

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 451

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 451 - -- Chapter 451 Nick held it in as long as he could, but tears still welled in his eyes. He gave a low, hoarse "Mm." Dr. Yale sat off to the side, watching the two of them. He leaned back slightly, his body relaxing at last. When Loretta had first spoken to him about Nick, he'd been worried. Emotional trauma isn't hard to treat-but like all wounds, trauma is still trauma. It never appears out of nowhere, and it never truly disappears. Healing only means learning how to walk out of it yourself. If you resist, the pain only loops, again and again. Nick suffered from emotional stress disorder.

Full recovery was impossible. But as long as he was willing to face his own emotions, everything could be unraveled. There are wounds that never heal back to how they were-but there is no pain you can't eventually walk out of. A simple assessment somehow turned into a quiet, affectionate moment between a couple. Dr. Yale waited a long time. Only after the assessment ended did he finally steer the conversation to its real focus, asking about the first time Nick had lost control due to a stress response. -- This time, Nick was clearly more receptive.

The first time he'd lost consciousness and hurt someone had been because of Arista. At a family banquet, Arista had a minor conflict with one of Nick's relatives. Because her health prevented her from bearing children-and because after marrying George she had taken on the thankless role of being Nick's stepmother-the argument quickly turned ugly. The other party humiliated her, calling her "just a stepmother" and mocking her for being unable to give birth. Those words struck directly at Arista's deepest pain. Normally gentle and good-tempered, she finally lost her composure and fought back.

Nick was usually aloof, and with Arista he'd always maintained polite distance. But after all these years, he had long since come to regard her as his mother. Seeing someone insult her was something he couldn't tolerate. He splashed his drink straight into the other person's face. The other party was an older elder. Once the argument escalated, he lashed out physically. Arista tried to protect Nick and was dragged into it. Her arm was injured in the scuffle. -- As for what happened after that-how Nick nearly beat the man to death-he had no memory of it himself. He only remembered one thing.

That man had cursed him too, calling him a bastard who had brought death to his own mother. Hearing this, Khloe's heart ached unbearably. Her brow stayed tightly knit, unable to relax. Now she understood. Every time Nick's emotions spiraled out of control, it was tied to his childhood trauma. And it was unbearably cruel. Just listening to him describe fragments of those shadowed memories from childhood was already too much to bear. Fortunately, Dr. Yale didn't continue guiding him back into those early traumas. Instead, he analyzed the triggers behind Nick's emotional outbursts.

Every one of Nick's trauma responses occurred when someone important to him was hurt. Deep in his subconscious, he was convinced that the people he cared about would eventually leave-and that he would be powerless to stop it. Dr. Yale didn't need to spell it out. Khloe had already realized it herself. -- It was George's conditioning since childhood that made Nick never forgive himself. Before long, the session came to an end. Unlike the doctors before him, Dr. Yale didn't provide any formal psychological counseling, nor did he label Nick's behavior in any way.

He simply talked with Nick like a friend, about the past. When the conversation ended, Dr. Yale said, "All right, that's enough for today, Nick. From now on, you have a new life ahead of you. There's no need to live in fear anymore." "Dr. Yale... that's it?" Khloe was confused. Nick said nothing. Dr. Yale smiled and nodded. "Yes. It ended a long time ago." "A long time ago..." Khloe turned to look at Nick. His gaze stirred awake from its silence. "You mean... | don't need treatment anymore?" "Of course." Dr. Yale nodded, spreading his hands lightly.

"If you have anything on your mind in the future, you can talk more with your wife." Khloe was startled. "Then what about the times he loses -- consciousness? With trauma like this... will it really never happen again?"

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 452 - -- Chapter 452 Dr. Yale knew Khloe hadn't quite understood what he meant. Smiling softly, he looked at her. "Not necessarily." "Then...?" "But | remember you saying just now that when Nick lost consciousness, he didn't hurt you." Khloe froze. It was as if something clicked. Dr. Yale turned his gaze to Nick. "Nick, not everything that happened was your fault. You see-you protected your stepmother. You also protected the woman you love. People can do irrational things in order to protect someone, and for the same reason, they can also stop themselves from causing harm.

