

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 91

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 91

Chapter 91

Angela's voice had barely risen before one of the security guards slammed a hand down on her shoulder, forcing her back into the chair opposite Arthur.

He rested his elbows on the desk, his tone as detached as ever.

"Of course, Miss Thompson, you don't have to sign. I have my own ways. Since you can't seem to leave the Fox family-or Trey-you'd better be prepared to bear the consequences. I believe you should have understood that five years ago."

"Arthur," Angela said sharply, "I don't think I've done anything wrong. Trey needed me-that's why he asked me back. Any problems with the company are because of Khloe! You've always been fair and reasonable. At a time like this, are you really going to let an old grudge cloud your judgment, instead of thinking about Fox Group's future?"

Even with the guards pressing her down, she refused to yield. Her words came fast and sharp.

Arthur gave a faint, almost mocking smile. "I am thinking of the company's future. That's exactly why I want you gone.

"You say the problems are Khloe's fault, but it was you who lost the company's biggest project. And as far as I know, Khloe's entire team resigned because of your poor management."

"I don't need to comment on your ability, Miss Thompson. There are plenty of eyes in this company. Everyone can see who's really needed-and who isn't."

Before his words even settled, one of the men grabbed her wrist and forced her hand down, pressing the pen to the paper.

"You have no right-" Angela said.

"I have every right," he interrupted flatly. "And I've already taken back all of Trey's authority. From now on, every decision he makes will go through me."

When the signatures were in place, he retrieved the documents and gave the guards a small nod. They released her.

Angela glared at him, humiliated, her hair falling loose around her face. She stood up abruptly, wanting only to get out of that suffocating room. Trey wasn't here-there was no point in fighting.

"Miss Thompson," Arthur said evenly, his voice following her to the door, "I hope you remember what I said today. For Trey's sake, I'll let you walk out of here this time. But next time, it won't be so simple."

It was a threat, unvarnished and cold.

And he meant it. She'd learned that the hard way before-when he'd destroyed her future, severed her from her family, and crushed every path she could have taken.

Angela burst out of the CEO's office under the silent gaze of half the floor. But when she reached her desk, she froze. Everything was already packed into a box.

A few employees stood around her workspace, detaching her nameplate, unplugging cables.

How efficient and ruthless.

"Miss Thompson... these are your things." One of them handed her the box, already checked to ensure no company property remained inside.

She didn't take it.

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Instead, she caught the low hum of whispers spreading through the room.

"I heard the chairman came just to fire her..."

"About time. She was never fit to replace Khloe."

"Come on, everyone knows she got the job through connections."

"Serves her right. Treated Khloe's team like garbage. No talent, but acts like she's a queen."

+25 Bonus

“I’d die of shame if I were her. If the chairman himself showed up, it means the rumors are true-she’s probably just Trey’s little plaything.”

Angela spun around, eyes flashing-but the moment she did, every head turned away, every face neutral.

Her cheeks burned, her pulse roaring in her ears. Something inside her snapped. She slapped the box out of the man’s hands. Papers and pens were scattered across the floor. She stormed out of the office without a word.

By the time Trey returned to the company, Angela was already gone.

Arthur sat waiting for him in his office.

“Dad,” Trey greeted him.

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The word had barely left his mouth when a file folder came flying across the room, grazing the side of Trey’s face.

Arthur didn’t say a word, but the anger in the air was so thick it seemed to press against the walls of the office.

“I know you’re furious,” Trey said carefully, “but I really did just ask Angela here to help the company.”

“What’s this?” Arthur’s tone was cold, his expression unchanged. “Feeling sorry for her now?” His lips curved in a faint, cutting smile. “If you want to go keep her company, I’ve already prepared your resignation.”

He wasn’t bluffing. There was indeed a document on the desk in front of Trey-a resignation agreement, drawn up in precise legal language.

If he signed it, he’d immediately step down as CEO, give up all his company shares, and leave the Fox family for good.

Trey felt his stomach drop. For the first time, panic flickered behind his eyes. His father had the full backing of the shareholders; reclaiming control from him would be effortless.

