

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 411

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 411 -

## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 411

Chapter 411

“Master George, welcome home...”

The servant’s voice carried through the space. Arista had already suspected it might be George. Normally, the servants wouldn’t open the door directly.

George had called earlier to say he was returning to the country tonight. Arista, worried no one would be home when he arrived, had sent him a message after she reached Khloe’s place.

Since Nick’s accident, George had only made a few calls to ask about the situation and had never visited Nick in person. His absence had left not just Nick cold-hearted, but the whole family simmering with unspoken

resentment.

“Why have you come here?”

Loretta’s smile vanished the moment she saw George.

“For a family meal. Why wasn’t I invited?” George’s voice was cold as he handed his coat to the servant, then stepped toward the dining table with heavy, deliberate strides.

Khloe was about to rise, but Nick gently held her arm down.

One hand held his bowl; the other pressed lightly on hers. He didn’t look up, as if he hadn’t noticed George’s piercing gaze sweeping across him.

“Nick...”

“Eat,” Nick murmured, picking up some food and placing it carefully into Khloe’s bowl.

“Rude, really rude,” George muttered, his eyes flicking from Nick to Khloe. Khloe shifted uncomfortably, unsure of what to do.

Arista stepped forward, tapping George on the arm. “Why do you come in and give Nick that attitude? Didn’t I tell you? Khloe is hosting us today. You should’ve gone home to get some rest!”

“I came to see my son and daughter-in-law. Are you kicking me out?” George snapped, his tone icy, radiating authority that made the air tense.

Khloe glanced at Nick, then spoke up. “Dad, of course not. Please, have a seat.”

She knew how displeased Nick was, but elders had to be respected. Khloe could only use her words to soften the tension; she couldn’t shield him from George’s scrutiny.

Gently, she reversed the hand he was holding, slipped her fingers into his, and guided it discreetly under the table. Her warmth slowly seeped into his cold palm. Nick cast a quick glance at her, jaw tightening.

“Ridiculous,” George muttered. “Now that my son has a wife, I might as well be an outsider.”

He didn’t sit, his gaze fixed squarely on Nick. Nick said nothing, didn’t even glance at him.

George had just finished a long day of work and rushed back to the country. He couldn’t fathom how anyone could think his son’s injuries left him unmoved-especially Nick, whom he’d known carried resentment toward

him since childhood.

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+25 Bonus

He couldn’t stand Nick’s apparent helplessness. A man should have backbone! Pain and setbacks happen to everyone-so what? One survives and endures. If it were him, he would never let the whole family coddle him while he acted like the world owed him everything.

“George, what are you saying?” Loretta snapped. “You’re getting colder with age! Your son barely survived- he’s still recovering and you come here just to scowl at him? Can’t you say a kind word?”

Leon, worried she’d get worked up, cleared his throat and furrowed his brow. “Enough. If you want to eat, sit down and eat. Say less. If you don’t wish to share a proper meal, then leave.”

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Arista didn't want to make things worse. She forced a smile and took hold of George's arm. "You must be tired from the trip and in a bad mood. Come on, I'll take you home to rest."

She knew his temper better than anyone. He had come brimming with anger, and it wouldn't be easy for father and son to have a proper conversation. Better to leave now than force a tense meal.

But George's gaze never left Nick. The whole family had acknowledged him, yet Nick sat there, immovable, like some stoic statue.

All Nick had was some injury, and yet he acted like the master of the universe.

George hadn't come to be disliked; he had come specifically to see Nick. But instead of gratitude, he was met with cold arrogance. The fury building in his chest could no longer be contained.

With a sudden jerk, he yanked his arm from Arista's grasp, stepped forward, and knocked Nick's bowl and spoon to the floor with a crash.

"What's this? You're injured so badly you can't even greet me? All that etiquette I taught you gone down the drain

The words hit like a boulder smashing through a frozen lake.

For the first time, Nick responded.