"And from now on, with someone beside you who wants to protect you just as much, you'll only get better." When Dr. Yale finished speaking, silence settled over the room. This time, though, the silence carried warmth. A quiet tenderness welled up in Khloe's chest. She looked at Nick, her eyes filled with a smile, and gently cupped his face." -- Did you hear that, Nick? In the future, when you protect me- even if you lose consciousness, you'll stop for my sake. So don't be afraid anymore." ".Okay." Nick gulped.

He stared at the woman reflected in his eyes, feeling that any words would fall short. Even saying yes to her a thousand or ten thousand times wouldn't be enough. He leaned in again, brushing his lips lightly against the tip of her nose, her cheek-careful, trembling with restraint. It was about time. Loretta returned with her assistant. The five of them had a simple meal together. Dr. Yale's schedule was tight, and he soon took his leave.

Khloe and Nick personally walked him downstairs. Before getting into the car, Dr. Yale turned back to them once more. “Recovering from trauma takes time.

Love and understanding are the best medicine. | wish you both happiness.” They stood there watching Dr. Yale’s car drive away. Only then did the two of them clasp hands, leaning into each other as they slowly walked back. — At the entrance of the residential compound, however, Lauren- who had been waiting for a long time and was just about to leave -finally saw Khloe. Last night, when Trey had collapsed at home, she’d sent someone to check on him. That was how he’d been brought back.

Only then did she learn that over the past few days, Trey had been living in a haze- drinking himself numb, letting himself fall apart. And the reason for all of it was Khloe. Someone had told her about how Trey had knelt down in public for Khloe. Lauren’s mental resilience had been hardened over this period, but even so, she couldn’t swallow this humiliation. She had treated Khloe well in the past-so well. And now Khloe’s retaliation was so ruthless it threatened to wipe out their entire family. When Trey finally regained consciousness, the first name he called was still Khloe’s.

Lauren’s heart ached for her grandson, even as anger burned toward Khloe. She asked Trey’s people for Khloe’s address, only to discover that this house had been bought by Trey for her. — No matter how flawed Trey might be, his feelings for Khloe had been genuine. How could they be trampled on like this? Stella was keeping watch over Arthur at the hospital. Lauren told no one about this and came herself, bringing people with her, to look for Khloe. This was a detached residential complex, with only two single- level units in total. Security was tight.

No matter what Lauren said, they refused to let her in. Perhaps Khloe had given instructions beforehand. Left with no other choice, Lauren waited here, hoping to catch Khloe by chance. Khloe couldn’t possibly stay inside forever. Sure enough, patience paid off. When she’d only heard about it, Lauren hadn’t fully believed it Now that she was seeing it with her own eyes, rage surged through her, smoke practically coming out of her head Khloe really did have another man by her side now.

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 453 – — Chapter 453 “Khloe! Khloe!” Lauren shouted her name at the top of her lungs, shoving past the security guards as she tried to force her way toward Khloe. The people she’d brought with her joined the scuffle. The guards’ expressions hardened. “Ma’am, given your age, we really don’t want to use force,” the head of security said coolly. “The homeowner here holds a distinguished status. Visitors are not allowed. Please don’t cause a disturbance.” “Homeowner? What homeowner?” Lauren snapped, her anger exploding.

“She’s my granddaughter-in-law!” Spittle flew from her mouth, splashing onto the security captain’s face. “And ‘distinguished status’? Do you know the house she lives in

was bought with my grandson's money?!" Seething with rage, Lauren swung her handbag and slammed it into the security captain. Because she was elderly, no one dared to strike back. For a moment, she actually forced them to retreat step by step. -- The security captain shot a look to his colleagues. Several guards continued blocking Lauren, while one of them broke away and ran after Khloe and Nick.

Khloe had vaguely heard someone calling her name. Just as she turned around, a uniformed guard hurried over. "Miss Roswell. Mr. Hunt." He spoke respectfully, then gestured toward the compound entrance. "There's an elderly woman... claiming to be your grandmother. She insists on seeing you. What would you like us to do?" Ever since Trey had harassed Khloe, Nick had instructed property management to restrict access to this residence. No outsiders were allowed in-no exceptions, no notifications- unless it was Nick himself, family members, or people Khloe personally brought in.

