

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 401

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 401

Chapter 401

No one answered the door for a long time.

Angela stood outside for a full half hour. By the time night had deepened and the cold seeped into her bones, she finally prepared to leave.

“What are you doing here?”

At that moment, the door finally opened.

Trey stood there in a loose black long sweater, his face drawn and haggard as he looked at her. His head was still wrapped in medical cotton, and though the bruises on his face had faded slightly, they were still painfully obvious. When he moved, his leg dragged unsteadily, his steps far from smooth.

His hair was a mess, yet he didn't look like someone who had just woken up.

Angela immediately turned and stepped inside. A strong stench of alcohol rushed at her from his body.

“You've been drinking?”

Trey ignored her completely and turned to walk further into the house.

His figure swayed. The man who had always stood tall now hunched forward, looking like a completely different person.

He walked all the way to the back of the front hall, pulled out a chair at the bar, and sat down.

The house was a disaster-trash scattered everywhere, empty wine bottles toppled and rolling about.

“Trey... how did you end up like this?”

Angela hadn't expected this. When she left, Trey had been determined to divorce her, but at least he'd still looked put together.

How had he fallen into such decay?

"When are we getting the paperwork done?" Trey said, still gripping the bottle, his voice thick and muddled.

"So you really insist on divorcing me?"

After only a few days apart, the first thing he said was divorce again. Angela's heart sank to the bottom.

"Do you even know how worried I was when Alicia told me you'd been beaten? I came today specifically to see how you were!"

"Yeah," Trey let out a cold laugh, staring only at the bottle in his hand. "Thanks to you, I'm not dead."

"Do you have to be like this?" Angela pressed on. "The Fox Group isn't beyond recovery. Even if we don't divorce, even if we can't get that money from your grandmother, are we really completely out of options?" She thought he was still troubled by money.

But Trey didn't respond. He tilted his head back, about to drink again.

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Angela grabbed the bottle from his hand. "If I say that I'll take care of you now, that I can help you make a comeback-are you still going to keep sinking like this?"

Trey shot her a glance, then shakily stood up and headed for the fridge to get more beer.

Angela rushed forward and wrapped her arms around his waist from behind.

"Trey... I really can't bear to lose you. Even if Khloe doesn't want you anymore, even if your family abandons you... you still have me. You still have Pete.

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"Have you forgotten the good times we shared? You promised me back then-you swore to me that you would never leave. I believed you. I know marriage is full of obstacles, and no relationship is ever smooth sailing... But please, don't give up so easily. Okay?"

Angela felt as though she had trampled her pride underfoot once again. She was lowering herself, begging him.

But after ten years together, she was unwilling-utterly unwilling-to let it end like this. She couldn't accept it, and she refused to give in.

Why did the Fox family only acknowledge Khloe? Why did Trey think he could turn back so easily?

If this relationship was going to end, it should be because she chose to end it.

“Angela,” he said coldly. “Are you done acting yet?”

Just as Angela was nearly moved by her own words, Trey suddenly threw out that icy question.

Her entire body stiffened. The fingers clasped around his waist were abruptly pruned away.

Trey stepped back half a pace and turned to face her. His gaze was like a bottomless, frozen abyss-dark, empty, and devoid of even the faintest trace of light.

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“Trey, are you questioning my sincerity?”

Angela's body trembled. The tear clinging to the corner of her eye looked almost mocking. She had given so much, yet he still didn't believe her?

“You're not her.”

Trey's lips curled upward, and in that instant, Angela's expression changed.

“What did you say?”

“I said you deceived me for a full ten years. Haven’t you acted long enough?”

Trey didn’t know why he couldn’t suppress the smile when he said those words. Yet, the hatred in his heart grew wildly, like unchecked vines.

As he looked at the woman before him, there was no trace left of the tenderness, heartache, or guilt he once felt. All that remained was disgust, irritation, and endless resentment.

If she hadn’t deceived his feelings-if she hadn’t led his young, ignorant self down this absurd path...

How could his family have ended up like this?

How could he have done things even he found vile and unimaginable... and cast aside the one person who had truly cared for him?

When he thought of the past, even the sweetness they once shared felt like sharp blades, twisting through his heart and tearing him apart.

Angela’s mind reeled, her pupils widening. Her lips parted, but for a long moment she couldn’t process what he had said.

