

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 61

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Chapter 61

A single sentence from Nick had unleashed a barrage from his grandparents. Even through the phone, their urgency felt like a riptide, threatening to pull him under.

He'd had enough. "Fine, I'll find a chance to bring her to meet you."

He ended the call before they could reply.

It had been a while since he last saw Khloe.

Nick thought of that night-when Khloe had promised to come dance, but he had waited and waited, and she never appeared. Later, he called, but she didn't answer.

In the whirlwind of his own obligations, the gift he'd set aside for her was forgotten, and with it, the memory of that night.

He opened his phone. Their message history was a blank slate for the past two days. After a moment's hesitation, he finally tapped her name and pressed call.

At that exact moment, Khloe was striding through the Morrison Group headquarters.

Five young women followed in her wake, their careers at Fox Group freshly severed. When they looked up, the polished brass letters spelling out Morrison Group gleamed so brightly in the sun it was nearly blinding.

"Khloe...is this really Morrison Group headquarters? I applied here a while ago and never heard back. And now... we just walk right in?" one of the girls stammered.

Khloe smiled and pushed open the door, leading them to a temporary office space she had reserved. Floor-to- ceiling windows framed a panoramic view of the financial district-a scene they had only ever admired in the glossy pages of business magazines.

Once everyone was settled, Khloe spread the project files Ethan had given her across the table. Then, she slid a fresh set of plans forward.

“This new project is a challenge,” she stated plainly. “Its funding chain has been broken for half a year. It’s burned through three partners. It will not be easy.”

She let that hang in the air before continuing. “As for the Cameron Group deal-keep tracking it. I will personally lead the negotiations with Mr. Cameron. That project is the heart of our team. Fox Group will not be taking it from us.”

“The Cameron project is still ours?” one woman breathed, her eyes lighting up. She had been the primary lead on it at Fox, forced to watch as Angela tried to steal it from under her.

Khloe nodded. “Now, for compensation. Your base salaries will be double what you earned at Fox Group, with social insurance contributions at the maximum rate.

“And whether it’s the Cameron project or this new Hunt Group venture, the team will receive fifteen percent of the total profit as a performance bonus.”

A stunned silence filled the room. “You’re... you’re serious? Double the base pay? And a bonus share?”

“I am serious. But the price is the workload. The timeline is aggressive. We will be rebuilding plans, reconnecting broken partnerships, and relaunching investments from scratch. Prepare for long hours.”

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“Long hours?” another woman countered, a grim smile on her face. “We’ve spent months cleaning up Angela’s messes at Fox. At least here, we’re building something for ourselves. It’s worth it.”

“Exactly! Cameron Group only trusts us. That project was born from our work. And even though this Morrison Group project is difficult, if we pull it off, we’ll be the top contributors!”

The team was united. Khloe offered top-tier compensation because she saw their success as her own. No matter the grind, they’d see it through.

Immediately, they plunged into a sea of data. One week. That was the deadline to resurrect the project.

“Khloe, your phone!” someone called, digging the vibrating device from beneath a stack of charts.

Her mind still tangled in figures, Khloe answered without looking. “Hello?”

A warm, familiar voice filled her ear. She sat up straighter.

“Mr. Hunt.” Her eyes swept across the busy office. “I’m afraid I can’t do lunch. I’m... tied up.”

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“Dinner works too,” Nick said.

He actually only had time at noon; dinner meant he would have to cancel an engagement.

“I can’t do dinner either,” Khloe said awkwardly. She had a meeting with investors scheduled for later that night.

“I see. Then, when will you be free?” Nick’s voice was calm, almost detached, but his fingers resting on the desk twitched slightly, curling inward.

“I’m not sure... maybe in a week. I’ll contact you then?” Khloe had barely finished her words when someone called her over about some data. She answered immediately.

“Sorry, Mr. Hunt. I’m a bit busy-have to hang up.’

“Khloe...”

Before he could say any more, the line went dead.

For a moment, he was frozen.

It was the first time someone had ever hung up on him. Was she really busy-or just making an excuse?

His expression darkened. He immediately called Lenny into the office.

“Find out what’s going on at the Morrison Group. Why is she so busy?” His tone was sharp, not the usual calm demeanor he carried. Lenny felt a jolt of tension.

Nick’s temperament was usually steady and icy. Lenny had never seen him show such a clear sign of displeasure. When he had entered the office earlier, he had been in a good mood... what changed so suddenly?

