narcissistic at his core. Knowing he was no ideal man didn't stop her from developing an irresistible desire to conquer him.

She did everything she could to be with him-learning his preferences, bending the truth, even becoming the shadow he couldn't see within himself.

Finally, Trey accepted her. They promised to marry once he graduated.

Then, she saw Trey's grandfather, the same gentleman she should never have met again after that night at the

club.

He approached Angela privately, asking her again to set a price, to keep the secret, and to stay away from Trey.

1/2

Chapter 341

+25 Bonus

This time, she refused without hesitation. She was truly in love with Trey. Being with him was thrilling and passionate, filled with desire. That was her love.

Snapping back to the present, Angela wiped her tears as she faced Trey, whose face held a cold, guilty detachment.

"I won't agree to a divorce. Even if we have nothing left, I'll fight this out with you," she said.

"Let's end this amicably. I don't want it to get ugly," he said, calm but firm.

Seeing Angela finally regain some composure, Trey spoke again.

“You can do as you wish. But what you owe me... you must repay,” she said. The helplessness from earlier faded, and even the tears in her eyes seemed to harden.

“Do you remember what happened on the snowy mountain?” Trey suddenly asked, locking his gaze on her.

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 342**

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### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 342**

Chapter 342

Angela’s eyes widened slightly, a flicker of surprise crossing her face.

She didn’t understand why Trey had suddenly asked that, so she pressed her lips together and remained silent.

Trey had been precocious from a young age. When they first met, he was deeply immersed in studying and networking, frequently mingling with the city’s elite circles.

Only students from prestigious schools, mostly seniors on the verge of graduation, could keep pace with him socially. Among them were some of Angela’s friends.

Angela had fallen for Trey at first sight at a party. From then on, she used her friends to dig around, hoping to discover what kind of girl Trey liked.

But what she uncovered surprised her: their connection ran far deeper than she realized—they had already crossed paths when he was six years old.

That year, the city hosted an extremely popular winter camp, organized by national athletes. Dozens of children were led on an expedition to the world’s most famous snow-capped mountains.

The cost was exorbitant, affordable only for families of considerable means. As the departure date approached, ten spots remained. To give back, the organizers, in

cooperation with the city's Education Department, held an Olympiad-style math exam, offering full scholarships to the top ten children.

Angela had been one of the lucky recipients.

The entire journey had been luxurious, but an accident occurred during the mountain expedition: a boy from another group got separated and nearly met with disaster.

The teams stayed in tents at the foot of the mountain for several days afterward. A rescue helicopter arrived for the return journey.

Angela was only twelve at the time, but the memory stuck with her. She even followed the news afterward, learning that the boy had been carried down safely by his teammates, spent two days in the hospital, and suffered no lasting harm.

That boy was Trey.

Angela later heard that after returning, he had never forgotten the girl who had saved him. But he had never visited the hospital, and after the trip, the group disbanded. All the children's personal information had been kept confidential. He hadn't seen her face-only remembered the tiny red mole behind her ear.

In Trey's words, that mole had been a spark during the haze of unconsciousness, a fleeting warmth that had stayed with him.

He had even searched through news reports and contacted other attendees, but to no avail. The girl who had saved him had vanished into the crowd, as if fate had deliberately set her aside for him.

Angela seized the opportunity. She dug up the old winter camp registration forms, marked the red mole behind her ear, and, through a mutual acquaintance, casually brought it up. Trey immediately believed she was the girl he had never forgotten-the one who had saved his life.

1/2

Chapter 342

+25 Bonus

No one could resist a fate like that.

Moreover, Trey had developed an obsession. Angela had meticulously prepared every step, and soon they were swept into a passionate romance, a wildfire that consumed them both.

He was young and vigorous, and she was at the peak of her own allure. Their taboo romance unfolded like a storybook: from her careful planning, to teasing and resisting, to secretly pledging themselves to one another... every step thrilling, intoxicating, irresistible.

She had fallen completely, and Trey had fallen harder.

Even when Trey's family tried to intervene, they only fueled the fire.

Yet, Angela hadn't realized she had overestimated her control and underestimated Trey's heartlessness.