How did Trey know...?

“What are you talking about? I don’t understand. What did I ever lie to you about...?”

She still struggled to deny it, hoping he was just drunk and lashing out. She rushed forward again, trying to throw her arms around him.

This time, he shoved her away without hesitation.

Trey used so much force that Angela nearly fell. Her waist slammed into the corner of the wall behind her. She braced herself with one hand, barely managing to stay upright.

“The incident on the snowy mountain-do you really want me to spell it out? Angela, do you have any shame at all? Impersonating someone else and letting me feel grateful to you all these years-did you think I was that stupid?”

By now, Trey’s head was burning with rage. He pressed her, who had just stood up, back against the wall. One hand gripped her chin, the other pinned her arm at her side.

His strength grew more brutal by the second, twisting Angela’s features in pain. Tears welled in her eyes as she

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shook her head unconsciously.

“Why aren’t you talking now? Isn’t this what you’re good at? Go on-keep talking. Say I owe you. Say you love me. Say that everything you’ve ever felt for me was real.”

“Yes!” Angela clenched her teeth, her eyes red as she forced back her tears. “I did lie to you. But I truly liked you. I thought it was a match made in heaven. I thought it was my own reckless courage... You stopped loving me long ago, but I was still foolishly giving you my whole heart!”

Trey stared at her coldly, a mocking smile on his lips. There was not a shred of emotion in his gaze.

Feeling his grip loosen slightly, Angela clung to a final sliver of hope.

“We’ve been together for the past ten years. The person you’ve been looking at all this time is me-no one else, not some shadow in your heart. Can you honestly say you never once felt anything real for me? That our love was fake from the start?”

She tried desperately to reason with him.

But at this moment, no matter what she said, he could no longer hear it. Nor did he want to argue over right and wrong from the past.

“If you truly love me, then divorce me. Tomorrow morning, we’ll finalize the paperwork.”

Trey released her, as if he couldn’t bear to be entangled with her for even one more second.

“Trey...” Angela reached out to grab his hand, but he gave her no chance. He turned and went straight upstairs.

Her strength drained away all at once, and the tears she had been holding back finally spilled down her face.

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Why... Why was it that Khloe could do so many ruthless things and still walk away, and Trey could forgive her— yet when Angela gave everything she had to love him, he could be so utterly heartless?

The next day at noon.

Winnie was carrying a large stack of coffees and hurrying toward the elevator when someone bumped into her

head-on.

It was lunchtime, and the place was packed.

The things in her hands nearly spilled.

“Come here.”

A familiar voice brushed past her shoulder.

Winnie looked up and saw Michael’s figure pass by. He was with his assistants, walking straight toward another private elevator without sparing her a glance.

For a split second, she was stunned, wondering if he had been talking to her. Logically, he shouldn’t even have noticed her.

Just as Winnie hesitated, another assistant came up behind her and said, “Miss Olson, Mr. Morrison would like you to ride the elevator with him.”

Only then did she follow along, a little awkwardly.

Michael was already standing inside the elevator. One assistant held the doors open and released the button only after Winnie stepped in.

“Is the new job going smoothly?” Michael asked lightly, his tone neutral and polite, without much emotion.

After returning to the country, they had put their past conflicts behind them and resumed being friends. They had even chatted once in the past few days-though it was just him asking if she'd arrived home safely, followed by an emoji.

"Mm. Yeap." Winnie nodded. "Thank you."

At those words, Michael couldn't help glancing at her again.

Unexpectedly, their eyes met. When Michael stole a look at her, Winnie had also glanced at him.-

Both of them quickly looked away at the same time.

Michael felt the elevator grow a bit stuffy. He pressed his lips together, cleared his throat, and said, "The person you should be thanking is Khloe. I just told her about your situation. She values talent."

"Mm, yes, I'll thank her," Winnie replied perfunctorily.

She didn't say much more. Michael seemed unusually cautious, as if afraid she might latch onto him for

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something.

They fell into silence.

When the elevator reached Winnie's floor, Michael didn't ask-he already knew it.

Winnie didn't ask either. She simply said, "This is my stop," and stepped out.

Just as the elevator doors were about to close, Michael stepped out after her.

"Winnie!"

"What is it?"

