

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 131

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 131

Chapter 131

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Khloe's voice was soft and sweet, and her beauty only amplified the sincerity in her words. Within moments, she had won over the entire table of elders.

The dinner was filled with laughter and warmth. Khloe, eager to show her respect, toasted each elder with heartfelt attention, drinking enough to make herself feel slightly lightheaded.

"Khloe, I didn't expect you to hold your liquor so well..." Arista said happily. Rarely did someone accompany her family for drinks-especially a future daughter-in-law. She beamed, her approval of Khloe evident in her eyes.

Loretta, however, looked a little concerned. "Khloe, that's enough. If you drink too much, you'll get uncomfortable."

"I'm fine, Grandma..." Khloe smiled. She had drunk a bit, but she wasn't drunk, and tonight her spirits were high, her smile frequent and bright.

Her phone suddenly buzzed. Squinting, Khloe saw it was Nick calling.

She answered immediately. "Nick, you're finally done with work?"

Her voice carried an unusual excitement, warmer and more intimate than usual.

Nick instantly noticed the subtle difference. "Have you been drinking?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I've been having a great time with Arista's family and Loretta. I drank just a little... It would have been perfect if you were here. The dinner was so good... I really wanted to eat with you..."

Her words came softly, unfiltered and almost dreamlike in their honesty-she was relaxed, slightly dizzy, and speaking without thinking.

“Khloe,” Nick’s voice darkened, low and heavy, as though holding back a tide of emotion. After a pause, he said, “It’s noisy there. Step outside and take the call.”

“Okay, I’ll be right there.” Khloe glanced at the elders, who were chatting happily. She carefully got up, signaling a brief nod to Arista and Loretta, and hurried out of the VIP room.

“Nick, I’m out...”

She stumbled a little as she walked down the hall. Just as she raised her voice, her eyes fell on a familiar figure standing at the far end, backlit by the corridor lights.

The figure looked strikingly like Nick.

“Nick? Am I seeing things? You look so much like him...”

She stepped instinctively toward the figure. Then a soft, low breath-half laugh, half sigh-brushed past her ear.

“You’ve clearly been drinking quite a bit,” Nick’s voice echoed gently.

Khloe froze. Before she could fully register, the figure turned-less than a meter away-and there he was, Nick’s perfectly sculpted features unmistakable.

“Nick!”

Excited, she moved closer. Seeing her unsteady steps, Nick quickly reached out, steadying her in his arms.

“Khloe...”

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+25 Bonus

His voice was suddenly tender, and his breath brushed her lips. But before he could say more, Khloe wrapped her arms around his neck, tilting her head and gazing at him with watery eyes.

“Nick... your voice... I love hearing you call me that,” she whispered.

Nick’s chest tightened. He gently cupped her jaw, unable to resist the yearning swelling inside him. Leaning down, he pressed his lips to hers.

At that moment, a VIP room door opened nearby. Trey stepped out, covering his mouth, hurrying along.

He had already drunk to his limit and had meant to head to the restroom-but had taken the wrong direction. At the corridor's end, he froze.

Before him, two people were locked in a kiss. The woman's silhouette was graceful, achingly familiar... Khloe?!

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But before Trey could step forward for a closer look, someone grabbed him from behind.

“Mr. Fox, I knew you'd had too much to drink. The restroom's over there-I'll take you,” a business associate who had just come out of the VIP room said. Seeing Trey barely able to stand, he quickly pulled him aside.

Trey frowned, clearing his throat. Yet before he could speak, he glanced back-and the figures at the end of the corridor was gone..

.... Had he imagined it?

Or was his mind too consumed with thoughts of Khloe that he'd hallucinated her?

No... it couldn't be. Khloe could never kiss another man. She only loved him, completely and entirely.

After Trey left, Khloe, still a little dazed, raised an eyebrow. “Nick, what happened?”

Just moments ago, Nick had been kissing her, sending electric shivers through her entire body. But suddenly, he had turned, holding her by the waist, and stepped into the corner of the corridor where the moonlight couldn't

reach.