“Dad, that’s not what I meant.

“I don’t need your explanations,” Arthur said flatly. “You know what to do about Angela. If I hear even once more that you’re still in contact with her, I’ll make sure she pays the price.

“And you don’t even think about touching Fox Group again. I don’t care if you’re my only son. I won’t let a man who’s brought shame to the family and lied to his elders inherit anything from me.”

His voice was calm, but each word carried the weight of iron.

Trey knew his father well enough to understand what that tone meant—once he made up his mind, there was no turning him.

“Dad, I know I made mistakes. But please believe me, there’s nothing between Angela and me anymore. Everything I’ve done... it’s been for the company.”

“I know what happened with Khloe,” Arthur cut him off, his voice edged with impatience. “No matter how willful she’s been lately, that doesn’t excuse you from letting your temper ruin things. When the company’s survival depends on her, it’s your failure as a man—and as a leader—that she’s not standing by your side.”

He wasn’t interested in hearing excuses. He had come to clean up a mess, not debate it.

Trey tried again. “But she wants half of the company’s shares. How am I supposed to agree to that? I only control twenty percent myself.”

Arthur was silent for a long moment before turning to him.

“You can’t even win back a woman? You bring your old lover into both the company and your home, and you think Khloe would just smile and accept that?”

Trey had no answer. His lips moved, but no sound came out. Even now, his pride wouldn’t allow him to admit that Khloe’s heart might have changed.

“Half the shares is excessive,” Arthur said at last. “Negotiate. Give her half of what you hold. It’s your shared marital property anyway.”

He’d thought it through. Ten percent of the company shares from Trey’s end was a small sacrifice to keep Khloe in place and it meant Arthur himself would still retain ultimate control of the company.

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+25 Bonus

But Trey's expression faltered. His heart thudded, heavy and uneasy. He hadn't actually registered his marriage to Khloe. There was no marriage certificate-only the illusion of one.

"Dad..." he began, hesitating.

Arthur didn't let him finish. "Either bring Khloe back, or leave the company. You have three days. My patience is limited."

He stood, collected his papers, and walked out without another glance, ignoring Trey's plea behind him.

That afternoon, Khloe was still at the Morrison Group office, working late, when her phone lit up with a message from Trey.

It wasn't the usual curt apology. This time it was long-an essay full of remorse and longing, and an almost desperate sincerity.

He said he'd fought for her. That, after days of effort, he'd managed to secure ten percent of Fox Group's shares in her name.

All she had to do was return. The transfer papers were ready.

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Of course, Khloe knew-if Trey had really wanted to give her the shares, he would've done it long ago.

She'd been quietly keeping tabs on the Fox Group's situation, and today the news finally came in: Arthur had returned to the company, and Angela was gone.

So this ten percent of shares-clearly, that was Arthur's doing.

Before long, Trey's name flashed on her screen again.

Khloe's eyes darkened slightly. She thought for a few seconds, then slipped into a small, empty conference room before answering.

She'd ignored him long enough. Maybe it was time to let him hear her voice again.

"Khloe, thank God-you finally picked up," Trey said, his tone almost trembling. The arrogance he once carried

was gone.

"What is it?" Her voice was calm, detached, as if she didn't already know.

He swallowed the irritation that rose in his throat and softened his tone. "Did you see my message? I'm transferring half of my shares to you- ten percent. Please, stop being angry with me. Let's just make up, okay? I really miss you."

Khloe frowned, then let out a quiet laugh.

"So it took you this many days to give me an answer-and even then, only ten percent? I seem to recall asking for half the company. Sounds to me like you're still reluctant."

"No, it's not that! I've done everything I can." His voice tightened with desperation.

"Khloe, don't make this harder for me. Do you really have the heart to see me suffer? I only have twenty percent of the company's shares. The other fifty belong to my father, and the rest are held by shareholders."

He was trying to sound wounded again, trying to pull her in through guilt.

"Suffer?" Khloe's tone cooled even more. "Are you in pain because of me- or because the company's in trouble? Funny how you only remember me now that Angela's out of the picture. When I was gone, she was practically taking my place, wasn't she?"