"Why are you buying so much coffee? Is it for other people? Remember-you're here to work, not to run errands.

Thinking about how she had almost been knocked over earlier, an impulsive surge rose in Michael's chest.

Winnie was still taken aback and hadn't had time to respond when Michael's two perceptive assistants quickly took the coffee from her hands.

"I've got it, Miss Olson."

"Actually, I'm not—"

Before she could finish, Michael cut her off. "Come on. I'll go with you to deliver the coffee."

In Michael's eyes, Winnie wasn't particularly likable. She had poor people skills, a tough mouth, and a stubborn streak. But in truth, she was the one who got bullied and suffered in silence the most.

Since the Morrison Group was his territory, and Khloe couldn't conveniently step in, it felt necessary for him to smooth the path for Winnie, at least a little.

"That's not it, Michael. It's not what you think. I bought the coffee for myself—"

Michael didn't take her explanation seriously at all.

When they entered the R&D department, everyone was gathered in the lounge eating lunch. Seeing Michael arrive with such a noticeable entourage—and even bringing Winnie along—everyone's expressions immediately changed.

Someone recognized him and quickly greeted him. "Mr. Morrison! What brings you here?"

Michael had once interned in the R&D department. When Niel brought him around back then, he had formally introduced him.

"I'm just taking a look," Michael said, not elaborating.

He gestured for his assistant to hand out the coffee, then turned to look at Winnie.

"Winnie is new. She can't carry this much coffee by herself. I happened to run into her and helped bring it up. Next time, be more considerate of the newcomer. If you need her to go, have a few people go together."

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At her words, the room fell silent.

Everyone exchanged glances, as if something had suddenly clicked. A few people looked at Winnie, unsure whether they should speak.

After a few seconds, someone hurriedly broke the silence. “Alright, alright! Thanks for the trouble, Mr. Morrison!”

Winnie’s face instantly flushed red.

“Michael-no, Mr. Morrison. That’s not it. They didn’t ask me to bring coffee. I was the one who wanted to treat everyone. And... it wasn’t that they made me carry all this by myself. I chose to do it.”

The people in the R&D department had been very kind to Winnie-whether because Khloe had spoken to them beforehand or simply because they were naturally considerate.

Among them, Winnie was like a little sister. On her first day, everyone had given her thoughtful welcome gifts. There were many onboarding procedures after she joined, and whenever Winnie felt too shy to ask questions, they would eagerly step in and patiently teach her, hands-on.

Even though Winnie wasn’t a particularly warm person, she still wanted to show her gratitude.

Seeing everyone order coffee every afternoon, she offered to treat them, but they all felt embarrassed to accept. So, she had quietly gone out on her own to buy it.

She figured that if she carried it up herself, no one would refuse. She just hadn’t expected to run into Michael.

After Winnie finished explaining, Michael looked a little awkward himself. “I... I see. I’m sorry. I misunderstood.

“It’s okay, Mr. Morrison. You’re kind—just looking out for your staff. There’s no need to apologize,” a colleague who was good at smoothing things over quickly chimed in. “Since Winnie bought so much, why don’t you have a cup too?”

“No need. I still have things to do. Go ahead and enjoy your lunch.”

Michael rubbed the bridge of his nose. After saying that, he turned and left in a hurry,

His assistant quickly followed after him.

Someone nudged Winnie and handed her a cup of coffee. “Go on. Look how nice he is to you-go thank him!”

Winnie hesitated, but after being nudged again, she took the coffee and chased after him.

The moment she left, everyone rushed to the doorway and craned their necks to watch.

“Mr. Morrison is really something,” someone whispered. “This whole scene-wow. He’s completely smitten. Even Winnie buying coffee makes him worry!”

Catching the scent of gossip, several people immediately started whispering excitedly.

Only then did someone suddenly realize it-so the “first love” that Michael had never been able to forget... was

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Winnie!

Did that mean there would be more drama to come? With Winnie right in their department, they’d be getting front-row seats.

Winnie caught up to Michael and shoved the coffee into his hand.

“Drink it. This one’s extra-if you don’t, it’ll just go to waste. And if I don’t give it to you, they’ll think I don’t know how to handle people.”

Her words were blunt. Michael had expected her to thank him, but instead she looked annoyed, as if she were simply completing a task.

