

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 351

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 351

Chapter 351

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In the past, Nick had spoiled Michelle too much, and sometimes it made everything feel... tedious.

Michelle was no longer the naive girl who had once felt the first stirrings of love. After leaving school and stepping into the adult world, their relationship had shifted—it was more like friendship and family than

romance.

No matter how good Nick treated her, the spark had long since faded. Watching her friends' boyfriends come and go while her life with Nick remained unchanged, Michelle felt as if she had already glimpsed the end of the road for their marriage.

To delay their union, she went abroad to study for a few years. She was certain Nick would wait for her.

He was responsible but insecure, and once he committed to someone, he never let go easily. And she needed time-time to give her heart an answer: Was her love for Nick deep enough? Could she truly marry him?

Michelle made her decision. Though reluctant, Nick supported her unconditionally.

But neither of them anticipated that the moment Michelle left, everything between them would change.

Nick's work was demanding, yet he pushed himself, sacrificing rest just to visit Michelle every few days. Whenever she needed him, he was there for her.

And yet, perfection could not satisfy.

Michelle had grown used to Nick's care; it no longer felt new or exciting. Being apart expanded her social circle. Beautiful, poised, and young, she naturally attracted attention.

Though she never crossed any boundaries, her dates gradually shifted-from women to various men.

Eventually, Michelle's studies abroad were coming to an end. The elders of the Hunt family began pressing for marriage, so Nick and she agreed to get engaged once she returned.

Then, on the eve of their engagement, disaster struck.

Michelle heard that Nick had gotten into a violent confrontation during a social engagement. She didn't know why... but he had almost killed the man.

She went to the hospital to see the victim: a man whose throat had been pierced, his vocal cords destroyed, left to breathe through a tube for the rest of his life.

Nick had always seemed emotionally steady to her. Even if he was decisive and cold in action, he had never seemed capable of such uncontrolled impulsiveness.

Michelle was shaken. She remembered that Nick had suffered childhood trauma; doctors had warned that it was difficult to fully heal and required careful management to prevent a dark turn in his personality.

After learning what happened, Michelle tricked Nick into undergoing a psychological assessment. The results confirmed a serious stress-related mental disorder: once his emotions collapsed, he could temporarily lose control and possibly harm others severely. Such a condition was difficult-if not impossible-to cure completely.

In other words, if Michelle were to marry Nick, she would have to accept this risk.

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Michelle couldn't digest it. Nick, sensing her hesitation, felt deeply disappointed.

The engagement party had been scheduled long in advance. With the date approaching, Michelle still hadn't told Nick how she felt.

The night before the party, Nick went to see her, hoping to talk. But outside her building, he saw with his own eyes a man pressing his lips to her forehead.

Nick stood there silently, watching as Michelle sought comfort from another man. She cried, her emotions raw and fragile.

In all the years they had been together, she had never shown him this kind of vulnerability.

It seemed that since the day Nick had begun caring for her, their lives had only been about routine companionship-never emotional intimacy.

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As for intimacy, Nick's pursuit of perfection bordered on the exacting. The two of them rarely even held hands... let alone kissed.

Yet, everything he cherished so carefully meant nothing to Michelle.

In that moment, Nick's heart shattered into a thousand pieces.

But he had been accustomed to abandonment since childhood. Perhaps he had struggled along the way, yet when the moment finally came, he felt... nothing.

He simply waited calmly until Michelle noticed him. Amid her panicked explanations, he ended things-he broke up with her.

On the day of the engagement party, Michelle attended, but Nick was absent. Without a single word of explanation, he had whimsically canceled the engagement, drawing the scorn of both families.

The childhood bond they once shared-their innocent, entwined past—was over.

Time passed, and Michelle and Nick met again three years later.

During those years, Michelle had two boyfriends, both brief affairs. She could never forget Nick. Though she had been the first to waver, in the end, she was the first to regret it. And with each passing year, the regret only deepened.