For a moment, he was silent. He didn't know how to answer. She had never spoken to him like this before-sharp, poised, unyielding.

“You don’t understand,” he said finally, grasping for calm. “When you left, the company was falling apart. I had no choice. Angela was only there to help temporarily. She could never replace you. No one could. And now she’s gone, too-so if this is still about jealousy, you really don’t need to be.”

His reasoning only made her laugh softly.

Still so stubborn.

“If no one can replace me,” she said, “then I suggest you think carefully about my proposal. Once I receive the shares I asked for, I’ll consider returning to help clean up your mess.”

She paused. “From what I hear, several projects have already stalled. Keep going like this, and you won’t just lose the IPO. Everything Fox Group built over the past two years could crumble completely.”

Her voice was smooth, almost musical, but there was a quiet power in it that made him uneasy. She didn’t sound

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+25 Bonus

like the woman he used to know.

It hadn’t even been two weeks since they’d parted, but she felt like someone else entirely.

“Khloe,” he said suddenly, his voice rising, “tell me the truth. Are you seeing someone else?”

“What?”

“I called you... one of the mornings. A man answered your phone. Who is he?”

“I’ve always trusted you,” he went on, his tone unraveling. “The company’s at a critical point, and I didn’t stop you when you asked for time off. You were under pressure, you snapped at me, and I accepted it.

“I’ve tolerated everything because I love you. Have you forgotten what I’ve given up for you? For Pete? I gave up wanting my own children and adopted a child just to be with you... and now, for a little profit, you’re betraying me and the company?”

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“Khloe, you were never this kind of person before!” Trey mocked.

She wasn't this kind of person? Funny. Because the truth was-Trey was never really a person to begin with.

A spark caught somewhere deep inside her chest. Her pulse surged, her breath sharpened, but she forced it down, pressing her nails into her palm until her voice came out calm and steady.

“Trey, you were the one who chased after me like your life depended on it. I never insisted on marrying into the Fox family. Pete wasn't good to me either-it was you who insisted on adopting him. And as for wanting something for myself...”

“These past two years, I've handled every major project at Fox Group. I never took a cent from the company or your family. That fifty percent share is what I earned. If I can't get what I deserve, then resigning and joining another company is only fair. Just because we're married doesn't mean I should be some unpaid laborer, right?”

The word married landed like a stone. It stripped the mask right off him. He had been planning to play that card himself-but after she said it, he went silent.

“I want you back at the company because I'm worried you'll get taken advantage of out there,” he said finally, his tone softening. “Even if you want equity, at least tell me who that man was-the one who answered your phone that morning.”

Unable to win the argument, he latched onto that small, imagined betrayal.

“Man?” Khloe arched a brow. “I don't know which man you're talking about. Maybe a client? I've been meeting plenty of them lately. The Fox Group might not appreciate me, but my clients do. Whether I stay or move, there are still people lining up to have me lead their projects.”

She said it with an almost casual indifference, but inwardly, she sneered.

That only made Trey angrier. He wanted to lash out, but there was nothing solid to fight her with-no proof, no leverage. His voice tightened.

“Khloe, stop this, okay? I don’t want this nonsense to ruin what we have.”

They had hardly ever fought. Trey liked to believe he treated her well, that he worked hard to maintain their relationship.

She used to say love came before everything.

And after their “marriage,” she had lived by that- always putting him first, soft-spoken even when he was unfair. When conflicts came, she was the first to compromise, the first to make peace.

Money never mattered to her. Sacrifice never mattered. Only he did. She never even let herself be angry with him for long.

“I don’t have time to wait around,” she said flatly. “You have two days to decide. If not, I’ll officially resign from the Fox Group.”

She ended the call before he could reply. When he called back, she put him on silent mode.

Two days later...

The project she’d been leading was finally completed after days of relentless work. They’d even finished a day and

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+25 Bonus

a half ahead of schedule.

The moment she announced the success, the five-person team collapsed onto the couch, shouting and laughing like kids let out for summer break.

