

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 41

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 41

Chapter 41

Khloe said, “It seems you don’t have the full picture of my life after graduation.”

Denise choked on her words, her neck stiffening. “Isn’t it obvious? Trey was the campus heartthrob, his family’s well-off, and you...”

“Back then, Fox Group was on the brink of bankruptcy. I brought in the first million-dollar financing. I single-handedly revived the company, and now its market value exceeds a billion.” Khloe’s words were steady and precise.

“The gap you’re talking about-maybe while I was creating value for Fox Group, you were busy figuring out how to dress yourself in luxury goods,” Khloe continued. 1

Denise had clearly come prepared to impress-designer from head to toe, jewelry glinting, hair and makeup perfect. Khloe’s simple remark drew a few curious glances from the other classmates, making Denise falter, suddenly uncertain of herself.

“Khloe, after all this, you’re just jealous I can afford luxury items. You’ve done worse, and now you talk with such sourness.”

“Look at you now,” Denise continued, “Not a single genuinely valuable thing. That bag’s from graduation, isn’t it? You look cheap and pretentious. If I were you, I’d be too embarrassed to show my face at a reunion.”

Khloe stood up, eyes scanning Denise’s luxuriously decked-out fit. “You prove yourself with material things. I prove myself with my ability. Which of these two ways depends more on what other people think? You tell me.”

“Pfft. Fox Group isn’t your company. You’re just bragging. Everything you have is thanks to Trey giving you the chance!” Denise jabbed again, slyly bringing Trey into the argument.

Khloe set down her wine glass with a sharp clink. The sudden sound sliced through the already tense air, making it chill even further.

Thanks to Trey?”

“Yes. Without him, you, you, you wouldn’t-be-anything!”

Khloe had tried to avoid conflict for Tina’s sake. But Denise kept hovering around the one line she couldn’t tolerate.

The tension grew, and the other classmates, sensing the powder keg, hurriedly stepped in as mediators.

“Khloe, don’t bother with Denise. She just talks without a filter.”

“Yeah, come on, we’re all former classmates. Why so unfriendly at the first meet-up?”

“Denise, you owe yourself three drinks, Quit targeting the school’s top student-she hasn’t done anything to you.”

Pushed and nudged by the group, Denise reluctantly restrained herself. But she refused to drink, and someone volunteered to take her penalty instead.

She sat down, muttering under her breath, “Yeah, sure... heartless little thing. Even relying on a man, she still ends up like this, pathetic.”

Khloe’s eyes, cold and unwavering, fixed on the cluster of former classmates shielding Denise. Without warning, she stood, grabbed a wine glass, and flung it straight into Denise’s face.

“Khloe-!”

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+25 Bonus

The former classmates gasped.

Denise froze, drenched, stunned. After a few seconds, she screamed, scrambling to her feet. “Khloe, are you out of your mind?!”

“Do I seem too gentle normally?” Khloe’s voice was calm, measured, yet carried a chill that seeped into the spine. “Did that give you the illusion that you could dare to offend me?”

The subtle power radiating from her held everyone in place. Even Tina was momentarily stunned.

Denise went into a rage, cursing, ready to strike, only to be restrained by the crowd.

“I only brought this bag for sentimental reasons because it’s a reunion,” Khloe continued. “And yet, your measure of a person is just money? Your view of the world is remarkably narrow.”

Denise was momentarily speechless, her face flushing then paling.

Tina quickly held Khloe’s hand, whispering, “Don’t bother, Khloe. She’s in a different circle now. No point in angering her.”

“Different circle?” Khloe smirked. “I’m curious-what kind of circle is so shallow?”

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Khloe’s eyes flicked over the luxury items Denise wore. Altogether, they’d cost maybe twenty thousand at most. She thought that was enough to consider herself the upper echelon? Just because of a few designer pieces?

“Apparently she is-”

Tina started to speak, only to be cut off by a male classmate. “Khloe, no matter how rude Denise is, you shouldn’t have done that. You should apologize to her!”