If it weren't for the fact that this was an elderly woman-and that Khloe happened to be outside-they would have simply followed procedure and removed her. Khloe glanced over and immediately spotted Lauren. Nick lowered his gaze slightly. "Someone from the Fox family?" "It's Trey's grandmother." Khloe drew in a quiet breath and said -- flatly, "Have her leave. | don't want to see her." "We tried persuading her," the guard said, sounding conflicted. " But she's extremely stubborn-refuses to go, keeps saying some very unpleasant things. Talking about how this house... belongs to her son.

Miss Roswell, I'm worried it might cause trouble, but if we use force, I'm afraid something could happen..." He was clearly trying to avoid risk. They were only doing their jobs, but the old woman had already turned red and breathless during her outbursts. If anything happened to her, they could easily be blamed. "Then call the police-" Khloe frowned, but before she could finish, Nick spoke calmly. "Bring her over." "Nick?" "I know what you're worried about," he said coolly.

A faint, unreadable smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, "But not everyone deserves kindness just because they're old." He tightened his grip on Khloe's hand, lifting her arm and drawing it securely around his own, turning his body to face forward. "Since she's so eager to see you, why not give her the courtesy?" -- Khloe knew Nick couldn't tolerate her being wronged even a little. If Lauren said anything ugly, Nick would never let it slide. She had already begun a new life. Her resentment toward the Fox family had nearly faded away.

She'd intended to draw a clear line between past and present-no more entanglements. Besides, Lauren's health wasn't good. Khloe had always wanted to leave her some dignity. Seeing that Khloe said nothing, the guard immediately went to bring Lauren over. When Lauren heard that Khloe had agreed to see her, her momentum surged back at once. She shoved aside the people still trying to hold her back and strode quickly toward Khloe. Even so, several guards positioned themselves firmly in front of Khloe and Nick, forming a tight barrier-fully alert, guarding against any sudden move from Lauren.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 454 -- Chapter 454 "You can say whatever you need to say right here," the head of security said coldly. "Khloe, you really are something," Lauren snapped. "So this is the pretty boy you found? Is he why you've been so heartless toward Trey? Do you have any idea-Trey hasn't been able to eat or sleep because of you. He's sick now..." Her voice was sharp and piercing. Doctors had warned her not to get angry or emotionally agitated, but at this point, she didn't care. She jabbed a finger at Khloe's face, wishing she had another mouth just to curse her harder.

"A pretty boy?" Khloe cut in softly before the old woman could finish. "Mind your words. He's my legal husband-and someone your family can't afford to offend." She was being firmly held by Nick, her body instinctively leaning into his chest. That intimate posture only poured fuel on Lauren's fury. Enraged beyond restraint, Lauren sneered loudly. "Legal husband? You've only been separated from Trey for a few months, and you already have a husband? Khloe, you really are shameless and fickle. | misjudged you back then! -- "Hah-this pretty boy, someone the Fox family can't afford to offend?"

Khloe, just where did you pick him up? What kind of place did you crawl out of to find a man like this, to the point you've lost all reason? "If you hadn't used those despicable tricks to ruin our family, what right would he have to stand beside you, acting all high and mighty? Do you really think the money you scammed can buy you a carefree life with him forever?" Lauren was truly beside herself. Every word she hurled at Khloe was venomous. "Have you said enough?" Khloe's ears burned as she finally lost her patience and snapped back. "Trey used deception to fake- marry me for years!

He's more despicable than the men in nightclubs, let alone worthy of being compared to my husband! "And my husband is not some 'pretty boy.' We are well matched, and we love each other. He's outstanding, wealthy, and upright. Your entire family couldn't even compare to a single strand of his hair-" If the old woman had only insulted her, Khloe might have endured it. But every sentence was an attack on Nick, and that sent her anger surging. As for Nick, these crude insults meant nothing to him -- What he hadn't expected was that Khloe would be the one to lose her temper first.