“So I actually made things worse and embarrassed you?” Michael asked, a note of disappointment creeping in.

After all, just now... he'd had to work up some courage to pull her into the spotlight like that.

Now, there would probably be rumors again about him being hopelessly love-brained.

"That's not what I meant. It's just..." Winnie thought for a moment, then trailed off.

"Just what?" Michael pressed. He really wanted to hear it.

"You were meddling. Don't do it again next time."

Even Winnie felt her words were a bit too sharp.

She clearly saw Michael's expression darken.

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Winnie wanted to say more, but there was no good way to smooth things over now.

Michael didn't respond. He tightened his grip around the still-warm coffee and turned to leave.

The assistant glanced at Winnie, and even their expressions showed a hint of disappointment.

When Winnie returned to the HR department entrance, the crowd instantly scattered. Her brow twitched despite herself.

Just then, a male colleague walked over, coffee in hand.

"Winnie, you don't like Mr. Morrison, do you? Then what kind of man do you like?"

"Anyone but you," Winnie replied coldly. Seeing that he was holding a coffee she had bought, she reached out and took it back without hesitation.

She had only treated the women in the department. The men weren't included.

Michael had come to see Khloe. They were originally scheduled to meet in the afternoon, but since he happened to be free at noon, he came early.

Khloe wasn't in her office during lunch break, so he waited inside for a while.

Bored, he opened the coffee Winnie had given him and took a sip.

It was extremely bitter-so bitter his face twisted into a grimace.

He had never been able to handle bitterness since childhood. Winnie hadn't even bothered choosing a better coffee for him. Not a shred of sincerity.

Just then, Khloe pushed the door open and immediately saw Michael's contorted expression.

"Michael, are you okay?"

Office gossip spread fast. On her way up, Khloe had already heard a rumor. They said Michael had just confessed outside Winnie's department, trying to win her back, but had been mercilessly rejected.

When she was in the elevator, Khloe had even thought about how Michael had told her that he and Winnie would only be friends from now on, that he didn't want to pursue a relationship anymore.

How could he lose control so quickly?

And confessing at the office, no less... that was a little embarrassing, wasn't it?

Michael set the coffee down and said awkwardly, "Not really. It's too bitter."

"I understand how you're feeling," Khloe said sympathetically, patting his shoulder. "Don't push yourself too hard."

There wasn't much she could do to help with someone else's feelings.

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"But you can't just throw it away, can you? That would be a waste."

Michael had noticed the price earlier. Even a small cup like this cost over four dollars.

With Winnie buying so many, did she even have enough spending money?

He knew that in the past, the Olson family only gave her a few hundred dollars a month. Whenever she attended events, the clothes she wore were hand-me-downs from Veronica.

Winnie couldn't afford nice things at all.

When Michael used to buy her gifts, she wouldn't accept anything too expensive. If he gave her money, she would get angry.

Yet, after all these years, Winnie still hadn't changed much.

Ever since he saw her still working at her family's toy store, he knew she hadn't saved much at all.

"But if you think it's bitter and don't throw it away," Khloe said, assuming he was speaking metaphorically, then you'll just keep suffering."

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Thinking he was being a little poetic, Khloe turned back to her desk to organize some documents and sighed along with him.

"It's still a bit hard to get used to, but it's not unbearable."

After saying that, Michael picked up the coffee again and gulped down a large mouthful.

This time, he frowned. "You know, when it gets bitter enough, you stop noticing it."

"I really admire you," Khloe laughed. "Want me to help you?"

"How would you help?" Michael paused. "If you can, I wouldn't say no."

He was momentarily confused.

Was Khloe going to help him finish the coffee? But he had already drunk from it. Or did she have some sweets in her office?

While Michael was thinking this, Khloe took out her phone, opened her chat with Winnie, and sent a voice

message,

As Khloe sent it, Michael instinctively took another sip of coffee.

But when he clearly heard what she said in the voice message, he choked and started coughing violently.

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Michael's fingers tightened around the coffee cup, denting it slightly. The coffee nearly spilled all over him.

What Khloe had said was, "Winnie, Michael says he doesn't want to give up on you no matter what. Why don't you try giving him a chance?"

When Khloe had gone drinking with Winnie before, she'd already wanted to say it-she felt Michael hadn't truly let go.

