

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 381

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 381

Chapter 381

Stanley's words finally managed to temper Alicia's anger.

Making trouble for Khloe could only ease her frustration temporarily. Only when the Fox family rose to power again could they make Khloe see exactly what she was dealing with. How dare Khloe think she could swindle the Fox family's assets and rest easy?

Khloe's phone was unreachable, but Alicia could still get through to Angela.

As soon as Alicia got home, she immediately dialed Angela's number. She kept calling relentlessly until finally, the other end picked up.

"Alicia, you better have a good reason for this," came Angela's voice, laced with restrained anger, crisp in Alicia's ear the moment the call connected.

Alicia snorted coldly. "I do have a reason to call you. But even if I didn't, you're still the Fox family's daughter-in-law. You answer when I call, and your attitude better be polite."

Angela's end sounded noisy, as though someone else was around, but Alicia didn't care. Just hearing Angela's displeasure made her feel a little vindicated.

Angela clenched her teeth to stop herself from hanging up. "What exactly do you want? Say it quickly."

She'd been working nonstop for the past two days, back-to-back meetings. She had expected Trey to panic and call her constantly-but he had only sent one phone call and a few messages urging her to divorce, and then nothing.

Last night, she'd even heard from Kirsten that Trey wasn't even picking up Kirsten's calls anymore. He was determined to go through with this divorce.

"Trey got beaten up at a bar last night, and there's no one taking care of him. Where are you? Go home and take care of him!" Alicia demanded, her voice commanding.

She didn't know that Angela and Trey were on the verge of divorce. But hearing that Trey had been attacked- and remembering what people had said about Angela seducing him in the first place-made her blood boil.

A woman six years older than her brother, ignoring the elders' warnings, secretly marrying him and having a child...

How shameless, how utterly unprincipled!

Now, with the Fox family in this mess, both Khloe and Angela were each half to blame.

"Trey got beaten up? How did that happen?"

Even Angela's heart twinged a little at the thought.

"You're his wife, and you're asking me?" Alicia shot back, furious. "I was the one who went to the hospital to pick him up last night. Where the hell were you?"

The more Alicia spoke, the angrier she got.

Angela's patience snapped. "I'm out of town, it's inconvenient. If you're free, then take care of him yourself."

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+25 Bonus

Before Alicia could even respond, the call ended.

"Angela!"

Alicia cursed loudly, redialing immediately-only for the call to be rejected. After that, Angela's number was completely unreachable.

Angela set her phone down and returned to her seat. The tension in her brow melted away. A small, knowing smile tugged at her lips as she murmured to the meeting room attendees, "Sorry about that. Let's continue."

When the meeting ended, Angela finally relaxed a little. She thought about Trey's injury and hesitated before sending him a message: [Alicia called me. What happened last night?]

But she immediately retracted it. Never mind-he'd survive.

Back in her private office, Angela opened the door and immediately saw the company's vice chairman, Barney

Lemont.

He was in his thirties, tall and well-built, with a sun-kissed complexion radiating masculinity.

Yet unlike his imposing appearance, his demeanor was refined and gentle. Even in his high-ranking position, there was no trace of arrogance.

Angela had always had a good impression of Barney-not only because he recognized her talent, but also because he had fought for every opportunity and benefit that allowed her to join the company.

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Part of it was also because they had once crossed paths before.

Six months ago, Angela had visited an art exhibition in Goldmont City. She and Barney had chosen the same painting, drawn by their shared taste.

The painting depicted children in an orphanage, rendered with wildly imaginative colors that exaggerated the loneliness of each child.

Angela had been captivated by the painting's unique palette, but Barney's perspective was different. She still remembered his words from that day: he liked the painting simply because he had a sister he had never met.

Years ago, his mother had sent her to the orphanage, and now, following her mother's dying wish, he had come to Goldmont City in search of her.

But finding someone with no trace of information in such a sprawling city was like searching for a needle in the ocean. Barney's previous visits had all ended in failure. It

was only by chance, attending a friend's exhibition, that he saw this orphanage-themed painting and felt a pang of emotion, wanting to take it home as a memento.