“Sir, nothing major has happened at the Morrison Group recently. Are you asking about Miss Roswell’s schedule?” Lenny replied quickly. Khloe was the only connection he could think of at the mention of the Morrison Group.

Nick said nothing, his gaze fixed on the desk. The room suddenly felt colder.

Lenny straightened. “I’ve been tracking Miss Roswell’s movements. I heard she’s having trouble consolidating power there and is currently... meeting with investors.”

“Investors?” Nick’s eyes flickered with interest.

Lenny relayed everything he had learned. Khloe had recently been actively coordinating with various investors. The meeting tonight happened to be with a newly affiliated investment arm under the Hunt Group-yet to be announced publicly.

“So... her evening is blocked because of an investor meeting,” Nick murmured.

Lenny hadn’t caught the words clearly. “Sir... any instructions?”

“Find out the location of Khloe’s meeting. I’ll rearrange my evening schedule.” Nick’s voice was calm, almost like he was handling routine work.

Night fell over the city.

At the Veramuse Hotel downtown, Khloe had already endured several rounds of drinking at the table. Finally, she

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excused herself and ran to the restroom to vomit.

Raising funds meant entertaining clients-drinks were inevitable-but none of her five subordinates could handle alcohol. She had to go alone. Even if her team could drink, she couldn't let the girls suffer for her.

"Khloe, that's enough... I think they're just trying to mess with you," a worried voice said. It was Charlotte Xander, who had come along. Quick-witted and articulate, Charlotte usually accompanied Khloe on these investment meetings.

But halfway through this evening, Charlotte was ready to bow out. The clients had demanded Khloe drink as much as necessary to secure funds, completely ignoring the actual proposals.

Khloe suspected Ethan might have sent them to sabotage her efforts..

"I'm fine. I can handle it. Once I finish vomiting, I can still take a few more," Khloe said. With Charlotte's support, she stood and straightened herself.

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Khloe's face was flushed. The scent of alcohol clung to her. Her eyes were a little unfocused, but even drunk, Khloe carried a magnetic beauty that could make heads turn.

Charlotte watched her, understanding the thoughts running through those men's heads. Khloe was formidable in business, but alone as a woman, she was still a target. Charlotte couldn't talk her out of it; all she could do was follow her back to the table.

The laughter hit them from across the room, loud and crude, carrying even to the doorway.

"Her proposal's decent, but the project? Not so much."

"I'd invest... if she's willing to give me a taste..."

"Khloe's face, and figure-she's top tier, hahaha!"

Khloe froze. Every word carried clearly to her ears. Charlotte's blood boiled. She wanted to storm forward and shut them up, but Khloe held her back.

Drunk as she was, her mind was still sharp. She had drunk all that alcohol. There was no way she was letting them leave without signing that contract tonight.

"Recorder on?" Khloe asked Charlotte.

Charlotte nodded, pulling it out immediately. This was routine-always record business discussions just in case. The hotel hallway was quiet; the Hunt Group's representatives' voices were captured perfectly.

Khloe nodded again, telling Charlotte to wait outside. She pushed the door open and locked it behind her.

The men froze. Khloe had returned far too quickly. Had she overheard their conversation?

She grabbed the investment contract off the side and staggered toward the head of the table.

"Mr. Stinson, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Mitchell," she began, her voice steady despite the sway of her body.

"We've discussed this project for two hours. I've explained the profit model, the proposals, the coordination. Everything.

"The preliminary intent letter from the Cameron Group is ready; once funds are in place, the first phase can begin next month. I'd like to know if you have any concrete thoughts on the project itself."

Samuel Stinson put down his glass, belched, and smirked with a faintly lecherous gleam.

"Miss Roswell, thoughts? Sure, but we're here to enjoy ourselves too, right? If you can have another round with us, who knows-maybe we'll sign the contract tonight."

Anthony Ramsay chimed in, tapping his fingers along the table,

"Exactly. You're capable, and your tolerance must be high. Three more drinks from you, and we'll add two hundred thousand to the investment. Deal?"

The air shifted instantly. On the surface, they were negotiating terms-but beneath it, they were trying to intimidate her.

Khloe didn't flinch. She smiled.

“You three are seasoned investors. You should understand better than me that investment is about potential, not

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alcohol tolerance. I came today to work toward mutual gain, not to drink with you.”