By the window at the corridor's end, bathed in soft moonlight, they disappeared into shadow.

Khloe's nape rested against the warmth of his hand pressed lightly to the wall. Nick's tall frame leaned over her, the two of them entwined in a private, intoxicating bubble. The scent of faint alcohol mixed with the crisp pine in the air, weaving around them.

Without light, his sculpted features seemed sharper, more magnetic-her heart raced, her cheeks burned, and her pulse pounded with raw desire.

"There was someone else just now," Nick murmured, locking eyes with her.

In the dark, only her eyes shone brightly, gazing straight into his chest. His Adam's apple rolled as he breathed, lips moving with a hunger he barely contained.

"And now... no one's here, right?" Khloe whispered, her voice a soft hum.

"Yes," Nick answered, leaning closer to her lips.

Time seemed to stop. The corridor was silent, suspended in tension.

Khloe slowly closed her eyes, hands lightly curling around his waist.

But before Nick could make another move, her phone rang.

A sliver of light spilled between them, shattering the tension and drawing her back to awareness. Khloe instinctively pushed him away and answered the call. 1

It was Loretta, asking why she had been out so long. Khloe had been drinking a little, and they were worried about her being alone.

"Grandma... I'm fine. I'll be back soon." Her cheeks flushed as she spoke, and she stole a glance at Nick.

In the shadows, his expression was unreadable, body slightly turned, a hint of helplessness in his stance.

"Since you're here, Nick, why don't you go say hello too?" Khloe said, naturally looping her fingers through his hand.

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+25 Bonus

He froze, surprised. Before he could respond, she was already leading him back to the VIP room.

Seeing her hurry, Nick kept pace, and by the time they reached the room, he gently pulled her into his side. They entered together, arms entwined.

“Nick? You’re here too! Come, sit, come sit!”

Everyone was delighted to see him. Liam, in particular, hadn’t seen Nick in a long time. He had come expecting to miss him, so this was a pleasant surprise.

He remembered Nick’s usual aloofness; he rarely made such efforts for family, even relatives he respected. Liam had drunk a bit, and seeing Nick now lifted his spirits even more.

“Hello, everyone. I just returned to Goldmont City, so I’m late. I apologize,” Nick said in a soft tone. Unlike his usual distant demeanor, there was a rare warmth in his voice.

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Nick glanced instinctively at Khloe, and just then, she smiled back at him.

Their eyes met, and Nick felt a faint warmth rise to his ears. Khloe had been drinking, and her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes made her look irresistibly cute-so innocent, yet teasingly charming.

He thought back to what she had whispered against his chest in the corridor earlier, and quickly looked away, suppressing the flutter in his chest.

“Come on, Nick, have a drink with me! Today Khloe has already had quite a few, and since your fiancée has such a strong tolerance, you can’t lose either!”

Liam handed him a glass, his tone full of cheer.

Nick hesitated. He had driven himself tonight and didn’t intend to drink. But seeing Khloe by his side, he found he couldn’t bring himself to refuse. He took the glass.

He planned to toast each elder in turn, but Khloe's fingers had entwined with his, holding on tightly, as if refusing to let go.

Just as he lifted the glass, her delicate fingers lightly gripped his, and her soft, slightly drunken voice murmured, "Let me toast you instead. Nick just recovered from a fever-he shouldn't drink yet."

Nick's lips pressed together, his heart melting at her gentle tone: Khloe, half-drunk, was blissfully relaxed, speaking and acting on instinct rather than thought.

"Nick just recovered from a fever? Then absolutely, no drinking! Who wouldn't worry about their fiancée? Nick, look how well Khloe treats you-you must take good care of her!"

Liam's words made Khloe blush even deeper. She realized, belatedly, that she may have overstepped by taking the initiative. After all, she was drinking on behalf of Nick... and she hadn't thought it through.