"Dad!" Khloe gasped, instinctively moving to shield him. She positioned herself between Nick and George. He's still recovering... please, don't lose your temper."

Loretta and Arista leapt forward as well, ready to intervene. But George's anger was unstoppable, like a storm no one could block.

Leon slammed his cane down hard. "George! You've gone too far!"

Nick slowly lifted his head, meeting his father's fiery glare with a calm, unwavering gaze. There was no fear, no anger-only an abyss of exhaustion deep in his eyes.

"I'm ill-mannered. Because all my life, I've been the child you never approved of. So yes, I'm ill-mannered. Isn't that only natural?"

No matter what he did, he would never be the son George wanted. He had accepted that truth long ago.

He didn't expect anything-only that he wouldn't be trapped forever under the shadow of that childhood storm. Over the years, Nick had worked hard to overcome the tension with his father, striving to be a passable son.

But in his heart, if asked, he could admit he despised George just as much as George seemed to despise him.

Every word he spoke was clear, deliberate, and calm-far more powerful than any shouting. It wasn't rebellion -it was accusation. Twenty years of buried disappointment, fused into his bones, now sliced through the fake veneer of peace between father and son like a sharp blade.

George froze for a few seconds.

"Ungrateful wretch!"

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+25 Bonus

Rage erupted like a storm from deep within. His face darkened, and with a swing of his arm, he slapped toward Nick's face.

Nick didn't flinch. His gaze stayed fixed on his father.

"Dad-"

But before anyone could react, Khloe instinctively leapt in front of him.

George's strike came down with full force-but instead of hitting Nick, it landed on Khloe's face and neck.

She staggered from the impact, her body swaying before collapsing to the ground.

The room froze.

"Khloe!" Loretta shrieked, horror etched across her face.

Arista clutched her mouth, unable to believe George had struck Khloe.

Nick's pupils constricted in an instant.

He saw her sprawled at his feet, clutching her face, and his vision turned red with fury. Every nerve in his body snapped tight, threatening to break under the pressure of the scene.

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 413**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 413**

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Nick suddenly sprang to his feet, so fast that the chair toppled with a harsh clatter.

Seeing Nick's mood shift, Arista quickly intervened. "George! Let's go home!"

George, realizing he had struck Khloe, felt a twinge of embarrassment. His palm tingled; he'd hit too hard- blinded by anger. This time, he didn't push Arista away.

Loretta was furious, but she merely shot him a glare before rushing to help Khloe to her feet. The blow had left Khloe stunned, but with the support of the maids and Loretta, she gradually stood upright.

“Nick...” After regaining her composure for a moment, she immediately called his name. She had been worried about him from the moment George arrived; she could sense his unease.

Nick’s gaze lingered on Khloe for just a moment before lifting, his bloodshot eyes like a frozen, terrifying pool. Khloe felt a shiver of fear and instinctively frowned, her mouth opening slightly in surprise.

“Stop!”

As George turned, preparing to leave with Arista, Nick’s voice cut through the room.

“You hit my wife, and you think you can just walk away?”

Step by step, Nick advanced. His voice wasn’t loud, yet it carried an oppressive weight that made the air itself

tense.

Passing the dining table, he casually gripped a sharp carving knife, the steel glinting under the lights.

Khloe’s heart clenched at the subtle movement.

“Nick, don’t-please, I’m fine...” She tried to reach him with reason, her voice betraying the faintest tremor.

Loretta’s attention was on Khloe. She’d seen father and son quarrel many times, but today felt humiliating-her granddaughter-in-law had witnessed things she shouldn’t have. She wanted to usher Khloe back to her room, but Khloe refused to budge.

George, seeing his son’s accusatory stance, instantly lost what little guilt had begun to rise.

“What? You’re my son, and I can’t teach you a lesson? She came to you herself, and now you blame me?”

“What have I done to deserve this? You hit someone-shouldn’t you apologize?” Nick ground his teeth, yet a grim, unsettling smile crept across his face.