“And by the way,” she added, “the team leaders you brought with you just whispered in my ear-your company is bidding on a Morrison Group project. Coincidentally, that project now falls under my supervision.”

Samuel froze for a second, like he’d just heard the most absurd joke, then burst into laughter, slapping the table.

“Under your supervision? Are you drunk? If you’re really in charge of Morrison Group’s projects, I’ll eat every glass on this table!”

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Anthony followed in mock agreement. “Exactly. Do you think someone like the heiress of the Morrison Group would need to come here and sweet-talk us for investments? Better just have a few drinks and we’ll talk numbers if we’re happy.”

Emeril Mitchell even reached out to drape an arm over Khloe’s shoulder. She sidestepped effortlessly, and he clicked his tongue in disdain. “We’re giving you face by even talking business. Don’t get greedy.”

Khloe’s gaze sharpened at their arrogance. From her velvet bag, she pulled out a small, gilded seal.

“You should all recognize this, right?”

The seal was no bigger than a palm, the body engraved with the hundred-year history of the Morrison family and the names of its current heirs. In the business circles of Goldmont City, everyone knew it.

“The Morrison heir’s gilded seal? That can’t be real...”

A tentative voice challenged her, questioning its authenticity.

But under the lights, the seal shimmered with a unique blue-purple glow—an unmistakable mark of the true Morrison family heir. Khloe held it up, letting the luminescence catch their eyes.

“Don’t you follow the news? Niel Morrison has an illegitimate daughter inheriting his billions...” a murmur followed.

“Maybe... she really is—”

“This gilded seal is made from a special alloy. Only the heir possesses it. That blue-purple aura is an exclusive anti-counterfeit mark. You can’t replicate it anywhere.

“If you don’t believe me, call Morrison Group’s legal department. Give them my name. Ask if they know me.”

Khloe didn’t stop there. She pulled a voice recorder from her bag, playing back the conversation from earlier. The three had interrupted her pitch, trying repeatedly to negotiate investment through drinking—every word was captured clearly.

“This recording isn’t to cause trouble,” Khloe said evenly, “but a reminder: your company wants to bid on a Morrison Group project. The Morrison Group values professionalism and sincerity above all.

“If this conversation—tying alcohol consumption to investment—reached them, do you think it would help your bid?”

Emeril’s face darkened, and he reached for the recorder. “Miss Roswell, you set us up!”

“What do you mean?” Khloe’s lips curved. “You turned a business negotiation into a tavern game. If I wanted to take advantage, I wouldn’t have stopped at just this recording”

They had tried to probe her limits through wine, but she had captured their unprofessional behavior—and held the key to bidding on the Morrison Group project. They had just crossed the heir of the Morrison family.

Khloe slid the investment contract across the table.

“The terms haven’t changed. Investment amounts are as initially discussed. If you find the project feasible, you can sign now.

“For any future Morrison Group project, my team will prioritize coordinating with your company. If drinking matters more than the business, then let’s pretend this never happened. I’ll reach out to other investors tomorrow.

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“The Cameron Group is still waiting for my response, so I won’t keep you. The contract stays here—think it over, and contact my assistant when you’re ready.”

“Wait!” Samuel suddenly said, grabbing a pen and scanning the contract. He saw it matched their prior discussion, with even an added clause giving them priority on the Morrison Group future project bids.

Without hesitation, he signed.

“Miss Roswell, we were out of line earlier. I’ve signed the contract.”

Anthony and Emeril followed suit. Missing out on the Cameron Group project meant short-term profit loss—but offending Khloe and losing the Morrison Group project bid? That was irreparable.

“And just so we’re clear,” Khloe added, “I’m negotiating this investment in my own name. You’re signing my personal project. There’s no ‘Morrison heiress’ involved in this. Got it?”

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“Got it... got it! Not a word of what happened here today will be repeated or reach anyone else!”

Khloe watched the three men sign the contracts, then lifted the champagne glass on the table. She toasted them with elegance to the project’s success.

Once it was over, the tension she had forced herself to hold vanished entirely. The moment the door swung open, Charlotte, standing outside, practically cried with relief, rushing forward and hugging half of Khloe’s body tightly.

“Khloe, are you okay?”

“Take it.”

Khloe tossed the signed contract to Charlotte, her own strength spent to the point of collapse.

But before they could even leave the hotel, a group of men in black rushed out, surrounding them. Charlotte instinctively stepped in front of Khloe.

