

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 51

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Chapter 51

“Trey... don't let me down, okay?”

“Okay.”

Trey nodded firmly, cupping Angela's face and pressing his lips to hers. But even with his eyes closed, Khloe's face flashed before him.

His body trembled. He quickly pulled away from Angela, momentarily at a loss.

“What's wrong?” Angela asked, anxiety threading her voice as she studied his unsettled expression.

“Nothing... it's just-tomorrow there's an important project meeting. Khloe's in charge.”²

He turned his head away, avoiding her gaze. Any project under Khloe's name could not proceed without her personally overseeing it. No one else's involvement would suffice.

And tomorrow, with their client coming in, if Khloe weren't present, things could easily go awry. The company couldn't afford another blunder.

“I've looked over the project-it's a key one. The data analysis isn't complicated. I can handle it,” Angela said, a small smile of pride tugging at her lips as she opened her laptop to show him her prepared plan.

Trey scanned it quickly, eyebrows lifting in surprise. “You did all of this yourself?”

He hadn't expected her to take to it so naturally, despite never having formally handled these tasks. Her data analysis was meticulous, even rivaling Khloe's work.

Trey's alma mater was prestigious, with a top-tier finance program. Angela's position as a lecturer there already marked her as a standout in her field. To become a finance professor, one normally started as a teaching assistant, gradually advancing.

But after dating Trey, Angela had faced endless obstacles from his grandfather, forcing her to give up further study. For years, her focus had been entirely on raising their child, leaving Khloe to steal the spotlight.

Now Angela was reclaiming her place. Whether as wife or as the lady boss of Fox Group, it was hers. She would not allow Khloe to touch it again.

“Mhm. It’s not hard. If Khloe can do it, so can I-maybe even better.” Angela rose, wrapping her arms around Trey’s lean waist.

He understood her intent immediately, but pressed a hand to hers. “You’ve done exceptionally. Once the client sees your analysis, they won’t insist on working with Khloe. Since she doesn’t want to come back, you’ll handle this project.

“That’s enough for today. You’re tired too. Let’s get a good rest.”

Angela’s cheeks lifted in a small, contented smile, though a flicker of loneliness lingered. Perhaps the recent company turmoil had exhausted him. They hadn’t shared intimacy for days. Back when Trey still lived with Khloe, it had been almost daily...

The next morning, Trey personally escorted Angela to the client’s office. The client had insisted multiple times on Khloe’s presence, but he believed once they saw Angela’s competence and sincerity, they would relent.

“I’ve reviewed the proposal,” one client remarked during a lull in the meeting. “The adjustments you made are

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+25 Bonus

indeed more detailed than Khloe’s original version.”

Trey whispered encouragement to Angela, who nodded, drawing in a deep breath. No matter what, she couldn’t let Khloe overshadow her.

Minutes ticked by. Trey waited, but finally the conference room door opened- and the person entering was not the project lead, but a junior assistant.

“Mr. Fox, my apologies. Mr. Cameron has an urgent matter today. The meeting must be rescheduled,” the assistant said politely, without offering room for negotiation.

“Rescheduled?” Trey’s voice remained calm, but his fingers flexed subtly around the folder in front of him. “The project is about to launch. How can we arbitrarily change the schedule?”

“Well...” the assistant glanced briefly at Angela standing beside him. “Why isn’t Khloe here today?”

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Angela’s carefully made-up face darkened in an instant.

Could it be that, simply because Khloe wasn’t present, the client didn’t even bother to meet with her?

“Khloe is on leave. I’m also a manager at the Fox Group, and I can handle this project. If your company doubts my abilities, you can review my proposal,” Angela said.

Before Trey could speak, Angela had already grown restless. She slid the document she had stayed up all night preparing toward the assistant. The young man hesitated for a moment but accepted it out of politeness.

Angela’s confidence radiated. Once they saw her work, they would regret dismissing her so lightly.

Trey added, “Our team has many capable employees-not just Khloe. Please convey to Mr. Cameron that the trust he places in our company will not be betrayed.”

The assistant nodded, giving a slight bow. “Understood. Please wait a moment; I’ll relay this immediately.”

Once he stepped out, Angela slumped back into her chair, frustration written across her features.

“They only want to work with Khloe? Do they really pick partners based solely on which employee is present?”

Angela had no illusions about Khloe’s skills being unparalleled.