Love, in the end, settles into routine. Happiness lies in the longing for repetition.

Every day apart from Nick, Michelle longed to return to the past, back to the time when they had first met.

She had kept tabs on him all along. After learning that no other woman had come into his life after she left, she could no longer wait.

Just as she returned to the country to host a charity gala, Nick appeared.

Michelle assumed he had come for her.

That night, at the ball, she mustered her courage and, in front of everyone, invited him to dance.

To ensure he wouldn't refuse, she tied the dance to the charity donations. Before Nick had even said yes, the crowd watching their dance had already contributed millions.

Since he was attending anyway, he couldn't publicly refuse a cause like this. Michelle knew him too well-he would separate personal from public matters, and with the families' history and mutual respect, he wouldn't embarrass her in front of everyone.

Sure enough, he didn't refuse.

Michelle hoped to use the dance to draw closer to him, perhaps even rekindle what they had lost.

But she never expected his first words to be, "It's been a while."

And his second, "I should go find my fiancée. Excuse me."

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The dance ended in an instant, unfinished, cut short by his decisiveness.

From that day on, she could only watch his back, her feelings for him growing stranger by the minute.

A faint vibration broke her reverie. Michelle loosened her grip on her phone, then her despair gave way to a spark of hope.

Nick had replied to her message!

That evening, Khloe arrived early at the private dining room Oscar had reserved.

Before leaving, she had informed Nick she would be having dinner with her uncle. Though Nick hadn't said much, she caught a trace of reluctance in his eyes.

Finally free from the day's work at the Morrison Group, she had planned to accompany Nick for dinner. Had it not been for his health, she would have brought him along. Now, she had to handle it quickly and efficiently- finish as soon as possible.

On the way, Khloe sent Nick a message to report her plans.

No reply.

While she was waiting for Oscar and Michael to arrive, she called Nick. After a brief moment, Nick picked up.

"What have you been busy with? You haven't answered my messages."

Khloe's voice softened, playful with a hint of coquettishness.

Nick let out a low chuckle. "Just changing my dressing."

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"How are you feeling today? Any pain anywhere? Does it still hurt?"

Khloe's breath softened, as if her voice itself might wound him.

"No pain... I'm fine," Nick cleared his throat, his voice still slightly hoarse. "When do you finish? Can I come pick you up?"

"Don't move. Just lie down and rest, do you hear me? I'll wrap up quickly and go back myself."

Khloe hurriedly stopped him-she couldn't bear the thought of him getting up.

Through the phone, she heard him laugh again. It seemed he had only asked to see her flustered. He quickly reassured her, "Okay, I'll wait for you to come back."

At that moment, Khloe heard footsteps near Nick. She was about to ask if he was home when Oscar pushed the door open.

Seeing everyone had arrived, Khloe ended the call in a rush. Presumably, Lenny or the doctor hadn't left yet. Nick had promised to stay at home and not wander off. She trusted him.

This dinner was mainly Oscar's chance to be candid with Khloe.

Khloe couldn't have been without informants at her company; she would inevitably learn about Clarice's little schemes sooner or later. It was better for him to take the initiative and try to ease the tension between them.

At the same time, Oscar knew that after he laid everything out, Khloe might no longer be mentally prepared to trust him completely.

"Uncle Oscar, I actually understand why you did what you did. Everyone faces dilemmas. When I returned to the Morrison family, you were the first to reach out and help me. No matter what our positions are in the future, I hope you'll still be my uncle and treat me as family."

When Oscar finished, Khloe made her stance clear. She genuinely wanted to get along with him, but she didn't expect him to always take her side.

Her attitude gave Oscar plenty of space and leeway. They were no longer trapped in an all-or-nothing dynamic; conflict and barriers naturally dissolved.

Whether she trusted him or not no longer mattered. Their rapport had already surpassed Clarice.