“Heaven really rewards hard work!”

“God, that was brutal-but damn, it feels good!”

“Working with Khloe is always intense but never impossible!”

Their excitement made Khloe laugh. She stretched, grabbed the afternoon tea her assistant had brought, and set it down.

“Take a break,” she said. “I’m going to find Ethan. We’ll celebrate later.”

Without wasting a second, she took the finalized project data and headed straight for his office.

When Ethan saw the completed results-ahead of schedule, no less-he was momentarily taken aback.

Then he recovered, clapping his hands with a calm smile.

“Impressive, Khloe,” he said. “You’ve really outdone yourself. Not many people could accomplish that in such a short time.”

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“I heard your engagement party went quite well,” Ethan said, “Nick must be very pleased with you, huh?”

It was only a few words, but every one of them carried an edge.

There was an ongoing investment project involving the Hunt Group.

What Ethan was really saying was clear enough-Khloe had gotten ahead thanks to Nick.

Maybe she hadn’t relied on the Morrison Group, but if she was leaning on Nick, it still looked bad. Even if that didn’t technically break the profit-sharing agreement, people would talk. No one knew whether Nick had simply invested a sum-or had been helping her all along.

“Ethan,” Khloe said evenly, “I led my own team and cleaned up your mess fair and square. Not only did I not get a word of thanks, now you’re questioning my competence? That’s disheartening. Why don’t you call Nick and ask him yourself-see whether he invested in the project or in me.’

Her calm, deliberate words stripped away the polished veneer of his sarcasm, leaving him momentarily embarrassed.

Ethan smiled thinly. Of course, he wasn't going to call Nick.

"This is an internal matter," he said lightly. "No need to drag him into it. You misunderstand me, Khloe. This project was executed extremely well, and I appreciate your effort."

As he spoke, he tapped a few times on his phone-activating the profit agreement. He turned the screen toward

her.

"Once the process is finalized, you'll officially have company privileges."

Khloe gave him a cold glance. "I look forward to working with you."

He smiled faintly as she walked out. The moment she was gone, his expression fell away, replaced by something unreadable. He picked up his phone and called Clarice.

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Now that the project had finally wrapped up, to celebrate, Khloe reserved a private fine-dining restaurant downtown-luxurious, over a thousand per head.

But just as she arrived, before stepping through the doors, her phone rang.

"Khloe, are you busy right now?"

It was Loretta. Her voice sounded frail, thinner than usual. Khloe immediately picked up on it.

"Not at all, I just finished work," she said quickly. "What happened?"

"I was alone at home today," Loretta said softly. "I had a little fall..."

Khloe's heart clenched. "Is it serious? Are you okay?"

The old woman hurried to reassure her. It was just a minor injury to her lower back, the family doctor was already there, the maids too-nothing to worry about.

It was just that Leon had gone out to meet some friends, and Nick wouldn't be home until late. She couldn't move much, and wanted someone to talk to, though she hesitated to bother Khloe.

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+25 Bonus

“I’ll come right over,” Khloe said before Loretta could protest.

She didn’t even have to think about it. Loretta had always been kind to her-so kind she never knew how to repay it. Now that she was hurt, there was no way Khloe could stay away.

She turned to her team with an apologetic smile. “You guys enjoy dinner. I’ll cover everything else later, any follow-up events for tonight too.”

Though a little disappointed, everyone understood. There would be other nights to celebrate together.

At 10:30 p.m., Hunt Estate, Nick strode in urgently, pulling off his coat as he crossed the threshold.

“How’s Grandma?”

“She’s fine now, sir,” the maid said, taking the coat from his arm. “Resting in her room. And-Miss Roswell is here too.”

At the mention of Khloe, his steps faltered.

Inside the bedroom, Khloe sat by the bed, leaning close as she chatted with Loretta. Whatever they were talking about sent both women into laughter-the soft, warm kind that drifted past the doorway and filled the quiet house with something bright.

“What’s so funny?” Nick asked. “I’d like to hear it too.”.