Touched by his sincerity, Angela had willingly let him have the painting.

She never imagined that this guy would turn out to be the vice chairman of Jayelle City's largest energy company, "Solara Energy," a household name and the city's most sought-after bachelor.

Barney came from an illustrious background. The Lemont family had a long line of diplomats for three generations. By the time his father took over, the family had begun venturing into business-but still at the behest of the state, pioneering breakthroughs in new energy and technology.

Because of this, Solara Energy became a state-backed family company, enjoying an unassailable position in Jayelle City and a top-tier reputation nationally.

Angela's parents, having retired from the research institute, had continued working at Solara Energy.

Solara Energy had recently planned to establish a branch in Goldmont City, though the project had yet to be finalized. Angela had initially intended to ask her parents to help her secure the opportunity-but unexpectedly, she met Barney.

He already had a favorable impression of her, and being someone who valued talent, he was impressed by the standout research data in her papers. Seeing that her parents also held senior positions at the company, he immediately decided to invest.

This trip to Jayelle City was Angela's preparation for the new branch. 1

"Barney, you asked to see me?" Angela asked softly, her tone respectful.

"Yes," Barney nodded, sliding a plane ticket and some documents across the desk. He tapped the gold-embossed invitation with his finger. "Prepare yourself. Tomorrow, we're going to Goldmont City."

"Tomorrow?" Angela glanced at the invitation to the International Investment Summit on Future Industries.

She quickly scanned the participants' list: national industrial funds, internationally renowned investment banks, and giants in energy and pharmaceuticals.

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+25 Bonus

Her eyes lingered the longest on the Morrison Group, the most famous pharmaceutical company in Goldmont City. She recalled how close the Fox family had come to securing investment from them.

“Yes. A few of my friends will also be attending. Take your project proposal; the key data is all there. They should find it interesting. You might gain a lot from this.”

Barney was clearly paving the way for her. Otherwise, he didn’t have to personally go to Goldmont City—he could have just sent Angela.

A spark lit Angela’s eyes, and she couldn’t hide her excitement. “Got it! I’ll prepare right away! Thank you, Barney!”

Seeing her so animated, a faint smile curved Barney’s lips.

“Will you be ready before the end of the day?”

Angela hesitated, unsure of what he meant. “Yes.”

“I’ve been busy the past couple of days and didn’t get a chance to host you properly,” he said. “How about we grab a quick meal at a nearby restaurant later? I’ll invite your parents too—we can have a small gathering.”

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+25 Bonus

“O-Oh... Barney, you’re being far too generous,” Angela stammered, caught off guard.

“It’s alright. I’ll speak with your parents myself. You’re their daughter. Now that you’re back, there’s nothing we can’t talk through calmly.”

Barney’s words brought a faint blush to Angela’s cheeks. From the sound of it, he already knew about the friction between her and her parents.

“You know... about my family situation?”

Barney neither confirmed nor denied it. “A background check is standard procedure. I only went through the motions and had a brief chat with your parents. They didn’t say much-just that you were young and impulsive, that you’d been away from home for many years, and that I should think carefully before letting you join the company.”

Family scandals were not something Angela’s parents would ever broadcast. Naturally, they wouldn’t go around airing their daughter’s affairs.

But no matter how carefully they worded things, their stance was unmistakable.

Over the years, Angela’s decisiveness-bordering on ruthlessness-had long since chilled their hearts. Even though they had accepted her and Pete after she returned seeking reconciliation, they still felt the need to stay guarded.

They felt Angela had only come back now because the Fox family had mistreated her. Who was to say she wouldn’t reconcile with them again in a few days and treat her own parents like fools?

Being made fools of was one thing. But if it implicated the company, that was a responsibility they couldn’t afford to bear.

Hearing what her parents had said to Barney, a trace of coldness flickered in Angela’s eyes.

She smiled lightly. “My parents have always been strict with me. I’m sorry for troubling you.”

“Every family has its own unspoken struggles,” Barney said, looking at her and sighing softly. “If I were you, I’d cherish the time you still have with your parents.”

He had lost his mother at the age of six. To him, family meant more than anything else.

