

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 161

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 161

Chapter 161

Back in the CEO's office, Trey immediately loosened his tie, his breathing rapid, his anger impossible to contain.

The online slander aimed at Khloe hit him like a series of blows, each one striking him as if personally.

He'd been with Khloe for six years-he knew better than anyone how stubborn, determined, and innocent she was. There was no way she would ever cheat; even glancing at a male celebrity on her phone would only be for work!

Khloe was nothing more than a naive, inexperienced girl. He had led her carefully, step by step, from her little Eden into his arms, where she had grown into the woman he knew.

After several long moments, Trey finally picked up his phone, intending to call Khloe. But first, he saw the alumni chat group flooded with the article's shares. Many people were mocking her, and some even tagged Trey, expressing sympathy for him.

His fingers trembled as he typed a reply and sent it immediately: [This article is false. Khloe and I are fine. Thanks for your concern!]

But he hesitated-this sounded too light. He quickly edited another message.

[Khloe works very hard at the company and is professionally competent. All our partners recognize her. The actions described in these rumors are completely false. Please do not spread them further. I will contact a lawyer to take legal action.]

After sending that, his mood eased just a little.

No sooner had he finished than Angela's call came through. Trey answered casually, only to hear her fury-laden

voice.

“Why are you speaking up for Khloe in the group? Are you just going to accept that she cheated on you?”

“Angela, are you out of your mind? That article is clearly slander. I know Khloe well-she is not that kind of person!”

Trey’s firm defense made Angela’s heart sink. She had been secretly pleased seeing Khloe attacked in the chat group, only to find Trey defending her.

Wasn’t it better for the Fox family to finally see Khloe’s true nature? Maybe then they would stop obstructing her at every turn and finally except her.

Angela laughed bitterly through gritted teeth. “That account belongs to a Goldmont reporter. How could it be slander?”

“Reporters can also write fake news. That reporter is a bastard. Don’t worry about it, and don’t go spreading this around.”

Trey hung up immediately, restless and anxious. He quickly dialed Khloe, but she was already on another call.

“Thanks for your trouble,” she said calmly. She was speaking with the head of Goldmont Television Station.

Khloe had seen the fake news earlier, but unlike Charlotte and the others, who had nearly jumped out of their seats in outrage, she remained composed. It was just a smear-someone trying to tarnish her reputation.

After all, the Morrison family was Goldmont’s top capital. Whether the news was real or fake, it could be suppressed. Using such petty tactics against her was laughable, even pathetic.

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+25 Bonus

Running through the possibilities in her head-Clarice, Ethan, Angela, Trey, or perhaps some classmates who had always disliked her-she hung up and immediately received confirmation: the culprit was someone named Brandon, who, she recalled, had indeed been a classmate.

Had there been some grudge?

Before she could dwell on it, Charlotte was already rushing over.

“Khloe, do you know who started the rumor?”

“Yes. Don’t worry. The article will be deleted soon. I’ve already notified the relevant parties to take it down.”

Anyone who could post an article using a major Goldmont reporter account? Tracking them down was nothing. Khloe just needed to lift a finger.

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Khloe had already contacted the legal team. Morrison Group’s legal department was among the best in the city- Brandon would inevitably pay for his actions, and the social media accounts that had blindly spread unverified information would be dealt with as well.

“Khloe, you absolutely can’t let these people off! Spreading lies and slander like this is disgusting and malicious!”

Charlotte and the others were outraged on Khloe’s behalf. That morning, they hadn’t done anything else, just posted denials across the chat group. Yet their voices, as fervent as they were, couldn’t compare to a single call

from Khloe. 1

“I will.” Khloe’s voice was calm, but resolute. She never went easy on those who bullied her.

“I wonder if Mr. Hunt has seen the news... if he finds out, he might not...”

Charlotte’s voice faltered as she hesitated, worry evident in her eyes.

“Khloe, Mr. Hunt won’t believe those rumors, will he?”

Hearing this, a flicker of concern crossed Khloe’s own eyes. But when she thought of Nick, she said without hesitation, “He won’t.”