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Khloe hadn't expected Nick to return so soon. The moment she saw him, her face flushed.

"Nick... you're back?"

But Loretta had clearly said he'd be working late tonight.

"I heard it was serious," Nick said. His tone was cool, but the concern underneath was unmistakable. "How are you feeling now?"

He crossed the room in quick strides, his sharp eyes scanning his grandmother from head to toe.

Loretta immediately let go of Khloe's hand, her face glowing with healthy color-nothing like the frail voice she'd used on the phone, insisting she could barely move and didn't want to go to the hospital, demanding he return right away.

"Well... it was quite bad earlier," Loretta said, coughing lightly, "but after Khloe stayed with me all evening, I feel much better. Everywhere."

Her eyes darted toward Khloe with a touch of guilt before she turned to her grandson.

"Nick, you have to thank Khloe properly. She even pushed off work just to come take care of me."

Nick didn't reply right away.

At those words, Khloe realized what was going on. So that was why Grandma Loretta had insisted she come over.

She'd been naïve.

The old woman had been in high spirits, chatting and laughing for hours. Khloe had simply thought she was lonely and wanted company. She hadn't guessed Loretta had been waiting for Nick to come home-waiting to set the two of them up.

"There's no need," Khloe said quickly. "I didn't do anything. It's only right to keep you company."

She rose to her feet. "It's getting late. I should head back."

“Ah, Khloe, don’t rush off just yet!” Loretta said, feigning concern as she glanced toward the window. “I heard the weather’s turning bad-there’s supposed to be a heavy storm tonight, isn’t there?”

Her eyes flicked meaningfully to the maid. The woman hadn’t checked the forecast but nodded immediately. “Yes, the wind’s really picking up. Looks like rain’s coming.”

“It’s so late, and with a storm brewing-you should stay here tonight,” Grandma insisted, gripping Khloe’s arm with surprising strength. “Tomorrow morning, Nick can drive you to work. Everything you need is here. It’s very convenient!”

She was practically glowing with energy-nothing like someone with a back injury.

“Careful, Grandma, your waist-“

“Oh, it’s fine now,” she said with a laugh. “All thanks to you.”

Then she shot her grandson a pointed look.

Nick knew that look too well. His grandmother was formidable. For all his composure, he could feel the start of a headache.

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When Khloe hesitated, Grandma’s voice took on a dramatic sigh, “If you don’t stay, I doubt I’ll sleep well tonight.”

Nick sighed and said, “You might as well stay. Otherwise Grandma really won’t rest.”

“...Alright then.”

Between Loretta’s insistence and Nick’s calm pressure, refusing again would have seemed rude.

Loretta beamed, immediately sending a maid to prepare a room. Then, declaring she needed her rest, she waved them both away-with another not-so-subtle glance in Nick’s direction.

They both knew what she meant.

After leaving the room, Nick and Khloe sat for a while in the quiet of the living room.

“Nick, I’m really sorry,” Khloe said softly. “I didn’t realize Grandma Loretta would... well, make you come back like this. It must’ve interrupted your work.”

“You didn’t cause any trouble,” he replied. “If anything, you were the one inconvenienced-coming all the way here.”

“It’s no trouble,” she said with a faint smile. “She’s always been so kind to me. Making sure she’s at ease is the least I can do.”

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As Khloe spoke, she noticed the maid who had just been tending to Loretta sneaking glances at them from the

corner.

She shot Nick a quick look. He caught it in his peripheral vision but didn’t need to turn-he already knew what it

meant.

“My family’s always like this,” Nick said lightly. “You’ll get used to it. Next time, if it’s inconvenient, you can just say no.”

Khloe shook her head. “Actually, I wanted to see you today. I’ve secured the Morrison project, and your help played a big part in that. I really do want to thank you properly.”

“It was nothing,” Nick said softly. “You don’t need to thank me.”

“It’s not just courtesy,” she said with a small smile. “I mean it. I really want to do something for you. Let me think -how should I thank you?”

Her words trailed off, almost like she was talking to herself. Nick wasn’t someone who lacked anything, and for a moment, she truly couldn’t think of what would be meaningful.

