

Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 2 Author: Tangy Candy Khloe didn't even have time to react before a glass of juice was flung straight into her face. The maids rushed over at once to help clean her up. "Pete!" Trey's face darkened with fury. Startled, Pete bolted upstairs in a streak of panic. Trey made to chase after him, but Angela quickly stood and blocked his path. "Trey, he's just a child. Violence won't solve anything. Let me check on him." As she spoke, her eyes flicked toward Khloe, who was wiping herself clean. She seemed to want to say something more but held it back.

Only then did Trey return his attention to Khloe. "Are you alright? Let me see." She had already wiped herself down, but his hand reached out again, wanting to touch her face. "Disgusting! Don't touch me." The words slipped out without thought. Trey frowned, completely misreading her. "How could I ever think you're disgusting? The only thing I feel is terrible that you got hurt. If I'd known Pete would have an outburst like that, I never would have put the burden of raising him entirely on you." Khloe's lips curled into a mocking smile. "You're right.

If his real mother were here, she'd probably do a much better job. It's a shame she's gone, and his adoptive mother clearly doesn't know what she's doing." Trey froze, his expression tightening. "What are you talking about? Pete is adopted. You're his mother-the only mother he has, and you're a wonderful one." He even reached out to ruffle her hair in a show of affection. The sudden, intimate gesture made Khloe's skin crawl. Back in the bedroom, she immediately locked herself in the bathroom and turned on the shower. Trey followed shortly after.

He hadn't come to check on her-his real purpose was to resume his campaign to move Angela in. He called it a "discussion," but Khloe knew her opinion was irrelevant. He and Angela were the real couple; she was just the placeholder. "With the company's IPO, I have no time for Pete, and I need you focused on work. Angela is a child development expert, and you saw how well Pete responds to her..." "Fine. Whatever you want." She cut him off, her stomach churning with disgust the longer he spoke. Trey instantly softened, mistaking her surrender for understanding.

"Khloe, I knew you'd be reasonable. You know I only want what's best for our family." His eyes melted into a pool of fake tenderness as he stood and moved to put his arms around her waist. But Khloe turned sharply and held up her phone like a shield. On the screen was a listing for a modern riverside villa in the city's financial district-a more prestigious and expensive property than their current home. "Trey, what do you think of this place?" "It's prime real estate. That area is incredibly valuable." He frowned slightly, unsure of her angle. "My birthday is next month.

I've decided I want this villa as my gift." She smiled sweetly, her voice soft and melodic. Trey had lied to her for two years. She had lost more than time; she had sacrificed her own career. To save his failing startup, she had dropped out of her graduate program and turned down a prestigious job offer. In just two years, she had turned his business around. Soon, it would go public, making Trey a billionaire. And she? She would be discarded, used up and thrown away. There was no way she would let that happen. In the past, Trey had always promised her the world.

But Khloe had never asked for anything-until now. Trey hesitated. "Why the sudden interest in real estate? Isn't our house good enough for you?" "This isn't just a house, it's an investment. And once your company is public, hosting clients at a prestigious address like this will give you the

status you deserve. It's for your benefit, too." Every word was carefully crafted to appeal to his ego and ambition, and she watched his doubts evaporate in real time. In his mind, Khloe was still the selfless woman who couldn't bear to spend his money on herself-always putting his needs first.

A wave of guilt, mixed with a sudden surge of affection, washed over him. "I don't need a new house for status. Having you by my side is all the status I need." He moved to embrace her again, but she sidestepped his arms. "I told you, it's my birthday wish. Just humor me. You're not going to be cheap about it, are you?" Her playful tone disarmed him completely. Trey felt a familiar stir of desire. There was something different about her tonight, a new spark that unnerved and intrigued him. "How much is it?" "Oh, it's nothing too crazy. Just seven million." Her smile was radiant.

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Trey's face went rigid. He didn't want to seem stingy, but the number was a punch to the gut. Still, with the company's public offering looming, he couldn't afford to upset her now. "Alright. If you love it that much, it's yours." Right then and there, he called the finance department and authorized the transfer while she watched. That same night, seven million dollars landed in Khloe's personal account. The memo line was meticulously noted: For Khloe's birthday villa.

Her bank balance skyrocketed from a meager 15,000 dollars-money she had painstakingly saved from part-time jobs and scholarships-to a staggering 7,015,000 dollars. For the entire two years of their so-called marriage, she had managed the household budget without ever taking a salary for herself, having handed over all financial control to him the day they "married." The next morning, Khloe walked into the dining room and froze. Trey was wearing an apron, chatting and laughing with Angela as he cooked breakfast.