“I am the elder!” George barked, his face flushed red. “Besides, you’re more than half responsible for today. Nick, don’t think you’re innocent or that I’ve wronged you! You sit there, weak and helpless-how can that honor the woman who risked everything to bring you into this world?”

“Why are you glaring at me? Ready to lose your mind again? After all these years of pretending, you can’t hold it in anymore?”

Nick’s patience snapped, his fingers tightening around the knife handle.

Arista hurriedly urged him not to escalate. George, noticing his son’s grip, snapped. He lunged forward in three

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+25 Bonus

steps, grabbing Nick’s arm.

“What? Planning to kill me? Fine-if you have the guts, try it!”

“George!” Arista’s face turned pale.

No one expected that George’s challenge would truly provoke Nick.

In a sudden explosion of strength, Nick wrenched his arm free, the knife tip aimed at his father’s forehead. He swung it downward.

“Nick!!!”

Screams erupted from everyone in the room.

George’s eyes widened in shock. Just as his body tensed, the knife hovered mere millimeters from his skin-yet it didn’t stop because Nick pulled back.

It stopped because a slender, pale hand had firmly closed around the knife, holding it in place.

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 414**

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**Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash  
Malhotra 414**

## Chapter 414

“Khloe...!”

“Khloe-”

Arista cried out loud, and Loretta staggered, terrified.

Leon was the first to regain his composure. He scolded Nick, bewildered by his grandson’s sudden, reckless behavior. But Nick’s gaze remained distant, unfocused.

He stared at everything in front of him, brow furrowed, as if lost in a chaotic fog.

In an instant, the knife had cut through Khloe’s palm. Blood trickled slowly down her delicate wrist, drop by drop, staining the floor. Yet Nick showed no sign of letting go. His grip didn’t weaken, and the knife tip inched

forward.

Gasping under the sharp intake of air from the onlookers, Khloe strained against his strength. The pain made her breaths ragged. “Nick... what’s wrong with you?”

She could feel it—he was almost not himself, acting as if his body moved without his mind.

The Hunt family rushed forward to help. Seeing the severity of Khloe’s injury and Nick’s refusal to release the knife, they feared that forcibly intervening would only worsen things. They shouted, tried to reason, but it was as if no one could reach him—not Loretta, not Arista, not even Leon.

“I’m fine,” Khloe said calmly, her voice steady. Her words were both for the family and for Nick.

Nick’s eyes shimmered, a sudden wave of emotion surfacing. His eyelashes flickered, yet the tense veins on his forehead remained taut. His whole body was coiled with effort, trembling with a restrained fury.

“Nick... don’t be afraid. I’m here. It’s okay... really, it’s okay...”

Khloe felt a pang of worry. She didn’t fully understand what had overtaken him, but the warmth and tenderness in her gaze spoke volumes—soft, forgiving, and full of care.

Still, her strength was waning, and Nick’s hand continued to press. Blood had already soaked his shirt.

Loretta could no longer watch. She motioned to the stunned George, urging him to intervene.

Suddenly, Khloe spread her hand, letting the knife tip edge toward her own throat...

“Nick!”

In that last heartbeat, everyone’s sweat ran cold. Yet, Khloe’s gaze remained unwavering, calm as though she had never doubted he would hurt her.

The knife fell to the floor.

Nick seemed to snap back to reality. His palm trembled, exhausted, and his broad frame slowly, heavily collapsed.

Everyone rushed forward. Khloe wrapped her arms around him.

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Chapter 414

“K-Khloe?”

+25 Bonus

Nick’s eyes were red, raw, almost bloodshot. His voice hoarse, he called her name. Only then did he notice the blood on the floor, on her hand-the hand she had raised at him. She... had cut herself?

The moments replayed in his mind, crystal clear. Nick’s face drained of color, his brow twitched, his heart stinging sharply.

He... had relapsed!

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” Khloe murmured. She could tell he had been triggered, and without waiting for him to speak, she wrapped her body around him, shielding him.

