

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 371

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 371 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 371

Chapter 371

+25 Bonus

Trey's voice was hoarse with desperation. He didn't care who was watching, nor did he notice the servers who had rushed over at the commotion. He shoved himself in front of Khloe, blocking her escape, refusing to let her go until their old classmates from the private room noticed the disturbance and came out.

"Trey!"

"Khloe!"

The couple, walking one after the other, hurried over. At first, they thought Trey had drunk too much and gotten into a fight with a guest at the door. They never expected it to be Khloe.

A few more former classmates emerged, curious, but everyone knew the history between Trey and Khloe. They immediately treated it as entertainment. No one dared to intervene.

Seeing the couple moving toward them, someone gently held back the man, but Khloe's old female classmate had already stepped forward.

"Khloe! It's been a while! Do you remember me?"

Trey's reckless energy finally eased a little at the sight of his friend. He panted, his eyes bloodshot and raw.

Her classmate couldn't help feeling some sympathy. Everyone knew how Trey felt about Khloe. Even with their recent quarrel, surely Khloe hadn't intended to drive him to this state.

Khloe scanned the woman and recognized her after a moment-an old classmate. But now, she had no patience for pleasantries, only irritation.

“Trey Fox, are you seriously crazy? How could you possibly think I want to start over with you? Listen carefully. You tricked me into marriage for two years. I have no feelings for you-love, hate, nothing. For someone as hypocritical, selfish, and despicable as you, I truly hope you stay tied to Angela forever. Even if you divorce, it will have nothing to do with me.

“If I were you, and I had even a shred of remorse, I’d avoid me for the rest of your life!”

Khloe’s voice was calm but precise. Each word landed like the sharpest blade, cutting through Trey’s carefully constructed façade.

A crowd had gathered-classmates, bar patrons-all drawn by the commotion. When Khloe spoke his name, the truth she revealed exposed him instantly. Her words left no room for misunderstanding; she wanted to ruin him socially.

Security rushed over, fearing Trey might escalate the scene. Even the couple who had hoped to mediate looked stunned, as if they had missed a crucial detail.

Trey’s face shifted between blue and purple, veins standing out. Security and the manager tried repeatedly to calm him and persuade him to leave. But his blood surged with fury, reason completely abandoned.

“This is impossible, Khloe! Don’t lie to me, don’t lie to yourself! I’ll make you see-you still love me!”

As Khloe turned to leave, he lunged forward like a man possessed, desperate to kiss her, to claim her entirely, just as Stella had said: to completely possess her.

1/2

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But at that moment, Nick and Winnie were rushing toward the crowd.

Nick had just arrived at the bar when he heard the commotion. Seeing Winnie dazedly waiting for Khloe, he grabbed Khloe’s phone and left.

Winnie immediately realized something was wrong and hurried after him.

The crowd scattered, and under the bar’s brightest lights, Nick saw Khloe trapped in the embrace of a man.

P

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 372**

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 372

### Chapter 372

Nick's steps came to an abrupt halt.

Winnie almost bumped into him, and following Nick's gaze, she saw the scene unfolding ahead.

Khloe was being entangled by a man. The man's embrace seemed to verge on something intimate, but someone intervened just in time and pulled him away.

A fresh wave of security surged forward-seven or eight men forming a tight circle around Trey. He struggled, but it was nearly impossible to break free.

Even in this state-disheveled, clothes nearly torn-Trey refused to give up. He still tried to inch closer to Khloe.

Khloe froze, taken aback. She hadn't expected him to act so recklessly.

Trey had always maintained an impeccable appearance in front of her; his pride and dignity were his pillars. That was why, for so many years, he had kept up the image of the "perfect man" for someone he didn't love.

"Trey, I'm married now. I stopped loving you a long time ago."

Her words dripped with sarcasm, delivering a figurative slap across Trey's face-right there in front of everyone.

The crowd murmured, watching him like they were watching a clown. Anyone with eyes could see Khloe had long ceased to care, much less love him.

Trey's chest tightened as though a knife had been plunged into it. His first reaction was denial.