Pleased with Khloe's maturity, Oscar gulped down a whole glass of wine, finally feeling at ease.

Michael spoke up, "Khloe, Clarice may still target you in the future, but if Dad can't intervene, you can also consider turning to me for help."

"Thank you, Michael," Khloe replied with a smile.

Once the Morrison family matters were settled, Khloe's mind was fixed entirely on going home to Nick. She barely ate, claiming she was full.

Oscar, understanding a young woman's heart, gave a few perfunctory words to inquire about Nick and then let

Michael escort her.

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Khloe initially wanted to refuse, but Michael followed her into the elevator. Suddenly, she realized he might have something more to say.

Seeing him hesitate, Khloe spoke first, “Is something on your mind, Michael?”

Michael smiled sheepishly and nodded. “There’s something I want to ask you for help with.”

“Go ahead,” Khloe said, curious, watching him closely.

Most of Michael’s recent issues had been resolved. She couldn’t imagine what he could possibly need her assistance with.

Night had deepened by the time Khloe hurried out of the elevator to unlock her home.

Her heart was pulling her home; she had driven recklessly fast home. Only an hour had passed since she’d finished her call with Nick.

That’s why she hadn’t reported her departure-she wanted to give him a little surprise and, at the same time, check whether he had really followed through and was resting at home as he said.

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But the moment she pushed the door open, what greeted her was a quiet, pitch-dark home.

Khloe couldn't help but feel a flicker of surprise.

The living room's vast floor-to-ceiling windows captured the city lights, letting them spill softly across the carpet beside the sofa.

The apartment seemed... empty.

"Nick?"

For some reason, a subtle unease crept into her chest. Her voice dropped almost instinctively, as if afraid of disturbing something.

Only when she reached the side of the sofa did she notice him: his figure curled in the corner, covered by a thin blanket, eyes closed, so still that it stirred an inexplicable ache in her heart.

"Nick."

Relief washed over her. She immediately dropped her handbag and crouched beside the sofa.

Gently, she called his name twice, brushing her hands over his forehead and his hands, afraid something might be wrong.

"You're back."

As if just waking from a brief nap, Nick's voice was deep, husky. He opened his eyes; long lashes fluttered, and he looked at her with a gentle warmth. "That was fast. I thought it would be a little longer."

"Why didn't you turn on the lights? Were you tired? If you were, you should have gone to bed... Are you feeling unwell anywhere?"

Questions spilled from her one after another, leaving him no chance to answer. Seeing her rise, about to do something, he simply reached out and pulled her into his arms, seating her on his lap.

"I was a little drowsy. It wasn't this dark earlier... I was thinking, and I must have dozed off."

His voice was low and calm, his warm breath brushing the shell of her ear, sending a sudden rush through her. Khloe quickly pushed his face away, then touched their foreheads again.

"Nick, you're not right. You don't have a fever, do you? Your forehead is so hot!"

“No,” he murmured.

“Let’s check your temperature!”

This time, Khloe refused to take his word for it. She wrenched free of his arms and went straight for the medicine cabinet.

Nick sighed, a little helpless. His body was heavy, so he didn’t follow her—he simply waited, tilting his head when she brought over the thermometer.

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After the soft electronic beep, Khloe’s expression changed.

“37 degrees... you do have a fever.”

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“Just a slight rise. The inflammation hasn’t fully subsided yet. The doctor said it’s normal.”

Nick tried to divert the conversation; he didn’t want her to worry. But she ignored him, dialing the doctor directly. Her voice was polite, warm, and measured, yet her concern and anxiety seeped through every word.

Watching her move around, calling for him, his heart-scarred and long buried-throbbled in sudden, sharp pain.

If time could stop at this moment, never moving forward... would he be happier?

His phone screen beside him had gone completely dark.

He had replied to Michelle’s message that morning.

[We’re no longer dating. I wish you happiness.]