“Thank me?” Nick repeated. He hadn’t expected her to say that. Yet, for some reason, the idea stirred a faint, inexplicable anticipation in him.

“Have you had dinner yet, Nick?” she asked suddenly, her eyes brightening as she looked up at him.

“No,” he admitted. “I came back in a bit of a rush.”

“Perfect,” Khloe said, smiling. “Then let me cook for you.”

She hadn’t eaten yet herself, and her stomach was beginning to growl.

“You cook?” Nick asked, his tone holding a trace of genuine surprise. No one had ever thought to thank him with something so simple.

“Well, maybe not as good as your chefs,” she said shyly, “but... I’d say I’m pretty decent.”

She had reason to be confident. Khloe had learned to take care of herself early on- whenever she wanted to eat something, she’d figure out how to make it.

Back in her university days, she had even won first place in a campus cooking competition. Everyone who had ever tried her food had ended up craving it afterward.

Earlier that evening, while chatting with Loretta, Khloe had learned more about Nick’s childhood.

His mother had passed away young, and his father was always busy with work. There had been no one to care for him.

Out of guilt, Loretta had taken him overseas, but only a few years later, when Nick’s grandfather fell ill, she had

sent him to live with relatives.

Loretta said that was the biggest regret of her life. Nick’s temperament-cold, distant-was shaped during those years. His relatives, jealous of his background, had treated him harshly. He’d often gone hungry. By the time Loretta saw him again, he was little more than skin and bone.

Those stories had changed how Khloe saw him. He wasn’t the golden boy born with a silver spoon-he’d just been another lonely child, like her.

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When she was little, she used to wish for just one meal cooked by her family, even if it wasn't any good. Maybe that's why she thought of cooking for him now.

Nick glanced at the clock. "The chefs have all gone home. If we want to eat, we'll have to cook ourselves. But you've had a long day. Aren't you tired?"

"Not at all," Khloe said. "As long as it's nothing too complicated, I can handle it."

She rolled up her sleeves, eager and a little excited-it had been a long time since she'd cooked for someone else.

Nick's villa was large, with several dining rooms. Just off the living room was a small kitchen, used by the staff for late-night snacks. It was fully stocked-everything prepped and ready to use.

"What do you like to eat?" she asked.

"Anything," Nick replied. "Whatever you're good at."

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Khloe nodded. She remembered that Nick didn't like sweets. Ahe asked if he could handle spicy food.

When he paused for a second, she understood immediately. "All right," she said softly. "No sweets, no spice for Nick."

“A little is fine,” Nick replied. He wasn’t picky, though he rarely ate anything with a strong flavor.

Khloe didn’t press further. She tied an apron around her waist and began to cook.

The kitchen was semi-open, so her every movement was visible from where he sat. Her quiet focus and the way she moved seemed to draw his gaze, and he found he couldn’t look away.

For the first time, he began to understand why his grandparents—those two old, persistent matchmakers—kept worrying about his marriage.

In a family like the Hunts, affection was always secondary to profit. His parents had separated before he was even born. Only his grandparents had truly loved each other, sharing nearly a lifetime together.

‘A person who knows when you’re cold or tired, someone who stays by your side year after year—what’s wrong with that?’ His grandmother’s voice echoed faintly in his mind. ‘Do you plan to bury yourself in work forever? Wouldn’t it be nice, when you come home, to have someone cook a meal for you, or simply sit and eat with you?’

By the time the memory ended, Khloe had already set the dishes on the table.

Three dishes and a soup. Nothing extravagant, but varied and fragrant. She’d moved quickly, and her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the stove.

Nick felt something stir quietly in his chest.

“You didn’t have to make so much,” he said. “That must’ve been a lot of work.”

“Not really. Everything was prepped by the chef—I just put it together. When I used to cook for friends, I’d make even more.”

Her voice was soft and musical. Something in her tone, in its easy gentleness, made the rigid tension in him ease without warning.

He had always been surrounded by beautiful women, accomplished women, but none had ever made him feel the slightest pull toward closeness.