“Khloe is talented, for sure. Even with similar data, when she handles a project, it somehow always turns a profit,” Trey said calmly.

“But a company’s success comes from every department working together. How can it be pinned on Khloe alone?” Angela’s voice carried sharp disbelief.

“Mr. Cameron is a man, right? And those clients who insist on Khloe... they’re all men, aren’t they?”

Trey blinked, startled. “Don’t say that.”

“I’m not saying it without reason,” Angela replied, her tone sharp. “In business, especially this industry, there’s no such thing as an eternally brilliant woman-only men who have been tamed.”

Trey looked at her, disappointment shadowing his gaze. “Angela... since when did you get so harsh?”

She realized too late that she’d overstepped.

Not long after, the office door opened again. The assistant returned, holding a stack of documents. He placed them before Angela.

“Angela, Mr. Cameron says he appreciates your effort, but the project must still be handled personally by Khloe.”

Then the assistant turned to Trey. “Mr. Fox, Mr. Cameron also asked me to convey: if Khloe is truly unavailable, then we will not proceed with the Fox Group for this project.”

Angela’s composure snapped. “Why? How am I any less capable than Khloe?”

Trey quickly gripped her arm.

“Please, ask Mr. Cameron to clarify why it must be Khloe. If there’s doubt about Angela’s qualifications, he can verify her resume. She was Khloe’s mentor and the only female professor in the finance department at Goldmont University.”

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+25 Bonus

The assistant smiled wryly. “I understand, Mr. Fox. Angela is exceptional, but Mr. Cameron said he values loyalty -he only wants to work with Khloe.”

With a respectful nod, the assistant left.

Angela’s frustration coiled in her chest like a live wire. Her vision darkened at the edges.

Trey, too, was pale, stunned by the outcome.

The drive back was silent. Each sat with their own thoughts.

Angela resented Trey’s past dependence on Khloe, which had led to this humiliating situation.

Trey, meanwhile, felt disappointed-Angela had not managed to keep her composure.

Before they even reached the office, news of the project rejection had spread throughout the company. As she passed through the department area, Angela heard whispered gossip. She felt the eyes of colleagues tracking her, judging her.

Her steps quickened. Glancing toward Khloe’s empty workstation and the few young female subordinates she had personally mentored who were busy working, Angela strode over and picked up one of their computers.

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The team was still editing the project document, unsaved.

“Ms. Thompson...” One of the junior staff jumped up, startled.

“Khloe isn’t here. Do you think that gives you license to slack off and live off the company? Such a simple project document, and you’ve been fiddling with it for so long and still can’t get it right?”

“We’re sorry, Ms. Thompson, we’re speeding up...”

Everyone straightened immediately at her voice, but before they could finish, there was a sharp crack—a computer slammed onto the floor at their feet. The screen instantly went blue.

“Ms. Thompson! What are you doing?!”

They scrambled to save it, but it was too late.

“Sorry, it slipped,” Angela said coolly, not even flinching. “But seriously—this garbage proposal? Is this how Khloe usually trains you? A company’s project failing isn’t one person’s fault—it’s the collective incompetence of your entire team.

“Listen carefully. By nine tomorrow morning, I want updated versions of all ongoing project proposals. One mistake in the data, one wrong punctuation mark, and this entire team packs up and leaves.”

Angela walked past them without another word.

That afternoon, Khloe sat in the CEO’s office on the 37th floor of the Morrison Group, going over various business reports.

Suddenly, her phone’s internal chat group exploded with notifications.

It was a small group she had created within Fox Group—just five members, all top performers she had personally trained. They were all fiercely loyal and capable.

[Khloe, when are you coming back? We can’t survive without you!]

[Yeah, Khloe, I think I’ll resign tomorrow if you’re not back...]

[It doesn’t matter—without you, Khloe, I don’t even want to work. I’ve been pushing myself just because of you.]

Khloe’s brow furrowed. Something was definitely wrong.

She replied quickly. Her team had always handled pressure well; they didn’t complain without cause.

Within seconds, messages flooded back. Trey had taken Angela to meet a client earlier, and the client had already initiated termination procedures. The company's main group chat had erupted in chaos.

Angela had been in the office only two days, but it seemed she was targeting Khloe's team-shifting all their projects and docking bonuses under various pretexts.

A chill ran through Khloe's gaze, and after a pause, she typed a single line: [Don't worry. Take some time off first. Leave the company matters aside. I'll handle it.]

