

Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 3 Author: Tangy Candy As Khloe moved to get into the car, Trey quickly smoothed his expression and moved to join her, as was their usual routine for the drive to the office at that hour. "Have your assistant drive you," Khloe said evenly. "I've got an appointment with a realtor. I'm going to look at a house." Trey froze in surprise. "But there's a major company meeting today-" "This property is about to have multiple offers. If I don't see it today, it will be gone." Khloe cut him off, her tone placid. A faint smile played on her lips, not quite reaching her eyes. "Besides, you're always the one telling me that work is endless, and that I should learn to treat myself once in a while." For a reason he couldn't pinpoint, a chill ran down Trey's spine. He forced an easygoing smile. "Alright, then I'll skip the office too. I'll come with you." "That's not necessary." Her smile widened, bright and almost girlish, as she turned and lightly tapped a finger against his chest. "I want to pick it out myself. Once I've made up my mind, I'll take you to see it." Of course, she saw right through him. He didn't want to accompany her; he wanted to supervise her.

If the property was purchased jointly, it would ultimately become an asset for him and Angela. Her voice was so playful it made Trey's heart skip a beat. He caught her wrist. "So it's a surprise for me?" "Of course it is." Khloe's smile stiffened for a second before she pulled her hand away. "Alright. I'll let you have your way," Trey murmured, his voice dropping as he slid an arm

around her shoulders, pulling her into a casual embrace. Khloe had no room to retreat, forcing herself to stand still and not flinch from his touch.

But as he watched her car disappear down the street, the pleasant facade melted from his face. Was it his imagination, or had she changed? Or was it just a woman's intuition-had she picked up on something and was now acting out of jealousy toward Angela? He tugged irritably at his tie. He couldn't let Khloe get under his skin. It didn't matter how capable she was, or how devoted she had been. In the end, he would only ever have one wife: Angela. An hour later, Khloe stood before a floor-to-ceiling window, gazing out at the financial district.

The unit was a single-level penthouse, fully finished with top-grade materials and state-of-the-art smart-home technology. The décor struck a balance between minimalist and ultra-luxurious, every furnishing chosen with impeccable taste. Though not the largest floor plan-just over 3,000 square feet-it occupied the most coveted address in the entire city. She could already imagine how breathtaking the view would be when the city lights began to shimmer after dark. "I'll take it. Please prepare the paperwork.

The deed will be in my name only," Khloe told the sales manager with quiet satisfaction. The property was turnkey ready. That meant she could walk away from that suffocating, disgusting so-called "home" whenever she pleased. "Of course, right away." The manager's eyes lit up with pleasant surprise. He had assumed she was just browsing, but her decisive purchase instantly elevated her status. He personally escorted her to the VIP lounge, ordered refreshments, and went to prepare the contract. All Khloe had to do was sign and swipe her card; his team would handle the rest.

She was waiting when a shrill, imperious voice cut through the calm. "So you're the one trying to steal the apartment I had my eye on?" Khloe turned to see a young woman in head-to-toe designer striding toward her, flanked by two bodyguards and trailed by another sales manager. "Are you speaking to me?" Khloe asked mildly. "Who else would I be talking to? I called dibs on the unit in Bouvardia Ave! It's mine!" The woman ripped off her sunglasses, revealing sharp, glamorous eyes flashing with pure entitlement. "The manager never mentioned the unit was reserved, and you haven't paid a deposit.

If I pay first, it's mine," Khloe replied coolly, uninterested in a pointless argument. She stood, intending to move to a quieter spot. The woman stamped her foot-twice-in a show of frustration. "I don't care! I don't need your permission. I have priority here. Whether you like it or not, you need to back off!" "Priority?" Khloe arched an eyebrow. "Our policy is to prioritize clients based on their financial profile. Purchases aren't necessarily first-come, first-served.

Clients with greater assets receive preferential treatment." The female sales manager delivered her explanation without so much as looking at Khloe, her tone dripping with open disdain.

Khloe's brows drew together. "This policy really does leave a person... speechless." Just then, the original manager returned, looking deeply apologetic. He leaned in and whispered, "I'm so sorry. That young lady is a member of the Olson family-the heiress to Olson Toys, one of the largest toy brands in the country." Ah. Khloe placed it now. Olson Toys was fifth on the city's list of top corporations.

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No wonder the woman carried herself with such unchecked arrogance. The other manager pressed on, her tone patronizing. "I understand you're disappointed, but rules are rules." "I'm not disappointed," Khloe replied, a cool smile touching her lips. "I'm just pointing out that, by your

own rules, my financial standing gives me priority over hers. This apartment is mine. Please process the paperwork quickly. I don't have all day." Khloe's words hung in the air. "What?" both the heiress and her sales manager stammered in unison.

"She actually said she outranks me?" Miss Olson sneered, her voice dripping with disbelief. The female manager frantically scanned her tablet. It couldn't be. Anyone with a higher net worth than the Olsons would have triggered system-wide alerts, and the general manager would have been personally notified to greet them. Judging by Khloe's simple, understated clothes, she couldn't possibly be from established old money. A newly rich upstart, at best. "Miss, perhaps you don't fully understand our process," the manager said, her tone condescending.

"Our properties require a formal asset verification-" "Then verify them," Khloe cut her off, handing over her ID without a hint of annoyance. She had dealt with far more than just social climbers and snobs. The male manager looked doubtful but proceeded with the verification all the same. Meanwhile, upstairs in a private viewing suite, a curtain fluttered. A tall, imposing figure stood and murmured to his assistant, who immediately began issuing commands, "Mr. Hunt has given instructions. Tell them to stop the verification.