He understood Michelle’s intentions perfectly, but he couldn’t reciprocate. That message was all he could give, the last acknowledgment of what had once been beautiful between them.

Michelle surely knew she posed no threat. Her message might even trouble her family, but she was clinging to a fantasy from the past, careless of the consequences.

Since her family had once helped him, Nick naturally had no desire to harm Michelle.

Besides... even if he silenced her, could he truly keep his secrets forever?

He had no confidence. And he would never deceive Khloe.

Michelle's words only reminded him: no matter how careful or perfect he was, mistakes were inevitable. Even if he was certain Khloe would never leave him, how could he bear to put her at risk?

Nick had been bracing himself for the possibility that Michelle would reveal his past to Khloe. The entire day had left him uneasy, as if awaiting judgment.

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But Khloe returned without any sign of surprise.

Perhaps Michelle still hadn't come to say anything.

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“The doctor said you have inflammation. You need to take your medicine on time.”

Finally, Khloe hung up and returned, speaking as she busied herself with preparing his pills and a cup of warm

water.

Nick let out a soft cough, and she immediately rushed back. “No, maybe I should call the doctor again-have them check on you!”

“The doctor just left, less than two hours ago,” Nick said, catching her wrist gently. “I just need to rest. The medicine is enough.”

“But-”

“Khloe, can you respect the patient’s wishes once in a while?”

He spoke calmly, softly, yet every word carried unmistakable seriousness.

“Alright.”

Khloe could only sigh, handing him the warm water and feeding him the pills. Watching his throat move as he swallowed each one, she tucked the blanket around his legs and reached to help him back to bed.

“I don’t want to sleep yet,” Nick murmured, holding her hand, drawing her to sit beside him, nestling her against his chest. “What did Oscar want from you today?”

“About the Morrison family matters. Clarice keeps trying to make me mess up at the Morrison Group. She’s out of options, so she went to Uncle Oscar...”

Khloe trailed off, unwilling to say more, worried he might overthink it. “Anyway, we cleared everything up. Uncle Oscar isn’t like Clarice—he doesn’t care about power the same way.”

“Clarice tried to disrupt you through me?”

Even without her explanation, Nick already knew. Before he was injured and fell unconscious, he had immediately instructed Lenny to block the news. Khloe couldn’t have known.

“Don’t worry. She won’t get to me. The inheritance of the Morrison family lies with me—what can she do?” Khloe quickly replied.

She saw the dimming light in his eyes.

Clarice could only stoop to petty tricks. With the Hunt family behind Khloe, even Clarice’s best efforts wouldn’t threaten her.

But Nick knew how harsh life could be for someone alone at home, always on guard. That had been his own reality since childhood.

Khloe, however, was strong. The more challenging the task, the more she would see it through. She insisted on

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proving herself, turning the Morrison family inheritance into her own achievement. Naturally, he would support her with everything he had.

“You don’t need to act impulsively for me anymore. This Morrison Group project is important-you shouldn’t leave.”

Nick frowned slightly. His tone was calm, yet each word carried a weight of guilt. He never liked dragging anyone into trouble, especially someone he cared for.

Khloe could only shrug. “If someone were always impulsive, they’d be crazy. But if they were always calm... they wouldn’t be human. I want to do what’s right, but sometimes, I just want to follow my heart.”

She rested against his chest, listening to the steady thrum of his heartbeat, feeling an overwhelming sense of relief. Relief that she had rushed to his side in time.

Even if Oscar had indeed helped Clarice, she would accept it without complaint.

“Khloe... may I ask you something?”

Suddenly, his voice deepened, hesitant in a way she rarely heard.

She looked at him, puzzled. “Go ahead.”

“What is it that you like about me?”

Nick tilted his head slightly, a faint unease flickering across his brow.

He paused, then rushed to add, “I mean... what if I’m totally different from what you imagine? Or what you see

is just the surface... I’m not as great as you think I am...”