Her words steadied everyone. Since day one, Khloe had been both a mentor and a shield for her team. They trusted that as long as she was around, nothing could break them.

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+25 Bonus

After closing the chat, Khloe made a decision and picked up the phone and made a call.

"Take some photos of Angela these past few days—her interactions with Trey—and send them to his mother."

Khloe knew Stella well. She hated Angela seducing Trey. Now that Angela had openly moved into the Fox residence, Stella discovering it would cause chaos.

Perfect.

Let Stella deal with Angela. It would keep Angela from making further moves, give Khloe's subordinates some vindication, and put Trey in a tight spot—a triple win.

She set down the phone, and her assistant rushed in.

"Ms. Roswell, I—"

Khloe's gaze hardened when she saw her assistant's empty hands. "Where's what I asked for?"

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“They said you haven’t been granted company permissions yet, so... for now, their hands are tied.”

The assistant looked down, his frustration evident from being the one forced to deliver the message.

Khloe had been back at the Morrison Group for days, yet the shareholders were giving her the silent treatment, systematically locking her out of all corporate intelligence.

She knew exactly who was behind it: Clarice, pulling the strings of both the board and the C-suite, methodically boxing her out. If this continued, her position within the company would become entirely ornamental.

A sharp knock echoed, and the office door opened as soon as she responded. Ethan strode in, placing a slim folder on the vast expanse of her polished blackwood desk. With a single, dismissive glance from him, the assistant scurried out.

Khloe scanned the documents. It was a post-mortem report on one of Morrison Group’s failing subsidiaries—a project bleeding billions with a severed funding chain.

“What’s this?” Khloe asked, looking up to meet Ethan’s gaze, her expression a mask of cool amusement.

“I heard you’re quite capable, especially when it comes to project management,” he said, settling smoothly into the Italian leather chair beside her desk. The sunlight caught the exquisite fabric of his tailored suit, radiating an air of effortless privilege.

“Your team isn’t lacking for talent, Ethan. And as you know, I’m in management now. I don’t handle individual projects,” Khloe replied, her voice even, refusing to take the bait.

“Naturally,” Ethan said, steepling his fingers. “Morrison Group is brimming with talent. I know you’re eager to dive in, but if you can’t win the confidence of the executives and shareholders... forcing a transition would make both Mother and me look irresponsible.”

“Isn’t their confidence something you and Clarice ultimately... influence?” Khloe’s voice was soft, but the challenge in it was unmistakable.

Their eyes locked. Both were smiling, but the air between them crackled with a silent, spreading tension.

“Let’s not make this adversarial, Khloe. We’re family,” Ethan said, the pleasantries not quite reaching his eyes. “I simply believe that if you can salvage a doomed project and prove your capabilities, then assuming a leadership role would be... justified.”

“On one condition,” he added. “You do it entirely on your own. No company resources. No use of any corporate assets. Prove your merit and earn everyone’s trust.”

He made it sound so reasonable, but the trap was exquisitely laid: he wanted her to balk.

And he had chosen wisely. The project on her desk was the company’s white elephant—a subsidiary whose funding had dried up six months ago, where three rounds of partners had failed, and even Ethan’s own hand-picked team had thrown in the towel.

But as Khloe flipped to the section on potential partners and saw the Cameron Group listed, a slow, knowing smile touched her lips.

By any objective measure, the project was a lost cause. But this was her project—the Cameron Group deal she had personally managed before. The very same one Angela and Trey had just spectacularly failed to close. Now, it had landed in her lap as the perfect key.

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When it came to deals like this domestically, she was second to none—and everyone who mattered knew it. This deal had always been hers. If she could snatch it back from Fox Group, she wouldn’t just be saving a Morrison subsidiary; she’d be forcing Trey and Angela to swallow a very public defeat.

Khloe lifted her gaze to meet Ethan’s, a faint, confident smile now playing on her lips.

“If you believe I’m the one for the job, then I’ll take the project. But understand this—it will be run by my rules.”

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Ethan wasn't entirely wrong. The Morrison Group's hold on top talent was legendary; he himself had grinded his way up from the bottom, repeatedly driving the company past critical market milestones before securing his current, powerful seat.

For Khloe to seize real control and permanently silence her opposition, the barriers extended far beyond just Ethan and Clarice.

"Fine," Ethan conceded, his tone deceptively casual.

"But how can you guarantee that successfully completing this project on my own will grant me the authority to manage the company?" Khloe pressed, her voice calm but incisive.