George wanted to step forward, but dared not. His mouth twitched; he opened it, then let out a frustrated, “He’s really insane! I wasn’t wrong!” before storming out, slamming the door.

But no one paid him attention. The maids rushed for the first-aid kit. Arista grabbed her phone to call their private doctor.

Only Loretta understood Khloe’s unspoken intention. She held Nick close, watching the frantic, flustered family struggle helplessly around them, and silently shook her head.

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 415**

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### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 415**

Chapter 415

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Nick finally settled into Khloe's embrace. The tension in his body slowly eased. He needed a quiet moment.

Loretta had quietly sent a maid to bandage Khloe's hand and tidy the bloodstains on the floor. Arista stayed silent, and Leon steadied Loretta, their eyes filled with worry as they glanced at the two.

Once everyone had discreetly left, the room was left with nothing but the mingled sound of Khloe and Nick's heartbeats and soft breathing.

She didn't let go. Instead, she rested her chin lightly on the top of his head, using her uninjured hand to gently stroke the tense muscles along his back, over and over, feeling his trembling body slowly relax.

"All right... everyone's gone now. It's over. You're an adult-why are you acting like a child?" Khloe's voice was calm, ordinary, almost as if nothing unusual had happened.

But they both knew: the more placid her tone, the more deliberate it was-an attempt to cover up the storm beneath.

"Khloe..."

At last, Nick whispered her name.

She shifted slightly, careful not to break the fragile peace. "Feeling better?"

His head remained lowered. One leg stretched out, the other half-bent, his posture no longer upright and composed as usual; there was a subtle slump to his frame, a trace of desolation.

He didn't answer. Slowly, he raised his hand, fingertips trembling uncontrollably, and touched her bandaged palm with painstaking gentleness. His eyes... they looked at her hand as if it were a priceless treasure he had shattered with his own hands, full of unbearable pain and self-loathing.

"Does it hurt?" The words came out hoarse, barely more than a whisper, forced from deep in his throat.

"External wounds heal quickly, but if it's the heart that hurts... that's much harder to fix." Khloe's voice was soft, like a night breeze, soothing and tender.

"I just... I—"

Nick didn't dare meet her gaze, consumed with regret, wishing he had never existed. He saw the parts of

himself he could not bear to face.

How could someone incapable of facing himself protect the person he cherished most?

"It's okay. We'll deal with that later. Just calm down first." Khloe's words were gentle but firm; she could tell this wasn't a simple emotional outburst. Nick had, for a brief moment, lost himself entirely.

"Are you scared?" he asked quietly.

"Scared?" she echoed.

"Scared of me." Nick let out a faint, bitter laugh.

Khloe frowned. "I mean, it's normal to..."

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Chapter 415

+25 Bonus

"You didn't answer directly." He cut her off. "But it's natural for you to be scared."

Her instinctive flinch said it all.

“Nick...”

“Because... my father was right. I really am a lunatic.” He drew a deep breath, leaning back slightly, releasing her arm and bracing himself with his other hand.

Suddenly, the tightly wound nerves, the self-restraint he had clung to for years, all collapsed at once. His jaw tensed, the sharp angles of his face under the light revealing his exhaustion down to the bones.

“Don’t say that. You’re not a lunatic.” Khloe’s tone had grown colder; she refused to hear him degrade himself

like that.

“I am.”

He tilted his head, the faint pink in his eyes soft but self-mocking. “Actually... Michelle betrayed me because of this. I’m ill-mentally ill. It could happen again. I might relapse.”

“Stop... just stop.” Khloe lowered her gaze, staring at her own thickly bandaged hand.

No wonder... no wonder Michelle said what she did. She thought only she could tolerate Nick... and it was because of this?

“Khloe... I’ve been so selfish. From the beginning, I never intended to tell you...”

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 416**

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### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 416**

Chapter 416

Nick seemed deaf to Khloe’s attempts to stop him.