“Thank you for your concern. I’ll make an effort to get along with them properly from now on,” Angela replied obediently. “Send me the address. I’ll be there on time.”

Barney nodded in satisfaction.

Angela was an impressive woman-striking in both appearance and ability-but he could tell there was a sharp contrast between her exterior and what lay beneath.

Perhaps her personality was even more rebellious than he had initially thought.

Women like her were rare. To be honest, he found her intriguing. And that encounter at the art exhibition... he had actually wanted to exchange contact information back then.

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+25 Bonus

Who would have thought they'd run into each other again after all that circling?

Since fate had brought them together twice, it was hard for Barney not to entertain other thoughts.

The only concern was that he was divorced and had a child. He wasn't sure whether she would be able to accept that. 1

But he wasn't in any rush at the moment.

The following afternoon, at the Goldmont City International Convention Center.

The hotel lobby's registration area shimmered with elegance-designer dresses, polished suits, and a gathering of high society. The glossy marble floor reflected the composed figures of guests moving to and fro, while a subtle, pleasant fragrance lingered in the air.

Alicia and Stanley arrived early, positioning themselves near the entrance. Their eyes scanned the passing crowd attentively.

With Stella and Lauren yet to arrive, they lingered near the check-in area, hoping to seize an opportunity to

hand out business cards.

But most guests were surrounded by bodyguards and assistants, leaving Alicia no opening at all. Even when she managed to approach someone who was momentarily alone, the moment they saw a Fox Group business card, their expressions cooled-no matter how polite they remained on the surface.

She had barely finished greeting someone when, the instant she turned away, the card was tossed aside.

Stanley stepped forward and happened to step on it.

He bent down to gather the scattered business cards and handed them back to Alicia, feeling deeply embarrassed.

"Can't you wait until after we get inside before making a move?" he snapped under his breath. "This is humiliating."

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Stanley already regretted bringing Alicia along to the summit.

Alicia had zero sense sometimes. With the Fox family in their current situation, rushing up to hand out business cards like that-wasn't she just asking to be snubbed?

"The seating's all assigned once we enter," she muttered, pouting. "I don't have any other choice."

But she wasn't discouraged. If she couldn't manage it, her mother and grandmother could.

Stella had once been a famous socialite. True, she'd spent years at home playing poker and lying low, but the husbands of her social circle-her close friends' spouses-still carried weight. Even if most people were avoiding the Fox family, Stella herself could still call in a few favors.

And Lauren could uphold the family's dignity, no problem.

Back in the day, when Lauren's husband had been building his empire, he had dealings with many investors in Goldmont City. Generous and uncompromising, he had a high reputation in the circle. Thanks to his lingering influence, Lauren naturally had access to many investors even now.

While Alicia paced outside, irritated, a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce Phantom suddenly rolled into view.

The elongated black sedan loomed like a moving palace, regal and overwhelming, instantly making every other car around it look pale in comparison.

"Who's that big shot?!" Alicia exclaimed, grabbing Stanley's hand. He glanced over in the direction of the car.

As the car came to a stop, yet before anyone emerged, several attendants and greeters had already swarmed to

the vehicle.

Even Stanley furrowed his brow at the display. “Could it be the Morrison family?”

The summit today was for industry leaders, including some big names from other regions, but the top-tier elite in Goldmont City? The first thought was always the Morrison family.

“The Morrison family? That must be the Morrison heiress!” Alicia’s excitement practically bubbled over.

She didn’t normally follow business news, but the headlines about the Morrison inheritance had left a strong impression. She knew better than to imagine getting close to the Morrison family-but her curiosity got the better of her, and she tugged Stanley along, desperate to catch a glimpse of the legendary heiress.

Before they could get close, a line of security blocked their way.

“What do you think you’re doing?” the head of the guards barked impatiently.

“We...” Alicia glanced at Stanley.

He held up their invitations. “We’re guests.”

“The entrance is over there,” the guard waved them toward the proper route.

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+25 Bonus

All of today’s arrivals were VIPs. The hotel’s entrance was under strict control, and even the passenger drop-off areas were monitored. Alicia had already been wandering outside long enough to draw the guards’ attention.