"Impossible! You couldn't have married someone else! Where did you even find a guy to marry? How long have you known him...?"

Even as he spoke, there was a flicker of panic beneath his rage. He remembered glimpsing Khloe with someone at the courthouse-but even that... shouldn't matter.

“Khloe! Even if you married someone just to spite me, to take revenge, I don’t care! We can start over, can’t we? Let’s make it even!”

Trey’s words grew wilder, more unhinged, to the point that nearby former classmates could no longer stand it. They stepped forward, trying to calm him down.

But he ignored them completely, yelling hoarsely at Khloe.

“Khloe...don’t you remember the promise you made me? You said no matter what, you would forgive me and stay with me forever...”

Yet, no matter how Trey spoke, Khloe remained unmoved. Not a flicker of expression crossed her face.

Watching Trey writhe in desperation, she felt as though she were observing a stranger.

For the first time, Khloe truly understood what it meant to have completely lost feelings for someone. She had no desire to argue, nor the urge to fight.

Seeing him, thinking of the past, felt like looking through another lifetime.

1/2

Chapter 372

+25 Bonus

She didn’t respond to Trey. Before his words even ended, she had already turned and walked through the crowd.

The veins on Trey’s neck bulged. The hotel manager, fearing chaos, motioned for the security team to forcibly pull him back into the private room.

Everyone instinctively cleared a path for Khloe, their eyes filled with a mix of awe and respect.

Trey shouted her name, stretching his arms as far as he could, desperate to grasp something. Yet, that small distance proved insurmountable.

The woman who had once been always within reach-the one he could see, touch, and have by his side at any moment was now separated by a chasm he could not cross. Close enough to see, yet as far away as the ends of the earth.

Meanwhile, Winnie, having watched the scene, opened her mouth to speak, only to find Nick had vanished. He had already slipped away without her noticing.

When Khloe finally approached Winnie, Nick was nowhere in sight.

“Khloe...who was that?”

Winnie could already guess. When Clarice had orchestrated a previous ambush, someone had mentioned it.

Was that man Khloe’s ex? Her former husband?

The rumors about her previous marriage...turns out they were true.

P

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 373**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 373 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 373**

Chapter 373

“It’s all in the past.” Khloe didn’t want to say more, tossing the words out coldly.

Seeing her expression, Winnie wisely stayed silent.

“By the way... Nick is here. He just saw you both a moment ago. I wonder if—”

Khloe tensed instantly at Winnie’s words. “What did you say? Nick is here?”

“Yes. You didn’t take your phone with you to the restroom, so I picked up his call... He’s here to pick you up. I’m leaving now!”

Winnie relayed the situation honestly, but Khloe didn’t wait for her to finish. She bolted for the exit.

Nick had just seen Trey entangle her-he wouldn’t be upset, would he?

Her phone was with Nick, and she didn’t see him at the entrance, so she sprinted toward the parking area.

Sure enough, in the dimly lit lot, he was already standing by her car.

Nick's tall frame cast a straight, dark shadow in the night. Even from the gloom, there was a faint loneliness, a trace of isolation in his presence.

"Nick."

Seeing him, Khloe finally exhaled a little. She called his name softly and ran faster toward him.

Nick wore a thick, oversized wool coat. Though he had lost a bit of weight in the past few days, his posture remained upright and imposing.

Nick's gaze softened the lingering sharpness in his eyes when he saw her. He reached out, and she, like a small kitten, leaned lightly into his embrace.

"Why'd you run?" Nick's palm brushed her back gently. "I'm not going anywhere."

"When did you get here? Just now..." Khloe looped her arms around his waist, immediately asking.

"Not long. I happened to see Trey bothering you."

Nick cut her off. His voice was calm, almost neutral, betraying no obvious emotion. Yet, the more composed he sounded, the more unsettling it felt.

Khloe had assumed that seeing Trey would make him act immediately, perhaps even confronting Trey on the spot. She hadn't expected him to remain so collected.

In truth, Nick wasn't calm at all. When he saw Trey struggling with her, a rush of terrifying thoughts had surged through his mind.