Watching her defend him so fiercely, he could barely suppress the curve of his lips. There wasn't the slightest trace of displeasure left in his heart. Only... he was even more protective than she was. Insulting him was one thing. Insulting his wife was courting death "Khloe, you're just an orphan. In Goldmont, besides Trey, what better man could you possibly find?" Lauren shouted. "I'll tell you this-even if Trey was just playing with you, you should count your lucky stars!" She hadn't expected Khloe to dare speak to her like this.

Lauren nearly lost her breath, saved only because the people beside her quickly steadied her. Thinking of how well she'd treated Khloe in the past, only to have her turn around and bite the hand that fed her, the old woman was so angry she felt she might not survive it. She'd once harbored a faint hope of reconciling Khloe and Trey. Now, seeing her show no remorse at all, her heart filled with pure malice. — She hated herself for being blind back then—why hadn't she listened to Stella and squeezed Khloe dry and thrown her out of the family long ago?

“Ma'am, you've gone too far,” one of the guards said sharply. Even he couldn't stand listening anymore. “Do you even know who you're talking to?” “I'm talking to someone without shame—” “You—” Khloe's chest rose and fell sharply. She was truly furious now—but once again, Nick tightened his arm around her, pulling her closer.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 455

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 455 — Chapter 455 “So in the eyes of your family, cheating in marriage, having affairs, using fraud, and hurling abuse at others... all of that counts as a kind of blessing?” Nick's voice was calm, almost detached. “If that's the case, why don't you keep that 'blessing' for yourself?” As if cradling a small cat, he drew Khloe fully into his arms. His hand slid up, gently pressing against the back of her head, as though shielding her from every filthy word ringing in her ears. Normally, he might have let it go.

But today, with him here, how could he possibly allow Khloe to face such ugliness alone? Thinking of the life she'd endured all these years, his heart ached—and beneath that ache burned anger. The faint smile at the corner of his mouth vanished. He lifted his gaze and looked coldly at the old woman. Lauren felt a sudden chill run down her spine. But seeing him glare at her while holding Khloe so protectively only made her breathing grow heavier. “I'm talking to Khloe. You don't get to interrupt!” “You said this place was bought with Trey's money?” “Yes!” Lauren barked.

“Khloe used our family's money to support — you!” She wanted to curse them until they had nowhere left to hide. Nick let out a short, derisive laugh. A dark, dangerous smile curved his lips, and the look he cast at Lauren was like a blade meant for slow execution—icy and merciless. Her hunched body shuddered, a chill rippling through her twice in quick succession. All an act, she thought. What kind of decent man could end up with someone like Khloe? He was probably just a pretty face—who knew what kind of filth he was mixed up in?

“My wife supporting me,” Nick said evenly, “would be perfectly natural. But using your Fox family's money to support me?” His tone sharpened. “You're seriously underestimating my wife—and grossly insulting the Hunt family.” He spoke slowly, each word measured. His voice wasn't loud, yet it struck with bone-deep force, carrying a

ruthless edge Even the security guards nearby felt the air grow tense Lauren froze. The Hunt family? -- The name sounded familiar.

In all of Goldmont, there was only one Hunt family-the one whose influence was legendary overseas, unrivaled domestically, and yet famously low-key. But... how could that be? If the man before her truly belonged to the Hunt family, then let alone their small Fox family-even the Morrison family, the richest in Goldmont, would have to show deference. It was a name no one in the country could afford to offend. Just the thought of it sent cold sweat breaking out across Lauren's body. The flush drained from her face, leaving it bloodless. "The Hunt family... which Hunt family?" she stammered.

"Don't think you can fool an old woman. Since when has there been any Hunt family in Goldmont?" + "There's only one Hunt family in Goldmont." Nestled in Nick's embrace, Khloe didn't even bother to struggle anymore. Her voice was calm, almost indifferent. "Since you're so eager to know my husband's identity, let me introduce him properly. My husband is the CEO of the Hunt Group-Nick Hunt." At those words, Lauren nearly collapsed. Her body swayed backward.