“Oh... we’re just looking,” Stanley said with a smile, casually slipping a pack of expensive cigarettes into the guard’s pocket. “My wife hasn’t seen much of the world-she just wants to see which big shot that is over there.

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The guard’s stern tone softened, though he still waved them off. “You’d better not get closer. Watch from here if you want.”

With that, he turned and walked away, leaving them alone.

Suddenly, Alicia gasped, her voice sharp with shock.

Stanley jumped. “Keep your voice down! This isn’t your home, you know?!”

“She... she is...”

“Who?!” Stanley barely had time to react before Alicia seemed frozen in disbelief, her arm pointing frantically ahead while she looked at him, mouth open as if she’d forgotten how to speak.

“Khloe!”

Finally, Alicia shouted the name.

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Her eyes were fixed on the woman who had just stepped down from the car, flanked by attendants and enveloped in attention. It was Khloe.

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Though the woman had only flashed past for a moment, Alicia’s sharp eyes didn’t deceive her.

“Khloe? She’s here too?”

Stanley was completely confused. When he followed Alicia’s pointing finger, there was nothing but security guards in sight.

“The woman who just got out of that car-was Khloe!” Alicia shouted urgently.

Stanley chuckled. “Are you going crazy wanting to settle things with Khloe? Even if she’s here, do you think she’d come with such a big scene? You must be seeing things.”

Alicia hesitated for just a moment, a flicker of self-doubt crossing her mind. But she quickly spun on her heel and ran toward the registration desk—and sure enough, Khloe was there, surrounded by bodyguards and assistants, signing in.

“Khloe!!!”

She couldn’t get close, so she simply called out loudly.

Khloe faintly caught the sound of someone calling her name. The voice was familiar enough that she looked up, scanning through the crowd, and spotted Alicia directly across from her.

Seeing someone directly call out their boss’s name, the assistants and bodyguards exchanged surprised glances.

“Miss Roswell, is that someone you know?” one asked quickly.

A flash of surprise crossed Khloe’s eyes. She straightened, meeting Alicia’s gaze head-on.

At that moment, Stanley ran over and pulled Alicia close. “Alicia, calm down. You can’t be shouting in a place like this-”

“Look! That’s Khloe!” Alicia cut him off, and he froze mid-sentence.

The woman in front of them really was Khloe.

She was still that cold, striking beauty, immediately standing out even from a distance. But her aura had completely changed from the days at the Fox household.

From head to toe, Khloe seemed reborn—not just in her clothes and styling, but even her presence had become regal and untouchable. She looked both familiar and entirely new.

“Khloe...” Stanley furrowed his brow. He wanted to step forward, but the bodyguards surrounding her immediately blocked him.

Khloe glanced at them coolly, uninterested in further interaction, and without a word, turned to walk away.

“Khloe! Stop right there! Don’t think that just because you’ve swindled the Fox family’s money and company. that you’re untouchable... Who do you think you are, pretending to be the head of a company?!”

“I’m telling you, you’re no lady! You’re nothing but leftover trash my brother played with! A despicable, filthy creature from the gutter!”

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+25 Bonus

“Everything you’re doing now-the dirty deeds-you’ll pay for one day! Karma will catch up to you!”

Seeing Khloe ignore her completely, Alicia’s fury boiled over. She no longer cared about why she was even here. She clawed at the bodyguards and screamed insults at the top of her lungs.

“Alicia, enough!” Stanley shouted, utterly flustered, his face flushed red.

Their commotion quickly drew the attention of many guests. The summit security team rushed over.

Khloe could have left, but Alicia’s words made the corner of her mouth curl slightly. She halted mid-step.

At that moment, Khloe’s assistant whispered something to the security team.

“This is a personal matter involving Miss Roswell. Please handle it discreetly,” the assistant instructed.

The security team immediately understood. They cleared the crowd, relocated the registration desk into the main hall, opened a new lane for incoming guests, and sealed off this entrance.

Anyone daring to insult the Morrison heiress wasn’t likely to escape consequences. To make it easier for Khloe to vent, the guards cleared the area to make sure no one saw what happened next.