After ten years of devotion, giving everything she had, Trey had grown increasingly rational. The boy who once would have betrayed everything for her had, in the end, betrayed her.

Seeing Angela remain silent, Trey continued, "Actually... over time, the events of what happened there have grown hazy in my memory."

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 343**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 343 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 343**

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Chapter 343

"I... can't even remember how you found me back then, or what you said," Trey said.

She had been the shadow he had longed for, the warmth he had yearned for with every fiber of his being.

That feeling-pure, intense, incomparable-no one else in his life could ever replicate. Not even Angela.

From the moment she had entered his life, that all-consuming feeling in Trey's heart had vanished, never to return. And only now, after all this time, did he realize: perhaps the reckless devotion and self-delusion of the past ten years had been nothing but a foolish obsession.

The heart never truly aches over what it has, but over what it cannot have-or what it has lost.

That, perhaps, was the nature of his relationship with Angela.

“You... what are you trying to say?” Angela’s voice trembled with irony. She seemed to understand him, yet the situation was almost cruel. “So you can erase what you don’t remember and pretend it never existed?”

“My gratitude toward you... that will never change,” Trey said, his voice low, hoarse. “But my feelings for you... they’re like those memories that have grown hazy. I don’t even know when... they became incomplete.”

Even to his own ears, his words sounded cruel, shameless, selfish. But he was too tired now, too drained to continue lying.

The red mole behind Angela’s ear was gone. No matter how hard he tried, he could never forget Khloe.

“Trey... I just want to ask one thing. If it weren’t for the debt you owe me on the snow mountain, would you have loved me all these years?”

Angela held back her tears, asking the question in a calm, even tone.

Trey lowered his head. After a long silence, his voice came out bitter and heavy. “...I don’t know.”

Ten years of love, devotion, and sacrifice culminated in a single, heart-shattering phrase.

Angela felt her breath freeze. The edges of her lips twitched involuntarily. From head to toe, she felt as if every nerve had been stripped away.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

At that moment, Pete’s voice called from the doorway.

He had been sleeping in the room next door but was woken by the raised voices. Though he didn’t understand what was happening, he heard his mother crying and instantly felt hurt.

His Daddy hadn’t been paying attention to him and his Mommy these days. He couldn’t help but wonder if his dad no longer wanted them.

Seeing her son, Angela forced herself to compose a smile. She wiped at the corner of her eye and said gently, Pete, why are you up so early?”

Just as she reached out to hug him, Trey's hand gripped her wrist.

1/2

Chapter 343

+25 Bonus

"Think about the compensation. Let's settle it in the next couple of days. Dragging this out benefits no one."

His voice was gentle-but sharper than any blade, slicing straight to her core.

Without waiting for a reply, he turned and walked away.

Pete tilted his head toward him, hesitating, calling again, "Daddy?"

But Trey's steps never faltered. It was as if he hadn't heard.

"Does Daddy really not want me anymore?"

Pete clung to Angela, whispering the question with wide, confused eyes. The pride and stubbornness that normally defined him had vanished, leaving only a small child's helplessness.

Angela's throat tightened. Words of comfort would not come. She held him closer, refusing to let go. No-she could not lose. For her son, she had to endure, she had to persist.

Evening came.

Trey had planned to wait until Pete slept before discussing the divorce with Angela. But when he returned, the house was empty.

Angela had left in a hurry, taking only a few belongings-and Pete with her.

He tried calling her, but her phone was off.

Then it struck him-he had to check the room. He rushed inside, rifling through her things, panic rising.

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# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 344

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 344 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 344

Chapter 344

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Earlier, Trey had handed Angela the USB drive containing Khloe's thesis, and she hadn't returned it yet.

Fortunately, after searching for a while, Trey found it tucked in the drawer of the nightstand. Seems he had worried for nothing.

The night deepened, city lights stretching in a continuous sea, reflecting in the streaks of passing car windows, a blur of shadow and color.

Pete sat quietly, staring out the window, lips pressed tight, silent.

Angela had just finished a phone call and, after transferring data from her laptop in the car, noticed her son's withdrawn posture.

"Pete, don't be afraid. We're only leaving for a short while. You trust Mommy, right?"