“Is it that the more capable someone is, the harder they are on themselves?” Khloe asked.

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Khloe laughed and cut him off.

She could understand that Nick hadn't been coddled as a child-George had been strict, even harsh, and perhaps that had left young Nick with a trace of insecurity.

But Nick had grown into a fine young man-the sole heir of the Hunt family, the lofty CEO of the Hunt Group. In business, he could turn a fortune with a flick of his hand.

Even without the halo of status, standing there alone, he was a scene to behold.

The first time she met him, Khloe hadn't even imagined discussing love with him...

If anyone had reason to feel insecure, it should have been her.

"Tell me," he said.

Nick ignored her teasing. He looked at her with complete sincerity, as if he needed an honest answer right here, right now.

"You have many qualities that make you easy to like, yes. But my feelings... they aren't only because of your qualities. Being with you makes me feel happy and hopeful about life. I want to spend my whole life like this— with you.

"Besides, I think liking someone shouldn't have a specific reason or logic.

"You like someone because you naturally want to be with them. No matter who they truly are, you accept and embrace them. As long as they are themselves, you will love them."

Khloe spoke thoughtfully, her voice equally solemn as she returned his gaze.

Seeing him so absorbed, so serious, she couldn't help smiling softly. She reached out and touched his face.

"Don't worry. I know the passion of early love and married life will change over time. I don't need you to revolve around me you just need to be yourself. And besides... didn't we agree that trust is the first rule? Trust that we'll go all the way to the end."

—

Nick looked at her, the corners of his mouth twitching into a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

He was touched by her words-but precisely because he was touched, he felt a deeper shame.

She had been so open, so certain of him, yet he could never reveal the past. He dared not. He was too afraid of losing her, too unwilling to even give her the choice.

After a long moment, Nick reached out and pressed her head once more to his chest.

“I understand. You like me-for who I am, even if I’m a madman.”

It was meant as a joke, yet Khloe caught the shadow of sadness in his tone.

“What’s wrong? You seem... upset today.”

“No. I feel great when I’m with you.’

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His voice was low, steady, but he held her tighter.

Khloe sensed he didn’t want to say more-the words hovered at his lips and were swallowed back. Perhaps when someone wasn’t feeling well, they were naturally subdued.

Even if something troubled him, she decided to wait until he was ready to speak.

Before sleep, Nick brought up the matter of their marital home.

During his recovery, he had sent Lenny to look at several villas-close to the Morrison Group, scenic, private, and quiet. The only downside was that it was too convenient for Khloe’s work.

Secretly, he preferred a hidden retreat-somewhere far from the city, where they could go ten or fifteen days without returning.

Khloe had watched the videos Lenny had taken on his phone. Each villa had its merits; she couldn’t choose between them.

“Once you’re fully recovered, we’ll go see them in person. There’s no rush.”

Besides, they couldn’t move right now. Nick’s recovery would take at least two more months. By the time he healed, they could move in... and perhaps hold the wedding at the same time.

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“Seeing it in person is better anyway.’

Nick agreed, but a trace of disappointment lingered. “Once we have our home ready, we’ll have the wedding. I don’t want to make you wait too long.”

Khloe’s unspoken thoughts were laid bare by his words, and her cheeks flushed.

The thought of the wedding filled her with anticipation she had never felt before.

Even back when she had been close to Trey, she had been indifferent when he suggested skipping the wedding ceremony, treating it as a mere formality.

But now she realized—even if it were just a formality—experiencing it with the person she loved gave life its true meaning.

She wanted to be a real bride, the most beautiful and happiest bride for Nick.

“You just need to focus on healing, so I won’t have to wait too long.”

Khloe took the opportunity to remind him again: maintain a positive mindset, get proper rest, take medicine on schedule, and follow the doctor’s advice.

Whether it was her words or the effect of the medicine, Nick soon fell asleep in her arms.

