

Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 5 Author: Tangy Candy The car rolled to a smooth stop. Oscar opened the door again, gesturing for Khloe to enter. "Get in. We can speak privately." After a moment's hesitation, Khloe finally slid into the luxurious interior. From Oscar's explanation, she quickly pieced together the story: the men who had intervened for her belonged to one of the nation's most formidable dynasties—the Hunt family. Their empire spanned finance, technology, and energy, wielding immense influence over the entire country's economy. To say they were as wealthy as a small nation wasn't an exaggeration.

The heir, Nick Hunt, was only twenty-eight and had already expanded the family's fortune to unprecedented levels. In powerful circles, he was already known as the most influential power broker of his generation. Just last night, the Morrison patriarch, Henry, had received a call from the Hunts. They had proposed a marriage alliance—and the bride they had specifically named was Khloe. Oscar explained that countless elite families dreamed of tying themselves to the Hunts, and the Morrises were no exception. He had come today at Henry's request.

"So what you're telling me," Khloe cut to the chase, "is that the Hunts are more powerful than the Morrises?" "There's no comparison," Oscar stated plainly. "If you need a scale, the Morrises are the undisputed leaders in Goldmont City. But the Hunts? Across the entire country, no one dares to cross them." "And Nick?" she asked, her voice even. "What is he like?" Oscar rubbed his nose, clearly choosing his words with care. "He's something of a legend overseas, rarely seen

here. A very private man. I've never actually met him, but the rumors..." "What rumors?" she pressed. "That he's...

a difficult person to deal with." His phrasing was deliberately soft. If Nick were merely "a little difficult," the Hunt family's gates would have been stormed by hopeful suitors years ago. Khloe's eyes narrowed. "Difficult in what way?" Oscar offered a strained smile. "Cold. A perfectionist. There are whispers he avoids women's company. But the Hunts are known for their discipline. His character... can't be all that bad." 'Can't be?' Khloe thought, her gaze steady on him. That didn't sound like a ringing endorsement. Finally, Oscar relented. "Alright, the truth.

They say Nick Hunt is solitary and brutally sharp-tongued. His methods are ruthless, and he's driven solely by profit and strategy. He shows no emotion, and those who offend him tend to disappear from the playing field." He sighed, then added quickly, "But it's just a marriage. In families like ours, most marriages are strategic, not love matches. With your inheritance, you'll have a target on your back from all directions. Without a powerful protector, you won't last a week." Khloe gave a single, slow nod. "Alright." "Wait-don't refuse so quickly-" Oscar cut himself off, stunned. "You...

you agree?" "Yes." Her first "marriage" had been a fraudulent contract, a lie that made her a pawn. She was alone in the world now, with no one to rely on. A man like Nick Hunt-however severe his reputation-was a hundred times the man Trey would ever be. Trey had used a forged document to make her his stepping stone. Nick Hunt, by contrast, could become her shield. He wasn't just a hundred times more powerful; he was the lifeline that could pull her from the quicksand she was in. The Morrison family's waters ran deep. Clarice and her son were already circling like vultures.

As a newly recognized "illegitimate daughter," a will and a DNA report weren't enough to secure her position. If she wanted to stand firm and control the empire she had inherited, she needed more than legal documents. She needed leverage. A shield. A weapon. Marriage wasn't about love. It was a transaction. An alliance. Khloe turned from the window, her voice calm yet resolute. "Better to have a formidable ally than to fight alone and be devoured. Since the Hunts chose me, I have no reason to refuse." ... That evening, Khloe returned to the Fox residence to find it empty.

Trey, Angela, and Pete were all gone. A servant explained they had gone to an art exhibition in another city and wouldn't be back until the next day. Checking her phone, Khloe saw several missed calls and one unread message from Trey. Trey: [Khloe, Pete really wanted to see this exhibit with Ms. Thompson. It's a bit of a drive, so I went with them.] How considerate-leaving her a note as if they were a perfect little family of three on a day trip. It suited her just fine. Their absence made it easier for her to work undisturbed. She summoned a few servants to help her pack her belongings.