Flustered, she tried to let go of Nick's hand-but he, in turn, gently tightened his grip, holding her close at his side.

"You're right. I'll take good care of her," Nick said, his low voice soft and tender. He then took the glass from her hand.

"Sorry everyone, my fiancée has had a little too much to drink. I'll take her back to rest," he added firmly.

"Shall I have my assistant escort you?" Liam offered eagerly.

Loretta, watching Khloe and Nick enter together, already understood everything. She exchanged a knowing glance with Arista; as women, they shared an unspoken understanding.

Seeing Liam oblivious, Arista quickly interjected, "Alright, Liam, Nick hasn't been drinking. Let him take Khloe- don't worry about it."

Liam opened his mouth to protest, but Loretta immediately stood, gently ushering Nick and Khloe toward the exit. "Alright, off you go."

Khloe hurriedly nodded and waved at Loretta and Arista. Nick merely nodded in thanks, a small smile tugging at his lips as he led her out swiftly..

Seeing her struggling to keep pace, he scooped her up into his arms as soon as they were outside the room.

“Nick! I can walk...” Khloe murmured, her hands immediately wrapping around his broad back.

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+25 Bonus

“But I can’t bear to see you struggle,” Nick said, his voice calm but firm. “Next time, no matter who it is, don’t drink this much again.”

Khloe tilted her head obediently and nodded. “Okay.”

She had wanted to say she hadn’t actually drunk that much-she had handled more at past gatherings-but she remembered Nick had already witnessed her tipsy state during the previous Morrison project meeting.

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Nick’s steps were steady and assured, and Khloe felt perfectly safe in his arms. She rested her head lightly against his chest, a soft drowsiness creeping in.

By the time they arrived at her apartment, the night was deep and quiet. Nick carried her into the car, up the stairs, through the door, and finally gently set her down on the sofa.

Khloe, initially shy, found herself gradually addicted to the sensation of being carried like this.

As Nick bent slightly, his cheek brushed against her neck, tickling her into instinctively pressing her hand against his waist. He let out a low hum and pressed his lips gently against her brow.

The lights inside were off, leaving only the soft glow from the floor-to-ceiling windows. The atmosphere was so tender that it felt wrong to break it.

“Khloe... I...” Nick hesitated.

She noticed his Adam's apple moving slowly as he spoke. His shirt collar was open, hinting at the sculpted lines of his chest, enough to send her mind wandering.

"Sorry." Khloe quickly withdrew her hand, though her eyes lingered on him a moment longer than necessary.

Nick straightened, and she hurried to sit up as well. "By the way, why did you come over suddenly tonight? Are you fully recovered from your fever? And... did everything on your side get resolved?"

"Yes, all sorted. Your help with the project made things go smoothly." Nick stood a little awkwardly, his back straight, voice tinged with hesitation. "I just got back tonight and heard that Grandma invited you to dinner, so I came to see you. We didn't finish our conversation the other day..."

Khloe remembered now—they had been talking about watching a movie together before the news of Trey's grandmother's return interrupted them.

She had always loved horror films but hated watching them alone. As a child in the orphanage, she'd had friends to accompany her, but growing up, she hadn't dared to watch one by herself.

When she first dated Trey, he had taken her to the cinema to watch a horror film, knowing she wanted to see it. Yet he had been far more scared than she was, leaving the theater several times before the movie ended. Eventually, Khloe had given up watching it. After that, neither of them mentioned horror films again.

When she had casually brought up her fondness for horror movies, Nick had been indifferent, admitting he rarely watched films. Khloe had initially hoped to invite him to watch a movie with her, but hearing his response, she could only smile wryly and drop the subject.

What Khloe didn't know was that later, Nick had sent her a message suggesting they

sometime.

atch a movie together

"Oh, I was a bit sleepy, so I fell asleep," she admitted, a little embarrassed, though she quickly added, "But I'd like to watch a movie with you."

"Then why not watch one now?" Nick said immediately, his voice gentle, his gaze carrying a hint of expectation.