Even though he hadn't known her long, and his understanding of her was shallow at best, Khloe trusted that Nick wasn't that kind of person.

Still, given the circumstances, she felt it necessary to inform him. She immediately dialed his number-but his phone was busy, likely tied up in another call.

As she pondered this, there was a knock at the office door. Ethan's unmistakable voice carried through. "Khloe, do you have a moment to speak?"

Before Khloe could respond, the door swung open.

Ethan leaned casually against the doorframe, clad in a dark blue pinstripe suit. "Busy, Khloe?"

He shot a glance at Charlotte, who was standing by Khloe's desk. Charlotte instinctively turned to face him.

"Good morning, Ethan," she said, her tone polite but stiff, her eyes wary, betraying a clear sense of defensiveness

as if he had come to cause trouble.

Ethan's lips curved into a faint smirk as his gaze swept over her from head to toe. Among Khloe's new small team, Charlotte was the only one who caught his attention.

Not because of anything else, but simply because she fit his aesthetic perfectly.

Fresh out of college, Charlotte carried a youthful innocence, yet her delicate features, porcelain skin, and thick black hair cascading to just below her waist made her look like she had stepped out of a manga panel-a charming, guileless young girl.

Ethan had a taste for women who were attractive without being overtly flashy-clever enough to intrigue, but not calculatingly sharp. She was far more appealing in his eyes than Khloe.

He also remembered that within the team, Charlotte clung most closely to Khloe, acting as though he were a constant threat. Her cautiousness was written all over her face-it was rather endearing.

"Charlotte, you can leave now," Khloe said quickly, noticing Ethan's silent stare.

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+25 Bonus

Charlotte cast her eyes toward Khloe but hesitated, clearly uneasy, and only reluctantly walked out after a

moment.

“Khloe, why are the people around you so wary of me? As if I’m some man-eating tiger about to devour you.”

“Let’s skip the theatrics. If you have something to say, say it-I have other matters to attend to soon.”

Khloe remained seated, hands clasped beneath her chin, a gentle, knowing smile gracing her lips.

Ethan pulled out the chair opposite her and sat down. “Khloe, I’ve heard some very unpleasant rumors about you today.”

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+25 Bonus

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Khloe's expression remained calm, and she didn't respond, simply waiting for him to continue.

"Before joining the Morrison Group, I could understand that you might have had a past in order to survive-those things weren't a big deal. But now, as the head of Morrison Group, it's different. The impact of public opinion can be severe. If the company suffers losses because of this, you might not be able to bear the responsibility."

Ethan's words were exactly what Khloe expected. She tilted her head slightly to look at him, still saying nothing.

He finally showed a hint of impatience. "Khloe, my mother and I have already discussed it. We can allow you to retain a mid-level position in the Morrison Group, but you will have to return over seventy percent of the assets inherited within the company."

Khloe's lips curved into a small, amused smile. "Raising the stakes, huh? Looks like Clarice has finally developed some recognition for me," she teased lightly.

Hearing this, Ethan's face darkened immediately. His smile froze, and he leaned back from the desk slightly, letting out a soft, dismissive snort.

"Khloe, I strongly advise you to consider this carefully. Do you really think running the Morrison Group is as simple as you imagine? Let me be blunt: Grandpa will return to the country in a month. The only reason he hasn't approved you running the company alone is that he doesn't trust a young woman in charge. If he doesn't approve, no one in the family will.

"Moreover, if anything goes wrong in the company, you'll be the one to take the blame. You're already the target of criticism. Even these minor online rumors could make you the laughingstock of the business circle.

"I'm telling you this for your own good. Leave the Morrison Group, and you can live quietly as the Morrison heiress. We can all go our separate ways without conflict."

Ethan's tone was earnest, almost as if he were confiding in her, but every word carried implicit threats and intimidation.

Khloe couldn't help but smile to herself. He really did treat her like a three-year-old.

"Ethan, perhaps you should check the news on your phone," she said, her gaze flicking down to her own.