“Who are you? Stay back, or I’ll call the police!”

“What happened to her?” A low, commanding male voice cut through the chaos, unmistakably authoritative.

Charlotte looked up to see a man emerging, draped in a heavy wool coat. His figure was imposing, upright and commanding, almost regal—simply standing there seemed enough to make people instinctively bow.

“Khloe... she’s... she’s had too much to drink.”

Charlotte didn’t recognize the man but was unnerved by his presence, and the words came out instinctively.

Nick’s brow furrowed, his gaze locking on Khloe. She was disheveled—hair loose, face unnaturally flushed, ” fragile and pitiful in a way she rarely allowed herself to appear.

“Bring her to me.”

The command was firm. Charlotte hadn’t even processed it when Khloe was already in his arms. Despite her height, she seemed delicate in his embrace, almost catlike against his broad chest.

“Wait-”

Charlotte froze, about to run after them, but someone blocked her way.

Lenny explained briefly, “Mr. Hunt is Miss Roswell’s fiancé. He will take her home. You’ve done enough; we’ll have someone escort you separately.”

“...Okay,” Charlotte nodded. She hadn’t heard Khloe mention a fiancé before, but the surname Hunt and the earlier phone call had clicked. Seeing the bodyguards lined up, she knew she couldn’t follow anyway.

Khloe was carried to the car. Lenny hurried to open the door, and Nick, holding her in his arms, coldly ordered, “You don’t need to follow. Check on those men inside the private room. I want to know exactly what happened.”

“Yes, Sir,” Lenny responded immediately, understanding completely.

Nick had arrived later than expected, but seeing Khloe in such a state, he didn’t need any explanation—she had been targeted, deliberately made to drink. As his betrothed, anyone who dared to harm her would face

consequences.

The backseat was spacious. He considered laying her down, but Khloe clung stubbornly to his collar, her body

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heavy.

He raised a hand, paused, and didn’t move her. The warm scent of alcohol and her soft body enveloped him, yet she slept with surprising calm, her breathing steady, lips faintly moving

How much did she drink?

His brow furrowed slightly as he gently tilted her chin with a gloved hand, seeking a clearer view of her face in the dim light.

“You sleep so deeply...” he murmured. “To drink so carelessly... do you truly fear nothing?”

A soft, mumbled reply drifted to him from her lips.

“With... you here... I’m not afraid”

Nick swiftly moved her aside.

Without his support, her body swayed and settled against the seat, one hand rising to massage her temple. Though exhaustion clouded her senses and sleep tugged at her consciousness, a dull throbbing in her head kept her from fully drifting off.

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Nick's words reached Khloe's ears, and she murmured a reply.

Nick thought of how she had been pressed close against his chest just moments ago. His voice dropped, low and controlled, "You're not asleep?"

"I... I was so tired earlier I could barely keep my eyes open... but I knew, Mr. Hunt, that you were here."

Khloe tilted her head back, eyes still heavy and barely open, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "I don't know how you got here, but with you... I don't think anyone could dare hurt me now... I just want to rest a bit..."

The alcohol muddled her thoughts. She spoke without coherence, saying whatever came to mind, but the meaning was clear.

Something stirred in Nick. She trusted him-truly trusted him. And the word "hurt" lingered in his mind, filling him with a flicker of guilt. "Sorry, I'm late."

"Not late... just in time." Khloe pressed her dry lips together, voice thick with haze. "I finished everything... now I can rest."

"Rest here, with me?"

"Mhm."

He asked casually, and she murmured her assent, her voice soft and unsteady. A smile threatened his lips. He had seen her twice before, she had seemed serious and composed, yet here she was-loose, disheveled, yet somehow endearing. The drunk, unfocused look on her face wasn't unpleasant at all; if anything, it was oddly charming.

At that moment, his phone buzzed. Lenny had sent him a video.

He glanced at Khloe, curled in the corner of the seat, slipping gradually into a heap. Unsure if she was asleep, he slipped on his headphones and watched.

The footage made his expression darken instantly. The men in the private room had been far worse than he imagined forcing drinks, harassing her, leering.

He took off the headphones and sent Lenny two words: [Handle them.]

“Khloe.”

He set the phone aside, his voice low and firm as he spoke her name again. After a long moment, she murmured a faint “Mm.”

“Come here.”

She stirred, perhaps understanding, but didn’t move, mumbling incoherently.