Pete immediately nodded. "Yes! I trust Mommy!"

But then his lips puckered in sadness. "But... I don't want to be without Daddy. I don't want Daddy to be with a bad woman..."

"Don't worry." Angela wrapped her arms around his small head. "As long as Mommy is here, Daddy will never abandon you."

Divorce? Hah, not in her life.

Khloe wanted to crush them? She could dream on.

Angela had already uploaded Khloe's unpublished data to a listed company in Jayelle City- coincidentally the company her parents worked for. Though Angela's family wasn't ostentatiously wealthy, her parents were national-level academic elites, and the company had its own governmental-level backing.

If Goldmont City couldn't offer her a future, she'd just return to her own turf.

In the past few days, she had negotiated terms with the company. They valued the research data she provided and offered her a position as branch manager. Once she returned to familiar ground and secured her parents' support, she could easily build a company alongside Trey that rivaled Fox Group.

She had intended to prove that she was superior to Khloe: if Khloe could bring Fox Group to IPO, she could resurrect the Fox family's legacy just as well.

But she hadn't even had the chance to tell Trey this before his family turned on her.

Fine. Then she would show them exactly how low Khloe was compared to her.

...

Meanwhile, Khloe was at Morrison Group, working late into the night, finalizing the pharmaceutical project approvals.

During her absence, many tasks had piled up. Oscar had handled some of them, but the core approvals required Khloe's personal attention.

1/2

Chapter 344

+25 Bonus

This time, she returned with Nick's team, completing the work in under two days. Deadlines were met, and each task was executed flawlessly.

Nick had insisted on lending his company's most capable approval team, fearing she might overexert herself. Khloe had wanted to decline out of consideration for George, but seeing Nick still recovering at home-every cough, every frown-softened her resolve.

Besides, Nick was a workaholic. The moment his plane landed, he was checking work messages. To let him rest properly, Khloe had to finish her tasks quickly.

She had already planned ahead: once things settled, she would take some time off to stay with Nick and help him recover. During her meeting with Charlotte and others, she had already delegated tasks and made preparations.

After leaving the Morrison Group building, Khloe immediately called Nick.

2/2

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 345

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 345 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 345

Chapter 345

During the meeting earlier, Nick had sent Khloe a message.

It was a simple question-asking what time she would be home tonight so that Lenny could pick her up.

But he had already asked the same thing in the morning and again at noon. This was the third time.

Khloe knew exactly what it meant. Nick missed her. She had told him she was busy with the meeting, and he hadn't interrupted again.

Now, looking back, she realized how clingy he really was-sending messages so persistently. People who cling

tend to be insecure.

Even though Nick rarely voiced his needs, over these past days, Khloe had come to feel it deeply. She herself was the same in relationships-lacking security-but her way of handling it was different: sensing something wrong, swallowing her feelings quietly, or trusting herself absolutely and pushing others away.

She had once thought Nick cold, assuming he was like her. But now, she saw the truth: the more uncertain he was, the harder he tried to hold on. He lowered his needs, gave without reservation, even knowing he might get

hurt.

He had entrusted her with his vulnerabilities. She had to be equally careful in receiving them.

As soon as Khloe called, Nick picked up-instantly, as if he'd been holding the phone just waiting.

“Khloe,” he said, his voice slightly hoarse, but the deep, resonant bass was magnetic, hypnotic. “Finished with work?”

“Mhm,” Khloe said, smiling the moment she heard his voice. “I’m heading back now, should be about thirty minutes.”

“Good. Go to your place. I’m not at the manor.”

Khloe paused, a flicker of surprise crossing her face. Her brows knit. “Who told you to go wandering around? Didn’t the doctor say you should rest at home?”

Nick’s caregivers, the family doctor, and his grandmother were all there. They ensured he wouldn’t overexert himself.

“They’re too fussing,” he said. The more worried she sounded, the softer his voice became. “Besides... I want to be with you alone.”

“You really are...”

She felt annoyed, speechless even-but what could she do? She couldn’t very well order him to rush back.

“Did the doctor say anything? Change your dressings today? Never mind, I’ll check when I get there.”

Impatient to see him, Khloe hurried to the car and drove home.