It was precisely because of those thoughts that he chose to restrain himself. He wanted to walk forward with Khloe properly-never again losing control like before.

Still, before Khloe arrived at the car park, Nick had made a quick call.

1/2

Chapter 373

+25 Bonus

Tonight, there was no way Trey would walk out unscathed. Not him, not his friends. Not a single one.

"Nick, don't misunderstand. It was purely a coincidence that I ran into him today!" Khloe felt it necessary to clarify.

Nick's voice was gentle, calm in tone-but that didn't mean he was comfortable.

"Mhm." He nodded without saying more. He brushed a strand of hair from her face, tousled by the wind. "Did he touch you anywhere?"

Khloe froze. "He... didn't touch me."

The conflict had happened so fast that she barely reacted before he was pulled away. If anything, he might have brushed against her briefly.

"Here... or here..."

11

Nick's hand traced from her face down to her waist, gripping firmly enough to leave a slight sting.

Khloe let out a soft hum, puzzled, and finally saw the unmistakable anger hidden in his furrowed brows.

"Are you mad at me?"

He leaned closer, his breath hot against her skin, his tone low and measured as he corrected her.

"I'm mad, but not at you."

11

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 374**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 374 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 374**

Chapter 374

"I'm jealous. So jealous. My heart... feels unbearably bitter right now," Nick confessed.

"But I don't care for him at all. You don't need to waste your anger on someone like him. He's no match for you..."

“Khloe said.

Her voice grew quieter as Nick leaned closer, his lips nearly brushing the corner of hers.

“No match for me in terms of what?”

“In terms of everything... not even a single hair compares to you.”

Khloe stared at Nick’s face, partially shrouded in shadow. Even without full light, his features were breathtakingly handsome. But unlike his usual calm, composed demeanor, his aura now carried a predatory intensity.

He looked like a lion pretending to sleep, finally done toying with its prey, ready to strike.

“Say more,” he murmured.

His lips brushed hers, then her cheek, while his hand slowly traveled upward along her waist. “I want to hear you say it. That you love only me.”

“I...”

Khloe felt her face flush. Did she really have to say it so directly?

“Quickly,” Nick urged in a low voice, close to her ear.

“I love you. Only you,” she finally admitted, cheeks burning.

“Say my name.”

“Nick...”

“Who am I to you?”

“My husband.”

Shy and flustered, Khloe’s voice carried a hint of affectation.

“One more time...”

Nick’s voice was low, magnetic, a slow-burning rumble that set her heart racing. Though they were still standing, a heat began to crawl through her body like wildfire.

Her ears burned, and she whispered, “...Husband.”

Trying to stop herself, Khloe attempted to pull back-but at that moment, Nick tilted her chin upward and kissed her deeply.

His Adam's apple rolled as he moved, savoring the moment. His motions slowed, deliberate.

Khloe, slightly tipsy from earlier drinks, felt herself instantly dizzy and lightheaded from the intensity of the

1/2

Chapter 374

+25 Bonus

kiss.

Beneath his coat, he wore only a thin layer, skin-tight, warm, firm... and Nick's arms held her securely, his hands kneading just enough pressure along her back to feel reassuring.

They kissed for what felt like an eternity, until Khloe, dizzy and struggling for air, finally gripped his hand to signal a pause.

Just then, their car arrived. The driver hesitated, waiting until they separated before approaching, and Khloe quickly pulled Nick inside.

Only then did she remember something important: he had promised her he wouldn't run away from home tonight, that he would rest properly. So why was he out again?

"Because you were ignoring me."

Nick's words held no guilt.

Ever since Khloe had been avoiding going home, he had sensed her mood. So, he had sent someone to the Morrison Group, curious about what she was up to. But her office lights were already off. And then she went out with Winnie...

Even a fool would understand: she didn't want to go home. And with only him at home, that could only mean she was mad at him.

"I wasn't ignoring you!" Khloe stammered.

"Then tell me what's got you upset? What did I do wrong? Speak honestly, and I'll fix it."