The more cautious Winnie was, the more it showed she couldn't withstand it either.

If the two of them could really suppress everything and grow old without ever speaking again, that would be one thing. But since a confession had already happened, then feelings should be made clear.

"Khloe!"

Michael called out her name before he'd even finished coughing.

His face flushed bright red.

Khloe immediately handed him some tissues.

"Slow down with the coffee. Don't get so worked up..."

“I-” Michael coughed and frowned at Khloe. Only after forcing down the turmoil in his throat did he manage to say, “What message did you send to Winnie? Retrieve it!”

“Didn’t you ask me to help you?”

“I meant the coffee! It’s too bitter!”

At that, even Khloe’s ears turned red.

Michael quickly took her phone, fumbling as he hurriedly withdrew the message.

When Winnie still hadn’t replied after a long while, both Michael and Khloe finally let out a breath of relief.

“She’s probably busy. She must not have seen it.”

Khloe forced an awkward smile.

Michael stared at the chat window and the retracted message for a long time without speaking. He was clearly unhappy.

For someone usually so even-tempered to wear such a cold expression was actually a little frightening.

Khloe, like a child who’d done something wrong, didn’t dare say a word.

After a long moment, Michael finally handed the phone back. “If she asks about it…”

“I’ll explain things,” Khloe said quickly.

Michael nodded, then promptly adjusted his mood.

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With Winnie’s personality, even if she did see it, she’d probably pretend she hadn’t.

So why should he care?

Michael had come to keep an appointment with Khloe. He had already transferred five percent of the company’s

shares into her name.

Over the past few days, he'd also discussed things with his father and wanted to increase cooperation with Khloe going forward.

After Niel divided up the family assets, Morrison Pharmaceuticals had become independent. The other family businesses run by Oscar had all been declining.

Only the export projects under Michael's control had been doing fairly well these past few years. But if he wanted to reach the next level, he still needed support. That was why he'd invited Khloe to buy in-to seek mutual growth.

The Morrison family had many businesses, but they operated independently. Sometimes, that internal separation actually hindered breakthroughs. Khloe had long hoped the family could support one another internally.

After finishing the business discussion with Michael, Khloe brought up Henry.

She would be traveling to Naraida next week to meet Henry and wanted to learn more about him, including his temperament and preferences.

Oscar had only given her a general answer: not to worry. Henry was strict but reasonable and wouldn't make things difficult for her. She should simply cater to his tastes and prepare some fine tea and exquisite art pieces as gifts.

Henry lacked nothing; sincerity would be enough.

What Michael told her wasn't much different from his father's words. He hadn't spent much time with Henry either. Though the old man was strict, he treated juniors like Michael and Ethan quite well.

Every time they met, he gave generous gifts and never really scolded them.

Khloe then asked Michael about the discord between Niel and Henry, but Michael didn't know much about it

either.

"One more thing," Khloe asked at last. "There shouldn't be any bad blood between the Morrison family and the Hunt family, right?"

Michael looked surprised. "The Hunt family?"

Khloe nodded.

Michael said, “As far as I know, before you, we didn’t have much interaction with the Hunts. The Hunt Group is pretty aloof. There’s never been much cooperation between them and Morrison Group. Besides, George and Nick rarely show up at business functions in Goldmont City.’

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It seemed Oscar hadn’t lied to her after all. Henry probably just wanted to meet her alone.

“What is it?” Michael noticed that Khloe seemed preoccupied.

Khloe smiled faintly. “Nothing. I’m just a little nervous. Clarice is also with our grandfather, and I’m afraid she’ll make things difficult for me.”

“Then why don’t I go with you?” Michael suggested. “I should be free next week.”

“Forget it. After what happened to you in Naraida last time, I’m scared,” Khloe said with a light smile, teasing him.

Michael snorted helplessly.

But before he left, he still said to her seriously, “Khloe, don’t be afraid. No matter what, the Morrison family is also your family.”

His words seemed to give Khloe all the confidence she needed.

She nodded, deeply moved.

Not long after Michael left, Khloe tidied up her things and left work early.

Starting today, she was officially on leave. She planned to stay home with Nick for a few days, then head abroad to meet Henry.

That evening, Loretta and the others were coming over for dinner, and Khloe planned to cook and show off her skills.