Soon, others chimed in, all echoing the same sentiment.

“Khloe, why make a big deal? We’re all former classmates.”

“Denise has a strong temper, she speaks bluntly. She didn’t mean anything by it.”

“Besides, Denise’s position is different now. You’re in Goldmont City. Even with Trey watching your back, you shouldn’t offend her. Just apologize, alright?”

Denise's face lit up, a smug smile spreading. The group's support felt like a warm breeze, giving her confidence.

"See that, Khloe? Now I'm someone you can't afford to offend. I suggest you wise up and apologize. Or one call from me, and I'm afraid you won't have a place to mix in Goldmont City."

Only Tina stood firm, still shielding Khloe.

"Denise, you attacked first. Khloe throwing wine at you just balances things out. And why are you all acting like this hierarchy matters so much? If anyone should apologize, it's you!"

At Tina's words, Denise shot up. "Tina, do you want to ruin your future too? Have you forgotten why you came back to the country? Think carefully before choosing sides."

Denise's threat made Tina frown. She glanced at Khloe, clenched her jaw, and said, "Denise, I don't need your sponsorship. Don't make things difficult for Khloe."

"For a friend as pathetic as Khloe, is it really worth it, Tina?"

Denise rolled her eyes.

Tina grabbed Khloe's hand to leave, but someone blocked the doorway. Khloe gently pushed Tina's hand away.

Seeing the stalemate, the organizer of the reunion stepped forward to urge Khloe to back down.

"Khloe, I'll be honest. Offending Denise is like offending the Morrison family."

"The Morrison family? You mean... the richest family in Goldmont City?" Khloe's eyes widened in surprise, then a smile crept onto her face.

"Yes." The organizer, thinking Khloe finally grasped the severity, added, "Denise is best friends with the Morrison heiress."

"The Morrison heiress? You mean the one in the news-Niel Morrison's biological daughter? The one who just reclaimed her billion-dollar inheritance?"

"That's her. Denise has been close with her for years. Everything she owns comes from the Morrison heiress."

The organizer grew more animated, worried eyes fixed on Khloe, as if trying to impress the gravity of the situation on her.

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+25 Bonus

Khloe, however, only found it increasingly absurd. She had no idea she and Denise had been lifelong best friends, nor that she'd been showering Denise with so many gifts.

She laughed, quietly, because it was genuinely ridiculous.

The organizer, thinking Khloe was still resisting, pointed at Tina.

“Khloe, I know you're stubborn, but a wise person avoids immediate losses. Tina is your friend, right? You should think of her.”

Tina had returned to Goldmont City to negotiate with the Morrison family, but had hit several closed doors. Hearing that Denise had connections, she came to the reunion.

Khloe now understood why she had been called. Denise had been thinking of her all along—two years after graduation, still trying to compare themselves.

“If someone like us offended the Morrison family, there's no way we can survive in Goldmont City...”

The chatter continued beside her, but Khloe had lost patience. She turned back to Denise.

“Denise, do you really know the Morrison heiress?”

Denise, mistaking Khloe's composure for fear, crossed her arms and lifted her chin, smug and self-satisfied.

“Of course I do. Jealous?”

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## Chapter 43

Khloe's lips curved into a faint smile. "What a coincidence. I do know the Morrison heiress, and I know quite a few people in the Morrison family. To me, the Morrises are as familiar as my own family."

At Khloe's words, the room fell silent. Surprise flickered in everyone's eyes. Her tone was calm, unshakably serious, not the slightest hint of a joke. For a moment, nobody could tell if she was lying.

This was absurd. Denise knew the Morrison heiress, and now Khloe claimed to know her too. The Morrison family wasn't just any family—they were Goldmont City's top-tier elite, figures only ever glimpsed in the media. And here, in a tiny reunion, two people supposedly had access to them. 1

And Khloe's claim—"as familiar as my own family"? That was outrageous.