He didn't argue, didn't deflect. His words were direct, leaving Khloe simultaneously moved and guilty.

She pressed her lips together and decided to be honest. “Nick... tell me the truth. In your heart... are you still... not able to let go of Michelle?”

P

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 375

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 375 -

### Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 375

Chapter 375

+25 Bonus

Chapter 375

A flicker of surprise crossed Nick’s eyes.

Khloe’s words were like a small stone dropped into still water, stirring countless hidden currents beneath the surface.

“Why would you think that?”

He paused for a moment before speaking, his voice low and tinged with unease, eyebrows slightly furrowed.

“Could it be... those rumors from before? You actually took them to heart...”

“No,” Khloe quickly shook her head, looking away. “It was last night... You were talking in your sleep.”

“What did I say?”

Nick’s chest tightened. His face darkened instantly, and his hand clenched, scraping at his own skin with force.

“You... you said Michelle’s name.

Khloe’s eyes fell on his hands. Under the dim light, the tense veins on his knuckles stood out, and small, patchy red scratches marked his skin.

“What happened to your hand?”

She grabbed it immediately. Only then did she see that he had dug into his own skin with his nails. Three narrow scratches lined the side of his hand-barely bleeding, but painful to look at.

“It’s nothing,” Nick said, quickly withdrawing his hand.

While waiting for Khloe earlier, he had unconsciously forced himself to stay calm through pain. He could never admit that to her.

Seeing the evasive look in his eyes, Khloe felt her chest tighten. He was clearly hiding something, and she couldn’t help feeling a twinge of frustration.

Yet in reality, Nick had done more than enough. He had drawn clear boundaries with Michelle, even issuing a public statement to reassure her. And... Michelle was ultimately his past.

A man like Nick-loyal, responsible-might have lingering thoughts now and then. That was normal.

Khloe understood the reasoning, but her emotions still reacted instinctively.

He remained silent for a moment, prompting her to continue, softening her tone.

“It’s just sleep talk. I’m not upset. If you don’t want to answer, it’s fine... I’m almost over it.”

She didn’t want to make things harder for him.

“You’ve misunderstood me,” Nick interrupted.

He took her hand and drew her closer, the other hand brushing through her hair, lifting her gaze to meet his. His

dark eyes were like a boundless midnight sky, calm yet hiding uncharted turbulence.

1/2

Chapter 375

+25 Bonus

“I don’t even know if I actually said anything in my sleep. But if I did... it was just a nightmare.”

“Khloe, there’s only ever been room for one person in my heart. There’s no such thing as ‘can’t let go.’ If even a trace of someone else lingered in me, I would never have chosen marriage.”

Every word from him carried weight.

To Khloe, it was like the clouds parting to reveal the moonlight. Perhaps women in love always felt this way-no matter how clear their own thoughts were, they needed to hear it spoken aloud to truly feel secure.

A small smile tugged at Khloe’s lips. “Has it been like that... from the very beginning?”

“Since the moment I met you,” he said. “Before you, I never felt any romantic feelings for her.”

“And...” He paused for a breath. “My connection with Michelle was born of gratitude and friendship. But from the moment I first saw you, my heart was moved.”

Nick hesitated, unsure if he should speak, knowing it might sound like overcompensation. Yet, it was the truth.

He had once thought of a future with Michelle, but with her, his emotions had been steady and controlled- without the sparks of passion or desire. He had relied on her warmth, yes, and felt lost when it seemed distant, but it was nothing like what he felt now.

2/2

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 376**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 376 -

### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 376**

Chapter 376

It wasn’t until Nick realized that Michelle had never truly been committed to him that he felt a profound, almost liberating relief.

Perhaps from the very beginning, he had placed her on a pedestal that demanded his utmost protection- neglecting his own feelings entirely. He had never considered whether the complex emotions he harbored for Michelle even qualified as love.

“All right, I’ll admit it... You’re pretty good with your words.” Khloe’s face brightened, and a faint, fleeting joy glimmered in her lowered eyes.

“If you don’t believe me, I can swear an oath.”