Afraid she might tire herself out, Nick had already arranged for people to prepare most of the dishes in advance. That morning, before she left for work, a group of helpers had come to prep the ingredients.

No matter what Khloe decided to cook, she would basically just finish it in the pan herself and adjust the seasoning.

Even so, Nick still worried about her. Before she'd even left the office, he'd already messaged her, asking whether she'd finalized the menu.

Khloe ran through her signature dishes in her head. Just as she was about to send them to Nick, she saw Ethan walking toward Charlotte's desk.

"Charlotte,"

Charlotte was in the middle of talking with Ethan. When she heard Khloe call her, she immediately stood up.

"Khloe!"

"Busy?"

Khloe glanced at the messy stack of documents on Charlotte's desk. Out of the corner of her eye, she also noticed Ethan, one hand braced against the edge of the desk, his tall frame leaning back casually.

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Before Charlotte could answer, Ethan spoke first. "Khloe, aren't you giving Charlotte a bit too much work? I can't even ask her out to dinner-she never has time."

"Ethan, have you lost your memory?" Khloe sneered. "If I remember correctly, weren't you suspended not too long ago? Want to get suspended again for harassing a female employee?"

"Harassment?" Ethan lazily stretched. "That's a charge I wouldn't dare accept."

He stood up, glanced at Charlotte, and said, “Message me next time you’re free.”

After that, he deliberately brushed past Khloe as he walked away.

Strangely enough, the man who was usually flamboyant and drenched in cologne looked much plainer today.

His scent was faint-almost nonexistent.

The moment Ethan left, Khloe gestured for Charlotte to follow her.

As soon as they stepped into the elevator, Khloe got straight to the point. “Do you like Ethan?”

“No. It’s just... our relationship has eased up a bit,” Charlotte said, frowning.

Like him? Even if there were only one man left in the world, she would never like Ethan.

Seeing that Charlotte didn’t seem to be pretending, Khloe frowned. “I warned you-Ethan is not a good person. Why are you still interacting with him?”

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“Ethan has his eye on you. I can tell,” Khloe said, clearly worried. “Do you know that girls he targets never end up well?”

“I know,” Charlotte replied, her voice tightening slightly.

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Charlotte knew this better than anyone-Ethan was a demon.

He toyed with emotions, trampled on sincerity, and held other people's lives in contempt... He was nothing but a damned man.

And yet, precisely because she knew all of this, she chose to get close to him.

"Charlotte..."

"Khloe, don't worry about me. Just take care of yourself. Even if Ethan has feelings for me, who wins and who loses is still up in the air."

It was the first time Charlotte had interrupted her.

Her expression was resolute, but there was a chill in her eyes that Khloe had never seen before. The girl who had always been gentle, like a soft little lamb, seemed to have transformed in an instant.

Her tone was decisive, as if she were determined to see it through to the end.

"Charlotte, what's going on with you? Is there something between you and Ethan that I don't know about?"

Khloe grabbed her hand and felt how icy her palm was.

Charlotte lowered her head just as the elevator doors slid open.

They had arrived at the parking garage. It was time for Khloe to leave.

"Khloe, I'm sorry. This is something personal. I know some of my thoughts are extreme-even foolish-but I... I just want to do this."

She wanted revenge on Ethan, no matter the cost.

Khloe was right-playing games of emotion with Ethan was no different from playing with fire. If Khloe knew the full extent of Charlotte's dark, extreme thoughts, she would never allow it.

But mere disgrace and ruin were far from enough to satisfy the rage burning inside Charlotte.

Perhaps her methods had begun to work. Over the past few days, Ethan had clearly changed because of her. A few words of praise from her could correct his bad habits, as if she were training a dog.

Every night, without fail, Ethan told her good night. At the office, he flirted with her openly, appearing and disappearing at will.

Charlotte understood it clearly-to the guy, she had become a fish slowly taking the bait.

Yet, the more composed she appeared on the surface, the harder it became to suppress her growing desire for him...

A life for a life.

Sometimes, once the demon buried deep in a person's heart is awakened, there's no stopping it.

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Charlotte had to admit it-perhaps she wasn't a good person either. Not kind. Not forgiving. Extreme and dark.

"Do you think someone like Ethan is capable of falling in love?" she asked.