Within minutes, most of the people around Khloe and Alicia had dispersed, leaving the two women facing each other with far fewer onlookers.

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But neither Stanley nor Alicia seemed to notice this. All they saw was Khloe stepping forward in heels, every movement elegant and controlled as she approached them.

“Khloe, don’t take it personally. Alicia just lost control-really, we can talk-”

Stanley tried to smooth things over, offering a diplomatic out. After all, he wasn’t a Fox family member.

Khloe now had the capability to run the company as CEO. This was her own accomplishment, not anyone else’s. He didn’t want to get caught in the middle of old grudges. He just wanted to stay neutral and play the good guy.

But a single glance from Khloe froze him. Before he could react, strong hands grabbed him from behind, muffling his mouth.

“Alicia... I heard you right, didn’t I? You cursed me?”

Khloe stopped in front of Alicia, lips curving slightly.

Alicia was being held down by three bodyguards, her mouth blocked. But Khloe lifted her chin subtly, signaling the guards to release their grip on her, giving Alicia the chance to speak.

“Of course! I curse you, Khloe! You bitch!”

Alicia spat out the words with all the force she could muster, undaunted by Khloe.

But it was as if Khloe had been waiting for her to finish. The moment the words left Alicia’s mouth, a hand- sharp as a blade-struck across her face.

Pain exploded through Alicia’s head. Her vision darkened instantly, blood filled her mouth, the metallic tang overwhelming. The bodyguards pressed her arms down, leaving no room to dodge.

Khloe twisted her wrist. She deliberately struck with the hand wearing two rings. The massive diamonds on her fingers caught the light like lethal weapons. She had rotated just enough for the gems to dig into Alicia’s flesh.

Stanley froze, alarmed at the force Khloe used. He couldn't move, and he realized with a jolt that everyone else had vanished-only they and Khloe remained. Where had the security gone?

Alicia spat a mouthful of blood. Seeing her own blood made her rage hotter-she wanted nothing more than to tear Khloe apart.

"Khloe... how dare you hit me?!"

"You dared to curse me. Why wouldn't I hit back?" Khloe's voice was cold, calm, entirely devoid of emotion. "I warned you back at the Fox household-don't provoke me. Even now that the Fox family's bankrupt, you still have the nerve to act up in front of me?"

"You... bitch-"

Alicia's words were cut off as her mouth was pressed shut again. She thrashed violently, her fury bordering on madness. If someone handed her a knife, she would have stabbed Khloe without a second thought.

Khloe moved behind her. From Alicia's open bag, she plucked out a Fox Group business card.

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+25 Bonus

"So this is a trip to woo investors. But... do you even belong at a summit like this?"

"Mm-mmm-"

Alicia glared at Khloe, eyes red, unable to make a sound, only managing to grunt through the gag.

Stanley, however, stayed unusually still. He knew a clever fighter never loses on impulse; he didn't resist, and his eyes kept darting to Khloe, silently pleading. Unfortunately, she didn't glance at him once.

"Seems some people just can't give up until the river dries up," Khloe said with quiet sharpness.

She tossed the business card onto Alicia's chest, then deliberately turned to her assistant and asked, "If I make it clear that anyone helping the Fox family at today's summit will be opposing the Morrison Group... do you think anyone would invest in the Fox Group, a company teetering on the edge of bankruptcy?"

“...What?”

Alicia’s brain went completely blank. She stood there for a long moment, unable to process what Khloe had just said.

‘What does she mean...? What is she talking about...? Khloe can represent the Morrison Group?’

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Khloe’s assistant immediately responded, “As long as you give the word, no one would dare work with the Fox Group. After all, you are the sole heir to the Morrison fortune.”

The assistant deliberately enunciated each word, making sure Khloe’s meaning was clear.

Stanley felt a chill pierce his lungs. Could it be... Khloe was that Morrison heiress, the one who inherited billions?

Alicia’s eyes nearly popped out of her skull. When she finally came back to her senses, disbelief rooted her in place.

Impossible! Absolutely impossible!

Khloe had come from an orphanage-how could she be some wealthy heiress? This had to be some bluff... a few people spreading rumors to scare them.