She casually swiped through her feed. Sure enough, within just a few minutes, the trending news had completely reversed.

The Goldmont Television Station had deleted the article from the reporter's account and released an official statement clarifying that it was fake news. It had been fabricated by a new employee seeking attention, targeting a former classmate with whom they had a grudge.

The station announced that disciplinary action, including dismissal and potential legal proceedings, had been taken, and that the employee had been handed over to the police.

Meanwhile, the legal team had swiftly sent lawyer notices to all online accounts that had spread the article.

Because the reversal was so prompt, the damage was entirely under control. Moreover, Khloe's status as a Morrison heiress had not been publicly disclosed. Very few people even knew her, and the public's focus remained solely on the malicious article itself.

Ethan's eyes darkened slightly. He had known that public opinion alone couldn't cause much trouble, but he hadn't expected Khloe to act so quickly.

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Chapter M3

+25 Bonus

He glanced at the news and said evenly, "The news can be suppressed, but the traces of the past cannot. Khloe, you weren't raised as a protected Morrison heiress. How can you guarantee that there won't be rumors or worse, a real scandal-in the future?"

Khloe replied with serene confidence, "Of course I can't guarantee that. But I can guarantee that I have nothing to hide. I've never done anything shameful."

She paused slightly before adding, "Besides, if some fake news can shake the Morrison Group, then that only proves that we ourselves... are not capable enough."

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Khloe's words were a thinly veiled jab at Ethan.

He nodded subtly, fiddled with his watch, and a faint, fleeting smile crossed his face.

"Then I suppose I was worrying unnecessarily," he said, standing. His tone carried a deceptive sincerity. "Mother regrets not being able to attend your engagement banquet with Nick Hunt. This weekend, she will host a dinner at home for both families. There will be many distinguished guests. Make sure to attend on time."

He placed an invitation on Khloe's desk and left the office.

Once outside, Ethan pulled out his phone and called an aide. "Proceed as planned."

He actually held some measure of respect for this younger sister. She wasn't a pushover. That was why he had started with civility, hoping she would yield voluntarily—but now, it was clear she wouldn't budge until forced.

Meanwhile, Angela noticed the trending news had completely reversed in less than half a day. Goldmont Television Station had issued an official clarification, and every call she made to Brandon went unanswered.

In the class group chat, classmates began apologizing to Khloe, admitting they shouldn't have believed the rumors, and some even tried to tag her. But to their surprise, Khloe had already left the group.

Someone asked Trey, who didn't know when she'd left. He had assumed that Khloe had quietly noticed his efforts to defend her today-but now it seemed he had been indulging in wishful thinking.

Trey called Khloe repeatedly. Finally, she answered.

"What is it?" Khloe's voice was still cold and distant; he could tell she was driving.

Trey persisted. She had no choice but to pick up.

"Khloe, are you okay? I saw the news today. Did you offend someone-"

"Don't worry about me. Worry about the Fox Group instead," Khloe interrupted, her voice ice-cold, yet to Trey, it carried a peculiar warmth, a concern for him.

It was classic Khloe. Even when trouble came, she handled it quietly, refusing to burden him. In his presence, she only ever spoke of what he cared about. The thought made a sour, tender ache rise in his chest.

“Khloe, now you should know what it feels like to be truly alone. I’ve had your room kept in order, so don’t wear yourself out running around...”

Before he could finish his heartfelt words, the call was abruptly cut off.

Trey’s chest tightened. Anger bubbled up, too-had he spoiled her so much that now she could be this obstinate? He genuinely worried for her, yet the more he tried, the bolder she seemed to get.

At that moment, Angela’s call came through.

Trey hesitated, then answered. On the other end, Angela was wailing, panic-stricken.

Hearing that Angela was in trouble, Trey didn’t even think about Khloe. He immediately drove to her place.

The moment he entered, Angela clung to him, tearful and trembling. “I’m ruined... Trey...”