Khloe kept talking as she handed him cutlery. Only then did she notice his eyes still on her.

“Try it, Nick?” she said, smiling, lips pressed together nervously.

Nick withdrew his gaze. “It must be nice to be your friend.”

“Of course,” she replied lightly, her delicate features softening into a smile. “I never hold back when it comes to people I care about.”

“Then being your husband must be even better,” Nick said calmly.

The words made her hand freeze midair, spoon hovering over the table. He spoke with no particular inflection, didn’t even look at her-just took a bite of food and added, “It tastes good.”

Khloe blinked, recovering herself. “I’m glad you like it. But compared to your Michelin-star chefs, it’s still far from perfect.”

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“Don’t underestimate yourself,” he said, meeting her eyes for a moment. “It’s really good.”

Watching him eat and actually enjoy it filled her with a quiet sense of satisfaction.

After dinner, Nick suddenly seemed to remember something. “By the way,” he said, “that morning, your phone was with me. A man called-I picked up.”

It had been Trey. Work had distracted Nick, and he’d forgotten to mention it.

The moment he said it, Khloe realized who he meant.

So the man Trey had accused her of seeing... was Nick.

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“Nick...” Khloe started to explain about Trey, but Nick spoke first.

“About your personal affairs... I won’t ask, and I won’t interfere,” he said. “But we are engaged now. I trust you’ll take care of whatever’s left in the past.”

No interrogation, no demand for details-just quiet composure. It made a small ache rise in Khloe’s chest.

She’d thought, given who he was, that he might care about her history, might press her for explanations. But he didn’t ask a single thing.

“I... I’ll handle it soon. You have my word,” she said earnestly.

In that moment, she realized that he truly regarded their engagement with sincerity-that even in his restraint, there was respect.

Nick gave a faint nod, though something unnameable flickered across his mind. He had, of course, looked into her past. Six years with a man wasn’t a short time. Did she still have lingering feelings for Trey?

He tamped down the irritation that threatened to surface and said simply, “If you need help, don’t hesitate to ask.”

Khloe replied gently, “Okay.”

The next morning, Khloe’s first stop at the Morrison Group building was the HR department.

Her team’s onboarding process had stalled, and her system access remained “pending approval.”

When HR told her that final authorization required the shareholders’ response, she immediately understood-it was another one of Ethan’s games.

A careful read of the performance agreement revealed an overlooked clause: To take effect only after approval by more than half of the company’s shareholders.

In other words, even though she had technically fulfilled her side of the deal, she couldn’t actually assume control until the entire process was complete.

And the direct hires she’d approved-Charlotte and the rest-would only be processed once her access was active.

Now, with Clarice “on medical leave” and half the shareholders conveniently “unreachable,” the timeline had become indefinite.

“Ethan is such a snake,” Charlotte muttered angrily when she found out.

Khloe stayed silent for a moment, then let out a smirk.

Taking revenge on Ethan would be easy. But winning the company’s loyalty-that required patience. This little stunt of his was nothing more than a provocation.

“So what do we do now, Khloe? Just wait?”

Khloe exhaled slowly. “It’s fine. If they want to go through the formal process, then we’ll go through the process.”

She immediately called in her assistant and requested a full list of all major shareholders.

A few hours later, she sent out a company-wide notice-Shareholders’ Meeting: Immediate Assembly.

1/2

Chapter 05

+25 Bonus

When Ethan received the email, he was in a board meeting with senior executives.

“This...” The higher-ups exchanged puzzled looks, Everyone knew the real power still rested with Clarice and Ethan. Khloe had tried attending shareholder meetings before, only to be ignored completely.

Ethan, however, smiled faintly. “Gentlemen, that’s enough for today. Meeting adjourned.”

“What about the shareholder meeting?” someone asked.

He straightened his collar with lazy amusement. “Go if you want. I think I’ll drop by myself.”

He wanted to see just how many people Khloe could actually get to show up-watch her humiliate herself in

person.

Ethan was the first to arrive.

The conference hall was nearly empty, except for Khloe and her assistant, seated calmly at the head of the table.