A stifled snicker escaped Denise, and soon the laughter spread through the group.

"Khloe, do you think we're all idiots? You know the Morrison heiress, fine. But familiar as your own family? Then how are you even here?"

Denise shook her head, flabbergasted. Khloe had really outdone herself this time. This was almost self-immolation by arrogance.

Someone couldn't help but tease. "Khloe... are you going to say next that you are the Morrison heiress, the one who inherited billions?"

The comment made even the classmates who had viewed Khloe favorably shift uncomfortably: Everyone had come to reminisce, not to play games of pretense and status.

Khloe's smile widened. "Exactly. You got it right. I am the Morrison family's only heir, inheritor of billions."

The room erupted in laughter, louder than before. Tina felt a flicker of embarrassment and tugged on Khloe's hand. "Khloe, that's enough, really..."

"Enough? If I can claim it, I'm not afraid of being challenged. Let's see who's really telling the truth," Khloe said, eyes glinting.

Denise, fuming, pulled out her phone. “Fine. Watch closely. I’ll call the Morrison heiress, let her speak to you all, and tell you whether she really knows Khloe.

“If you’re lying, Khloe, I want you to finish every drink in this room tonight-and apologize on your knees.” Denise’s chin tilted arrogantly, her eyes flashing contempt. “Do you dare?”

“Alright. But if you’re lying?” Khloe countered coolly.

“What do you mean?”

Khloe blinked, letting a pause stretch for effect. Then she said, “I want you to record a video apology and send it to the alumni group. You must admit you’ve been jealous of me all this time, that you’ve never gotten over it, and that from now on, you will correct yourself and learn from me how to conduct yourself properly.”

The punishment was sharp, cruelly tailored to Denise’s weak spot. Her face drained of color. But she swallowed and nodded. She had already spoken so boldly-there was no turning back. Besides, Khloe couldn’t possibly know the Morrison heiress.

Khloe smiled faintly, signaling that Denise could proceed.

Denise unlocked her phone, navigated to a social profile, and held it up. The avatar featured a woman in a high-

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+25 Bonus

end gown, and the account name stated ‘the Morrison heiress.’

Khloe couldn’t help the faint laugh rising in her throat. She wouldn’t be using such a cheap stock image for a profile picture.

As she watched Denise’s unwavering, confident posture, a single, clear thought crystallized in her mind: Denise might’ve been duped.

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Chapter 44

Denise sent a message, and the reply came almost instantly. She asked to make a quick voice call, just a minute, and the other party agreed without hesitation.

Now, everyone could hear the heiress herself. Excitement buzzed through the room. Even Tina leaned closer to Denise, unable to hide her curiosity.

“The Morrison heiress really is free, huh? Replies instantly,” Khloe murmured softly.

Denise shot her a sharp glance, but no one else seemed to notice. It was normal for the heiress to be prompt with messages, especially since she and Denise were supposedly close friends.

Soon, the voice call connected.

“Hello?” A bright, playful voice came through, slightly clipped in tone.

“Miss Morrison, sorry to disturb you so late. I’m with some friends right now, and they all admire you—they’d love to hear a few words from you,” Denise said, her tone cloying with polite flattery.

Though she claimed to be close friends, it was obvious to anyone paying attention that they weren’t. Still, knowing the Morrison heiress well enough to call her? That alone earned points.

“Oh, hello everyone,” the heiress responded, her voice carrying a delicate poise.

“Miss Morrison, I also have a friend who claims to know you-her name is Khloe,” Denise hurried to add, holding the phone out toward Khloe with a cold, pointed glance.

All eyes in the room turned to Khloe in that instant.

There was a momentary pause on the other end. “Ah... I know a lot of people, some names I can’t even remember...

Denise quickly interjected, “No worries, Miss Morrison. You don’t need to be polite. My friend tends to exaggerate

she’s probably just joking.”

“Oh... okay,” the heiress replied, her voice betraying a slight unease.