Khloe, however, couldn’t sleep. Thoughts of the wedding made her nervous with excitement. She stayed still, quietly watching him, listening to his steady breathing.

Gradually, sleep began to claim her—but just as her eyes were about to close completely, she heard Nick murmur in a low, dreamlike voice.

She immediately rested her hand on the tense line of his back, trying to soothe him-but then, she heard him murmur, "...Michelle... don't..."

The next day, at the Morrison Group.

Charlotte pushed open the door to Khloe's office, finding her boss lost in thought.

She had knocked several times, receiving no reply. Seeing the office door ajar, she had entered to check.

"Khloe."

Khloe snapped back to reality. "Oh, give it to me."

Charlotte had just sent her some emails requiring approval. Khloe quickly reviewed the documents again on the spot, signing each one.

But Charlotte noticed something-Khloe pressed her hand on the documents while reading, a telltale sign that her attention wasn't fully on the task. Charlotte, always perceptive, picked up on these small gestures.

Once she collected the files, Charlotte asked gently, "Khloe, you're okay, right?"

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"Oh, I'm fine. I was just thinking about something," Khloe replied calmly, glancing at the time. "By the way, help me meet someone at the door. She'll be here soon. Her name is Winnie Olson."

Khloe gave Charlotte a brief description of Winnie's appearance.

Winnie was coming to join the Morrison Group today. Khloe asked Charlotte to help her complete the onboarding procedures first, and then they would all have lunch together.

Charlotte nodded and left immediately to handle it.

Once alone, Khloe drew a slow breath and lightly tapped her cheeks as if giving herself courage.

Time to work-she needed to stop wandering in thought.

Nick had only said something in his sleep; she might even have misheard it. Even if he had truly called “Michelle ” in his dream... it didn't mean anything.

Still, no matter how she tried to reason with herself, Khloe couldn't help thinking of what Michelle had once said: that Nick had only seen her as a substitute.

Michelle had believed that Khloe resembled her in temperament and appearance. Khloe had previously dismissed it as Michelle's own imagination, but...

Winnie had received the call from Morrison Group's HR in the morning. At first, she thought it was a mistake.

Then Khloe herself had called, inviting her to join the pharmaceutical R&D department.

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Winnie had studied this field in college. She had effectively inherited her mother's profession-her mother had been a highly capable pharmaceutical researcher, overseeing countless drug developments and, even on her deathbed, conquering a patented technique that earned worldwide recognition.

But Winnie lacked her mother's talent. No matter how hard she worked in school, she never excelled.

After graduation, she applied to countless companies in the field, but her abilities weren't exceptional, and her status as an Olson family heiress often worked against her-most employers refused to hire her.

Winnie knew the Olsons were deliberately blocking her behind the scenes. They didn't want her to escape their control; they cut off her paths to success, afraid she might achieve something like her mother.

Still, Winnie knew they worried unnecessarily.

After the incident at the store with Michael and Lindsay, although she hadn't been formally reprimanded, her career evaluations at the Olson family were essentially zero. At this rate, she would never pass their oversight assessments, and breaking free of their control was impossible.

The invitation from Morrison Group was a perfect solution.

If she worked there, the Olson family couldn't interfere. Only then would she stand a chance to pass the evaluations.

What Winnie didn't expect was Khloe's sudden help.

Before Khloe called Winnie, she had already contacted the Olson family. The Olsons were practical—they couldn't afford to offend Morrison Group. Even though Khloe was technically an illegitimate daughter, they still gave her face.

Given Winnie's pampered and spoiled personality, she wouldn't last long at Morrison Group anyway.

If Khloe wanted to help, it could even create trouble for herself—Michael's example was clear. The family chose to watch quietly.

Even with all the justification Khloe offered, Winnie still felt unworthy of such help.