This was the first time he had completely ignored her feelings.

Khloe suddenly remembered the question he had asked her before: If he deceived her, what would she do?

“So...?” she asked quietly, no longer resisting. Her voice was calm, betraying no emotion-like the eerie stillness before a storm.

“So...” Nick paused. His voice had lost its usual warmth; it was cold, distant, almost like another person speaking. “So... if you regret this now, we can stop. End it here.”

His eyes flicked toward her, surveying her quietly.

Khloe lowered her gaze, the injured hand trembling slightly.

Nick dared not dwell on what might have happened-if he hadn't come to, would Khloe even be sitting here in one piece? For a brief time, he had lived in a fragile happiness, clinging to a dangerous hope. But now, it seemed the dream was ending.

No matter how much he wanted to hold on, he could not.

All because of his own selfish desires and greed... he had truly hurt her.

Michelle had been right-he was just barely holding himself together.

“What did you say?” Khloe's head shot up, their eyes locking.

Nick quickly looked away, voice rough and labored. “I've made it clear. I don't need you to make sacrifices. I'm giving you a chance to leave.”

“Sacrifices?” The words cut through her chest.

Though she was shocked-seeing Nick like this was not something she could process in an instant-she still wanted to comfort him.

And yet, in one sentence, all the warmth and care he had shown her over these days... seemed to be denied.

Could it be that the tenderness, the small acts of love he had offered her, were just as easily withdrawn as they had been given?

Was he going to treat her the way he treated Michelle?

In that moment, Khloe couldn't help but wonder if he only wanted someone to fill a void, someone to maintain his sense of security.

“I don't want to put you in a difficult position,” Nick said softly.

Suddenly, Khloe had no words.

The two of them sat in the living room, silence stretching on. After a long while, Khloe finally rose and extended her hand.

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Chapter 416

+25 Bonus

Nick hesitated, surprised.

She murmured, "The floor is cold. We don't want you catching a chill."

He didn't take her hand. He got up on his own.

Khloe said nothing further and moved toward the dining table to tidy it.

Nick stopped her. "Let the maid do it tomorrow. Your hand-"

He didn't finish, and Khloe turned back toward the bedroom.

A sudden emptiness gripped his chest. For the first time, tears threatened to fall.

Every day since being with Khloe, he had believed in their happily-ever-after. And yet, in an instant... all that joy turned to ash.

That night, Khloe barely slept. Nick didn't return to the bedroom. In the middle of the night, she heard a door

close.

Much later, she got up and turned on the light. Nick was gone.

It was three in the morning.

She considered calling Arista but hesitated, not wanting to disturb anyone. Finally, she sent a message to Lenny.

If Nick left, Lenny must have come to pick him up.

Lenny quickly replied: [Mr. Hunt isn't feeling well and didn't want to disturb you, so he returned to the Hunt family estate.]

The "isn't feeling well" was actually Lenny's addition, but it unsettled Khloe nonetheless.

She asked questions for a long time. Lenny said the doctor had given him an injection, and now Nick was asleep.

Lenny rubbed his forehead, feeling a dull ache-not from staying up and working late, but because...

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### **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 417**

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Lenny really couldn't keep up the pretense.

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Nick's body hadn't fully recovered. Yet, he'd called him in the middle of the night. Lenny had assumed Nick wanted to return to the Hunt family estate. He hadn't expected his boss to go to an apartment near the office instead.

For Nick's convenience, two standalone apartments had been kept near the company for him-to rest or receive important guests at any time. The decor was simple, almost like the front lobby of the company, but daily cleaning kept everything immaculate, comfortable, and orderly.

On the way there, Lenny had tried to ask questions, cautiously probing, but every attempt died before it even began. Nick had only instructed him to prepare some things-he would stay here for the next few days. No going home, no going to Khloe.

The whole ride, Nick kept his eyes closed, radiating a tense, suffocating aura.