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+25 Bonus

“What happened? Calm down and tell me,” he soothed, but Angela could only sob, unable to form words.

It wasn’t until Trey’s patience nearly ran out that she clutched his arm and begged, “Please... you have to forgive me. I didn’t mean for this to happen...”

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“Alright, I forgive you. Just tell me-whatever it is, I’ll face it with you.”

Trey pressed down the frustration gnawing at his chest. Seeing Angela’s panic-stricken face, he finally helped her to sit down beside him. He handed her tissues to wipe her tear-streaked cheeks and placed a warm cup of water into her hands.

The gentleness in his demeanor finally eased Angela a little. She sniffled and hesitated, then slowly told him everything that had happened with Brandon.

The moment Trey heard it, all warmth vanished from his eyes. His face went cold, and he abruptly stood. “What did you say? You... you instructed someone to smear Khloe?”

“Brandon was caught... I’m afraid the police will trace it back to me... then I’d be finished...”

Angela broke down again, panic overtaking her. She dropped to her knees, clutching Trey’s leg as if it were the only lifeline left.

“Trey, please... help me think of a way. I had no choice! I thought... if she was disgraced, we could be together without her in the way...”

Trey’s temper flared-he wanted to scold her fiercely-but seeing her in such tears, he forced himself to hold back. Deep down, he knew she had acted for them.

“If anyone in the family finds out... you’ll really be finished.” He closed his eyes and muttered, feeling a familiar headache press down.

Angela’s back went cold. She knew he was right-if the Fox family discovered this, they’d stop at nothing to have her thrown in jail.

“Trey... Pete is still so young. If his mother goes to prison, how will he even grow up? Ten years we’ve walked together. I’ve always followed your lead. My love for you is no less than Khloe’s... I only did this because I love you so much, I lost my judgment for a moment!”

Angela was desperate, clinging to him, her words dripping with raw emotion. Even Trey’s heart ached at her confessions.

He thought for a moment, then held her close, letting her calm for a while before immediately calling his lawyer. He instructed that Brandon be bailed out immediately. No matter the cost, as long as Brandon didn't implicate Angela, Trey would smooth things over legally, mitigating any consequences.

"Don't worry. My lawyer knows exactly what to do. Brandon isn't from a wealthy family. Since you could bribe him to write fake news, this will be manageable."

Seeing Trey take action, Angela's tension eased. She nodded, still tearful, burying herself in his arms.

But Trey's headache had only just begun. He pressed on his temples, trying to relieve the pounding. One misfortune followed another, leaving him without a single night of rest.

When he was unwell before, Khloe would always notice first. She'd prepare his medicine, insist he let go of everything, and rest early. She'd quietly manage meetings and work, keeping a watchful eye on him. If she were here now... how different things would be.

Khloe returned home early today, finishing her shower around eight o'clock. She had stopped by the supermarket

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+25 Bonus

and picked up ingredients, planning to invite Nick over for dinner. But he called to say he had a meeting in another state this afternoon and wouldn't return in time for dinner.

Since he couldn't come, she decided to treat herself. She prepared several delicate dishes, perfect for pairing with drinks, and whipped up a special cocktail. By chance, the drink turned out a brilliant shade of blue.

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It was the very same drink she'd made for Nick that evening.

Khloe took a cautious sip. The flavor was sharp, tingling, yet her mind involuntarily flashed to the image of him leaning close to her side.

Outside, Nick carried a cold, composed persona, but at home... he was surprisingly clingy. Wherever she went, he followed.

By eleven o'clock, Khloe had dozed off on the living room sofa, only to be jolted awake by her phone vibrating.

"Hello?" she murmured, still groggy.

On the other end, Nick's voice sounded close, almost brushing against her ear: "Are you asleep?"

"N-no, not yet..." Khloe rubbed her eyes and slowly sat up, her voice clearing. "Why are you calling at this hour? Finished work?"

"Mm." His tone was magnetic, teasing in that low, husky way that always sent shivers down her spine. "I missed you."

Khloe felt the warmth of alcohol rise again, her ears flushing.