Khloe, however, did not mince words. She set clear conditions: Morrison Group didn't support idlers. If Winnie failed her three-month probation, she would be asked to leave. If she succeeded, as repayment to the company for nurturing her, Khloe wanted authorization for her mother's patent.

Only then did Winnie feel some reassurance.

The patent authorization hadn't yet been obtained from the Olson family, and she wasn't even certain she could secure it in the future.

Yet, Khloe's calm, matter-of-fact attitude toward her insecurity struck Winnie profoundly.

"Just try. You won't even try?" Khloe said simply.

Those few words sparked the last flicker of Winnie's pride and fighting spirit.

Given the chance, she naturally wanted to try—so long as Khloe remained indifferent and held no expectations

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for her. She couldn't bear the weight of anyone else's hopes.

While Winnie sat in the lobby waiting to be received, Ethan had just arrived at Morrison Group. His eyes immediately landed on her familiar face.

He had just returned to work today and never expected to see something so unusual.

Why was Winnie here? She was dressed so formally, clearly coming to start a job.

“Winnie?”

Ethan greeted lightly, and before Winnie could respond, he had already seated himself beside her.

The man's cologne was strong; Winnie instinctively shifted away, keeping her distance.

“Ethan, don't sit so close.”

They weren't familiar-surely couldn't be close. They'd only met a few times at various gatherings and business

events.

Ethan was naturally sociable. After greeting Veronica, he would always chat casually with her. To Winnie, however, his social nature resembled a butterfly flitting among flowers.

He had long grown used to Winnie's coldness and didn't mind. “Why are you suddenly at the Morrison Group? Are you here to see someone, or is there something I can help you with?”

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“No, thanks.” Winnie didn’t want to talk to Ethan any longer and immediately tried to leave.

But Ethan moved effortlessly, grabbing her hand. His strength was considerable; he only tugged slightly, but Winnie’s momentum carried her forward-and before she could react, her high heels slipped, and she tumbled straight into his arms.

Ethan’s instincts kicked in. Open in his demeanor, he was ready to hold her close.

Winnie’s figure was striking, and he was more than willing to indulge in the moment.

But before he could even touch her arm, Winnie shoved hard under his thigh. Pain contorted Ethan’s face, and he nearly shouted out in frustration. 1

Winnie tumbled awkwardly to the floor beside him but scrambled up instantly.

“Winnie...” Ethan ground his teeth in irritation. “I was trying to help you! What was that about?”

Why was she so violent? He wondered.

Rumor had it she had many men chasing her. Michael had been completely infatuated. Ethan had always guessed that beneath her aloof exterior lay a fiery temperament.

Now, watching her, he wondered: were all the men drawn to her secretly masochistic?

Not him. He certainly wasn’t into that type.

“Winnie!”

At that moment, Charlotte’s voice cut through, snapping Ethan out of his thoughts.

She had just arrived and witnessed the whole chaotic scuffle. Disgust immediately flared inside her.

‘This lecherous man is aroused even in broad daylight?’ Charlotte couldn’t help thinking.

Charlotte reached out to help Winnie to her feet. "Sorry I'm late... hope you weren't too startled."

"What do you mean, Charlotte? She fell on her own. I'm the one who got hurt!" Ethan snapped. He had clearly seen Charlotte steal a glance at him while speaking-her eyes full of contempt.

Hearing this, Charlotte turned and smiled innocently at him. "I didn't say anything. Don't be so sensitive."

Winnie dusted herself off and adjusted her clothes, refusing to linger. "Let's go."

"Right."

Charlotte immediately responded and, without waiting for Ethan, led Winnie away.

Ethan felt a tight knot of frustration in his chest, but quickly found it amusing.

Just now, Charlotte's tone had carried a hint of sarcasm... could it be jealousy?

He teased her a few times-could she really be captivated by him?

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Trey had been unable to reach Angela by phone. She likely couldn't accept the divorce and was avoiding the negotiations.

But where else could she go after leaving his family? Back home?