It wasn't until Khloe messaged to check on him that Lenny could confirm his suspicions.

They'd had a fight, then.

Apparently, even newlyweds as sweet as Nick and Khloe weren't immune to arguments.

Once Nick settled in, he dismissed Lenny, reminding him not to say a single word about anything.

Lenny understood perfectly-this was information Khloe must not know. And a marital quarrel was sure to worry the elders; the grandparents could never find out.

So, when Khloe asked, Lenny carefully played along. He even emphasized that Nick wasn't feeling well, hoping Khloe would reach out to him herself.

Yet, the way she questioned him so intently made Lenny suspect it wasn't that simple.

Well, couple fights were normal. No one divorces over one spat, right?

Khloe hadn't slept well all night. She had planned to take the day off, but by noon, she still went to the office. Several projects had meetings scheduled anyway, so she decided to sit in.

But by the time the last meeting ended, the day had slipped by, and Khloe realized she hadn't absorbed anything meaningful.

When Charlotte came over with the meeting reports, Khloe looked at the numbers and data, feeling completely unfamiliar with them.

"Khloe, I thought you were on leave for a few days. Aren't you supposed to stay home today?" Charlotte asked,

curious.

"Haven't finished organizing some things," Khloe replied quietly.

It was only then that Charlotte noticed how worn she looked-the dark circles under her eyes were pronounced. And her hand... it was wrapped tightly in bandages. No wonder she had kept her sleeve over it during the meetings.

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+25 Bonus

Seeing this, Charlotte couldn't help but ask in concern.

Khloe explained she had accidentally cut herself while cooking the day before.

“Must have made Nick worry sick. But anyway, you don’t need to cook at home. Khloe, you really shouldn’t be doing these things anymore.”

To Charlotte, Khloe was someone to admire. Her hands were too delicate, too beautiful to be used for chopping and stirring even if it was for Nick.

“Alright,” Khloe said, her lips curling slightly, though the smile was forced.

“Why don’t you head home and rest now? I can pull out the key points from today’s minutes and send them to you anytime.”

“Thanks, Charlotte. I’ll leave a bit later.”

She did want to rest-but with Nick gone, the person she wanted to be with wasn’t around. Staying home would only feel like torture. Coming to the office was a way to distract herself.

Seeing that Khloe wanted to be left alone, Charlotte swallowed her worry, reminded her to prioritize her health, and left.

Silence settled over the office.

Khloe slumped over her desk, defeated. She pulled out her phone and stared at the black screen, sulking.

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts — Yash Malhotra 418**

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Not a single message. Not a single call.

Was Nick... even resting properly right now?

With Loretta and the others around, he should be well taken care of, right?

Khloe should have been angry. But instead, the emotions flooding her mind were mostly worry and unease. She even felt a twinge of regret for having argued with him last night.

But...

Nick was unwell. How could she possibly feel fine?

What had he meant by, "If you regret it, we can end it here"?

What had he meant by "giving her the chance to leave"?

Hearing his cold words cut through her heart like ice. He spoke endlessly about trust, yet the moment trouble arose, his first reaction was to doubt her, to push her away. Not once did he ask how she felt.

Even if she wanted to leave, couldn't he hold her back firmly? After all, she had made her feelings clear to him

countless times.

Thinking of this, Khloe's anger flared-not just at him, but at herself too.

Meanwhile, Nick couldn't focus on work either.

The doctor came for the routine check, noting a slightly irregular heart rate and the deep crease in his brow.

Lenny stood anxiously at his side. "Doctor, Mr. Hunt's been feeling well these past few days. It should be nothing serious, right?"

"Taking the medication on schedule?"

"Yes. He takes it every day. Mrs. Hunt even calls me daily." Lenny deliberately mentioned Khloe.

Nick's expression didn't change.

"That's odd," the doctor said, observing him. "Yesterday's blood work looked normal. You haven't felt discomfort?"