Khloe had had enough. She snatched the phone. “Miss Morrison, may I ask what you’re doing right now? I heard you were invited to the international charity gala tonight. Are you at the event?”

“Oh, yes... yes, I’m at the gala right now,” the “heiress” stammered.

“Sorry, the event is about to start. I’ll have to cut this short,” she added hurriedly-and before Denise could speak again, she hung up.

Denise hesitated, sensing something odd, but quickly turned to Khloe. “Well? Wasn’t that a reality check? The Morrison heiress doesn’t even know you!”

Khloe’s voice was icy. “Denise, where exactly did you ‘add’ this Miss Morrison from? Are you blind to the fact that she’s a fraud? After all these years in university, your judgment still fails you?”

Denise’s face flushed red, panic rising. “Khloe, what are you saying? You’re exaggerating-surely you can’t handle losing?”

The truth was, Denise wasn’t completely sure it was the Morrison heiress. She had added someone she thought was a top-tier socialite from a Goldmont City elite group.

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Khloe's voice was calm, almost slow as she spoke and by the time she finished, someone had already checked the facts online.

"It's true! That Morrison heiress is a total fraud!"

No photos, no extra info-she hadn't appeared publicly yet. But the charity gala report clearly mentioned that Niel Morrison's daughter, the heiress, was attending for the first time.

Denise lost her balance completely and fell to the floor with a thud. It wasn't losing a thousand dollars that hurt- it was the shock of being humiliated so fast and so publicly.

Tina, ever warm-hearted, didn't join the others in mocking Denise. Instead, she quickly grabbed the phone and tried calling the "heiress" again-but this time, it wouldn't go through. Denise had already been blocked.

"Denise, you'd better call the police," Tina said, handing the phone back. Denise's eyes were blank, unfocused, as if she had already lost her grip on reality.

Then Khloe stepped forward, approaching her with quiet confidence.

Denise stiffened, forcing herself to speak.

"Khloe, even if I was duped, you're not exactly innocent! You're married and living off your husband, yet you have the nerve to brag about knowing the Morrison family? Prove it then, if you're so capable!"

Denise wasn't wrong-she had been deceived. But Khloe? Her whole act was pure projection, an image she had carefully constructed.

"Forget it. Khloe, don't push it. You and Denise are both at fault here. Just apologize and let it go."

One of the classmates who had been trying to mediate spoke up again. Those who had been fawning over Denise were now a little embarrassed, but they weren't about to change sides after all, she was the one buying the drinks tonight. Some things are just too practical to ignore.

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"Yeah, Khloe, just give in. Denise was tricked. You, on the other hand, lied. Drink up!"

"Come on, apologize properly. We're all classmates here; Denise won't make it difficult for you."

“Exactly. No need to put on airs. Acting like you can cozy up to the Morrison family? Just give it a rest.”

While everyone talked over each other, Khloe remained calm. She took out her phone and, in full view of everyone, dialed a number.

“Hello, this is Khloe. Could you connect me to the Business Department at Morrison Group?”

Her voice was soft, but carried undeniable authority.

Immediately, the room went quiet, eyes darting between each other. Was Khloe really going to follow through, or was this another act?

A moment later, she glanced at Tina. “What’s your company called again?”

“Winsky Technologies,” Tina replied instinctively.

“Check if there’s a company called Winsky Technologies,” Khloe continued talking into the phone. “See if they’ve been bidding for any Morrison sub-projects recently. If so, set up a meeting tomorrow morning. The sooner, the better.”

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+25 Bonus

Tina stared at her in disbelief. Was Khloe... giving orders to the Morrison Group?

Hanging up, Khloe smiled faintly at Tina. “Don’t worry. I’ve secured the opportunity for you. Your trip won’t be wasted-but as for winning the cooperation, that’s still up to you.”

“Khloe... are you serious? You actually got the Morrison Group to-“Tina could hardly process it. She had always trusted Khloe, but even so, she had doubted that the whole ‘knowing the Morrison family’ story was real.