"Now?"

“Yes.” He glanced at his watch-just past ten. It wasn’t too late to watching a movie before leaving.

Though Khloe was already feeling sleepy, she didn’t refuse. Instead, a playful thought crossed her mind, and she

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+25 Bonus

smiled. “Then let’s watch a horror film. Charlotte downloaded a new one for me a few days ago-it’s perfect for nighttime viewing.”

“Alright,” Nick replied with easygoing warmth.

They settled in the living room, but after a few minutes, Khloe began to shift uncomfortably. Seeing Nick seated upright on the sofa, poised as always, she moved a little closer.

“Nick... are you brave? Do horror movies scare you? We don’t have to watch it if it’ll scare you.

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For some reason, the more Khloe looked at Nick’s sharp, flawless face, the more she wanted to tease him.

In the past, watching horror films had always been about chasing a thrill. But tonight wasn’t about that. Tonight, she wanted to see Nick get a little stirred.

“I don’t believe in ghosts,” Nick said, his gaze leaving the screen to sweep over her face as she leaned closer.

The bluish glow of the TV cast delicate shadows across her features. Stray strands of hair framed her face, her eyes still holding a trace of last night's intoxication-beautiful enough to make one lose focus.

"Well then, since you're braver than I am, if I get scared and scream, you'll protect me, right?"

"Of course." Nick reached out and gently pressed her shoulder against him. "If you feel uncomfortable, lean on me. It'll make you feel safer."

And it did. With Nick by her side, Khloe found herself unable to focus on the horror unfolding on the screen. Nothing seemed frightening anymore. She completely relaxed-and not long after, her body sank from the sofa beside him directly onto his crossed thighs.

Nick froze for a moment, then murmured her name softly, only to realize she had already fallen asleep.

On the screen, the movie reached a scene where a ghost appeared and the protagonist ran screaming. Nick quickly muted the volume.

The next morning, Khloe woke to find herself curled up on her soft, comfortable bed.

Immediately, she thought of Nick. Last night, they had watched the movie together in the living room, leaning against each other. She couldn't recall the plot, but she remembered... the feeling of him being there beside her.

Quietly, she stepped out of the bedroom and was surprised to see Nick asleep on the sofa. She had assumed he would have left already.

His shirt collar was casually undone, and only a thin blanket covered him. He lay on his side, curled slightly. Despite the sofa's size, his tall frame made it look cramped, as if the space itself struggled to accommodate him.

"Nick..." Khloe crouched beside him, calling softly.

A twinge of regret stirred inside her. She should have let him sleep in the guest room. He had just finished back-to-back workdays, and she wasn't sure if he had fully recovered from his recent illness...

Yet, his breathing was steady and deep, and she couldn't bring herself to disturb him. After that soft call, she simply stayed there, quietly watching, her gaze lingering on his face. 1

His eyelashes were so long, casting gentle shadows beneath his eyes. Impulsively, she reached out and let her fingertips brush lightly across them.

In that instant, Nick's lashes fluttered, and his eyes slowly opened.

His gaze was still clouded with the haze of sleep, yet the moment it focused on her, it darkened sharply. He didn't move but just looked at her, caught somewhere between dream and wakefulness.

"Peeking at me?" His voice was low, husky from sleep-not a question, but with a faint trace of amusement.

Khloe froze, her hand hovering midair like a thief caught in the act, instinctively pulling it back.

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+25 Bonus

Faster than her, Nick's warm hand covered her wrist, gentle yet with a firmness that brooked no argument.

"Running away?" His eyes lingered on her flushed cheek, voice dropping another octave. "Thought you wanted to watch a little longer?"

Khloe's face burned even hotter. She tried to change the subject. "Why did you sleep on the sofa last night?"

"I was a little tired. Wanted to rest... and accidentally fell asleep."

Nick's voice was low and steady as he sat up. The blanket slipped from his shoulders, revealing the smooth, sculpted lines of his back..