Nick’s voice quickened, urgent, but before he could speak further, Khloe pressed her lips lightly against his.

“I believe you.” She shook her head in helpless amusement. He didn’t believe in ghosts or gods, yet here he was, swearing an oath like it mattered.

His warmth radiated through her palm, and Khloe, watching the seriousness etched in his features, couldn’t help but murmur softly, “You’d better be careful from now on. No dreaming of her. No calling her name in your sleep... or else I’ll get jealous.”

“Fine,” Nick said. “Even though it makes me happy that you’re jealous for me, I can’t bear to see you unhappy.”

He wrapped his hands around her neck, and their bodies sank together into the corner of the car seat. The city lights outside blurred into darkness.

“So I must be strict with myself... and correct my mistakes.”

“...Mmm...”

Khloe tried to speak but couldn’t find the words. Every promise Nick made was like a military order, imbued with absolute seriousness-but when she looked closer at his expression, there was no harshness at all. Only a gentle, consuming warmth, like a slow-acting poison that could swallow her whole.

At the red-light intersection, the driver caught a glimpse of them in the rearview mirror and panicked, quickly averting his eyes.

By 3 a.m., Alicia had received a frantic call and rushed to the hospital with Stanley.

In the emergency room, Trey and his friends were receiving treatment.

He was the worst off-there was a gash in the back of his head that had been stitched up, a mild concussion, countless bruises and scrapes, and a minor fracture in his leg.

“Trey!” Alicia’s heart ached at the sight. “What happened? Who did this to you?”

Trey had just finished getting stitches. He sat slumped at the edge of the emergency room, pressing his arm where it hurt, utterly exhausted.

Two hours earlier, he had been intercepted at the bar while trying to chase after Khloe. A group had stormed the

1/2

Chapter 376

+25 Bonus

private room. In the chaos, they had thrown out the hotel security, locked the room, smashed bottles, and attacked anyone in sight.

The bar staff couldn't stop them, and in the end, they called the police. By the time the authorities arrived, the group had already fled.

Police reports and witness statements later confirmed that the attackers were a notorious local debt-collection gang. They wore masks and moved quickly, making it nearly impossible to track them through surveillance footage. The police could only document the incident, calm the victims, and file a case.

Trey's eyes momentarily glazed over. It reminded him of another time in school when a night out had ended in a hospital visit, thanks to a friend's conflict.

Khloe had rushed over as well, barely having time to change out of her pajamas, wrapped in her coat.

"Trey, what were you thinking? Why can't you stay calm? Are you hurt anywhere? Let me see!"

Khloe's figure and voice flashed before his eyes, but when his focus cleared, he realized it was Alicia crouching beside him. Her face was full of worry, and seeing him lost in thought, she feared he had been struck senseless.

P

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 377**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 377 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 377**

Chapter 377

Alicia couldn't help worrying about their family. Now, with Father in that condition... if Trey were to end up like this too... what would become of their family?

At that moment, a few people began emerging from the treatment room, complaining about their misfortune while still asking after Trey's injuries with concern.

Trey snapped out of his daze and tried to stand, but a sharp pain shot through his leg. He struggled for a long while, but couldn't get up.

Alicia quickly steadied him. "Take it slow."

"Trey... didn't expect things to turn out like this today. Our luck's really been terrible," muttered one of the classmates who had organized the gathering. His wife helped support him, a hint of disappointment on her face.

When she saw Trey, her expression turned uneasy, as if she had something she wanted to say but held back. She was the only one unharmed-these men hadn't hit women-but the chaos had terrified her. After the initial panic, she had tried to protect her husband, though some men had deliberately held her back.

She didn't see it as mere bad luck. No... the events she'd just witnessed involving Trey and Khloe had left her stunned beyond words.

It was obvious: these attackers had targeted Trey directly. They weren't unlucky-they'd been dragged into trouble because of him!

And Trey... really was shameless. Two-timing and a marriage scam on top of it?