Nick refused to hang up, so they stayed on the line. He didn’t want to disturb her driving; at the start, he had only said, “Drive slow, no rush,” and remained silent after that.

1/2

Chapter 345

+25 Bonus

Near her building, their call was interrupted by a phone call from Oscar.

Khloe parked, answered, and walked toward the elevator. “Uncle Oscar.”

“Are you free for dinner tomorrow night? With me and Michael.” Oscar’s voice carried a smile. “There’s something I want to discuss with you.’

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Khloe could already guess-likely about Clarice. She had heard about Michael's recent difficulties.

When she returned to the company, Oscar had been there too. Both had silently agreed: the drug launch took priority.

Since Oscar was reaching out voluntarily, Khloe didn't hesitate. "Sure, see you tomorrow night."

After hanging up, the elevator arrived at her floor.

Before she could even unlock the door with her fingerprint, it swung open.

Nick was there, his tall frame filling the doorway. The moment he saw her, he froze briefly, expression grave

and tense. Without a word, he grabbed her into his chest.

"You're okay?"

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## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 346

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 346 -

### Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 346

Chapter 346

+25 Bonus

"Me? I'm fine." Khloe froze for a moment, then realized. "Oh, sorry-I just took a call from Uncle Oscar."

Nick still held his phone, open to the dial screen. Their earlier conversation had ended too abruptly when Khloe had briefly talked to Oscar. She hadn't expected that in just a few minutes, Nick would be this worried.

Hearing her explanation, Nick finally relaxed his clenched hands. A faint embarrassment crossed his face, and he gave her a gentle, almost protective hug. "Next time... let Lenny pick you up."

“I’m not a child anymore... and besides, would you really want to tire him out?” Khloe felt a warmth in her chest, though her voice carried a mixture of amusement and exasperation. Especially at a moment like this, Nick relied on Lenny constantly, giving him tasks over and over during the day.

“I see...” Nick admitted, realizing his own thoughtlessness. “Then... let someone else do it.”

Not wanting him to linger by the doorway any longer, Khloe quickly closed the door and led him back into the

room.

She noticed he was already putting on his shoes, the car keys still on the entryway table- but he was wearing the pajamas she had personally picked out for him.

“You weren’t planning on coming after me, were you?” she asked, drawing a sharp breath.

“Mhm.” Nick nodded calmly, showing no sign that he saw anything wrong.

Khloe inhaled sharply. “Nick!”

“What?”

“I really shouldn’t even pay attention to you!”

This time, she was truly angry.

“I told you to take care of yourself! How can you keep ignoring your health like this? Don’t you know what condition your body is in? Why do you always make me worry like this?” She glared at him, her tone firm, her expression stripped of all playfulness. For the first time, she was giving Nick a real black look.

Nick’s composure faltered instantly. “Khloe-”

But she ignored him, striding to the corner of the living room and plopping down on the sofa. She really wasn’t going to respond.

“Sorry,”

Nick followed slowly. His nerves were still raw, and his right leg was recovering, so he couldn’t walk quickly.

Out of the corner of her eye, Khloe watched him struggle forward, and her heart ached. But thinking about how he constantly refused to take care of himself, her frustration flared.

He finally sat beside her, his gaze serious, brows dark and furrowed, his voice thick and heavy. “I remember. From now on, I’ll do everything you say, okay?”

Khloe said nothing.

1/2

Chapter 346

+25 Bonus

Nick coaxed her further. “I’ll follow the doctor’s orders. No unnecessary movement. I’ll rest.”

She had planned to teach him a lesson and let him stew a little. But as soon as he finished speaking, a cough escaped him, and she couldn’t contain herself any longer.

“You’re not feeling well?” she asked, reaching for her phone. “I’ll have Lenny call the doctor!”

“No.” Nick’s eyes gleamed with a sly spark as he gently pressed her hand. “You said we shouldn’t bother Lenny every time, remember?”

“...Right.” Khloe’s lips twitched. “Then I’ll call someone else.”

“I already changed the dressing before you got home.”

Still holding her hand, Nick stared into her eyes. Then he shifted slightly, opening his shirt to show her. Indeed, the gauze was freshly replaced.

“Taken your medication?”

“Yes.”