A thin, ironic smile played on Ethan's lips. He had assumed she was ignorant of the finer details, and he was prepared. With a few taps on his phone, a contract instantly appeared on Khloe's desktop monitor: a performance-based agreement.

"Sign this, and it's binding. Deliver on the project, and you'll have management authority equal to mine," he stated. "Naturally, Mother still retains certain exclusive powers."

Before his words had even fully settled in the room, a soft chime confirmed Khloe had already clicked to sign. Watching her profile illuminated by the screen's glow, a flicker of amusement crossed Ethan's eyes as he glanced at his watch.

"Oh, and one more thing," he added lightly. "You have exactly one week. No extensions. Good luck."

Evening had settled over the Fox residence.

Stella was at the card table with a few of her socialite friends when a servant approached, carrying a package.

"Madam, a document has arrived for you."

"Who's it from?" she asked, not looking up from her hand.

Lately, Stella's nerves had been frayed. Her husband, Arthur, had forbidden her from attending to Alicia during her postpartum confinement because of the whole Khloe situation; her daughter was constantly calling with complaints, and while Alicia and Stanley weren't headed for divorce, their arguments were relentless.

"Madam, it's anonymous—an encrypted, private courier," the servant replied.

Stella's cards were terrible; irritation flashed across her face. "Well, open it. Let's see what this is about."

The servant complied. Inside was a stack of photographs, which he handed over.

Stella's friend scanned them.

"Well, isn't this 'Trey? And the woman with him... I don't recognize her. This isn't Khloe, is it? What's all this? Has he finally taken a mistress?"

Her words immediately drew the attention of the other players.

"Don't be ridiculous! Trey's always been... proper," Stella retorted. Her hand trembled, sending the cards slapping

across the table.

She rose, snatched the photos, and froze. The woman in the pictures wasn't just anyone. It was Angela—the girl

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who had disappeared five years ago.

Angela appeared at the Fox residence for the first time at just twenty-two. Fresh out of a prestigious university, she had been hired as Trey's tutor.

Initially, the Fox family had a favorable impression of Angela. But within months, Trey's grandfather discovered a troubling closeness between her and Trey.

Their relationship, under the guise of tutoring, had been a secret courtship right under the family's noses. The old man had erupted in fury, nearly making it impossible for Angela to remain in Goldmont City.

Everyone assumed that was the end of it. But when Trey started university and Angela conveniently secured a faculty position at the same institution, they rekindled their hidden romance.

The Fox family was forced to oscillate between disciplining Trey and threatening Angela, using a mix of carrots and sticks to force them apart.

It wasn't until Trey became involved with Khloe that the family began to let the old scandal fade. Despite Khloe's modest background, the shadow of the Angela debacle meant they had little choice but to turn a blind eye to his new choice.

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The moment Stella's words landed, there was a noise at the door-Trey had returned. He'd taken a call in the garage and come up late; he hadn't expected his mother to show up.

Trey disliked family interruptions. The Fox household didn't drop by unannounced; if they were to meet, they called first. That was why he'd been bold enough to bring Angela home in the first place.

Seeing his mother now, his mind went blank for a beat.

"Mom... why didn't you tell me you were coming?" he blurted.

"How long were you planning to hide this from me? No wonder Khloe's been acting strange-so you've been hoarding a mistress!"

Stella's anger overflowed; she didn't even bother directing it at Khloe anymore. She struck Trey with her handbag.

She had always doted on her son; she would never have laid a hand on Trey if she hadn't been driven absolutely mad.

Trey winced. "Mom, calm down. It's not what you think. Angela is just staying here temporarily; Khloe knows, she agreed."

"I don't care if Khloe agreed! Have you forgotten your grandfather's will? And the hell our family went through because of you two? That woman is a home-wrecking slut! If you insist on seeing her, you might as well put me in my grave!"

Stella's face flushed; her voice rose until it cracked.

Angela, pressed behind him, began to cry. She kept silent. She assumed Trey would stand by her. They had a child together now after all; she was not the young, helpless girl she'd once been.

But Trey did something she didn't expect. He guided his mother to a chair and sat beside her.

"Mom, I remember. Please, don't be angry. Angela is here to help-she's been looking after Pete and helping manage things while Khloe's on leave."

"What help? You let her into the house and the company? Have you lost your mind?" Stella snapped, rising. "Get her out of my sight. I'll call your father and your grandmother. I'll have them come and force her out myself."