Khloe's gaze grew complicated. She could vaguely sense what Charlotte was trying to do, and the more she thought about it, the more frightened she became.

Whether Charlotte wanted to conquer Ethan or harbored some other intention-it was all dangerous.

"No one is without a weakness," Charlotte said with a faint smile. She gently hugged Khloe, her palm resting lightly over Khloe's chest. "Even you, Khloe. You've been hurt by love before, but you still have a soft spot."

"But Ethan isn't like me. He's not like any of us."

"He is different. But as long as he can still feel emotions, who can really predict how matters of the heart will turn out?"

Perhaps even Ethan himself didn't truly know what kind of person he was.

On the way back, Khloe kept replaying Charlotte's words in her mind.

Was Charlotte truly determined to entangle herself with Ethan?

After hesitating for a long time, Khloe finally called him.

"Khloe? Never thought you'd call me. What's up?" Ethan answered leisurely, his tone full of teasing.

He knew perfectly well why she was calling.

“I’m warning you-don’t touch Charlotte. She’s mine. If you dare hurt her, I will make you pay.”

Khloe’s voice was cold and merciless.

Ethan dropped the act. “If it’s mutual attraction, are you seriously going to interfere?”

“Yes,” Khloe said flatly. “I am. Charlotte isn’t someone whose feelings you get to toy with, and she’s not suited for you.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 409

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Chapter 409

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“Whether we’re suited for each other is something we’ll only know after we spend time together.”

Ethan said it deliberately, just to provoke Khloe.

These past few days, he really had taken an interest in Charlotte. He enjoyed teasing her and found himself wanting to do it every day.

That said, he never intended to pursue anything serious with her.

Still, it seemed Charlotte might have been captivated by him. Otherwise, why would Khloe get so angry after just a brief conversation with her and call to issue a warning?

If Khloe wanted them to keep their distance, all she had to do was tell Charlotte to cut him off completely. Wasn’t that enough?

The thought amused Ethan, and the corner of his mouth lifted unconsciously.

“You can try,” Khloe said coolly. “And I can also make sure you’re completely kicked out of the Morrison Group.”

With that, she hung up without giving him any chance to twist her words or fan the flames.

She knew Ethan was driven by benefits above all else. No matter how interested he was in Charlotte, he would still be wary of her warning.

Carrying a trace of irritation, Khloe headed home.

As she stepped out of the elevator, she took several deep breaths and forced a smile onto her face.

Ethan really was a bastard.

The moment she opened the door, Loretta burst out first and wrapped her in a soft, enthusiastic hug. "Oh my! Khloe, you're back!"

It had only been a few days, yet Loretta acted as if they hadn't seen each other in years. She hugged Khloe tightly and even planted a couple of kisses on her.

Her face was glowing. She was clearly very happy.

Arista also came to the doorway, smiling warmly at Khloe, "Work must've been exhausting, huh? I just made several kinds of wellness tea. Your timing's perfect-come have a taste."

"Sure!"

Seeing Arista and Grandma, the last bit of Khloe's displeasure vanished instantly.

Only a home with family was truly a home. And at that moment, Khloe felt it deeply. The moment she opened the door, she was greeted by tenderness and warmth. No matter what storms raged outside, none of them could touch her here.

Nick and Leon were inside. Leon loved talking about military affairs, and only Nick ever had the patience to keep him company.

1/2

Chapter 409

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The instant Nick heard Khloe was back, he couldn't sit still. He immediately came out from the guest room.

Seeing her holding the wellness tea Arista had just brewed-she'd only taken a small sip-he leaned in close." Welcome back."

"Mm."

Usually, when it was just the two of them, a single glance was enough to spark intimacy. But with so many people around, Nick still gazed at her intently without blinking, making Khloe feel a little shy.

"Tired today?" Nick asked, oblivious to her embarrassment, reaching out without a care to brush her hair aside.

"Not at all." Khloe shook her head.

Nick said nothing, but everyone could see it-his longing gaze almost seemed ready to swallow her whole.

If Khloe hadn't instinctively pressed her lips together, and if he'd leaned in just a bit more, it would've looked like he was about to steal a kiss.

"This tea is really good. Want some?"

Khloe quickly raised the small teacup to Nick's lips.

The pale blue liquid lightly brushed the corner of his mouth. A sweet fragrance spread.