Back in school, Trey had been a golden boy-well-liked, with good character, wealth, and looks to match. Even Khloe, outstanding as she was, seemed like she was reaching up to be with him. Naturally, people had wanted to befriend him, to stay close, to share in his orbit.

Thinking about it this way, it wasn't surprising that Khloe now ignored even their old classmates.

But Trey's friend saw it differently from his wife. He felt that no matter how badly Trey had behaved, he was still a buddy. Besides, the Fox family held far more clout than a solitary girl like Khloe. More friends, more options-if he had to choose, he would choose to side with Trey.

The others who'd been attacked felt the same. In Goldmont City, few people had Trey's reach. A chance reunion, even under these circumstances, was an opportunity to mend bonds. So no one was in a rush to leave; they crowded around him, offering comfort.

“Trey, matters of the heart aren’t always clear-cut. Don’t take what outsiders say to heart.”

“Exactly. Who hasn’t made a mistake? Even heroes struggle with love. You’re just... too passionate.”

“I can see it – you care about Khloe. You’ve treated her well all these years. Now that she’s being cold, need to dwell on it.”

there’s no

One by one, they spoke words of consolation.

Alicia quickly pieced together what had happened. Realizing it was Khloe who had caused Trey’s latest misfortune, her temper flared.

1/2

Chapter 377

+25 Bonus

“That wretched Khloe... is she ever going to stop? She’s a snake!”

“Alicia! Shut your mouth!”

Even in his exhausted, soul-drained state, Trey snapped immediately at her. His mind could think of nothing else-an immense, gnawing pain had already claimed half his spirit.

No matter how cruel Khloe might be, he could never let her go. He would not tolerate anyone speaking ill of her.

“Trey...” Alicia’s eyes welled with tears, frustrated at being scolded while only trying to defend him.

“Oh, Trey, don’t blame your sister. She’s just worried about you. Let me tell you... you and Khloe are made for each other. If things ended up this way, the only person to blame is Angela. She’s the one with ill intentions for seducing you!”

Suddenly, a man spoke up, trying to ease the tension. All those years ago, back when Angela’s friends had been nosing into Trey’s affairs, he’d sensed something was off.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 378**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 378 -

# Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 378

Chapter 378

+25 Bonus

Back then, one of Trey's close friends had been invited to dinner by Angela and her friends. During the conversation, almost every topic somehow revolved around Trey.

By the end of the evening, everyone came to the same conclusion: Angela was likely trying to pursue Trey. They had been nothing more than living questionnaires.

The two of them never went further, and no one ever heard news of them being together. Later, when Trey started dating Khloe, Angela became the unchallenged class adviser, and the whole affair faded into a whispered secret.

At that moment, Trey wasn't listening to the man. He had no desire to talk; dejected, he took a few slow steps, intent on going back to rest.

Just then, another classmate's wife murmured softly behind him, "Why should a woman bear all the consequences for a man's mistake? If he hadn't responded to Angela's advances, none of this would have happened."

Immediately, her husband snapped at her to be quiet.

"Come on, it's different when the other person is intentionally playing you," a man retorted with a faint scoff, clearly unconvinced.

"Huh? Playing me?" Trey froze mid-step and spun around to stare at him. "Are you saying Angela... set me up?"

The man hesitated, then gave a slow nod. "Yeah. Back then, she was constantly digging for information about you. You think she needed to go to all that trouble? If she really just wanted to know something, she could've asked you straight up. All that sneaking around, prying into your life... it was to manipulate you, to make you fall for her."

His words resonated among the men, immediately earning nods and murmurs of agreement.

Trey's gaze stayed fixed, icy and sharp. "What exactly did she pry into?" he asked.

"I can't remember everything..." the man replied.

“Was it about someone I was looking for?” Trey’s entire body went cold. He clenched his teeth, eyes reddening.

Everyone around sensed the shift and fell silent. Even Alicia stiffened, her eyes flicking nervously as she held her breath.

“Oh! Right!” the man said, straining to recall. “Yes! You used to tell your friends about when you were a kid... in the mountains... and someone saved you, right?”

