

# Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 1 Author: Tangy Candy In the second year of her marriage, Khloe accidentally tore her marriage certificate while tidying a drawer. She rushed to the courthouse to have it reissued, only for the clerk at the window to frown. "Miss Roswell, there's no record of your marriage in the system." "That's impossible. I've been married for two years!" Khloe handed over the torn document, her voice sharp with disbelief. The clerk checked three more times, then turned the screen toward her. "See? Nothing. And look here, the seal is crooked.

This certificate is most likely a forgery." Khloe stumbled out of the courthouse, feeling utterly hollow and disoriented. The world seemed to blur around her when her phone rang. "Miss Roswell, hello. I'm the attorney for your late father's estate. Would you be available to come to Pearson Law Firm to review and sign the inheritance documents?" 'Another scam,' she thought, her finger hovering over the "end call" button. But the man continued, "Your mother's name was Adele Roswell. Twenty years ago, she left you at the gates of the Harden Housee.

After a thorough investigation, we have confirmed that you are the sole biological child of Neil Morrison." The name hit her like a physical blow. Neil Morrison. The financial titan, the richest man in Goldmont City. Stunned into silence, Khloe stood frozen on the courthouse steps. Then, moving on autopilot, she rushed to the appointment. What she learned in lawyer's office was the most staggering revelation of her life: her biological father, Neil Morrison, had passed away the previous month.

His estate—a vast empire of stocks, global real estate, and controlling interests in countless corporations—was valued in the billions. And she, the daughter who never knew him, was his one and only heir. Her head buzzed as if struck by lightning. The lawyer's next question cut through the fog. "May I ask about your marital status? Do you have children?" At once, her husband's face flashed in her mind. Her hand clenched around the broken certificate hidden in her bag. She gripped the pen tightly and said, "Give me two hours.

I need to confirm something first." Leaving the law office, she headed straight for her husband's company. The door to Trey Fox's office was ajar. She had just reached out when a low, sultry voice drifted out, "Trey, we've been married five years. When will you finally make it public?" Khloe froze. She knew that voice all too well. It belonged to Angela Thompson, their former university advisor. Angela was six years older than Trey, but aside from that, she was flawless—stunningly beautiful, with a perfect figure, an untouchable goddess in the eyes of the student body.

Back in their university, she had been universally adored, renowned as the most popular and beloved counselor on campus. Khloe held her breath. A second later, she heard her husband's familiar voice. "The company is about to go public, and I still need her for a few more things. Besides, my grandfather's will explicitly forbids you from being recognized by the Fox family. If we go public now, my grandmother will come after you. I can't stand the thought of you getting hurt." A roaring sound filled Khloe's ears. She clamped a hand over her mouth, choking back the sob rising in her throat.

That marriage certificate—the one she'd painstakingly taped back together and cherished like a priceless treasure—was nothing but a lie. From the very beginning, she had been the fool, dancing

alone in the dark. She fled the building, pulling out her phone the moment she hit the sidewalk. Her voice was unnervingly calm, as if all the emotion had been drained from her. "Mr. Bateman, I'll sign the inheritance papers now. And for the official record: I am unmarried and have no children. Every single asset is to come to me, and me alone." After finishing at the law firm, Khloe drove home.

But her mind was elsewhere, and she failed to notice that the car in front of her had stopped. The jolt of the rear-end collision was minor, but it was enough to split her forehead open. At the hospital, after the ER doctor stitched up her forehead, a sudden, chilling thought sent her straight to the gynecology department. When she got the results, her heart turned to ash. "Are you saying... my uterus is perfectly healthy?" "That's correct. According to these scans, you're in excellent health." "I can get pregnant?" "Of course." "And it won't affect...

my sex life?" The elderly doctor, despite decades of experience, looked slightly taken aback. "No, not at all." But before their wedding, Trey had waved a medical report in her face, claiming she had a severe uterine condition-that she could never have children, and that even normal intercourse could cause irreparable damage. "Even so, I'm going to marry you," he had told her, his eyes full of tender resolve as he held her hands. "In this lifetime, I choose you." For that promise, she had endured the Fox family's wrath.

She had watched her father-in-law smash a teacup, roaring, "Bringing a barren woman into this family will be the end of our bloodline!" She had listened as her mother-in-law sobbed to relatives at family gatherings, "Trey is under a witch's spell." And every time, he would just smile and reassure her, "Don't listen to them. You have me, that's all that matters." So for two years, she endured her mother-in-law's endless insults-"a broken woman," "useless, can't even

give my son a child"-each word a thorn festering under her skin, stealing countless nights of sleep. ...

When news of her accident reached him, Trey rushed to the hospital, tall and striking in his crisp white shirt. His visible concern should have stirred memories of their six years together. She remembered their first meeting in Angela's office. She was just dropping off documents for a classmate. He had looked up, given a polite nod, his dark eyes locking with hers. He hadn't said another word. That was followed by four years of relentless pursuit. Trey had been the university heartthrob-handsome, brilliant, born into wealth.