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"Mind if I use your bathroom to freshen up? And..." Nick said, glancing toward the kitchen, "...I'm a little hungry. Might I have the honor of tasting your cooking again?"

“Of course,” Khloe nodded, then went to fetch a fresh towel for him.

Soon, Nick emerged from the shower just as Khloe finished preparing breakfast.

It was simple-milk-soaked toast, fried eggs, and tomatoes-but arranged on elegant plates and placed in front of them, the sunlight streaming through the window made everything feel incredibly warm and intimate.

For a fleeting moment, Khloe felt as if they were already living together as husband and wife.

“Once we’re married, I hope we can have breakfast together every day.”

Nick’s voice was calm, even, but carried a quiet current that stirred her heart.

“All right,” Khloe replied almost instinctively.

Even if it was only a formal arrangement, being with Nick like this-sharing ordinary moments-felt perfect. With him, it really did.

No sooner had they finished breakfast than Nick’s phone rang. Flustered, he tried to fix his shirt collar but couldn’t manage the buttons. Khloe stood and helped him with a gentle hand.

Nick’s gaze lingered a moment, then, after ending the call, he leaned close and whispered, “The movie yesterday was good. Next time, when you’re rested, we can finish it together.”

“You liked it?”

“Mhm. I found it quite interesting.” His tone was sincere, not perfunctory, even offering a few analytical thoughts on the plot.

Khloe’s face lit up. “Great!”

“But... aren’t you scared?”

“With you here, what’s there to fear? You’re like my protection charm.

Hearing this, Nick let out a low, soft laugh, warm and pleasant, making her heart skip a beat.

“I should go,” he said, moving toward the door. Turning, he looked at her. “Thanks for breakfast.”

“Mm,” Khloe nodded. As he turned, she instinctively reached out, lightly rubbing his hand in hers before letting

“I’ll come by again tonight,” he said casually, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

His gaze lingered on her face for a moment, faintly reluctant, before he finally left, returning to his usual composed, cool demeanor.

After Nick left, Khloe patted her own face, forcing herself to return to normal. Even though he was perfect, she couldn’t let herself be swept away, couldn’t allow her emotions to sink so deeply.

At noon, Trey received a phone call and rushed to the hospital.

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+25 Bonus

It was from the household staff: Grandma Lauren had suddenly collapsed that morning and had been taken to the hospital.

By the time Trey arrived, most of the family was already there. Stella and Alicia waited outside the ward, while Pete had been brought along by the staff as well.

“What happened?”

Trey quickly asked, learning that his grandmother had received a phone call that morning, had erupted in a rage in her room, shouting “You worthless fools!”-clearly a case of anger striking at her heart.

At that moment, a doctor stepped out of the ward.

“The patient has passed the dangerous stage and is awake,” the doctor said. “Her heart is weak, her blood pressure high-she mustn’t get so angry again. You all need to be careful in the future.”

The family exchanged puzzled glances, but no sooner had the doctor left than Stella turned sharply to the staff.

“Did any of you say something to upset her?”

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Stella had strictly warned every single person in the household-no one was allowed to breathe a word about Angela having lived there. Not one syllable. Absolutely no one could find out.

“Madam, it wasn’t me! I swear I didn’t say anything...” the maid blurted out, panicked.

Pete shook off the maid’s hand and darted straight to Trey’s side. “Dad! Why did you make Angela leave? I want her back. I want Mom-”

He didn’t finish. Trey grabbed his shoulder in a tight, punishing grip, cutting him off with a furious, “Shut up.

Stella’s expression turned even harsher. She twisted the child’s wrist so roughly his face contorted in pain and he wailed.

“You little brat! If your great-grandmother hears you running your mouth, I’ll skin you alive!”

Stella had never agreed to adopting a child. A child who wasn’t flesh and blood-of course he’d be disobedient and impossible to manage.

Pete broke down in loud sobs.

Trey quickly pulled him behind himself. “Mom, he’s just a child.”