“Why didn’t you tell me the Morrison family were bullying you?” he asked coldly. Even though he knew she was barely processing anything, likely unable to fully hear him, he pressed.

She murmured another soft “Mm.”

“If you don’t want to be hurt, don’t pretend you can handle everything alone. Isn’t it that simple-to let someone help you?”

He thought of how she was an orphan, how she had always relied only on herself. That independence, that relentless self-reliance, made her different. No one else could ever be completely selfless, could ever give so

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much and ask for nothing.

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On the journey back, Khloe finally drifted into sleep.

Nick brought her back to his estate, having the staff prepare a room in advance.

Two maids assisted her with washing and changing, ensuring she was comfortable. Only when she was safely asleep did he retreat to his study and wait for Lenny.

“Everything handled?”

“Yes, sir.” Lenny said.

Nick nodded, letting his thoughts linger a moment. “How much funding did Khloe secure?”

“About 15 million,” Lenny replied.

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“I’ll have one of my investment subsidiaries join this project,” Nick said. “Increase the funding twofold-it’ll be easier to manage if there’s more capital. Just say her proposal looks solid, promising, and that we’re choosing to invest proactively.”

“Understood,” Lenny replied.

Nick’s approach to work had always been pragmatic. Yet today, Lenny realized he’d witnessed something rare: a man acting on instinct for someone he cared about. And this was unprecedented-Nick, meticulous as he was about risk, never invested blindly without fully auditing a project.

“Right,” Nick said after a moment, calling Lenny again. He stared at his fingers as if lost in thought before finally speaking. “Check Khloe’s relationship history.”

He had learned that she’d only had one college romance, and at the time, he had little interest in the details.

“Yes,” Lenny responded, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. He remembered clearly: Nick had said that for a marriage arrangement, only the most basic personal information mattered. Everything else was irrelevant.

The next morning.

Khloe woke early, as her body clock dictated, even with a lingering hangover. Last night's events were hazy-she remembered signing contracts, then somehow encountering Nick. After that, memory faded.

The maid filled her in: Nick had brought her back safely, leaving her at the guest room.

Relief spread through Khloe. She quickly called Charlotte, who had been worried all night.

Hearing Khloe was safe, Charlotte finally relaxed.

With the contracts signed and secured, a weight lifted from Khloe's chest.

"Alright, then. We'll see each other at the office later," Charlotte said.

After hanging up, Khloe intended to just greet Nick briefly and leave. But the maid guided her to the dining room instead.

There, Nick was already waiting. He was dressed in a dark gray suit, his posture straight, an aura of authority surrounding him.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunt," Khloe greeted.

He looked at her with steady, unreadable eyes and nodded once. "Morning."

Images from the previous night flashed through her mind-how tightly she'd clung to him. Her ears warmed as she struggled to speak, words of thanks caught and tangled with embarrassment.

"You drank too much last night. I brought you back here. Did you sleep well?" His voice was calm, offering a quiet lifeline.

Khloe nodded vigorously. After a pause, she murmured, "Very well... your bedding is... comfortable, Mr. Hunt..."

She barely knew what she was saying. Luckily, the maid gestured toward the buffet. The breakfast spread ran along an elegant corridor-each dish laid out as if in a palace, exquisite and abundant.

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"Miss Roswell, breakfast is ready. I can bring you anything you like."

“No, I’ll get it myself,” she replied, moving toward the buffet.

Though her appetite was small in the morning, the variety was too alluring to resist. The desserts alone numbered in the dozens, each looking almost too perfect to eat.

Nick watched for a moment as she piled her plate with sweets.

“You like sweets?” he asked softly.

“Somewhat,” she said. Then, almost shyly, “Eating sweet things... it makes me feel better. Would you like to try some, Mr. Hunt?”

Lenny stepped aside, offering a tray. Nick’s breakfast was minimal: a cup of coffee and a small bowl of steamed egg. No matter the variety laid out, he ate only these two items.

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Today’s breakfast spread had been prepared lavishly, in part because of Khloe’s presence. Not knowing her tastes, Nick had simply asked the kitchen to prepare a little of everything. He didn’t speak, only lifted his coffee and took a sip.

Khloe scooped a spoonful of dark chocolate mousse cake and offered it to him. “This one’s really good.”

For a moment, Nick paused, his brow furrowing slightly.

Khloe noticed the faint expression and realized her misstep.