Alicia’s mouth was still covered, so she could make no sound, only thrash against the guards in silent protest.

“Alicia,” Khloe said coldly, “now that you know my identity, you should understand how merciful I’ve been by allowing the Fox Group to fail. Go back and tell your brother to return me my belongings. I’ll have someone come to collect it.”

With that, Khloe turned and walked away.

Back then, her hatred for Trey had been intense. One-time revenge would never have been enough. She had wanted him to suffer, to watch his career, reputation, relationships, and family crumble before his eyes.

Now, with the Fox Group reduced to a hollow shell, the Fox family on the brink of bankruptcy, and Trey and Angela reduced to nothing more than targets of ridicule in Goldmont City, her revenge was complete.

But the satisfaction she once felt had long since faded, replaced by sheer boredom. The Fox family and Trey weren’t even worth the time.

From this moment on, whether they lived or died, prospered or fell, had nothing to do with her.

No sooner had Khloe left than her assistant signaled the bodyguards to deal with Alicia and Stanley. A little lesson would suffice, no need to make a scene.

The two were roughly escorted out of the summit. Khloe’s guards didn’t hold back in warning them, especially Alicia, who had been the most brazen, cursing Khloe as viciously as she could.

If it weren’t for their boss’s restraint, these two would’ve ended up at the police station for a couple of days.

“Fuckin’...”

Alicia still wanted to curse, but Stanley immediately clamped a hand over her mouth. He bowed and nodded profusely to the bodyguards as they left.

Once the area was clear, Stanley dragged Alicia back to the car. He closed the door, then said, “Khloe is the Morrison heiress. You dared to curse her? Are you trying to get yourself killed? I think your family’s really done for this time. Honestly, maybe you should just cut ties with your parents.”

Stanley’s absurd suggestion made Alicia twist his arm sharply.

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+25 Bonus

“What are you doing?!” he grimaced in pain. “I’m saying this for your own good! Do you know what you’ve done by offending the Morrison family?!”

“Stanley, Stanley,” Alicia sneered, “you always act so smart. How come you’re suddenly dumb now?”

“Can’t you see? Khloe’s just bluffing! Just because she says she’s the Morrison heiress doesn’t mean she is. Are there even any photos online of the Morrison heiress? No. She just claims it, and you’re buying it?”

“If she really were the Morrison heiress, then I’d be the richest man in the world!” Alicia’s words carried a stubborn defiance.

But Stanley thought it over and realized she had a point.

Khloe had no proof, no evidence-it could just be a bluff to assert dominance over Alicia. Yet... at today’s summit, the biggest presence was indeed the Morrison heiress. Maybe it wasn’t impossible that Khloe had the nerve to claim the title outright.

After some thought, Stanley decided he needed to confirm it.

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Stanley immediately called his superior. By now, the VIPs should have already entered the inner hall. If the Morrison heiress had arrived, she would naturally be introduced. All he had to do was just ask and find out.

The call connected quickly.

Alicia wiped her sweaty palms nervously and pressed the speakerphone.

“Mr. O’Leary,” Stanley greeted.

Before he could finish, the voice on the other end snapped, “Where are you? Why aren’t you here yet? Didn’t I tell you this event is important? Don’t be late!”

“Ah... there was a minor accident on the way. I’m afraid I won’t make it,” Stanley said cautiously. Better to omit the full truth. If Khloe really was the Morrison heiress, revealing the situation might get him fired on the spot.

“You’re really letting a rare opportunity slip through your fingers!” Mr. O’Leary chided before moving to hang up. The surrounding area was noisy; many executives were entering and gathering around. He had to get to the venue himself.

“Wait, Mr. O’Leary... I’m curious about the Morrison heiress. Has she arrived yet?” Stanley pressed.

“You haven’t even arrived yourself, and you’re asking about that?” the voice scolded impatiently.

At that moment, the summit erupted in a stir. A graceful figure entered the central area. Surrounded tightly by bodyguards, her presence drew the crowd’s attention. She was heading toward the VIP section near the front

row.

A nearby aide whispered, “That’s the Morrison heiress, the current CEO of the Morrison Group.”