The doctor suspected he hadn't rested enough. Internal injuries demanded recovery, and above all, rest. Even with top-tier medicine, mental state mattered.

"I have," Nick said, his hand moving instinctively to his phone. "A heaviness in my chest, shortness of breath, a faint ache."

Even though he had prepared himself for the possibility that Khloe might leave, even after having said everything, he now wanted to take it back.

When Michelle had left, he hadn't even flinched-but now... his heart was breaking into pieces. Was this karma?

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+25 Bonus

The doctor frowned, musing, "I could prescribe a fast-acting heart pill, but not too much. Just a little will help."

Lenny interjected carefully. "Doctor, could it be... a heart condition?"

He knew his boss better than anyone. This wasn't illness-it was heartbreak. But Nick never wore his emotions on his sleeve; his coldness was his armor.

"A heart condition?" The doctor paused, realizing something, then spoke quietly under Lenny's hint.

He spoke to Nick, "If it's a heart condition, it takes a heart remedy. Do you have something unresolved weighing on you? Best to address it early."

"I'm tired. I want to rest." Nick turned to the side, closing his eyes.

Lenny could do nothing but lead the doctor out.

Moments after they left, Nick's phone vibrated. His body twitched slightly; his eyes flickered open with a faint clarity. He didn't even check the caller ID—he answered.

"Hello."

"Hello, my dear grandson. How are you today?"

It was Loretta.

His recently stirred heart sank again, but Nick froze for a moment, a small smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. He caught himself-just a touch of wishful thinking.

"Mm. Sorry about yesterday for worrying you all."

“Oh, yesterday was all your father’s fault! We scolded him severely when we got home. But he’s your dad, and decades of that temper don’t change easily... You poor boy, stuck with a father like that. Don’t waste your energy arguing with him.”

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### Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 419

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Loretta spoke with quiet exasperation, but her loyalty was entirely with Nick.

In reality, things were far worse than she let on.

After returning home last night, Arista had been devastated. She’d argued fiercely with George-so fiercely that she even brought up divorce.

After all these years, she’d had enough of his temper. Yet, out of love, duty, and care for the Hunt family, Arista always played the role of the mediator. Only she could soothe George’s stubborn, bull-headed temper.

But seeing her stepson and daughter-in-law treated so crudely felt like the final straw.

Even though George knew his son had endured trauma since childhood, he had deliberately provoked him out of pride and stubbornness. And Khloe had gotten hurt in the process...

Thinking back to the harrowing scenes from last night, Arista’s heart still ached, the memory sending chills down her spine.

When Arista stormed off to her parents’ home in frustration, George finally panicked. Afraid that Loretta and Leon would force him to apologize to Nick, he rushed after her to her parents’ home.

After the morning’s commotion at home, things had quieted down, and Loretta wanted to check on Nick and Khloe. But she assumed Khloe was off work today and spending time

with Nick, so she hesitated to contact them too early for fear of disturbing the couple. Khloe had been frightened-Loretta didn't even know how best

to comfort her.

Now, she decided to call. Partly to check on the young couple, and partly because she wanted to see Khloe

herself.

"Grandma... we're... fine," Nick said reluctantly, his words weighed with something he didn't feel. "You don't need to come by today. I'll take care of her hand."

"I see."

Hearing him, Loretta understood. After last night, Nick must have been the one hurting the most.

"Alright, then I'll visit in a few days. Khloe was very brave yesterday, but she must still be shaken... You take good care of her, alright? Both of you need to take care of each other."

Her voice carried a trace of worry. Nick's tone today had been unusually low, hinting at lingering unease.

The family knew he had seen a psychiatrist, but Loretta and Leon had only learned the full details last night. They knew that as a child, Nick had suffered psychological trauma, which had made him withdrawn and emotionally distant,

Only George and Arista knew the full story: once, Nick had had a conflict that caused him to briefly lose control, later diagnosed as post-traumatic stress. In extreme, unconscious moments, he could become violently aggressive.