“Khloe,” he said with mock sympathy, “why would you put yourself through this? You haven’t even officially taken control. No one’s going to show up to this meeting.”

“You did,” Khloe said without looking up, her tone cool and steady.

Ethan smiled, tilting his head, then fell silent. He checked his watch.

Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. Thirty.

“Khloe,” he drawled, “how long are you planning to wait? Maybe you should postpone until Clarice recovers. Wouldn’t that make more sense?”

2/2

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 100

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 100 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 100

Chapter 100

Time passed in tense silence, and Ethan’s patience for the spectacle had finally run thin. He sighed, the corner of his eyes flickering with mockery.

“Don’t worry. They’ll be here soon.” Khloe glanced at the clock, expression unreadable, and replied coolly. No sooner had her words left her lips than the conference room doors swung open.

Ethan stiffened instantly.

Among the seven core shareholders, there was no question about him, Clarice, or Khloe. The other four were staunch supporters of Clarice, utterly unlikely to appear voluntarily. Yet now, two of those four strode in, suits crisp, steps brisk, faces ashen, and without daring to glance at Ethan, seated themselves beside Khloe.

Ethan pressed his hands against the table, heart pounding, utterly bewildered. What was happening?

As soon as the news of shareholders' attendance spread, the rest of the senior management flooded in within five minutes. The conference room filled rapidly, buzzing with a nervous, almost desperate energy.

Those executives who had previously dismissed Khloe now vied for her attention, offering greetings, excuses for their tardiness, all to curry favor. With the shareholders present, had they truly misjudged the situation?

The room fell silent again. A sharp tension hung in the air. Only Khloe sat calmly, spinning her chair, checking the time as if nothing mattered.

"Let's not wait any longer. This will do."

At her signal, her assistant quietly closed the conference room doors.

Ethan, who had been smiling moments before, now went pale, his knuckles cracking as he gripped the edge of the

table.

Khloe gestured for her assistant to present the performance agreement, then finally spoke, "I imagine many of you still don't know me very well. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Khloe Roswell, the biological daughter of Niel Morrison, and the sole heir explicitly designated in his will to inherit the Morrison Group."

A brief pause fell over the room, followed by the soft stir of murmured conversations. The rumors had long circulated, but this was the first time she declared her identity in a core executive meeting. Many executives' eyes betrayed their curiosity, even caution.

Khloe raised her hand to signal her assistant. "Distribute the materials, please."

The assistant moved efficiently, handing out neatly organized portfolios-project records Khloe had personally compiled, alongside reports on subsidiary losses and recovery plans.

"I know some of you may think I'm too young and inexperienced to lead the Morrison Group. You might doubt my ability to manage such a large enterprise," she continued.

"But I've led three billion-dollar projects in the past, two of which I turned from loss to profit.

"This week, under my guidance and in coordination with Ethan, we reversed a continuously losing subsidiary, secured millions in new investment, and revitalized core projects.

“These documents are not meant to boast. They’re simply to show that I’m not here for comfort or convenience. I’m here to sustain the Morrison Group.”

A few heads nodded quietly. “She really does know what she’s doing,” one whispered.

1/2

Chapter 100

+25 Bonus

Khloe turned to the silent Ethan. “Previously, Ethan mentioned that assuming control requires a vote by the core shareholders. I’ve already secured the attendance of two of them. With myself, Ethan, and the two other shareholders present here, half the votes are accounted for-but that’s not enough.

“Morrison Group doesn’t belong to one person, and the power to manage it shouldn’t rest with only a few. Today, I want to hand that decision over to all of you. Whether I continue in a management role should be determined by every director present.

“Morrison Group’s stability has never depended on a single individual-it relies on the support and effort of all shareholders.”

Her words were precise, commanding yet graceful. The board members nodded repeatedly, impressed.

Ethan had assumed she would simply leverage her inheritance and shareholder backing, perhaps intimidate the room. He had not anticipated that she would deliver results, involve everyone in the vote, and assert control with such composure. Now he found himself completely on the defensive.