“She was obsessed with that story,” the man continued, “asking about every tiny detail. I heard she’s... perverse. She demanded the exact words people used when telling her about it. She wanted every detail about the person who saved you, down to the tiniest features. She kept asking and asking...”

Before he could finish, Trey swayed unsteadily.

1/2

Chapter 378

+25 Bonus

Alicia’s hands shot out, steadying him. “Trey!”

Trey’s eyes went completely blank for a moment before he finally snapped back to reality. Blood pounded in his head, swelling like it would burst. With a sudden, violent motion, he pushed Alicia aside and yanked the man in front of him by the collar.

“What you’re saying... it’s true?” he demanded.

“It-it’s true!” the man stammered, growing nervous under Trey’s glare.

Trey’s lips parted slightly. His throat burned, parched and raw. The cold air he inhaled felt like it could freeze inside him, stabbing his nerves and flesh as it went down.

If what this guy said was true, then there was only one possibility...

Angela was not the person he had been searching for.

Their meeting, their recognition, had seemed like fate itself. Angela had really been on that mountain trip, and the small red birthmark behind her ear matched exactly what he remembered.

For years, Trey had never doubted her. But over time... he had started to sense something was off.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 379

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 379 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 379

Chapter 379

Every time he brought up those three days and nights they had spent clinging to each other, Angela's emotions never seemed to resonate with him. She would quickly change the subject, almost shyly, as if she didn't want him to linger on it.

And... the red birthmark behind her ear-it was now gone.

“Hah... hahahaha...”

Trey's mind swirled, and he couldn't help but laugh out loud. At first it was quiet, then louder and louder, until tears pricked the corners of his eyes.

Seeing him acting strangely, the old classmate, who had been speaking, panicked and quickly found an excuse to leave. Others, confused by the commotion, followed suit. Another friend who had wanted to say more to Trey was dragged away by his wife.

Alicia rolled her eyes at them. What a useless bunch of fair-weather friends-good for nothing!

Trey staggered again, and Alicia immediately gripped his arm. “Trey, what's wrong? Are you okay?”

“I was wrong.”

Trey glanced at her, his eyes glimmering with unshed tears, lips still curling upward in a smile that tugged painfully at the heart.

Alicia shook her head. “It's not your fault. It's Angela and Khloe... it's their fault.”

“No, it's my fault.”

Trey sneered, his face pale as paper. A single tear slid down his cheek, tracing into the corner of his mouth. The bitter taste made him nearly gag.

On the drive home, Trey didn't speak a word. He sat numb in the back seat, staring blankly at the road rushing past outside.

He hadn't wanted to worry Lauren, which was why he'd asked Alicia to pick him up. She had no choice but to take him back to his own villa.

Since Khloe had left, Angela was gone, and now, with everything else going wrong, all the Fox household's maids and servants had been let go. The family estate had caretakers, but at his own place, Trey was entirely alone.

Alicia hesitated. "Trey, should Stanley and I stay the night to keep you company?"

"...No."

Once home, Trey collapsed onto the sofa, his body sinking deep into the cushions. His reactions were slow; even after Alicia spoke to him several times, he only shook his head.

In a hoarse voice, he said, "You should go. I want to be alone. I'm fine."

"But you're injured. I think I should stay..."

1/2

Chapter 379

+25 Bonus

"Don't bother me."

Trey cut her off. His voice was quiet, but it carried a chill sharp enough to cut.

Stanley, who hated being troubled, especially now that the Fox family wasn't what it used to be, had no intention of arguing. Trey had made himself clear; Stanley simply pulled Alicia aside. "Alright, Trey, you rest. Call us if you need anything."

And with that, he firmly ushered her out.

Outside, the sky was already lightening. The room's lights were off, and only a faint glow seeped through the

curtains.

But the light could not pierce Trey's long night. Because for him, it felt like the night had only just begun.

Alicia's frustration boiled over. The moment she left Trey's villa, she tried calling Khloe-ready to scold her. Not surprisingly, her number had been blocked. The call wouldn't go through.

Alicia grabbed Stanley's phone, tried again-same result. Khloe had blocked their entire family.