“Stop joking, Khloe. You seriously think a phone call like that is enough to fool everyone?”

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Chapter 46

Denise's words snapped everyone back to reality.

Just moments ago, Khloe's calm, commanding demeanor had genuinely unsettled them. They had almost believed she was the Morrison heiress, issuing orders from some untouchable pedestal. But that... that was impossible.

"Khloe, please, stop pretending! Look at Tina-she's so innocent, and you actually fooled her!"

"An apology really isn't that hard, you know. You're just a nobody, yet you're acting like a princess!"

This time, no one cared about maintaining any pretense of class or civility. The words grew harsher, the glares toward Khloe sharper, even rolling their eyes so far it seemed impossible.

Denise had been right-only someone struggling would resort to pretending. Until now, they hadn't realized how vain Khloe could be.

But their voices abruptly stopped when Tina's phone suddenly rang.

"... Could it be... a call from the Morrison Group?"

Everyone pressed in, disbelief written across their faces, as Tina's trembling fingers answered.

"Hello?"

On the other end came a calm, authoritative male voice.

"Hello, is this Tina Boswell from Winsky Technologies? This is the Project Department of the Morrison Group. We understand you are interested in our new energy project. Would it be convenient for you to come to the Morrison Tower at Morrison Ave. tomorrow morning for a meeting?"

"Y-yes! Of course! Thank you so much!" Tina stammered, barely able to speak. Her eyes widened as she turned to look at Khloe, feeling as though she were floating, as if in a dream, until the call ended.

The entire room fell into sudden silence.

A few seconds later, Denise lunged for Tina's phone.

"Wait-did you graduate from drama school? How could Morrison Group possibly call you?"

"That really was from the Morrison Group," Tina explained. "This number is one of their official lines."

Someone checked and confirmed it. The number was legitimate and official.

Everyone turned toward Khloe, disbelief frozen on their faces.

...Could it be? Could she actually be connected to the Morrison family?

Those who had mocked Khloe the loudest moments ago went pale, legs shaking. They had risked offending a true powerhouse, all for Denise's sake.

Denise herself looked as if struck by lightning. She compared the number, digit by digit, to the one listed on Morrison Group's website. Veins bulged along her neck.

"Liar! This can't... it's impossible... how could you possibly have ties to the Morrison family? Khloe, what... what trick did you use?"

"Trick? Denise, do you really think an official line for Morrison Group could just be faked?"

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+25 Bonus

Some of the classmates finally caught on. They quickly spoke up for Khloe, stepping away from Denise. Those who had clustered around her just moments ago moved back, keeping their distance.

Then Tina's phone chimed again, this time with a text message.

[Morrison Group: Dear Ms. Tina Boswell, please attend a detailed cooperation meeting tomorrow at 10:00 AM, Third Floor, Conference Room, Morrison Ave., Morrison Tower. Thank you again for your support.]

The message included the full address and official contact information-formal, precise, indisputable.

One former classmate, the one who had been most aggressive in demanding Khloe apologize, literally collapsed to the floor. Others looked ashen, heads bowed, wishing the ground would swallow them whole.

Khloe stepped forward calmly. The others instinctively scattered, each gaze fixed on her now filled with a mix of awe, fear, and disbelief.

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 47**

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The shift was palpable-from feigned friendliness to outright flattery tinged with fear.

“Khloe... what is your relationship with the Morrison family? Are you really... the Morrison heiress?”

Only the organizer of the reunion dared to ask, his voice tight, convinced he hadn't crossed Khloe and hoping for clarity without offending her.

At once, others seized the chance to curry favor.

“Khloe, honestly, whether you're the Morrison heiress or not, I've never thought you were doing badly. Back in university, I admired you so much!”

“Never thought I'd witness a story about a hidden heiress in real life-I must've hit the jackpot, haha...”