Trey's voice dropped. He did not want a scene, but he made a choice, "All right. I'll send her away now."

At that, Angela's body trembled. Tears pooled and quit falling, frozen at the edges of her lashes. "Trey..."

"Angela, pack your things," he said without turning all the way around. His tone was final.

Watching Stella perched in her lofty arrogance, Trey's repeated surrender, and the servants lurking in corners to feast on the drama, Angela felt her dignity crushed to dust.

Her jaw set, she stormed upstairs to pack. She owned little, and it took only moments to gather her things.

As she passed Pete's room, she fixed the servant with a viper's glare. "Remember who he is. He is a Fox heir. If any harm comes to Pete, the Foxes will make you regret it."

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Angela's words landed like a pebble in still water.

Stella heard it and scoffed. She thought for a moment, eyes narrowing. After a few days under Trey's roof, Angela already treated Pete like her own son? Had she already sized up the house as hers?

Angela slammed the door and left. Trey moved to follow, but Stella caught his sleeve like an anchor.

"Let her go," she hissed. "Have you lost your mind? Do you not care about the estate, the company, our reputation?"

Blood rushed hot and loud in Trey's ears. For a second, anger flared so fierce he almost tore after Angela, but Stella's words pulled him back to the edge of a precipice. If he chased her now, everything he'd worked for-every fragile balance-might crumble.

He breathed deeply, forcing himself into a steady, measured voice. "Mom, it's not what you think. Since this misunderstanding has caused such a huge mess, it's good that she left."

He tried to explain the "truth", but Stella listened with that thin, suspicious patience.

"I'll be watching you from now on," she said finally, sharp as a verdict. "Anyone can come through the Fox family doors-except her."

"I understand," he answered.

"Where's Khloe, anyway?" Stella asked then, irritation curling through the question. "I heard she moved out."

Her voice carried a dozen accusations: why had Khloe stormed off and left the family and company a mess, allowing Angela to slip in? No one likes a vacuum; someone will always rush to fill it.

“You share some responsibility in this, Mom,” Trey said, “but I’ll handle Khloe.”

He didn’t want his mom to involve herself any further, so he kept the details to himself.

Stella fumed. “She’s using me and Alicia to throw a tantrum to get her way. Don’t you dare indulge her. If she leaves, let her. She’ll come crawling back.”

Fuming but powerless in the face of Trey’s clear missteps regarding Angela, Stella had no choice but to vent her anger while he took it in silence.

She stayed until nearly midnight, leaving only after Arthur called to urge her home. But before stepping out, she issued one final warning: he was not to see Angela again.

The moment she was gone, Trey immediately tried calling Angela.

When she didn’t answer, he called her close friend Kirsten-but she didn’t pick up either.

Desperate, he finally had Pete try.

This time, Angela answered. Yet the moment she heard Trey’s voice, she broke down sobbing, each breath catching in her throat.

Whatever composure he had left dissolved on the spot.

He rushed to where she was staying-a cheap hotel near Kirsten’s bar. Angela had nowhere else to go. To have his child, she had cut ties with her own parents, burning every bridge behind her.

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“Trey, this is too much!” Kirsten confronted him, her voice shaking with rage. “Angela risked everything for you. When her parents found out about you two, they took back the apartment and savings under her name. But she never gave up on you. How could you let your mother throw her out like that?”

She was seething-ready to strike him if she could. But before she could go on, Angela stopped her. Tears streaked Angela’s face, yet she refused to let anyone speak ill of him.

Seeing her friend's unshakable loyalty, Kirsten could only walk away in frustrated silence.

Left alone with Angela, Trey looked at her and felt his heart twist into knots. In that moment, he felt his heart torn to pieces.

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Trey knew he'd been selfish-always blind to Angela's struggles, always letting her bend and compromise while he followed his own whims.

"I'm sorry." The words felt empty, almost meaningless, yet they were all he could offer.

Trey pulled her into his arms.

The past few days, with one setback after another, had made him weary of their relationship, the closeness between them dulled by fatigue.

But after today's chaos with Stella, something in him surged back-ten years of shared history, unspoken promises, and a love neither time nor circumstance had erased. After all this, he couldn't just give up.

Angela said nothing. She pressed herself against him, letting the warmth of his body hold her as soft, shaky sobs escaped. She knew the only anchor she had now was his heart. Even for Pete, she had to win-had to hold on.