He thought of how Angela had even quarreled with her parents for him, and a twinge of guilt surfaced.

Yet, that guilt couldn't shake his resolve to divorce.

On one hand, he needed to resolve matters quickly and secure the funds. On the other hand, he couldn't stop thinking about Khloe.

Every day, she filled his mind. He craved her with a near-mad obsession.

He had spent the entire day tracking anyone who might have contact with her.

Khloe had deleted him from all her contact lists. He couldn't reach her at the Fox Group, nor at her apartment.

He knew he couldn't just wait indefinitely-time was the opportunity between them.

But after scouring every mutual friend from their university days, not one had any connection to Khloe.

Even those friends were primarily his social circle.

He realized what he thought he knew about Khloe over the years had been nothing but a shadow.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 360

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 360 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 360

Chapter 360

Just then, Kirsten's call came through.

Seeing her name, Trey's eyes darkened slightly. Without hesitation, he rejected the call.

If Kirsten was calling now, it was almost certainly about Angela.

Angela and Kirsten were close-over the years, whenever there was the slightest conflict, Angela would go straight to her.

Kirsten always tried to mediate, never pushing for a split, but whenever Trey was around, he inevitably faced moral lectures and pointed reproaches. Over time, he had grown weary of seeing her.

Now that she was calling, it had to be about the divorce.

Kirsten wasn't persistent; when Trey didn't answer, she didn't call again.

But almost immediately, Trey's phone pinged with a group mention.

It was a former classmate from the dorm opposite his during university, inviting him to a birthday dinner tonight.

Ever since Khloe had exposed the scandal with Angela, Trey had withdrawn from almost all alumni groups. The only exceptions were two long-standing gaming groups with dorm friends, which he had never left.

Those groups were usually silent, almost forgotten.

Seeing the message, Trey instinctively moved to leave the group-but the former classmate sent him a private message.

[Trey, come out for dinner tonight. I just got married, and I miss everyone.]

Trey's fingers paused. He quickly sent a congratulatory message.

[Congratulations on your marriage.]

After sending the message, he immediately tried to think of an excuse to refuse the invitation.

But his former classmate immediately replied with wedding photos.

[Trey, remember? My wife used to sit next to Khloe. Back then, I asked Khloe to introduce me to a girlfriend, and that's how we met. We didn't get together right after graduation, and then we both went abroad. But fate brought us together again in the same company, and finally, it worked out.]

Reading this, a faint glint appeared in Trey's eyes.

He remembered when Khloe had just started dating him, this friend had been pestering her to introduce a girlfriend. Khloe, a campus beauty, naturally had friends who were also drop-dead gorgeous. At the time, she had a female classmate, whom she introduced to his friend. It hadn't worked out, and that had been the end of it.

Trey snorted. Fate?

Sure-there was fate in this world. Some was good, some... was a curse.

1/2

Chapter 360

+25 Bonus

The couple had been abroad for most of the time, only returning to visit after marriage, so they had no knowledge of Trey and Angela's situation-or perhaps they were pretending not to know.

Regardless, they enthusiastically invited Trey and Khloe to join the gathering, adding that his wife was very eager to meet Khloe.

Trey paused, deleted his earlier refusal, and sent a new message.

[Okay. Send me the address.]

Most of Khloe's friends were from university; after graduation, her social circle had expanded to colleagues and clients-people Trey couldn't reach.

If someone in this group could connect with Khloe, they could become a potential intermediary.

It was evening at the Morrison Group.

Ethan was outside the company, smoking and lost in thought. Glancing up, he saw Charlotte suddenly emerge in a stylish new outfit, hurrying to the company entrance before getting into a private car.

He froze for a few seconds, then stubbed out his cigarette and checked his watch.

It wasn't even the end of the working day yet. Where was she rushing off to?

From a distance, he caught only a glimpse, but it was enough to notice that her outfit revealed quite a bit of skin.