It had been after this incident that Nick called off his engagement with Michelle. At that time, Loretta and Leon were abroad.

1/2

+25 Bonus

To save himself from any humiliation, George had kept the matter under wraps, consulting a doctor privately. The diagnosis confirmed that while Nick's behavior was uncontrollable, it was extremely rare and only under severe emotional distress-he was not truly a madman.

Yet even so, the situation had left George deeply disappointed. He couldn't bear the idea of a madman in the Hunt family-least of all, his own son. How could the child his beloved deceased wife had risked everything to give birth to end up so weak?

A few traumas didn't justify giving in and letting himself spiral into madness.

George couldn't understand it. After that, he stopped interfering with Nick's marital affairs and instead focused solely on his career. Their communication, once easing, had returned to tension, laced with suspicion and scrutiny.

Everyone said Nick feared his father.

But in truth, Georg

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 420**

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Chapter 420

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Loretta hesitated for a moment, then said casually, "Listen, Nick... I have a friend abroad who runs some really good healing courses. Would it be convenient for you to schedule a session soon?"

"I know your heart has carried this trauma for a long time. Honestly, everyone has some wounds or psychological struggles these days. It's not really a disease—just something to release, and it'll be fine."

Even though Loretta framed it as nothing serious, her words, meant to reassure, landed heavily on Nick like a stone pressing down on his chest. He was already grown, and yet, here was his grandmother still so worried about him. No matter what, he felt he still lacked the right to be the Hunt family's pillar.

"Okay."

Nick didn't say more; he simply agreed.

After ending the call, he couldn't resist opening his contacts. The word "wife" dimmed slightly as he hovered

over it.

But Khloe had just hung up after trying to get to him.

She couldn't help but wonder if he had been trying to call her at the same time.

Khloe waited a moment, then laughed quietly at her own thoughts. Ridiculous. If he wanted to reach her, he would have already called.

Meanwhile, Trey had gone with Angela to handle the paperwork for their divorce.

The one-month divorce cooling-off period meant they were still technically married.

Angela knew she couldn't avoid it. Trey was determined to divorce her; continued pleading would only backfire.

And now that he knew about her past deceit, he was still angry. Refusing to cooperate at this moment would only drive their relationship to the brink. She needed to leave herself a margin-one month-to at least ease the

tension between them.

Seeing Angela stop struggling, after finishing the paperwork, the two of them had a simple meal nearby.

The lunch was quiet. Angela served him; Trey neither refused nor spoke. She didn't force conversation like before. On the way back, she helped him change a bandage.

Though Trey's injuries were only external and didn't impede movement, Angela still accompanied him home and then went out alone to buy more supplies for him.

When she returned home, she found Trey upstairs in the media room, playing video games.

"I'm leaving."

Angela quietly organized her things and spoke outside the door.

Trey didn't respond or even glance back, as if he hadn't heard her.

1/2

Chapter 420

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Angela never expected that a ten-year whirlwind together could end like this. But she knew that in matters of the heart, giving in to emotion was the dumbest choice; the deeper the pain, the more reason she had to stay rational.

“Take care of yourself. Don’t worry about your family. Even if we divorce, I won’t allow anyone to hurt you.”

Having said her piece, she no longer expected a reply and turned to leave.

Only when the front door clicked shut did Trey finally put down his controller. He shook his head in dismay, letting out a bitter laugh.

It was late by the time Angela finally left. She’d deliberately delayed her return to Jayelle City, scheduling her flight for the morning-a day after Barney’s departure. By all rights, she should have gone back to her hotel to get some rest.

Instead, she found Kirsten and proceeded to drink herself senseless at the bar.

Kirsten, worried sick, kept murmuring words of comfort, even though she knew they were useless.

But that was the thing: a woman who bets her whole life on love never comes out on top.

Trey was a bastard.

And Khloe was no saint, either.

Angela drank until she was sick, over and over, until she finally staggered off to the restroom and didn’t come

back

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