"I... missed you too," she whispered, immediately regretting it. Fearing he'd say more, she quickly added, "I wanted to have dinner with you tonight... I even bought a bunch of things. But since you weren't here, I didn't cook."

"If I'd known I'd get to eat with you, I shouldn't have gone to that meeting today," he said softly.

"No... work comes first. Whatever you want to eat, there'll be other chances."

Like he said, they still had plenty of time. The thought brought a subtle smile to her lips.

"Where are you now?" Nick asked suddenly.

"At home."

"Where at home?" There was an almost imperceptible urgency in his voice.

"On the sofa," she replied honestly, fingers unconsciously twisting the hem of her clothes.

"Changed into your pajamas?"

The question was unnervingly specific, sparking private thoughts she didn't dare entertain. Her face flamed red, and she glanced down at her soft silk sleepwear, her voice tinged with embarrassment. "...Why do you suddenly ask that?"

A brief silence passed through the line. Then his voice, low and tender, brushed over her like a feather across her heart.

"Open the door. I want to see you now."

Khloe's eyes widened in surprise; her heart skipped a beat. Almost instinctively, she sprang from the sofa like a startled butterfly, barefoot, and dashed to the door.

When she opened it, the hallway's soft glow revealed him-just as she expected.

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+25 Bonus

He carried the cool night air with him, a coat draped over his shoulders, tie loosened, exuding a casual, worn elegance. Yet his eyes... those deep, luminous eyes shone like condensed starlight, impossible to ignore.

"Nick, you..."

Seeing her, his lips curved into an almost imperceptibly gentle smile, softening every sharp line of his face.

Before she could finish, he stepped forward, looping his arm around her waist and drawing her into his embrace, guiding her inside. The door closed silently behind them.

He lowered his head, chin brushing the top of her fragrant hair, inhaling gently, as if letting the day's fatigue and longing dissolve in that single moment.

"I wanted to see you. I came straight from the airport, but I didn't want to disturb you... Now it seems my desire won."

His voice hummed softly against her hair, laden with a possessive tenderness and satisfaction.

Khloe, momentarily stunned, pressed her hands against his back. "You fool. Next time, just knock or call. Don't stand out there so long."

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Khloe didn't need to ask. She already knew Nick must have been standing outside for quite a while again.

It was late, but the moment she saw him, all traces of sleepiness vanished from Khloe.

Nick had been coming over more often lately, so she'd stocked the guest room with men's essentials-new toothpaste, razors, even two sets of pajamas.

"I noticed you like black silk sleepwear, so I bought two different styles," Khloe said gently as she handed them to him.

Caring for people came naturally to her. These things were second nature, nothing worth mentioning-or so she thought.

But Nick froze.

He looked up at her, a complicated surge of emotion churning in his eyes.

"These... when did you prepare them?"

"I went out during lunch break today," she replied casually. "I checked a few stores and compared the fabrics. These are similar to what you usually wear."

Her tone was light, as if she were talking about something utterly insignificant. She was used to arranging everything for those around her-especially for those she had already claimed as her own.

Nick reached out, his fingertips brushing the cool, smooth silk. Slowly, he curled his fingers, gripping the fabric in his palm.

"Thank you for putting so much thought into me."

He said it with unmistakable seriousness, almost solemn.

Khloe smiled. "It's nothing. Just small things. You don't have to be so formal-"

"They're not small things." Nick cut her off, his voice firm. "Not to me."

He stepped closer, shortening the distance between them, and looked down at her intently. "Khloe, remember this. Every bit of care you give is worth being treated seriously and cherished. Including these," he lifted the pajamas in his hand, "and including you."

His words landed like a stone dropped into still water, sending ripples through her heart.

Khloe froze, caught completely off guard.

Taking care of others... was something that deserved to be cherished?

Almost instinctively, her thoughts drifted to the past.

She had once taken meticulous care of Trey, too-remembering how much sugar he liked in his coffee, which dry cleaner handled his suits, restocking his favorite clothing brands without him ever needing to ask.