That woman is the Morrison heiress." In Goldmont City, there was only one Morrison family-the number-one financial power in the city. But no one had ever heard of there being a Morrison heiress before. Downstairs, Khloe settled back onto the sofa, perfectly composed. The female manager had lost all patience. "Miss, please stop overestimating yourself. Maybe you can afford one property, but that's probably the extent of your wealth. Don't waste Miss Olson's time any further, or I'll have to call security to escort you out." Miss Olson waved a dismissive hand, now looking almost amused.

"Let her. I want to see what this 'priority' of hers looks like. But remember," she said, her eyes narrowing at Khloe, "if you've wasted my time, you will get on your knees and beg for my forgiveness. Otherwise, don't blame me for what happens next." Khloe observed the newcomer with detached curiosity. The woman appeared to be even younger than her-barely twenty years old, embodying the quintessential spoiled heiress who had never been denied a thing in her life. Khloe smiled faintly. "And if I do have priority?"

"Will you get on your knees and beg me instead?" "You-" Before Miss Olson could finish her retort, the male manager came rushing back, his face pale and beaded with sweat. "Miss Morrison, my heartfelt apologies! You absolutely have priority! Please, forgive our terrible oversight!" The revelation sent a shockwave through the sales team. Khloe's verified assets were in the hundreds of billions. And her identity? She was the Morrison family's daughter, recently acknowledged as the sole biological heir. The female manager's legs buckled.

She collapsed to the floor, stammering, "I-I'm so sorry, Miss Morrison! I didn't know who you were! Please, don't take this out on me..." Miss Olson turned to stone, her eyes wide with horror. Morrison? From the Morrison family? In this city, a single word from them could make markets rise or fall. "Please hurry with the paperwork. I don't have all day," Khloe said coolly, utterly unmoved by their sudden groveling. The contract was thrust before her. She signed without a second's hesitation. Miss Olson could only stare, her mind reeling. "You're a Morrison? But..."

"I know everyone in your generation. I've never seen you before!" "This has to be a scam!" she snapped, convincing herself it was the only explanation. She gestured sharply to her bodyguards, who moved to physically remove Khloe from the premises. But before they could lay a hand on her, a new group of men in dark suits flowed into the lobby, swiftly forming a barrier. At their

head walked a man with an air of quiet authority-middle-aged, impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, his silver-streaked hair complementing the gold-rimmed glasses perched on his nose.

"Miss Olson, we have met," he said. "I am Nigel Bartlet, head steward of the Morrison family."

The name alone sucked the air from the room. Even Khloe felt a jolt of surprise. Why would someone from the Morrison family suddenly appear here? She wondered. The sheer gravity of the moment left Khloe momentarily speechless. Miss Olson looked as if she'd been physically struck, staggering back a step. Trying to salvage a shred of dignity, she stammered, "S-so... she really is a Morrison?" Miss Olson still refused to believe it.

To her knowledge, Niel Morrison's wife had been infertile-they'd only ever adopted one child. How could a biological daughter appear out of thin air, right after his passing? Unless... she was a love child? Nigel's smile remained impeccably polite, yet his words were a steel gauntlet velveted in courtesy. "Indeed. She is Mr. Niel Morrison's only biological child. The sole heir to the entire Morrison fortune." Having said this, he stepped past Miss Olson, his gaze settling firmly on Khloe. She felt slightly uneasy under his scrutiny.

Then, with a formality that seemed from another era, he executed a perfect, deep bow. "A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Young Mistress." The moment Nigel spoke, the entourage of men in black suits behind him bowed in unison. The sheer gravity of the moment left Khloe momentarily stunned. Miss Olson nearly stumbled backward from the shock. Clutching her handbag tightly, she tried to make a quick exit, but the black-suited men blocked her path.

"Young Mistress," Nigel said, not even turning his head, a faint, courteous smile on his face as he addressed Khloe, "I understand you've had a minor conflict with Miss Olson. Shall we resolve this matter now?" Miss Olson's face turned ashen. Remembering her own earlier taunt-that Khloe

would have to kneel and beg for forgiveness-she was gripped with horror. 'If I'm forced to kneel, how could I ever show my face in our social circle again? The humiliation would be unbearable!' Even knowing the Morrison family's elevated status among the elite, Khloe had never encountered such a display.

After a moment's pause, she said, "Forget it. I haven't suffered any real loss." "In that case," Nigel straightened up, his tone polite but firm, "we must still ask Miss Olson to offer you a formal apology. This will allow both our families to save face moving forward." Though Nigel was smiling, Miss Olson felt an intense pressure. She swallowed hard, forced to apologize to Khloe in front of everyone. "I-I'm sorry." Only after Miss Olson uttered the apology did the black-suited men clear a path. Burning with shame, she immediately covered her face and fled with her entourage.

After Miss Olson's departure, Nigel gave a slight signal, and the female sales manager who had been dismissive earlier was promptly led away. Before Khloe could even process this, Nigel stepped forward again and gestured respectfully towards the entrance. "We will handle the remaining matters here. The car is waiting outside. Please, Young Mistress, allow us to escort you." Khloe looked up at Nigel, the initial wariness in her eyes fading into a quiet composure. She didn't move immediately. Her voice was steady as she sought final confirmation. "Escort me?"

To where?" "But of course," Nigel replied, his smile warm, his tone leaving absolutely no room for question. "To the Morrison family home." 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.