“So young?” Mr. O’Leary craned forward to get a glimpse but could only see a partial profile. Attempting to move closer, he was blocked by security enforcing order, directing everyone to their seats.

Stanley caught the faint response on the other end. “Did you see the Morrison heiress?”

“Sort of. I think I saw her,” Mr. O’Leary replied, a bit reluctantly. A shadow counts as a sighting.

“What was she wearing? What does she look like?”

Alicia couldn’t help but interject, and Stanley shot her a warning glance.

He added quickly, “Was it a white Chanel-style dress? Long hair? And she looks...”

“No, she’s wearing a green dress.” Mr. O’Leary, losing patience, cut him off. “I don’t have time for this. Got to go.”

The call ended. Alicia snorted, the corner of her split lip aching slightly from the motion. She frowned and touched it lightly.

“I knew it. Khloe can’t possibly be the Morrison heiress. She’s audacious-lying like that without batting an eye.

“Truly,” Stanley shook his head. “I didn’t expect Khloe to dare impersonate the Morrison heiress.”

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+25 Bonus

Meanwhile, across the hall, Khloe’s green coat concealed the Chanel-style white dress beneath. The conference hall was cooler than outside, and since she was sensitive to cold, she had her assistant hand her the coat.

The summit was about to begin. Angela and Barney arrived at the registration desk just in time.

Traffic had slowed them down, and they were cutting it close.

“Angela!”

Angela, hurrying to enter, froze when she heard a familiar voice.

She turned, and her eyes widened in shock.

It was Stella and Lauren!

“What’s wrong?” Barney asked, noticing Angela had stopped.

“They’re acquaintances from my time in Goldmont City. I need to go over for a moment. You go ahead; I’ll catch up right after.”

Seeing Angela hesitate, Barney nodded silently, saying nothing further, and led his assistant inside.

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After Barney left, Angela's expression darkened.

From a distance, Stella had already spotted her and hurried to catch up.

Alicia was completely unreliable. At the entrance, the security refused to let them in, claiming that Alicia and Stanley had been stripped of their conference access.

They had heard the reason: the earlier confrontation with Khloe outside.

It wasn't surprising that Khloe would show up at a place like this. She had stolen the company's core projects, now had her own company, and naturally had enough influence to get herself in. But why should Alicia's scuffle with her affect them? This was clearly favoritism, seeing whom they could bully!

Stella had been ready to make a scene, but then Alicia's sharp eyes spotted Angela.

Seeing Angela enter the hall, they all called out to her.

"What are you doing here?" Angela hurried over to them, instinctively scanning for Trey. But he wasn't there.

Alicia's lips were cut, and the fierce edge in her gaze had dulled. "Stanley got us access. Angela, why aren't you at home taking care of my brother? What are you doing here?"

Lauren immediately sensed something was wrong. "What happened to Trey?"

Alicia had originally intended to call Trey, but he hadn't answered. Thinking he might need rest after being hurt, she hadn't pursued it further. She had told Lauren and Stella that he was busy with other matters and wouldn't attend today. Naturally, Lauren assumed Trey had gone to discuss a divorce with Angela.

"He... he went drinking last night and got beaten," Alicia admitted.

Both Lauren and Stella's expressions changed sharply. Stella immediately started fussing over her son, tugging at Alicia and peppering her with questions.

Stanley, irritated by the family's incessant chatter, cut to the point. "Angela, are you here on behalf of Trey?"

Angela felt a small, quiet satisfaction at being acknowledged as Trey's wife. Her gaze swept over the Fox family, and she lifted the corner of her mouth in a cool, imperious smile,

She hadn't planned to show the Fox family her abilities so early-but when a person's talent shines, it's impossible to hide.

"This has nothing to do with Trey. I represent myself. I'm about to establish a company here in Goldmont City," Angela said, her voice dripping with confident poise, almost irritatingly composed.

Stella laughed aloud. "You? Dream on. Where would Trey even find the money for you to start a company?"

Alicia sneered. "I always thought Khloe was the ultimate braggart. Now I see-you're just as shameless." Angela remained unfazed. Before they could respond, she held up the invitation in her hand.