Pete followed them like a happy little shadow, obedient in a way Khloe had never seen. The picture of a harmonious family shattered the moment Khloe entered. Angela's hand slipped off Trey's shoulder at once. He hurried toward Khloe. "You're awake! I made breakfast. Come, you have to try it." Her eyes scanned the dining table-it was laden with an elaborate spread. On a normal day, the housekeeper prepared their meals, and Trey never set foot in the kitchen. Their usual breakfasts were simple. This feast had undoubtedly been orchestrated for Angela. A faint, knowing smile touched Khloe's lips.

"Are these all your favorites, Ms. Thompson?" "Yes. Trey was so thoughtful," Angela replied, her voice sweet. "He was worried I wouldn't be used to the food here. A man who's this considerate is a rare find. You're a very lucky woman, Khloe." A subtle, superior gleam flashed in Angela's eyes as they met Khloe's. "Oh, I know," Khloe agreed smoothly. "Trey has always been incredibly considerate. Not just to me, but he's so charming and attentive to all women." Trey flushed. "Don't talk nonsense.

I'm not like that." Her tone was light and playful, but it was enough to make Angela's smile tighten. Sensing the shift, Pete lashed out. As Khloe reached for the last fried egg, he deliberately splattered dark soy sauce all over it-the liquid splashing onto her hand. "Pete! What is wrong with you?!" Trey snapped. Angela quickly handed Khloe a napkin, then bent down to speak to the boy in a gently chiding tone. "Pete, even if you're full, that's no way to behave. And you've made a mess of your mother's hand.

You need to apologize." Pete shot a defiant look at Khloe before mumbling a sullen, "Sorry." After wiping her hand, Khloe studied the scene. The boy's chin was still held high in defiance, and Angela had masterfully downplayed his aggression as simple misbehavior. "Alright, you're

finished eating. Why don't you go play in your room?" Angela said, smoothly trying to end the confrontation before Khloe could respond. "Wait." In one fluid motion, Khloe stood, grabbed Pete by the arm, and pulled him against the wall.

"Don't move." "Let go of me, you witch!" He kicked and struggled, but she twisted his arms behind his back, holding him firmly in place. Then, she plucked a slender, flexible switch from a decorative vase and brought it down sharply on the back of his legs. "WAAAH-!" Pete howled, tears immediately springing to his eyes. "Khloe! What are you doing?!" Angela cried, rushing forward. "He already apologized! Is this really necessary?" "Ms. Thompson, Pete is my son," Khloe stated, her voice like ice. "It is a mother's duty to discipline her child. Why are you so desperate to interfere?"

One might almost think... he was yours." Her strikes did not let up. The switch landed several more stinging blows. Angela's face went pale, her nails digging into her own palms. "I... I just meant he's still so young. It wasn't that big of a mistake..." "A small mistake, left unchecked, becomes a major flaw. I'm not well-versed in your gentle parenting methods. If I don't teach him respect now, he will be uncontrollable later." Her words left Angela speechless. Even Trey was stunned into silence. Khloe had always been strict, but she had never resorted to physical discipline before.

Still, Pete's behavior had been unacceptable... Trapped between Angela's pleading look and Khloe's icy resolve, Trey finally stepped forward and caught her arm. "That's enough. He's learned his lesson." Khloe tossed the switch to the floor. Pete scrambled behind Angela, his sobs now those of genuine shock and pain. Angela frowned, her lips pressed into a thin line, and

patted the boy's back soothingly. "Remember this, Pete," Khloe said, her voice cool and commanding. "As long as I am your mother, you will show me respect.

If you don't learn this lesson, that switch will be much less forgiving next time." Her tone was stern, but a cold smile played on her lips. The effect was so intimidating that even Pete's sobs quieted to silence. Trey stood frozen, bewildered. Without another word, Khloe left the dining room. He instinctively moved to follow her, but Angela clutched his hand, stopping him.

"Trey..." Her eyes welled with tears, full of a deep-seated grievance. For years, she had played the part of the understanding one, secure in his love, always appearing gentle and magnanimous. But this-this was too much.

Khloe was publicly humiliating her. It was the old Fox family patriarch who had torn them apart all those years ago. Back then, Trey was just a student, powerless to fight back. Angela had nearly lost her university position and was forced to pivot her entire career to child development. Out of options, Trey had brought Khloe home as a shield, a beautiful facade to placate his family. Angela had once asked him why he chose her. He'd been honest. At first, it was her looks-presenting a beautiful wife would satisfy his family's expectations.

Later, he discovered she was an orphan, completely alone, and a brilliant finance talent being headhunted by top firms. Having her by his side was a strategic move for his career. But to reassure Angela, he had secretly registered their marriage after only a short time with Khloe. That way, no matter what happened, their assets would belong to Angela as well. He had promised her that once he solidified his control of the family company, he would make their relationship public. From the very beginning, Khloe was just a tool. And now, that tool was daring to fight back?

Angela couldn't stomach it. Of course, Trey's heart ached for her. But now wasn't the time to reveal their hand. He pulled Angela into a brief, tight embrace, his brow furrowed in frustration, before finally releasing her and hurrying after 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.