But Trey had never acknowledged it. He took everything for granted, never once saying thank you.

The contrast hit hard. A sharp ache rose in Khloe's chest, quickly followed by a warmth she couldn't quite put into words.

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So this was what it felt like-to be carefully treasured by someone.

Nick sensed the shift in her mood at once. He didn't press her, only reached out and gently pulled her into his

embrace.

"Khloe," he said softly, "is there something you wanted to tell me today?"

Her thoughts snapped back. She nodded and explained what had happened with the news article.

“They’re all rumors. None of it is true. If you saw it, don’t take it seriously...”

“Khloe,” Nick chuckled lightly, “I chose you as my fiancée-and one day, you’ll be my wife. That means I trust you completely.”

A faint blush crept onto her face. She nodded. “I was just worried it might affect you.”

“Of course.” His voice dropped lower. Her lashes fluttered, and then she heard him continue, “We’re about to become husband and wife. If you’re not well, neither am I.”

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Nick’s words struck a deep chord in Khloe.

Even if he were just saying them casually, in that moment, it was enough to soothe her sensitive heart.

But Khloe didn’t know that Nick wasn’t speaking lightly.

He had heard about the news article that afternoon and immediately acted to remove it from trending searches while investigating the situation. His actions overlapped with hers, and by the time he issued his orders, the culprit had just been handed over to the authorities.

Yet, Khloe had suffered such a grave injustice-there was no way he would simply let it slide.

Meanwhile, an audio recording had surfaced online: snippets of calls between Angela and Brandon.

In the recording, Angela’s defamatory words about Khloe were crystal clear. She even coached Brandon to dredge up old school memories, aiming to expose Khloe’s “true character.”

On top of that, bank transfer records between the two surfaced as proof.

The revelation hit like a final hammer blow. People began digging into the mastermind behind the scheme, Khloe's information quickly vanished from online attention, and Angela was laid bare for all to see.

Headlines like "Once the Most Beautiful Female Counselor at a Prestigious University, Loved by Students, Yet Secretly Jealous of the Campus Belle" went viral.

Students poured in with

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"You have to go. Otherwise, even if I could protect you, my family won't let this slide. Pete is still with my mother -think of him. I'll make sure everything is arranged for you."

Trey spoke as he efficiently packed Angela's luggage, leaving no room for refusal.

Angela had a lot of belongings, but he only packed the essentials-clothing, important documents, and the basics she'd need.

Along the way, Angela continued wiping her tears, but no matter what she said, Trey didn't respond. This time, he had made up his mind-he was sending her away.

At the airport, Trey purchased a visa-free ticket for a neighboring country.

"You need to lie low for now. I'll arrange for your visa and school application. You'll go abroad to study, and after some time, Pete will reunite with you."

"What if I leave like this and can never return? What then?"

Even in her panic, Angela retained a sliver of rationality. She had consulted a lawyer earlier. Brandon's slander hadn't spread far, and as the instigator, the punishment for her at most was a year. With a top lawyer and compensation, a suspended sentence was possible.

But that required the Fox family to vouch for her. And the only way to get their guarantee was to reveal her marriage to Trey.

“I’ll handle everything back home first, then I’ll come to you,” Trey’s voice finally softened.

He gently wrapped Angela in his arms, holding her close, as he had countless times in the past, with all the tenderness of his old promises.

But this time, Angela no longer trusted him. She clutched his shoulders tightly.

“Trey... the reason you’re in such a hurry to send me away... is it because you’re afraid Khloe will find out about us?”

Her quiet question made Trey momentarily flustered.

“Don’t talk nonsense!” He pushed her away sharply, brow furrowed. “You are my wife. At most, Khloe and I had a transactional relationship. You know that perfectly well. Everything I’m doing now is to protect us.”

“Is that so?” Angela smiled faintly, eyes glistening with unshed tears, looking up at him with delicate vulnerability.

Trey brushed her cheek gently. “Promise me, no more reckless behavior. All you need to do is protect yourself quietly, wait for me. My promise to you is the same as ten years ago. I will grow old with you... together.”