Early the next morning, unwilling to see Angela suffer another day, Trey arranged through an agent for Angela to rent a luxurious flat near the Fox residence.

He spent the entire morning helping her move, carrying boxes and unpacking alongside her.

She wanted to see their son, but to avoid drawing attention, they decided it would be safer to wait a little while

before Pete came to visit.

The rare peace, however, didn't last long. By afternoon, a call from HR brought troubling news: all five members of Khloe's team had submitted resignations. The company was in sudden turmoil, and even leaders from other departments were taking leave.

Trey and Angela rushed straight to the office. Khloe's former team was at their desks, packing their things.

"What's going on? Collective resignation? Who taught you to ignore reporting procedures and just quit?" Angela stormed forward.

One of the younger colleagues-whose computer had been smashed just yesterday-looked up coldly. "Miss Thompson, we submitted our requests according to the company procedure. You can approve them slowly, but we're taking our annual leave these past few days."

"Yes," another piped in. "Back when Khloe was here, we didn't like taking leave, so we have a lot of them saved up."

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Angela's face went pale with rage. She didn't even know what to say.

These people were insane. Just yesterday, she'd reprimanded them lightly, and now this? Were Khloe's protégés all this difficult?

"Everyone, come to my office," Trey's voice cut sharply from behind her. Without waiting for a reply, he led the way to the executive office.

The resignations weren't technically his concern, but the employees in question were Khloe's most capable proteges. He couldn't simply ignore the situation.

Angela froze, eyes darting between the five, ready to scold-but none of them looked at her. They followed Trey silently.

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Chapter 60

The girls could withstand Angela's bullying. But every time she scolded them, she insisted on smearing Khloe.

Khloe hadn't been at the company for a while. Why was she still being blamed?

Trey felt the guilt he'd harbored for Angela evaporate in an instant. What was she thinking, still trying to compete with Khloe in secret at a time like this?

"Don't leave," he said firmly. "Khloe will be back soon. You've done well. If you want, take a couple of days off- but the company is at a critical stage right now. We need everyone to pull together."

He thought about offering raises to smooth things over, but no matter what he said, they politely declined.

The conversation dragged on for over an hour. Trey realized there was nothing more he could do. They were Khloe's people. No matter how much Angela overstepped, their collective resignation had Khloe's influence written all over it.

He couldn't help thinking of Stella's words. Khloe would come back to him eventually. And when she did, she'd have to deal with the mess she'd caused herself.

Finally, the door to the executive office opened. Angela watched as Khloe's team left without a backward glance. she wanted to find Trey to explain herself, but the assistant stepped out and said he was in a meeting-no one was to disturb him.

She returned to her desk, annoyed, and sent him a message.

It wasn't until the end of the workday that he replied, saying he had plans that evening and to go home first. He added that, to avoid trouble, they should keep contact minimal for the next few days.

Angela knew immediately-Khloe had stirred something behind the scenes. She cursed silently, determined that once she and Trey were officially together, Khloe would pay.

The next morning, at the Hunt Group headquarters.

Nick had just wrapped a multinational meeting, finishing thirty minutes ahead of schedule, still before lunch.

Lenny hurried over with the afternoon's schedule, laid out in dense detail all the way to ten at night: project negotiations, business appointments, critical meetings.

Nick skimmed it, then his phone rang. The display read: Grandma

He paused, then swiped to answer. The staff waiting outside quietly left.

“Hello, Nick,” his grandmother’s cheerful voice sounded. “I heard you met Miss Roswell the other day. Any progress?”

Nick froze. He didn’t know how to answer.

In the entire Hunt Group, let alone the international scene, very few people would dare push him on marriage. But his grandparents were exceptions.

Before he could respond, his grandfather’s voice cut in, “Nick, my boy! When will you bring your fiancée to come visit us? I hear she’s beautiful and accomplished!”

“I just met her. It isn’t the right time.” Nick leaned back in his chair, trying to keep his tone measured.

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But the elders’ enthusiasm didn’t wane.

“Just met her? We counted-you’ve known her for over a week now!”

“When does it count as the right time?”

Nick pressed his lips together, silent. No one could make him lose control... except these two.

“...We’ll see. She’s slow to warm up. Maybe after the engagement.

“You should take the initiative! Love waits for no one!”

“Your grandma’s right. You should seize the moment! Don’t let love wait!”