The people around her rushed to support her, and even the security team quickly closed in, afraid -- she might cause some kind of incident. If anything happened to her, the responsibility would never fall on Nick or Khloe-people of their stature-but it could easily land on these ordinary guards. Still, looking at the old woman, they couldn't help feeling a trace of pity. How could one person bring about such a catastrophic disaster? Those words she'd just spoken were enough to bring ruin down upon the entire Fox family.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 456 - -- Chapter 456 "No... impossible... how could that be..." Lauren muttered under her breath, but her breathing had already grown rapid and uneven. The people she'd brought hurried to calm her, afraid she might become too agitated. Lauren shoved them away and forced herself to stand upright, though her entire body trembled violently. "You're lying... how could you possibly-" Seeing that she still refused to believe it, the head of security stepped forward. "Normally, we're required to keep homeowners' identities confidential. But since Mr.

Hunt has spoken, we can't very well keep it hidden anymore. Madam, the man standing before you is indeed the current CEO of the Hunt Group. And these two are legally married-just relatively low-key about it. "As for this residential complex and its property management- they're also under the Hunt Group. Your claim that Miss Roswell used your family's money to buy a house here is ridiculous. Saying so would only make you a laughingstock." The guard's words were delivered calmly, but they landed like a -- hard slap across Lauren's face. Her head spun, the world tilting violently around her.

Even if Khloe and this man were lying, the entire property management couldn't possibly be cooperating in some elaborate deception. It was the first time Khloe herself had

learned that this place was actually Nick's territory. She couldn't help lifting her eyes to him. There was a faint smile in his gaze; his lips parted slightly, then pressed together again. With just that look, the two of them understood each other without a word. No wonder, back at the sales office, everyone's attitude had shifted so abruptly when he'd appeared. "Well done, Nick," Khloe murmured softly.

"So the place was yours all along, and you still made me pay for it?" "The apartment is mine. I'm yours." Nick cupped her chin and said sincerely, "Everything under my name is yours." At the time, they weren't married yet. When he'd come over, she had already set her heart on this apartment and was in the middle of the paperwork. -- Nick knew that what Khloe needed most back then was a home that truly belonged to her. So he hadn't said a word. After all, they were family. His money would belong to her sooner or later. Lauren stood there speechless for a long while.

Seeing that she still seemed unable to accept it, the guards asked Nick for permission and then pulled up documents on a phone. "Take a good look," the security captain said. "Several developments here are under the Hunt Group. Every inch of land you're standing on right now belongs to Mr. Hunt. "So you can give up now. Miss Roswell is Mr. Hunt's wife. She has nothing to do with the Fox family whatsoever." A few short sentences were all it took. The people nearby couldn't help letting out mocking snorts.

Lauren's earlier performance had been nothing short of a farce. If not for Nick's steady gaze restraining them—as if he'd deliberately been waiting for her to make a spectacle—they wouldn't have held it in for so long. At last, Lauren's legs gave out. She nearly collapsed to the ground, but two guards reacted quickly, grabbing her arms to hold her up. -- "Lies... lies..." She kept shaking her head, muttering to herself. Suddenly, as if struck by a thought, she looked up at the two of them. "You're lying! Khloe is just an orphan.

How could a family as prominent as the Hunts possibly marry a woman like her? Didn't you just say you were well matched? That's a lie!" As though clutching at her final lifeline, a flicker of light reignited in Lauren's clouded eyes. This time, Khloe and Nick exchanged a silent glance. Neither of them intended to speak. The head of security understood immediately and stepped in. "You didn't know? Miss Roswell and Mr. Hunt are perfectly well matched. Miss Roswell is the daughter of the late Niel Morrison, formerly the richest man in Goldmont.

Miss Roswell is also the sole heir of Morrison Pharmaceuticals. If that still doesn't count as being well matched, then there's no such thing as a suitable match in this world."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 457 - -- Chapter 457 "The Morrison family's heiress? How could that be... Khloe-how could she possibly..." Every word was spoken

clearly, yet to Lauren's ears, each one sounded alien, impossible to comprehend. She kept repeating what she'd heard, her whole body shaking violently, her face mottled with a sickly purple hue. How could this... be possible? A girl who had spent two years as a daughter-in-law in the Fox family-an orphan with no one to rely on-how had she suddenly transformed into the daughter of the richest family?