The name of Solara Energy was widely recognized domestically. Stanley immediately exhaled in surprise. "Wow, you're working at Solara Energy now?"

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+25 Bonus

"The company plans to open a branch in Goldmont City, and I'm the head of both the project and the branch," Angela said coolly, her gaze drifting lazily to Lauren.

The Fox family had hoped to leverage funds to pressure her and Trey into divorce. But Solara Energy's background wasn't something to trifle with. If Trey wanted to help the Fox family recover, why wouldn't he welcome additional support?

Stella snatched the invitation from Angela's hand, scrutinizing it for several moments. She looked apologetically at Lauren, whose face had paled slightly.

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It seemed Angela's luck had truly turned. Somehow, she had already secured backing from the nation's elite capital circles.

If what Angela said was true, how could the Fox family not leverage Solara Energy's background to make a comeback?

Alicia didn't understand much about Solara Energy, but seeing Angela speak with such certainty, she finally fell silent for once.

"Alright, Angela," Alicia said impatiently. "Since you have access, hurry up and take us in. Stanley's boss is inside waiting for him."

Angela pressed her lips together and didn't respond.

After a brief pause, she glanced at her watch. "I need to go. My friend is waiting for me inside. Your arrival wasn't part of my plan. I'm not in a position to bring you in."

With that, she turned to leave.

Stanley grew anxious. He could tell Angela was deliberately putting Lauren in her place.

"Angela!" Alicia called after her sharply. "Are you really going to turn your back on us like this?"

"Wasn't it your family who turned their backs on me first?" Angela snorted and looked back at Lauren. "When you're asking for help, you should at least act like it."

Stella's eyes flickered as she secretly glanced at Lauren.

She knew perfectly well that Angela had taken Pete and left the Fox household. Recently, Stella had been busy caring for Arthur and hadn't had the energy to meddle in anything else, but she'd still heard from the servants that Trey had brought up divorce.

That news had pleased her greatly. If Angela continued as her daughter-in-law, Stella figured she'd lose thirty years of her life.

Now, though, it was clear the divorce hadn't been Trey's initiative-it was pressure from Lauren.

After all the chaos Khloe had caused in the Fox household, Stella no longer dared confront Angela head-on. When women turned ruthless, they were unpredictable.

Who knew whether Angela might become a second Khloe? The Fox family couldn't survive another upheaval.

Lauren likely shared the same concern. Her complexion shifted from green to white, then from white to gray. Her wrinkled face trembled.

After a long moment, she let out a mocking laugh. "Angela, please don't hold this against an old woman like me. You know the family's situation-we urgently need new investment."

"Of course I know," Angela replied with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "But who would willingly pave the road for their ex-husband's family?"

Seeing Angela pressing relentlessly, Alicia opened her mouth to speak, but Stanley discreetly pinched her hand

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to stop her.

+25 Bonus

Angela had truly lost her patience this time. Just as she was about to leave, Lauren finally spoke again.

"If you're willing to help us, I'll stop bringing up your divorce."

"How will you guarantee that?" Angela finally fixed her gaze on the elderly woman.

"However you want," Lauren said through clenched teeth, her voice trembling. "I'll agree to any guarantee-as long as you help the Fox family!"

Triumph flashed in Angela's eyes.

She didn't push them any further. The Fox family members were masters at following the wind—once she had the upper hand, she wasn't worried about controlling them.

But when Angela led them toward the entrance, they were stopped again at the door.

The staff member repeatedly checked their faces. “You’re from Fox Group?”

“Yes,” Stanley replied. “Though I’m not-I work at Caltus Bank.”

“It’s you,” the staff said coldly. “You’re on the blacklist. We’ve received instructions not to let you in. Anyone accompanying you isn’t allowed either. Leave now, or I’ll have security escort all of you out.”

Seeing how firm the staff’s attitude was, Angela was stunned.

She forced an awkward smile. “VIP guests are allowed to bring family members. They’re with me—I’m from Solara Energy-”

“Orders from above,” the man snapped, cutting her off. “If you’re not allowed in, then you’re not allowed in.”

Growing increasingly impatient, he barked, “If you don’t leave right now, I’m calling for backup.”

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