“Khloe, you've been hiding all this from us? How could you not tell a single soul?”

“Hey, don't take what just happened to heart. We're not close with Denise; she's just difficult. We didn't want the situation to get out of hand.”

The room buzzed again, but this time, everyone crowded around Khloe, leaving Tina gently pushed aside.

Denise, isolated and helpless, was ignored completely. People even shoved her back as if defending Khloe.

“Denise, seriously, you have no shame. This entire reunion, you’re the one causing trouble. You claim to know the Morrison heiress? She’s right in front of you, and you don’t even recognize her!”

“She can’t possibly be the Morrison heiress!” Denise still clung to her defiance, demanding proof.

“It doesn’t matter whether I’m the Morrison heiress or not.”

Khloe’s voice cut through the noise. The room fell silent. She walked toward Denise and raised her hand.

Expecting a strike, Denise instinctively shielded her face-but Khloe simply reached behind the sofa and retrieved the old bag she had brought with her.

“Denise, the circles you’ve been so desperate to squeeze into mean nothing to me. What I value are the times we were equals-when we fought and worked together.”

Her gaze swept across the silent room. There was no emotion in her eyes, only a quiet, unshakable authority.

“Status, identity, wealth-these are not standards to divide people, nor excuses to trample on others’ dignity.

“If a single phone call from the Morrison family can make you flip from arrogance to obsequiousness, then what you fear isn’t a person-it’s the price tag others wear. Such flattery diminishes you and desecrates the meaning of our friendship as former classmates.”

Her eyes returned to Denise.

“Remember your promise. I hope you keep your word. If you don’t, I have ways to make sure you do.”

Denise’s defiance faltered. The sheer presence and authority emanating from Khloe left her trembling.

Everyone else, too, blushed and looked down, their courage to ingratiate themselves entirely gone.

Khloe stepped to Tina and patted her shoulder.

“It’s getting late. I’ll head out now. Good luck tomorrow.”

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+25 Bonus

“Khloe...” Tina hesitated, words failing her. She regretted inviting Khloe out today. Though Khloe had helped her, the gap between them now felt impossible to bridge. She couldn’t relate to her as she once had.

Khloe walked out of the private room, and almost immediately, a manager arrived.

After her phone call to the Morrison Group, an assistant had been dispatched to meet her without delay.

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Chapter 48

The bar’s upper management, knowing the Morrison heiress had arrived, would have loved to greet her in person –but they were out of town. All they could do was have the manager wait outside.

“Miss Morrison, our boss wasn’t aware you’d be visiting tonight. We may have fallen short in hospitality, so we’ve prepared a small token of appreciation... and, oh, a special VIP membership card for you and your guests.”

The card had been tailored for Khloe: essentially an unlimited, lifetime pass, granting priority access to any VIP room at any time. (1)

Khloe frowned slightly as she noticed the neatly stacked envelopes in the manager’s hands.

“They’re not my friends. You don’t need to give them the cards. Someone else is hosting tonight-if the expenses are too low, it’ll offend them...”

A small, mischievous smile tugged at her lips as she recalled the sycophantic, backstabbing faces from the private room. Before she could finish speaking, the manager nodded knowingly.

“Don’t worry, Miss Morrison. I know exactly what to do.”

Khloe inclined her head, then left the bar without another glance. Outside, a waiting car was ready. Once inside, she called Tina, advising her to leave the reunion early.

Not far away, another luxury car slowly pulled away. Inside, someone checked the time and called Ethan.

“Mr. Morrison, it seems Miss Roswell attended a reunion, but left early. We’re unsure what happened.”

“Go check on it. Handle any issues thoroughly,” Ethan said calmly.

After hanging up, he looked respectfully toward his mother, Clarice, with a faint curve at the corner of his mouth.

“Mom, you were right. Khloe is such a show-off. With her current status, she even dares to meet those classmates ... and she’s helping others secure doors at Morrison Group. If left unchecked, she may start to think she owns Morrison Group.”