“Sorry... I wasn’t thinking. How could I offer you a spoon I’ve already used?” she said, about to pull it back.

But the spoon was already accepted. And then-he actually took a bite.

The rich, sweet flavor hit his palate, and for a moment, he seemed almost startled by his own reaction, as if awakening from a dream.

“Sir!” Lenny’s voice was tense, betraying his disbelief.

Not only was Nick known for his fastidious habits, but he also hated sweets. In any banquet or business gathering, Nick would never touch anything sugary. Yet now, he’d just swallowed a bite of cake offered by Khloe.

Nick shot Lenny a sharp look and the latter immediately fell silent.

“You... don’t like cake?” Khloe asked softly, noticing Lenny’s reaction and feeling a little embarrassed. Perhaps her gesture had been overstepping.

He dabbed the corner of his mouth with a napkin before replying, “I never did. But today... it’s not so bad.”

‘Never liked it... but today it’s fine?’ Khloe wondered, while she quietly licked her lips, unsure how to respond.

They sat in silence for a while, the air between them suddenly tense. Khloe lowered her gaze and only spoke after finishing her slice of cake. “Um...”

“You,” he said at the same time. His eyes flicked briefly, sharp and searching. “You first.”

“I... just wanted to say, I might have been a little out of line last night with the drinking. If I acted improperly, please don’t take it to heart.” Khloe’s voice was soft, like a gentle wind brushing past-polite, distant, and cautiously tender.

Nick didn’t look at her. His tone was cold. “Improper? And I’m supposed to ignore it?”

“No, it’s nothing... I just worried...”

“Nothing else you want to tell me?” His words were deliberate, pressing.

Khloe blinked, unsure, and he clarified. “I thought that when we met again, you’d first talk to me about last time.”

“Last time?” she hesitated, recalling the previous evening’s ballroom event. She had left early without saying hi, and she should have mentioned it.

“I went that night, but... there was a small accident. My dress ripped, so I left early.”

Nick nodded, a brief acknowledgment, his gaze drifting to the platinum watch on his wrist, almost absent- minded.

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Khloe had considered mentioning that she'd seen him dancing with someone, but his silence and composure made her reconsider. It wasn't worth creating awkwardness over a rare encounter with a childhood friend.

"Anything else?" His voice cut through the quiet, firm, almost interrogative, and Khloe felt as if she were being examined.

"Oh." She thought for a moment. "Yes... I also wanted to thank you for your gift. But it's... too valuable. I think it would be more appropriate to return it to you in person."

Her words barely left her mouth before the clink of his plate caught her attention. His gaze locked on hers, intense and sudden.

"Return it? You don't like it?"

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Nick's question was blunt, leaving Khloe momentarily startled.

"It's not that I don't like it, it's just... we-"

"I've never once had a gift returned to me." Nick interrupted, his voice tinged with a cold authority that made the air seem heavier.

"Then..."

"If you don't like it, throw it away." His tone remained even, but the weight of someone used to command pressed down like a tangible force.

Khloe hesitated, then smiled faintly. “Then I’ll keep it. The ring is beautiful-brighter than anything I’ve seen at jewelry exhibitions. Thank you, Mr. Hunt, I really like it.

“But... having received something so valuable from you, I feel it’s only proper to give a return gift. May I ask- what do you usually like? I want to give you something in return.”

She added quickly, not wanting to seem distant, “Even though it’s an arranged marriage, I don’t want to feel like I’m always indebted. A gift in return makes things easier between us.”

Nick, unusually, didn’t brush it off as he often would with a curt “no need.” He only said softly, “No need to trouble yourself.”

But Khloe persisted. “No, really. I’d feel unsettled otherwise. If you don’t have anything particular, I’ll choose something myself-my taste is good. I won’t disappoint you.”

He studied her serious gaze for a moment and finally said, “Sure.”

Her eyes curved into a small, satisfied smile. “Once I pick it out, I’ll send it to you. You know, Mr. Hunt, you’re easier to get along with than I thought. I heard from Uncle Oscar that you were strict, but you’re actually quite approachable.”

It wasn’t flattery; it was sincere.

Though his expression remained neutral, Nick had no pretension-he was willing to humor even small matters like her plan to return a gift.

He didn’t respond, only reminded, “Breakfast’s getting cold.”

Khloe hurriedly picked up her fork and took small bites of her dessert.

When they finished, Nick glanced at the time and instructed Lenny, “Prepare the car. Send Miss Roswell back.”