Fuming, Alicia screamed at the sky, "Khloe! You shameless woman! If I ever see you again, I swear I won't let you off!"

"Ha. You? You think you'll get to deal with Khloe? I think it'll be the other way around-she won't let you off."

Stanley snorted.

Ever since the Fox family incident, he'd been irritated but mostly kept his distance. After all, his career was fine; the Fox family's troubles didn't affect him.

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 380**

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### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 380**

Chapter 380

At worst, Stanley felt he had simply lost a source of support.

But when it came to Alicia, Stanley was growing increasingly impatient.

Objectively speaking, Alicia's looks were only slightly above average. As for ability, there was nothing to speak of. The pampered young lady had never worked a single day after finishing school.

Since marrying into the Fox family, however, Stanley's impression of Khloe had only improved.

Khloe was beautiful, capable, and a true helpmate at home.

When Khloe fell out with the Fox family back then, Stanley had dismissed it as nothing more than a moment of petty temper. Now, looking back, he realized she truly knew how to love fiercely-and hate just as decisively. There was a sharpness to her.

A woman like that was frightening, but she also inevitably stirred a man's desire to conquer. Trey's current regret was the clearest proof of that.

Stanley often found himself thinking that if such a woman had once revolved around him, he might not have cared so much about family background either.

After all, family status wasn't necessarily reliable forever-but a useless woman would always be tiresome.

"Stanley, don't push me, or I'll slap you!" Alicia snapped back without hesitation.

She knew him well. He was too calculating. With her family in trouble now, he wouldn't treat her well anymore.

Before, Alicia had placed marriage above everything else, clinging tightly to Stanley, terrified he might divorce

her.

But after giving birth and fighting countless arguments, she had finally seen things clearly.

Love and marriage-both were nothing more than transactions.

Men were all the same. None of them stayed unchanged. The only thing that kept them in line was the cost they had to pay.

The moment trouble struck the Fox family, Alicia laid everything out with Stanley.

Her personal assets were already emptied. If they divorced now, she would take half of Stanley's money. As for the house and her jewelry, those were her premarital assets- legally notarized.

Their child was under one year old and would naturally stay with her.

If Stanley chose to leave, he would pay up and walk away-nearly stripped of everything.

But if he stayed, the Fox family might not be without a chance to rise again.

So for now, the two of them were merely enduring things day by day, with no immediate plans for divorce.

Stanley didn't want to argue. But the more silent he was, the more worked up Alicia became.

## Chapter 380

+25 Bonus

“Oh, right-can we track her location? I want Khloe’s location!”

“That’s illegal,” Stanley said coldly.

“I don’t care.”

As she spoke, Alicia pulled out her phone to contact someone.

That bitch Khloe was hiding from them now-wasn’t that proof of a guilty conscience?

Once she found her, she would slap her hard a few times, then drag her back home and force her to kneel and apologize to her father and brother!

Since it had already come to mutual destruction, why should Khloe be allowed to live freely?

And more than that-she would contact a lawyer and demand Khloe repay every cent she owed the Fox family!

As long as Trey and Angela weren’t divorced, all the money Khloe had taken from Trey was illegal-it infringed on the marital property of Trey and Angela!

Just as Alicia was getting fired up, the car came to a sudden stop. Stanley snatched her phone away in one swift

motion.

“Can you calm down for once? Your brother committed marriage fraud. If you push things too far, there’s no telling who’ll end up biting whom!”

His words enraged Alicia. The two began struggling over the phone, nearly coming to blows again, until Stanley finally grabbed her wrist.

“Enough! Put Khloe aside for now. Tomorrow afternoon, there’s a business summit. Our bank has partnerships with them. I can pull some strings and let your brother and the rest of your family attend-see if you can attract some investment and make connections.”

The summit would be attended by the heads of the top corporations in Goldmont City. Rumor had it that the young heiress who had inherited the Morrison Group would also be there.

Stanley had originally planned to sneak a look-just to see what a true elite heiress was like.

But with his wife's family in this state, he could no longer afford to think only of himself.

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