Clarice stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, staring at her reflection against the city’s neon glow. After a long pause, she snorted softly.

“She thinks she can run the Morrison Group? She’s still a million years too green for that!”

Ethan smiled and nodded. “Mhm.”

Meanwhile, in the bar, the night’s extravagant bills left everyone but Tina bleeding financially.

Denise became the laughingstock. By 1 a.m., she posted an apology video.

In the video, her head was bowed, eyes red and swollen, voice hoarse. She confessed to a long-standing jealousy of Khloe, apologized sincerely, and vowed to change her ways before leaving Goldmont City.

Within minutes, the video went viral in the alumni group, sparking discussion and countless shares. Denise immediately left all school-related groups and deleted her former classmates from her contacts.

People clamored for details, desperate to know what had happened that night-but the attendees seemed to have an unspoken agreement: no one said a word. Even the most inquisitive couldn't glean anything.

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The only information known: some finance major former classmates had gathered for a reunion. Based on Denise's video, the speculation was that a conflict had erupted between her and Khloe.

Word spread quickly. Later that evening, Angela, who had stayed up reviewing a project proposal for Trey, noticed the alumni group chatter. Interested, she handed her phone to Trey, who had been working alongside her.

"Trey, Khloe went to a reunion tonight."

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Chapter 49

Trey froze for a moment. He rarely checked group chats, and all the old class and alumni groups were muted. Yet now, even before he finished scrolling through the messages, his phone buzzed with several pings from old classmates.

[Has something happened to Khloe?]

[Is she okay?]

[Does anyone know what's going on with her?]

His chest tightened. Panic rose, and all other thoughts vanished. He grabbed his phone, ready to call Khloe immediately.

“Khloe won’t be hurt,” Angela said casually, her voice laced with a teasing note. “She had the time to attend a reunion but ignored you. She’s just messing with you-maybe this whole thing was deliberate, waiting for you to come find her.”

Angela’s words hit harder than she realized.

Trey paused, the tension in his chest easing slightly. So she wasn’t in danger-she was deliberately holding back, controlling the situation, testing him.

It made sense. It was late, and calling her now might just make him look desperate.

Their chat window had been silent this whole time, save for Trey’s messages. He’d already risked his mother’s and sister’s anger for her sake, even offered Fox Group’s shares. Yet she refused to give in, refusing to let him step forward.

He clenched his jaw, frustrated.

“Then what the hell happened?” he muttered, putting his phone away.

Seeing he wasn’t going to call Khloe, Angela spoke up again.

“Seems like Khloe had a conflict with Denise at the reunion. Afterward, Denise posted a video of herself apologizing to Khloe and then left the alumni groups.”

Earlier, Angela had tried messaging Denise. Denise had deleted everyone except Angela, but she hadn’t responded

to any messages.

“Denise?” Trey asked, brow furrowed.

“You don’t remember? She was in your class. I taught her. Smart, pretty, but... often compared to Khloe. Maybe that’s why she got singled out at the reunion again,” Angela explained, her tone soft, yet filled with sympathy for Denise and a subtle jab at Khloe.

Trey watched the video. Denise looked miserable-head down, voice barely audible. Fear and panic eclipsed any sense of injustice. It was uncharacteristic.

He remembered Denise as someone bold, headstrong, not the type to bend so easily. She had even pursued him once, and after he rejected her, confronted him angrily in person.

“Did she do something to wrong Khloe, get caught, and now she’s self-destructing with this video?” Trey murmured, frowning thoughtfully.

Angela snatched the phone back immediately.

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+25 Bonus

“She hasn’t contacted Khloe in two years-what could she have done? Nobody would post a video like that without being pushed. You’ve been completely brainwashed by Khloe!”

Hearing Trey defending Khloe, Angela nearly snapped.

“Khloe wouldn’t bully anyone,” he insisted.

Trey’s mind wandered to Khloe’s image. She had been the campus goddess, but he hadn’t kept her close simply for her looks.