”

That afternoon, Khloe received a call.

“Miss Roswell, this is the Emeritus Investment Group. We’d like to add 30 million to your current project.”

“30 million?” Khloe blinked, surprised. “We haven’t even been in contact. Are you sure?”

“Absolutely. We trust your team’s capabilities, no conditions attached.” The voice was certain and firm.

Though puzzled, Khloe arranged to sign the agreement half an hour later.

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On her way to the office, Charlotte's call came through. "Khloe! Emeritus is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Hunt Group! They just acquired it, haven't announced it yet!"

Khloe froze, hand gripping the contract. Suddenly, everything made sense. The bold doubling of investment this morning? It was Nick's doing. Yet he hadn't mentioned it once.

Before signing, Khloe messaged him. His reply was brief.

Nick: [Send me the project details later.]

No pleasantries, strictly business.

Khloe: [Got it. Thank you for your trust, Mr. Hunt.]

Thinking of his sharp, almost severe face, she felt a faint, inexplicable warmth and even added a small heart emoji.

Nick was in the middle of a meeting when he felt his phone vibrate again. His gaze flicked down, and the corners of his mouth lifted just slightly.

After signing the contract, Khloe was ready to leave, but rounding the elevator corner, she almost collided with someone unmistakably familiar-Angela.

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Chapter 70

Angela strode toward Khloe, balancing a luxury handbag from Trey on her back, a stack of project materials in one hand, and a coffee in the other, flanked by reception staff. It was obvious-she was here to pitch for investment

too.

Her eyes flicked to Khloe, and for a brief instant, her steps faltered. Her gaze darkened with a complicated mix of surprise and irritation.

These past few days, Khloe had vanished from the Fox Group, leaving Trey scrambling and the company in chaos. Even the Fox family had started stirring trouble.

Angela had assumed Khloe had gone off somewhere frivolous... never expected she was hiding out here, running her own project.

Did she really think she could go solo, without the Fox Group backing her?

Angela scoffed under her breath.

Khloe was pressed for time and didn't even want to acknowledge Angela She gave Angela a cold glance, as if the other didn't exist.

"Khloe, you don't even bother greeting your old mentor?" Angela's voice was calm, but loud enough for everyone around to hear.

The manager walking beside Khloe and Angela's reception staff both froze in surprise.

Khloe was a VIP, personally marked for attention and funding by Mr. Hunt. Even if her exact status couldn't be revealed, it was clear she was far from ordinary. The whole building had been instructed not to make a scene, yet everyone would have jumped at the chance to serve her.

If this were Khloe's friend... they should be a VIP too.

Khloe ignored Angela, but the manager slowed down.

"Miss Roswell, do you know her?"

"Not really. But this industry's so desperate now, anyone dares to call themselves someone else's mentor." Khloe's soft laugh carried just enough weight to sting. It felt like a quiet slap across Angela's face.

Angela's cheeks flared red. She hurried up to stand directly in front of Khloe.

“Khloe, what are you playing at? Oh, are you too embarrassed to talk to me because you lost your job over your little feud with Trey?” Her smile was forced, her tone light, but every word dripped with hostility.

Everyone around realized immediately-they were not friends,

“What did you just say?” Khloe raised an eyebrow, feigning innocent confusion as if she truly didn’t understand.

Angela forced herself to remain calm, keeping her temper in check.

“I’m trying to be reasonable here. Trey has spoiled you for years. Everything you know, every skill you have, the Fox Group built in you. Did you really think anyone would acknowledge you after leaving the Fox Group?”

She glanced at the contract Khloe held.

If Khloe had genuinely arranged the investment on her own, she would be in the conference hall negotiating details-the signing process alone took hours. It wasn’t something you finished in minutes with a quick signature.

1/2

Chapter 70

+25 Bonus

Angela, however, represented the Fox Group today. Since Khloe’s project and network ignored her, she would simply approach a larger investment institution herself.

Fortune favored the determined-her project had already sparked some interest, and today she’d been invited for detailed talks. But she hadn’t informed Trey yet. He had criticized her previous efforts, and she planned to surprise him with the results once everything was settled.

Seeing Khloe clutch the contract, Angela assumed she was trying to preempt her, to grab credit in front of Trey.

She reached out to snatch it-but Khloe didn’t give her the chance. Her hand came away empty, and she nearly stumbled.

2/2