"Madam, are you going on a trip?" one asked, watching her box up every personal item she owned. "Yes," Khloe replied evenly, gathering passports and important documents from her desk. "And there's no need to mention this to Trey. He's been so busy lately. It's best not to disturb him." Busy, indeed-busy playing house with another woman. His comfortable days were numbered. By midnight, all of her possessions were packed. Once the household was asleep, she quietly summoned movers to take everything away. Yet two crucial things were missing.

One was her most important academic thesis, containing years of research data. It had been locked in her desk drawer, but was now gone. Likely taken by Trey. The other was the core

project data she had developed for his company. Those files were now locked within the corporate server, inaccessible to her. But both were her life's work. She refused to leave them in his hands. ... At dawn, Trey finally called, the sound of highway rumble clear in the background. "Khloe, did you get my message yesterday?" "Yes. I saw it," Khloe replied, stirring her coffee. "Sorry I didn't check with you first."

It was a last-minute decision. But Ms. Thompson is a guest. I couldn't let her take Pete out of town alone." "No need to apologize," Khloe said, her voice light. "It's only natural for you to accompany her." His words faltered. He had assumed her silence meant she was furious. Preoccupied with Angela last night, he hadn't dared to call her again. But now, she sounded calm. Almost indifferent. "Khloe, I thought you were upset..." "I was busy yesterday. Looked at a few properties, met with some clients."

Hardly had a moment to check my phone." She cut him off smoothly, her tone shifting to brisk and a little cheerful. Relief was audible in his voice. "I knew it. You work too hard. Don't push yourself. I worry about you." Khloe's stomach turned. Her appetite for breakfast vanished completely. "Daddy! Stop talking to that bad woman!" A child's voice shrilled through the line-Pete's. It was immediately followed by Angela's flustered, muffled scolding. "I have to go. I'm driving," Trey said abruptly, hanging up before Khloe could form a reply. With Trey away, Khloe's first stop was his office.

She combed through every drawer, every folder, even his computer. Nothing. As she mulled her next move, a secretary hurried in. "Miss Roswell, with Mr. Fox away, there are several funding contracts that need your signature." She scanned the documents. These were for projects she had personally fought to secure-deals far beyond the company's usual league. A delay in funding now

would cause half of them to collapse. "You tried reaching him?" "Yes, but he's... occupied. He said to bring them to you." A faint, cold smile touched Khloe's lips. This was classic Trey.

He leaned on her to solve every critical problem, yet never granted her any official authority. She held no shares, not even the title of a mid-level manager. And every time she made a decision in his absence, he would publicly reprimand her in meetings, just to reassure the shareholders of who was really in charge. "Leave them on the desk," she said. "I'll look them over later." The moment she was alone, she pushed the files aside. She had far more important priorities today. The Hunt family had invited her to dinner.

If this was to be her first meeting with Nick Hunt, she intended to make an unforgettable impression. She spent the afternoon at an exclusive spa. By five o'clock, she was browsing the racks of her favorite luxury boutique. She selected an elegant gown. "Miss, you wear it even better than our campaign models!" the sales associate gushed. In the mirror, the dress seemed to have been crafted for her alone. It was a lilac slip gown, its sheer layers delicately dusted with glitter.

The soft, flowing fabric would have washed out many women, but against Khloe's snow-pale skin and striking features, it was pure perfection. "This is the one," Khloe said with a confident smile, giving a slow, graceful twirl. The asymmetric neckline, clean lines, and understated elegance struck the perfect balance. It had been two years since she'd last dressed like this. Two years wasted on Trey. She had almost forgotten the formidable, breathtaking woman she used to be. At the counter, she reached for her wallet-only to be informed the bill had already been settled.

Not just for the dress, but for the matching handbag, the jewelry set, and the shoes, too. "Who paid for this?" she asked, startled. "The gentleman only left a surname," the clerk replied.

"Hunt." Her heart gave a single, hard thud. She turned, scanning the store, but it was empty.

Hadn't Oscar told her Nick was cold and unapproachable? Her question was answered as she stepped out of the boutique. A sleek, unmarked car idled at the curb, its custom license plate discreet but unmistakable. It was the same type of vehicle she had seen at the Morrison estate.

"Miss Roswell, we met previously.

My master is awaiting your arrival. Please, allow me." 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.