He recalled the first time he saw her. On a rainy day during enrollment, the registration hall swarmed with students who had no umbrellas. A fragile-looking girl was carrying a pile of thick documents when a beggar in tattered clothes accidentally bumped into her, scattering the papers into the rain.

People rushed past, indifferent-or worse, amused by the commotion. Some even shoved the beggar to the ground, shouting at him.

Trey, then a member of the student council, hurried to intervene. But the first person to dash into the downpour wasn’t him-it was Khloe.

Khloe had rushed into the rain and helped the girl collect the scattered, soggy papers.

## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 50**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 50 -

## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 50**

Chapter 50

Trey remembered how Khloe had shouted at the students who were hitting the beggar, even stepping in front of the beggar to protect him.

The attackers were bigger, stronger, angry, and they hadn't spared her either-hurling insults, raising hands- but she didn't back down. She stood her ground, insisted on doing what was right, and even called the police.

At that moment, Trey had been captivated. She was completely unlike anyone he had ever known. He had always measured everything in terms of gain and self-preservation, never helping anyone without reason.

But Khloe-she had dashed forward without a second thought.

She was someone willing to step into danger to protect the weak, someone who wouldn't stay silent in the face of injustice... how could such a person ever choose to bully others?

Over the years, Khloe's selflessness and understanding toward him had shown Trey something important: some people are simply born without the desire to climb over others. Her pride was innate, but it manifested in action, in lifting obstacles rather than stepping on others to rise above them.

"Do you really trust Khloe that much?" Angela's voice snapped him back, tinged with shock. She stood abruptly, eyes fixed on him, trembling slightly.

"So now you think I'm speaking ill of her? Slandering your... love?"

"Here we go again," Trey murmured, a touch of helplessness in his voice. "I'm only judging rationally based on what I know of her. It isn't like you're saying."

"Men can't judge women clearly when their hearts are involved," Angela said coldly, turning her face away. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and she hid her face briefly as if to hide her emotions.

Trey felt a pang in his chest. "Angela, you know that I would never fall for Khloe!"

He hadn't thought there was anything unusual in his feelings for Khloe. But hearing Angela say it aloud, his chest tightened with a strange, unnameable weight.

"Really? Then why is she acting like this toward you? Ignoring the company, leaving at will, and you still let her?" Angela pressed on. "You wait for her messages, speak up for her at every turn, and what does she do? Just go to her reunion, carefree and happy!"

Every word hit Trey like a knife. It was true-he had always treated Khloe fairly, never taken advantage of her, yet here she was, teasing him at a critical moment for the company.

Perhaps Angela was right. Perhaps he had misjudged Khloe.

Angela didn't wait for him to respond. She picked up her laptop and retreated to the study.

After a moment, Trey followed. He found her leaning over the desk, crying quietly.

"I'm sorry... it's my fault," he whispered.

Seeing her so vulnerable, his heart ached. Angela had always been the one carrying the weight-bearing the pressure of her parents, marrying secretly to bear his child.

By any measure, she had suffered more than Khloe. Now, she was handling the mess Khloe had left behind without complaint. They were truly partners in life.

"Angela, once we get through this, once everything's stable, I'll convince my family-my parents, my

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Chapter 50

+25 Bonus

grandmother-to accept you," Trey murmured, holding her close. He gently wiped her tears and softly reminded her of their shared promise.

Trey's grandfather had left a will that barred Angela from entering the family estate.

All of the Fox family's assets had been entrusted to Trey's grandmother for safekeeping. If their relationship became public, she could transfer all of the Fox family's assets to a foundation. Trey and the rest of the family would lose everything.

So he had to work harder-get Fox Group listed, gain more capital and authority. Only then could he secure his position, outmaneuver the family's objections, and wait for the right moment when his grandmother's grip loosened with age.

Angela listened, sensing the sincerity in his words. Gradually, a small smile returned to her face.

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