That orphan who could only cling to Trey, who had to curry favor with the Fox family, walk on eggshells everywhere, and rely on her for protection. How could Khloe be the daughter of the richest man in the city?! Yet, some time ago, she had indeed heard rumors that the Morrison family had reclaimed a daughter. The timing seemed to line up almost exactly with Khloe leaving the Fox family. The light in Lauren's eyes dimmed, slowly losing focus. -- If Khloe really was the Morrison heiress, then what the Fox family had suffered.

It wasn't merely destruction brought about by Khloe's calculations-it was- This time, Lauren truly couldn't stand anymore. All strength drained from her body. She collapsed, and even with people trying to hold her, she still fell heavily to the ground. "No wonder... no wonder the Morrison Group suddenly cut off cooperation with our family... no wonder the Fox Group was hollowed out..." Only then did she finally understand why Khloe had been able, in just a few short months, to push the Fox family to the brink of bankruptcy. Why every business partner had begun to avoid them like the plague.

It wasn't that the business world was ruthless-it was that they had offended the one person they should never have crossed. Looking at Lauren like this, Khloe felt no real sense of satisfaction. She shifted slightly, and Nick loosened his hold on her. Khloe stepped forward. The guards parted automatically, allowing her to walk all the way to the old woman. -- Lauren looked up at her. Her lips trembled, her eyes filled with fear. The arrogance from moments ago had vanished, as if she had suddenly aged ten more years.

"I didn't want to speak harshly to you out of respect for the times you once stood up for me," Khloe said, her voice cold, edged with restrained resentment. "But how Trey treated me-you knew about that from the beginning, didn't you? "I once thought you were the only person in the Fox family who was good to me. Even knowing everything, you still chose to protect your grandson. I could accept that. What I can't forgive is your hypocrisy. "In your eyes, only members of the Fox family count as people.

Your double standards and actions are more shameless and more hurtful than those who were openly cruel to me. The Fox family has fallen to this point today, and not a single one of you is innocent. "What I took back was what should have belonged to me all along." As soon as Khloe finished speaking, Lauren reached out, trying to grab her, but was immediately blocked by the guards. "Khloe... Khloe, I was wrong..." The anger drained from Lauren's aged face, leaving only -- helplessness and desolation.

Thinking of the many warm moments she'd once shared with Khloe, she immediately tried to play the emotional card. "I was just confused, blinded by anger... | know Trey wronged you, but you've nearly destroyed our family. Please... can you show mercy and let Trey go..." "I didn't refuse to let him go," Khloe replied. "He chose to humiliate himself." With that, she turned and prepared to leave. "Khloe, for the sake of what we once shared, please help our family! Trey knows he was wrong-he truly loves you... He's divorced Angela. You two can-can really start over again..."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 458

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 458 - -- Chapter 458 In her panic, Lauren blurted out what was truly on her mind. Only halfway through did she realize that the man standing beside Khloe was not someone she could afford to offend. "Love?" Khloe said coldly. "Trey never loved me. He's the' perfect heir your Fox family raised-just like the rest of you. He doesn't know how to love. He doesn't even have the most basic moral line. Besides. She walked over to Nick, gripping his arm firmly. Her voice softened all at once. "L already have..."

the most perfect lover in this world." She lifted her chin and looked at Nick, her face filled with unmistakable pride. Only after comparing the Fox family and Trey did she truly understand what kind of life she wanted. A partner who could make her life whole-another soul who completed her. Someone through whom she could see the world, someone to stand beside her and solve life's problems together. The direction of her heart. Countless moments of joy and fluttering excitement.

He would always stand at the forefront of her life, and she was -- willing to light the long road ahead for him in return. Nick drew her back into his arms, holding her as if she were something precious. He took two steps forward, then stopped. His gaze flicked back to Lauren. As if recalling something, he added, "Madam, in all your life, have you ever understood what being truly well matched means? "It's not about status or background. It's about capability, character, and shared values. It's about souls that resonate and recognize each other.