Combined with his fierce determination and disarming gentleness, he was practically irresistible. Khloe, an orphan raised in cold solitude, was no exception. She had finally surrendered, melted by the heat of his devotion. Now, seeing her dazed and unresponsive, he assumed she was in shock from the accident. He pulled her into his arms, trying to comfort her. But Khloe recoiled instinctively, shoving him away. She rose to her feet. "Let's go," she said, then strode past him. The chest that had once been her only refuge now filled her with nothing but revulsion.

Back in the car, Trey cast her worried looks. "What happened? You've always been a careful driver. What went wrong today?" She said nothing. She kept staring at the glaring sparkle of the diamond ring on her hand. He reached out to hold her hand, as naturally as always. She pulled away. Again. "Still upset with me? Fine. If you don't want to talk, I won't press you. We have a very important guest joining us for dinner tonight. I've already told the housekeeper to make all your favorites. Hopefully, that will put a smile on your face." He was being so gentle.

And the gentler he was, the more Khloe wanted to laugh in his face. "Come on, don't be angry. Once we get through this IPO, I'll make it up to you. I promise. It's just taking all my attention

right now." Misreading her stony silence as forgiveness, he smiled. "Oh, I'm not angry," she said, her voice dangerously sweet. "I'm actually quite... entertained. My life has suddenly become so much more interesting." Her words were laced with venom, but he was completely oblivious. The Fox estate was a sprawling, 5,000-square-foot villa in the most exclusive riverside enclave of Goldmont City.

Every brick of it had been built on the back of Khloe's sacrifices. She had put her own career on hold after graduation, pouring all her energy into building his company. The moment they stepped inside, the sound of laughter floated down from the second floor. A child's giggle. And a woman's soft, melodious voice. The child was Pete Fox-the boy they had "adopted" shortly after marrying, now five years old. Khloe looked up. And there, after five years, stood Angela. She was wearing a teal knit dress, her long hair falling in soft waves.

Time hadn't faded her beauty; it had refined it, adding a deeper, more potent allure. "Khloe, look who's here!" Trey's voice was filled with an excitement she had never heard directed at her. For the first time, she saw him truly, unreservedly elated. This wasn't the calm happiness he showed with her. This was passion, raw and unrestrained-the kind that only exists with a true, consuming love. "Ms. Thompson?" Khloe arched an eyebrow, feigning surprise while her stomach churned with nausea.

The elegant, composed woman in front of her was a world away from the breathy, coquettish voice she'd overheard in the office. "Khloe, it's been so long!" Angela eagerly took Pete's hand and came downstairs, greeting her warmly. Khloe's eyes lingered on Pete. Shortly after their wedding, Trey had persuaded her to adopt him from the same orphanage where she'd once lived. He'd claimed it was the only way to placate his parents, who would stop pressuring her to bear

children. She had believed he was doing it for her. She had agreed. But raising Pete had been torment.

The boy was volatile, often throwing objects at her in fits of anger, as if harboring deep-seated hatred. Once, he had even shouted in her face, demanding Trey give him back his "real mother." She had wanted to give up. But Trey always pleaded with her to endure, reminding her how pitiful the boy was without a mother, and how she herself had been abandoned as a child. Now, as she watched Pete clutching Angela's hand, the pieces finally clicked into place. They had been married for five years. Pete was five years old. So that was it.

The Fox family had barred Angela from the household, and Khloe had been the convenient shield-raising their son, bearing the scorn, while they lived their hidden life in secret. At dinner, Trey and Pete took turns serving Angela. The three of them chatted and laughed like a family, while Khloe sat silent, the outsider at her own table. Seizing a lull in the conversation, Trey set down his fork and turned to her, his tone deceptively gentle. "Khloe, Ms. Thompson is working on a new book about parenting. She needs a quiet place to write.

With the company's IPO and you being so overwhelmed, I was thinking..." His voice softened further. "I'd like her to stay with us for a while. She could even help you with Pete. He adores her." She could hardly believe it. Five years of hiding their affair wasn't enough. Now he wanted to move her into their home. Khloe continued eating calmly, as if she hadn't heard a word. An uncomfortable tension thickened the air. "Khloe," Trey prompted, his voice tight with embarrassment, "I'm talking to you." With a soft, deliberate clink, Khloe set down her bowl.

Before she could speak, Angela quickly interjected, her voice a placating murmur. "Oh, please, I never meant to cause any trouble. Khloe, Trey is only suggesting this because he's worried about

you. He doesn't want you to be so exhausted, juggling work, the house, and Pete. He just thought I could help share the burden." "No! I want Angela to stay!" The little boy beside her slammed his tiny fist on the table, his cutlery rattling. "Pete, sweetheart, we don't act like that..." "Pete, that is enough!" Their voices overlapped-Angela's gentle coaxing and Khloe's sharp reprimand.

In a flash of pure, unbridled rage, Pete snatched his glass of juice and hurled it directly at Khloe.

Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into every story she writes. Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive-perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.