Ten years ago, when he first met Angela, he had promised her he would only ever be hers. But now, even Trey’s voice lacked the resolute certainty of the past.

Angela said nothing. She nestled against him until the time came. Under Trey’s watchful gaze, she passed through security.

Only after confirming her departure did Trey leave the airport in haste.

But no sooner had he gone than Angela reappeared in the terminal, dressed down in inconspicuous clothes, a cap and mask concealing her features. Without hesitation, she hailed a taxi and left.

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+25 Bonus

Early the next morning, Trey arrived at the Fox family estate.

He had stayed up all night sending Angela away, barely sleeping, and returned immediately.

Stella, who had been tending to Lauren, also hadn't rested properly. After hearing about Angela last night, she had spent the night tossing and turning.

She knew that as long as Angela existed, nothing good would come of the Fox family.

Even though Khloe wasn't exactly trouble-free, she was still the daughter-in-law of the Fox family. Angela's smear of Khloe was an affront to their family's reputation-and to Trey's face!

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Stella had called Trey multiple times the previous night, but he hadn't answered. By morning, when he finally arrived at the house, she guessed he must have already seen Angela.

Her expression was far from pleasant as she led him straight to the reception room.

"What are you planning to do about Angela?" Stella didn't waste words-she asked Trey directly.

"I've already sent her away. As for the online incident, I'll hire a lawyer for her and cover the compensation," Trey replied calmly.

"She committed a crime! Are you protecting her to drag the Fox family down with you?" Stella's fury flared. She was so outraged that she nearly shouted. "Can't you see what she really is after what she's done?"

"Mom, given how things have turned out, we also bear some responsibility. If you hadn't pushed her so far or threatened Pete, she wouldn't have..." Trey's words were cut off by a sharp slap across the face from Stella.

Her face flushed with anger. "Are you really prepared to sever ties with us? If you are, then go find that woman now!"

“Why the shouting so early in the morning...”

Suddenly, the frail voice of Lauren came from the doorway.

Supported by a servant, the elderly lady slowly entered the reception room. She didn't look at Trey or Stella, instead settling directly onto the main sofa. A thin shadow seemed to lie across her face, yet she was visibly calmer than Stella.

“Grandma,” Trey immediately greeted respectfully.

She glanced at him and asked plainly, “You sent Angela away?”

She had already overheard most of their conversation on entering. Angela's desperate actions didn't surprise her- after all, she had gambled and failed, turning herself into a joke. As long as Trey distanced himself from Angela, the Fox family would remain unaffected.

The bigger issue, however, was Khloe. Angela's actions were all about Trey, and Khloe was clever-she would certainly notice something.

Trey nodded but said nothing. Lauren continued, “What are you planning to tell Khloe?”

“I haven't decided yet,” Trey admitted honestly.

“What's there to explain? Khloe got restless first, which allowed Angela to take advantage. Even if the article isn't completely true, there's bound to be some exaggeration, right? Khloe's managed so many projects over the years -she must know how to charm people, otherwise it wouldn't add up.”

Stella chimed in, though somewhat grudgingly. This time, however, Lauren didn't stop her.

Trey frowned. “Mom, Khloe isn't like that. I know her better than anyone.”

“You know her? Then explain-what's she trying to do now by running away from home? Divorce you?”

Trey was left speechless.

Lauren let out a cold laugh. “Stop hiding things from me. Angela stayed at this house before, didn't she?”

1/2

Chapter 170

+25 Bonus

Trey immediately looked at Stella, who panicked and shook her head, pretending she knew nothing. She didn't dare reveal the truth to Lauren.

"I investigated myself. I may be old, but I haven't wasted my life. Do you think I can't see through your schemes?" Lauren said sharply.

From the moment Angela appeared, she had sensed something was off.

Women were naturally perceptive, and Khloe was clever. Even without knowing the past between Angela and Trey, she might notice the lingering ambiguity between them.

2/2