“You can go in now,” a young nurse said, stepping out. “She wants to see you. But remember-do not upset her again.”

Trey and Stella exchanged a look. They left Alicia outside to watch over the crying Pete, then entered the room together.

Inside the luxurious ward, a man in a tailored suit stood beside the bed-her long-time bodyguard and assistant. At the old lady’s signal, he bowed and quietly stepped out.

“Mom... what happened? Why were you so furious?” Stella spoke carefully, setting the gifts they brought onto the cabinet nearby.

“See for yourself.” Lauren’s voice was weak, but her presence cut like ice. She flicked her hand, and a thick envelope filled with photographs hit Trey squarely in the chest.

He caught it immediately, his expression tightening. He lowered his head and tore it open.
”

Stella rushed over, snatching the contents from his hands. “Trey, you-”

But when she saw the woman’s profile in the photos, her temper exploded.

Angela. Again!

These photos were different from the ones she’d received before. These had been shot at night-Angela getting into the same car as Trey, and walking arm-in-arm with him into a hospital.

The date on the photos was last night.

She had just finished lecturing him repeatedly to stay away from that woman-and this ungrateful brat had the nerve to sneak around with her again?

Before Lauren even spoke, Stella slapped Trey hard across the face.

“That wretched woman! She must be cursed to haunt our Fox family forever! Tell me where she is. If you won’t

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+25 Bonus

give up on her, I’ll make sure she gives up on you completely!”

She grilled him mercilessly.

Trey, stunned from the slap, had no defense. He stayed silent for a long moment.

Only when Stella turned to leave did he grab her arm. “Mom, this was my fault. Come at me.”

“Come at you? Are you planning to go against your grandfather’s will? Throw away everything our family has given you? Divorce Khloe and run off with that woman?”

Lauren let out a cold laugh. When she first learned the truth, she'd nearly exploded from anger-almost fatally so. But now she had recovered her calm entirely.

If she died, who knew how delighted Angela would be?

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“Grandma, please let me explain. I only met up with Angela for work. Recently, Khloe hasn't been at the company, and many projects had no one in charge. Angela happened to have the right connections to help out. Dad knows this too. Last night, I met Angela purely for work reasons. She fell ill, so I took her to the hospital...”

Trey quickly composed himself, his face calm and expression neutral as he explained. His gaze briefly swept over Stella.

Stella knew better than to lose her temper now.

Lauren still held control over a portion of the family's assets. It was wiser to calm her first, so Stella stepped in to help Trey smooth things over:

“Mom... I already knew about this. And I've already scolded Trey! He could have asked anyone for help, but of all people, he picked Angela! But you've really misunderstood-there are no problems between Trey and Khloe. There's no way he'd entangle himself with Angela. It's all for the company.”

“You're saying... Arthur knows about this too?” Lauren took a deep breath, her face nearly flushing again.

Angela suddenly reappearing at Trey's side-such a huge matter-and the entire family had conspired to hide it from her?

Stella had always distrusted Angela. Trey was easily swayed by women. Only Arthur, she trusted. And now, even he

“Grandma, Dad also scolded me. I was foolish to let Angela handle company matters, but now, she’s already left the company,” Trey quickly explained, stepping forward to support Lauren, bowing his head and accepting her scolding.

Seeing Trey’s attitude, Lauren’s expression softened slightly, though she still thumped his shoulder heavily.

“Trey, you’ve really disappointed me! I’ve been wondering why Khloe moved out... could it be because she discovered your past with Angela?”

“Grandma, don’t worry. Khloe doesn’t know about Angela,” Trey said immediately.

“Of course she doesn’t! She may seem gentle, but her temper is fierce. If she knew about this, she’d storm off and divorce you!”

Stella nodded in agreement, secretly rolling her eyes at Khloe’s name. She had once thought Khloe obedient and easy to manage, but now, spoiled by Trey, she was probably much more difficult to handle.