“What did the doctor say? Are you still in pain anywhere today?”

“None at all. Everything’s fine... except...”

2/2

**Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 347**

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 347

### Chapter 347

Nick's words caught in his throat midway. His eyes flickered with hesitation, as if he wanted to say more.

“What is it?”

Khloe's heart skipped a beat, her chest tight, her hand hovering over him as if to touch, yet frozen by nerves.

“It's just...” Nick's lips curved in a barely perceptible smile as he leaned close to her ear. “...I miss you too much.

”

“Nick, stop scaring me like that!”

Khloe exhaled, a mix of exasperation and amusement threading her tone. But as her teasing words faded, her eyes reddened again. Nick had only meant to tease, but seeing tears form in her eyes made panic spike in him, and instantly, his expression darkened.

“Why are you crying?”

He reached urgently for her cheek, but Khloe pressed herself gently into him first. Her embrace was feather- light, as if afraid she might crush something fragile.

“Nick, I'm really scared... I'm fragile. I'm afraid of parting, afraid of losing you, afraid I'll never see you again.”

Her voice trembled with emotion, warm and wet against his shoulder, seeping into him, piercing straight to his

heart.

Nick's lips twitched, suddenly at a loss for words. Guilt washed over him like a tide. He moved to wipe her tears, but she didn't let him.

“When you couldn’t wake up in the hospital, I was terrified... I wanted-so badly—to walk through life with you. If you left me without a word, I honestly wouldn’t know what to do...”

Khloe had never revealed herself so openly, not even when she’d given her whole heart to Trey. But in front of Nick, she surrendered without restraint.

“I know... I know everything. I promise I’ll take better care of myself, for us.”

Nick’s brow furrowed, pain threading through his voice. He repeated the promise again and again, running his fingers through her hair as he spoke.

Finally, Khloe looked up at him with a pout, muttering, “...You don’t keep your promises.”

“I do.”

Nick parted his lips, throat rolling, and with a single word, claimed her soft lips in a kiss.

The kiss deepened, skilled and lingering, his gentle tongue teasing at the very tip of her heart, stirring waves of sensation with every touch. Reason melted. Desire overtook restraint.

But Khloe, mindful of his recovery, pressed her palm lightly against his jaw before he could go further.

“Don’t... let’s wait until you’re better.”

1/2

Chapter 347

+25 Bonus

Her voice trembled, her face flushed red. Every moment beside Nick was like a trial of willpower-his heated gaze and passionate kiss were almost unbearable.

After a quick shower, Khloe towel-dried her hair halfway and returned to him.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, absorbed in his phone. She assumed he was working.

“It’s late. No more overtime. Don’t get your nerves overexcited, or you’ll be up all night. Got it?”

She reached for his phone-but instead of work emails or messages, a news alert popped up: [Michelle Keller and her significant other attend charity event together, intimate throughout, rumored reconciliation]

Accompanying the headline were photos Khloe had never seen-apparently paparazzi shots of Nick and Michelle together. His face was partially obscured, but unmistakably him.

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## Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 348

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 348 -

### Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 348

+25 Bonus

Chapter 348

Khloe's eyes darkened slightly, but she quickly returned the phone to Nick.

She noticed the expression on his face-grim, tense. He must have just seen the news. Khloe, on the other hand, had already gone through these hot topics before his accident, so she remained calm.

Michelle's livestreams were trending again, and after posting a short "work's done" update on her social media, the gossip that had been dying down flared back up. Marketing accounts capitalized on fans' curiosity about her relationship, pumping out endless posts.

Yet, Michelle herself seemed completely unfazed, as if the photos and reports of her with Nick didn't exist.

Seeing Nick's frown, Khloe couldn't help but speak first. "Entertainment news loves to exaggerate these days. I don't care, so you don't need to either."

He snapped out of his thoughts at her words, letting out a soft laugh. He pulled her gently onto his lap. "Are you sure you've got the lines right? I'm the one stirring up the gossip, yet here you are comforting me?"

"So that means you want me to get jealous, huh?" Khloe teased, blinking as if she'd just read his mind.

Nick didn't answer directly. His eyes were deep, ocean-like, fixed on the faint curve of her lips.