"Oh, it's a bit sweet. You probably wouldn't like it."

Just as Nick lowered his gaze, about to take a sip, Khloe deliberately moved the cup away.

"I like it," Nick said, catching her hand. He took a sip as he spoke.

The blue liquid rippled as he guided her hand, drinking every last drop from the cup. His throat bobbed as he swallowed slowly.

"Oh my, young people really are different. Newlyweds are just this sweet," Arista laughed, unable to contain her smile as she leaned toward Loretta and whispered.

Loretta replied smugly, "Of course."

Back in her day, the sweetest couple in the Hunt family had been her and Leon. Now, she officially declared, it was her grandson and granddaughter-in-law.

Nick's dependence on Khloe wasn't just obvious to outsiders-every single person in the Hunt family could see it.

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Loretta still felt as though she were dreaming.

Her grandson-the one who had been quiet to the point of dullness since childhood, cold, rigid, and inflexible- turned out to be, deep down, a man of astonishing tenderness.

She had once worried that Nick's lack of romance and his aloof, monotonous nature might end up wronging a good girl.

Now, seeing the young couple so openly affectionate, she finally felt at ease.

After resting for a few minutes, Khloe hurried into the kitchen to start cooking with the help.

Nick had wanted to follow her in, but Leon was particularly clingy today and came out of the guest room, insisting on finishing the news commentary he hadn't yet explained to him.

Even so, halfway through Khloe's cooking, Nick still wandered over to her side.

He restrained the urge to wrap his arms around her the moment he saw her from behind, and instead quietly helped carry dishes.

"Don't just stand there. Aren't you tired? Go sit down and rest for a bit," Khloe urged him while keeping an eye on the heat.

As she spoke, Nick's hand gently brushed her temple. The thin layer of sweat there made his brow crease immediately.

Arista had been watching their every move. Seeing Nick hovering so closely around Khloe, she tied on an apron and came over to help.

“Oh, you don’t have to. I’m almost done,” Khloe said quickly.

She wasn’t cooking alone anyway; there were the help beside her, and everything was nearly finished.

“Alright, Khloe. You’ve already done all the main dishes. I’ll handle the rest,” Arista said with a laugh. Honestly, I’m just feeling sorry for someone here—someone who’s so worried about his wife he’s practically about to cry.”

Her teasing finally made Nick a little embarrassed.

“Mom,” he murmured.

Just that single word made Arista’s heart soften. She waved her hand, and Nick promptly dragged Khloe away.

The two of them slipped into the bedroom together, stealing a few minutes before dinner to whisper in private.

After not seeing Khloe for most of the day, Nick had been restless with longing. Even with family still around, he couldn’t endure it another second.

He held Khloe and kissed her over and over, left and right, like someone easing an addiction that had tormented him for far too long.

Only after a long while did he rest beside her, breathing softly.

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Chapter 410

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“I missed you so much. So much, Khloe.”

“But I’m right here,” Khloe said, lying on the bed as she gently traced the corner of his eye.

His gaze shimmered with starlight. Night hadn’t even fallen yet, and it was already deep enough to pull her under.

“Even when you’re right in front of me, I still miss you,” Nick said in a low voice, tinged with a barely perceptible melancholy. “And when I think about how I won’t see you for a few days again, I already start missing you now.”

“No tears at parting, no words spoken-only hidden longing,” Khloe murmured suddenly, recalling a line of poetry.

She didn’t know why, but no matter how sweet and intense their love was, she could always sense a deep sorrow within him-one that made her uneasy as well.

“We have a long road ahead of us. I’m always here,” she said softly.

Reassured by her words, Nick immediately reined in his emotions. He nodded, gently rubbing the tip of his nose against hers.

When dinner was served, everyone gathered around the table, laughing and chatting. Praise for Khloe’s cooking poured in nonstop, and she was instantly flattered beyond measure.

If she spent every day with the Hunt family, Khloe thought, she’d probably swell with pride in no time.

Just as the atmosphere peaked, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Before Khloe could get up, one of the servants had already gone to answer it. Who could it be at this hour?

Everyone’s gaze shifted to Nick and Khloe.

Seeing the confusion in Khloe’s eyes, a flicker of light passed through Arista’s gaze. She had just started to rise when a servant opened the door.