Only then did Lauren let out a quiet sigh of relief. She paused a moment before saying, “Bring me my phone. I’ll call Khloe.”

“Grandma...” Trey looked at her worriedly, as if fearing she might side with Khloe and say something more.

“Hurry!” Lauren snapped, impatient. “Even if this isn’t about Angela, do you really plan to leave your wife upset and expect her to come back on her own?”

Trey’s eyes lit with a small smile. Understanding that his grandmother was thinking of him, he quickly handed her the phone. The thought of Khloe returning home filled him with a quiet, indescribable joy.

Stella pursed her lips. In her view, Lauren’s gesture was unnecessary. If Khloe wanted to move out, let her. She’d eventually have to come back to beg Trey, just like she had once clung to the Fox family to secure her marriage. Stella didn’t believe Khloe could ever give up such a hard-won marriage.

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When Lauren dialed, Khloe quickly answered. She was in a meeting with the Morrison Group and their team, so she got up and went to the phone room next door.

“Grandma?”

“Khloe, I’m sick. I’m in the hospital!”

Hearing this, Khloe immediately tensed, worry flooding her voice. “What happened? Are you okay? Is it your old condition acting up again?”

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Khloe knew Lauren’s health was fragile. Even though the elderly lady disliked being disturbed, Khloe would still make sure someone regularly brought high-quality supplements to Lauren, under Trey’s name.

“Sigh... I’m getting old. One can’t live forever, right? All these old ailments... they’re really just emotional problems. The doctor said I got too worked up, my temper flared, so now I have to be observed in the hospital for a few days. I’ve been thinking about you these past few days... could you come see me?”

Lauren’s voice was weak, tinged with melancholy.

Khloe felt a pang of guilt. Lauren had gone out of her way to call-could her sudden illness have something to do with Khloe moving out? At over eighty, Lauren’s mind was remarkably sharp. Trey’s clumsy lies might not fool

her at all.

“All right. I have something to take care of right now, but I’ll come see you later. Send me the hospital room info,” Khloe said without hesitation, recalling how much care Lauren had shown her in the past.

After hanging up, she immediately called her assistant, asking them to prepare a gift for Lauren. Once she wrapped up matters at the Morrison Group, she grabbed the package and drove straight to the hospital.

Her mind kept racing, thinking of how to calm the old lady when she arrived, completely ignoring the messages from Nick on her phone.

At the hospital parking garage, Khloe parked and immediately grabbed the gift to head upstairs.

“You bad woman! You bad, bad woman! Always bullying me! Give me back Angela!”

A familiar child’s voice rang out, making her pause.

Khloe looked over and saw Pete, brought downstairs by Trey’s assistant. Clearly, it was late, and the assistant was trying to take him home.

Sharp-eyed, Pete spotted Khloe and immediately wriggled free, racing over. Before she could react, he picked something up from the ground and hurled it at her arm.

Khloe didn’t indulge him. As soon as he tried to run off after his tantrum, she leapt forward and twisted his arm.

“Pete, do you really think no one’s here to stop you? That I won’t teach you a lesson? Did you forget what I told you last time-my punishments are heavy!”

“Waaahhh-“Pete cried out, knowing Khloe’s temper all too well, trying to make a scene.

The assistant rushed over, flustered. “Ma’am, he doesn’t know better. Don’t be upset. I was about to take him home anyway, and everyone else is waiting upstairs for you...”

“Perfect,” Khloe said, unfazed. “Since he’s holding such a grudge against me, he should make it clear in front of his family. Pete, if you love Angela so much, I’ll do a good deed for you-she can become your mom.”

Ignoring the assistant’s protests, Khloe grabbed Pete and started walking. (1)

Pete struggled wildly, dragging himself across the floor, wailing and cursing. He knew he shouldn’t go up there; Khloe would ruin him!

Her move worked. The assistant lunged to stop her, and Khloe released Pete. The boy’s momentum carried him forward, and he landed hard on the floor with a painful thud. Now truly hurt, he cried even louder.