"I want to see you get jealous because it shows you care about me. But I also fear that your jealousy will make you misunderstand me."

Khloe paused, her smile fading gradually. She reached up and cupped his cheek, her voice softening.

"I am jealous. Who wouldn't be, seeing the person they love surrounded by another woman all the time? But I already went through that when these news stories came out while you were in trouble... the jealousy's already spent."

Since Nick was being serious, she didn't feel the need to hide her feelings. Though jealous, she trusted him completely. Once she learned about his accident, all she could focus on was his well-being; everything else had been set aside.

She also knew Nick had strong boundaries. Seeing these rumors would have made him uncomfortable, and she didn't want to burden him further.

"I'm sorry."

Nick didn't know what to say. His thick brows were starting to furrow again, but before he could speak, Khloe's fingers pressed gently against his lips.

"Lenny already told me everything. You were just working. Michelle showing up wasn't something you could control. No one can be perfect all the time-not even you, Nick. So don't apologize to me constantly. Do you really think I'm not understanding enough?"

Khloe lifted her chin deliberately, a trace of triumph in her eyes. Her voice was like honey, sweet without being cloying.

"The most understanding woman in the world is my wife, Khloe Roswell."

1/2

Chapter 348

+25 Bonus

Heat coursed through Nick at her words. His brows relaxed, a soft smile breaking through for the first time.

Hearing the warmth in his voice made Khloe's ears flush red. This time, she truly laughed.

“Okay, I’m not that understanding. Cough, cough... you’re exaggerating a little.”

Just as Khloe thought the matter could be set aside, Nick’s tone darkened thoughtfully. “But I still feel guilty letting you see those news stories. Any ideas on how to fix it?”

“Fix it?” She shrugged. “Suppress the news? Remove it from trending? Contact those gossip accounts?”

“That’s just a temporary patch,” he said coolly, his gaze hardening.

He thought back to when Michelle had attempted suicide. People had already started digging into him then...

2/2

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 349**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 349 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 349**

Chapter 349

As long as Michelle didn’t give up, these rumors could easily flare up again. Even if Khloe didn’t care, Nick would never allow anyone to question his wife’s position.

“Then...”

Khloe was still thinking when suddenly Nick took her wrist in his hand.

He turned her delicate palm over and interlaced their fingers tightly, pressing her hand onto his thigh.

Khloe’s eyes widened in surprise as she saw him lift his phone and take a few photos of their hands.

The angle perfectly showcased their massive engagement rings and matching couple bracelets.

Nick rarely used social media or maintained personal accounts, but the Hunt Group had several official channels for corporate announcements. They weren’t very active, but the company’s international profile was high, and

its follower base was substantial.

“Are you sure you want to post this? Maybe we should wait until tomorrow... this is—an official account,” Khloe hesitated, worried.

Nick didn’t even blink. He messaged Lenny for the login credentials, signed in, and posted the photos before Khloe could finish speaking.

Caption: [Married. Do not disturb.]

He didn’t bother with any fluff-succinct, decisive, yet perhaps worried people wouldn’t get it. He tagged a few marketing accounts that had recently posted gossip about Michelle, and even replied directly to the blogger claiming Michelle had reconciled with him.

“Done.”

True to his usual style, Nick acted swiftly and decisively, leaving no room for hesitation.

Khloe was stunned. She snatched the phone to check it out, but Nick quickly took hers in return.

“Do you have a personal account?” he asked.

“Yes... but it’s just a small one. I hardly ever use it.”

“Log in. I need an official announcement from my partner.”

Khloe knew what he meant, and hearing him say it still made her a little shy. But she complied obediently.

On her small, she posted the same photo, editing the caption to simply: [He’s my husband.]

Short, simple, and a firm declaration of her claim.

Nick’s eyes softened with a hint of a smile as he saw those words. He circled her post individually and shared it as well.

Once it was done, he finally seemed at ease, put down his phone, and went to bed with Khloe.

1/2

+25 Bonus

But the online world didn’t sleep.

By morning, the news had exploded.

Before Nick's official announcement, people whispered about him in secret, but no one dared speak openly. And now? He personally stepped in-not only claiming the role of "gossip target," but officially announcing he was married.