"Even if Khloe weren't the Morrison family's heiress, | would still be drawn to her. | would still cherish her as the greatest treasure in this world. | won't ever allow anyone to bully or humiliate her anymore." With every sentence he spoke, Lauren's face grew paler. His final words pushed her into utter despair. "My wife has already shown the Fox family mercy. | will not. From today onward, the Fox Group will be placed on the Goldmont Chamber of Commerce blacklist. However much property the Fox family has-whatever it is-it will all be for nothing.

As long as the Hunt Group exists, the Fox Group will not survive a single day." -- Saying this was the same as cutting off every last path of retreat for the Fox family. Not just in

Goldmont-looking across the entire country, who would dare openly oppose both the Hunt and Morrison families? Overwhelmed by fear, Lauren couldn't even speak. She watched helplessly as the two figures walked away. A sharp pain seized her chest, her vision went black, and she collapsed. "Madam! Madam!" What the security team feared most finally happened. As Lauren fainted, chaos erupted.

Before long, an ambulance arrived and took her away. By then, Khloe and Nick had already returned to their home. Standing by the window, Khloe watched the ambulance leave, her brows knitting together once more. Nick wrapped his arms around her from behind. "Can't bear it?" "She has a weak heart. This time, she must have been really shaken." "Even if something happens to her, you don't need to burden yourself with it," Nick said. "I'm the one who angered her.

Anyone who bullies you like that-if they die, they deserve it." -- Khloe knew he was speaking in anger, but hearing him say it so calmly still sent a faint chill through her nerves "Don't say things like that. From now on, we don't need to deal with people like this. | just want you to be well." Nick, who was usually restrained and gentle, always seemed to grow a little obsessive whenever it came to her.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 459 - -- Chapter 459 Khloe turned away from the window and wrapped her arms around Nick. Nick had long grown used to ignoring his own pain, yet he reacted almost instinctively to anything that mattered to him. Now that Khloe was here, she would be the steadying medicine for his emotions, shortening the time he lingered in the shadows. "Alright. I'll listen to you." Nick nodded. Her concern softened the cold indifference he had relied on for years to shield himself from everything.

He brushed his face against the curve of her neck, feeling her warm breath, as if his entire life had finally been placed in her hands. Even as night fell and the rain continued without end, there was no longer any loneliness in his heart. News that Lauren had been rushed to the hospital quickly reached the Fox family. By the time Trey arrived, it was already deep into the night. Alicia and Stanley stood outside the ward. Alicia's eyes were red and swollen, clearly from crying. Stanley lingered beside her. -- When he saw Trey arrive, he stepped forward and patted his shoulder.

"Go in and see her." The moment Alicia saw Trey, she broke down again. "Trey... Grandma, she..." Before she could finish, Trey pushed open the ward door. Inside, the old woman lay barely alive on the bed, tubes and monitoring equipment covering her frail body. A bodyguard stood at the door. Stella sat quietly by the bedside. A caregiver was wiping Lauren's arm, and a doctor nearby seemed to be giving instructions-only to be interrupted by Trey's sudden entrance. Stella lifted her head calmly.

Seeing Trey, she gave the doctor a slight nod. The doctor turned to leave, but Trey stopped him at once, Doctor... my grandmother... she'll be fine, right?" "Please accept my condolences." The doctor sighed, said no more, and walked out. -- Trey clenched his teeth as the color drained from his face in an instant. He grabbed the wall to keep himself upright. When he'd received Alicia's call, the hospital had already issued a critical condition notice. He hadn't believed it.

Just yesterday, his grandmother had been standing in front of him, full of energy and scolding him at the top of her lungs. How could it be... How could someone decline so suddenly in the span of a single day? Stella raised her hand, signaling everyone else to leave the room. Only then did she say softly, "Trey, come over and talk to your grandmother." Her voice was unusually calm and steady, yet it sent a chill straight through him. After a long moment, Trey staggered to the bedside. His legs gave out, and he dropped heavily to his knees. "Grandma..." His throat burned.

His eyes ached fiercely, yet not a single tear would fall. The old woman was unconscious now, her labored breathing -- echoing through the room. She looked so aged, so unfamiliar. Trey leaned closer. Perhaps it was only his imagination, but he thought he caught a faint scent of decay. "She doesn't have much time left," Stella said. "I've already had people prepare what's needed. From now on, you'll stay here and keep watch." Her voice was low, her head bowed as she touched the corner of her eye.