The assistant, flustered, had no choice but to check on Pete and soothe him. Khloe, however, immediately called

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Chapter 130

+25 Bonus

Trey.

“Are you at the hospital? Pete’s hurt. Come and see him.”

She didn’t even wait for a reply, hanging up immediately.

As expected, Trey soon came running down.

“Khloe, you’re here... what happened?”

Seeing Khloe appear and having called him himself lifted Trey’s mood, his voice brightening. But the moment he

saw Pete crying beside her, his brow furrowed tightly again.

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Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 140

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Chapter 140

+25 Bonus

Khloe said, “Pete wants Angela to be his mom. If that’s the case, I can’t force it. You see, it’s either you marry Angela, or sever the adoption relationship with Pete and let him go completely to her.”

Khloe’s voice was calm but sharp, cutting straight to the core of Trey’s guilt. Her gaze on him was cold and precise, like a thin blade.

Trey felt a pang of unease and hurriedly retorted, “What are you saying? How could I marry someone else when my wife is you?”

He then sized up the situation, pulling the still-throwing-a-tantrum Pete off the floor. Wincing, he smacked the boy hard on the bottom a few times. 1

“Stop crying!”

Pete’s sobs faltered under Trey’s stern presence, leaving him pouting and full of grievance.

“I’m telling you, Khloe is your real mom! Haven’t you learned your lesson? Angela was only with you for a few days. Are you already bored of living well and trying to leave our family to go back to the orphanage?”

Trey bit his teeth as he spoke the last line. Pete was still his son, after all. Seeing Pete’s tear-streaked, pitiful face

choked him with emotion.

A faint, cold smile curved Khloe’s lips. She had no interest in watching this father-son drama. Thinking of her upcoming visit with Lauren, she decided to take advantage of Trey scolding Pete and quietly slipped away.

In the hospital corridor, Alicia and Stella were talking when they noticed Khloe. Both froze for a moment, then exchanged a knowing glance.

“Well, well, what a rare guest. Khloe, I thought you didn’t want to see us anymore,” Alicia said with a seemingly warm smile, though her voice dripped with sarcasm.

Stella glanced at Khloe from head to toe, her gaze cold. Khloe looked even more polished than before-dressed in a full designer outfit, exuding the elegance of a high-born lady.

So while the company had been in chaos these days, Khloe had been living comfortably-even using the Fox family’s money for that. Quite shameless.

“Tell me about it,” Stella sneered. “These days, even if a daughter-in-law freeloads or can’t have children, we in-laws have to endure her attitude, afraid of offending her.”

Khloe’s eyes narrowed slightly. She glanced at the gifts she had bought for Lauren-plain, modest, nothing extravagant. Stella’s words landed on her like a provocation.

“‘In-laws,’ you say? You mean the meddling mother-in-law who makes life miserable for her daughter-in-law, or the petty younger sister-in-law who treats me like a servant? If that’s what you mean by in-laws, then I suppose anyone would feel unlucky meeting you-let alone me. Why should I even see you?”

Khloe’s cool laugh cut through the corridor.

Alicia’s face instantly darkened. She had assumed Khloe wouldn’t dare be audacious right outside Lauren’s ward and thought her previous remark was just a mild jab-but Khloe wasn’t playing.

Before Stella could speak, Khloe strode toward her, radiating an inexplicably powerful presence that forced Stella to take a half-step back, her eyes darting nervously.

1/2

Chapter 140

+25 Bonus

“And what’s this about freeloading or infertility? Are you talking about me?” Khloe asked sharply.

“Khloe, don’t forget-you were an orphan marrying into this family, and your... condition...”

“First of all, ninety percent of the Fox family’s business performance over the past two years was achieved by me alone. And I haven’t taken a single penny, neither from the company nor the Fox family, so freeloading isn’t even relevant,” Khloe interrupted coldly, her lips curling in a derisive smile.

“As for infertility...”

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