The internet went wild.

Nick was a shadowy figure in the international business world, a true powerhouse, untouchable and enigmatic. Someone like him shouldn't concern himself with gossip or women. Yet here he was, shutting down rumors with a single post... and doing it in a way that was so sweet it screamed "devoted husband."

The bombshell was irresistible.

Marketing accounts that had been riding the Michelle gossip train panicked and immediately deleted all their posts.

Trending topics shifted from "Michelle Keller's Romance" to "Hunt Group CEO Officially Announces Marriage" and "Michelle Keller Gossip Debunked."

Nick's posts hit Michelle's fans and the media hard, but for casual onlookers, they were surprisingly endearing. His devoted-husband persona was magnetic. His claim of territory was bold, unequivocal, and intoxicatingly domineering.

The Hunt Group's official accounts gained millions of followers overnight. Even Khloe's small account surged by nearly a hundred thousand.

In the middle of the night, Michelle was woken by her phone buzzing.

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 350**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 350**

Chapter 350

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Michelle's account erupted in chaos, with countless people tagging her, demanding a response.

Fans had been obsessing over the gossip between the two of them for days. If the rumors were baseless, why would Nick personally step in to shut them down? Why would he post such a meaningless, official announcement flaunting his affection?

Michelle's fans were furious. They were convinced it was a deliberate attack against her. Perhaps it was because he had once abandoned Michelle, leaving her heartbroken-and perhaps that heartbreak had driven her near to despair before.

Now that Nick had responded, Michelle's fans hoped she would courageously respond in kind. They wanted her to share her side of the story, to reclaim some justice for herself.

Michelle stared at the trending news and public chatter, her chest tight with pain.

Ever since returning from Felanche, she had barely slept. She had finally dozed off for a little while today, and now her sleep was gone again.

Her phone lit up incessantly with messages and calls from close friends checking in on her.

The outside world didn't know the full story of Michelle nearly attempting suicide over Nick, but everyone close to her knew. Now that Nick had made such a massive show, everyone worried she wouldn't be able to withstand the pressure.

Michelle had no energy to respond. Her phone stayed frozen on the photo Nick had sent with the caption: [ Married. Do not disturb.]

Those four words felt like a fiery slap, scorching her into humiliation.

Her eyes burned, yet the tears wouldn't fall.

So, this was what it felt like-to completely lose someone.

The next morning, after Khloe went to the Morrison Group, Nick received a message from an unknown number.

It took him a while before he opened it. It was from Michelle.

[Are you feeling better? I'm leaving the country tomorrow. Can we meet tonight? - Michelle]

When Nick didn't reply, she sent another message a while later.

[You said you would never forget my family's kindness. Is making me suffer like this how you repay them? I just want to say a proper goodbye, Otherwise, I could tell Khloe everything... but Nick, I don't want to do that.]

Michelle's last words darkened Nick's gaze. His thoughts drifted back to his youth.

The Hunt family was vast and powerful, but George had made many enemies when he was young. In his pursuit of company dominance and pushing the family enterprise to its peak, he had clashed with relatives and allies

alike.

Later, because of his biological mother, Nick was abandoned by George. Naturally, he became a "sacrificial pawn,

11

targeted both within the family and by the outside world.

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Chapter 360

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The Keller family's help was more than just childhood care or comfort-it had been a life-saving debt.

When Nick was fourteen, he was kidnapped, and a huge ransom was demanded from George. But George didn't care; he simply called the police.

It was Michelle who pleaded with the elders of her family, coordinated with the authorities, negotiated with the kidnappers for hours, and ultimately secured his release. George didn't appear until Nick was rescued.

The trauma and shock left Nick completely mute for six months. Michelle stayed by his side every day, talking to him, calming him, guiding him back to words.

It was the first time he had truly opened his heart, wanting to accept someone, wanting to desperately cling to warmth at any cost.

But both he and Michelle were too young then-too naive about emotions. They didn't yet understand the fine line between sympathy, dependence, and genuine affection.

Still, Nick treated Michelle with unparalleled care. He was cold to everyone else, yet gentle and tender only with her.

He had promised her once-he would marry her.

2/2

Chaply 35