Her relationship with her mother-in-law had never been good, but they had endured together for so many years. Now that the old woman was truly about to leave, she couldn't help feeling grief. "Why?" Trey suddenly asked. "Just yesterday... she was still fine." He remembered returning to the Fox family estate the day before, when his grandmother had even come to see him- yelling at him for being useless, for being toyed with by two women at once. She'd even chided him for seemingly wanting to rely on the older generation's support for the rest of his life.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 460

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 460 -- Chapter 460 Trey had stayed in bed, pretending not to hear. But Lauren's scolding was loud and full of force. She was furious - and yet she hadn't collapsed. "It was Khloe. She went to see Khloe today," Stella said coldly. By the time the call reached Stella, Lauren had already been rushed to the hospital closest to where she had collapsed. It was only later, after asking the people who'd been with her, that Stella learned the truth-Lauren had gone to confront Khloe. "Your grandmother did it for you," Stella continued. "She couldn't stand seeing you bullied by Khloe like this.

She wanted to stand up for you. She just didn't expect..." "I'm going to find her!" Trey's eyes were bloodshot. Before Stella could finish, he forced himself to his feet. But he hadn't eaten properly for days. His body was weak, trembling the moment he stood-let alone capable of going to settle scores. "Who do you think you're going to confront?" Stella

snapped. “Do you even know that Khloe is the Morrison heiress?” — That single sentence stopped Trey in his tracks. His body went rigid, as if turned to stone. After a long moment, he turned to his mother, disbelief written all over his face.

“What did you say?” “I said, Khloe is the Morrison heiress.” Stella’s voice was steady, without the slightest ripple, yet every word landed with a grinding finality. She had already been forced to accept the truth before Trey arrived. The daughter-in-law she had despised more than anyone—not only had she drained the Fox family dry, she had also transformed overnight into the heiress of Goldmont’s wealthiest family. But the blows had come one after another, and now life and death lay right in front of her. No matter how much anger or resentment she felt, Stella could only shove it back down.

She tossed her phone to him. On the screen was a news article about the Morrison heiress, with a clear photo of Khloe. The Morrison heiress’s return had been low-key. Niel was already deceased. News of the Morrison heiress had circulated for some time, but she rarely appeared publicly. She — did attend events from time to time, but no one in the Fox family ever paid attention to such things. How could they have imagined that those untouchable titans of the business world had anything to do with an ordinary, powerless orphan like Khloe? Trey picked up the phone.

The moment he saw that all-too-familiar figure on the screen, the world seemed to spin. His eyes burned, on the verge of splitting. Everything Khloe had done over this period surged through his mind like relentless waves. She had moved out without a word... So that was when she had already reclaimed her identity as the Morrison heiress? She had accused him of betraying her feelings, standing on moral high ground, insisting that he had failed her devotion and love. But in the end, hadn’t Khloe been deceiving him as well?

She had clearly inherited her family’s fortune—yet she had never once told him the truth. ‘Khloe, How cruel you are,’ Trey thought, feeling as if his organs were shattering from the pain. His brow tightened, and the tears suspended in his eyes were nearly tinged with blood. The person who had kept him drowning in guilt—the one he had been willing to defy the entire Fox family for, even break his — promise to Angela just to keep— She was the truly heartless one. If Khloe had ever truly loved him, how could she have hidden her identity from him?

He had been consumed by longing, regret, and agony over Khloe, while she wiped out both him and the Fox family, then turned around and married another man. Only now did Trey finally realize how ridiculous he had been. Khloe never loved him. To her, he had been nothing more than a tool. Used. Deceived. Avenged. She was the one without a heart. “Khloe!” Trey nearly crushed the phone in his grip. Stella’s heart ached for her son. Tears welled in her eyes, but she forced them back. “Now you understand,” she said. “Know that none of this is your fault. Khloe is the Morrison heiress.

She was just playing a game of cat and mouse with us. No matter how well you behaved, our -- family was doomed from the start.”