

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 71

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Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 71

Chapter 71

A receptionist standing by the side quickly stepped forward, trying to block Angela.

“Miss Thompson, please don't be rude to our VIP guest!”

“VIP? Her?” Angela snapped, unable to maintain her composure any longer. “A project manager freeloading off the Fox Group and stabbing them in the back... and you call her a VIP? What kind of VIP is she?!”

Khloe, unbothered, straightened slightly and lightly furrowed her brow.

“Miss Carmine,” she said to the manager, “how could your company be interested in talking business with someone like her?”

The staff around her instantly broke into a cold sweat. The manager, Cassidy Carmine quickly signaled the receptionist next to Angela.

“Miss Thompson, apologies, please allow us to excuse you for today,” the receptionist said, stepping in.

“Excuse me? Are you joking?” Angela's voice rose. “I was invited by your executive, Mark Brock! I'm here to negotiate a signing!”

Her face had drained of color. How could Khloe make them get rid of her with a single word? Even if... she'd overstepped a bit, it was provocation from Khloe first!

But she couldn't risk derailing the project. Collecting herself, Angela forced her voice to be calm.

“Fine. I apologize. I let my emotions get the better of me. But rest assured, I won't let it interfere with my work performance. Take me to see Mark.”

Cassidy's tone remained steady, leaving no room for Angela to maneuver.

“Miss Thompson, we will explain to Mark. As for the signing, our company did not invite you to sign; Mark merely wants to discuss the project. The evaluation must still go through official review.

“We’ve also recently received some negative reports regarding the Fox Group. For risk management purposes, once the review is complete, we will notify you.”

The words were elegantly phrased, cutting both ways—they firmly cleared Khloe and her team, and left Angela no ground to argue.

Seeing this, Khloe didn’t waste another second. High heels clicking, she strode into the elevator. As the doors closed, she watched two security guards approaching Angela, seemingly ready to escort her out by force.

The elevator chimed, and Khloe stepped out. At the same time, her phone pinged. She opened it—it was a message from Trey. The tone wasn’t any friendlier than before.

Trey: [How long are you going to keep this up? Don’t you care about me or the company? Do you even know your subordinates have all resigned?]

Trey hadn’t bombarded her with calls these past few days. Khloe knew he was certain she’d return eventually. Now that things were out of control, his pride had taken the hit.

A small smirk tugged at her lips. She remembered Angela’s panicked expression earlier. It looked like the two of them had been having an even rougher time than she had imagined.

She recalled the news she’d gotten yesterday morning, that Angela had already moved out. Stella had acted swiftly -photos sent, and by that evening, Angela had been evicted.

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Chapter 71

+25 Bonus

Late at night, the massive conference room was empty except for Khloe, still sorting through data.

Time was tight, the datasets immense. Everyone else had left hours ago, unable to keep up, but Khloe was a workaholic. Once she started, nothing else existed.

She had told others she’d leave at a reasonable hour, but tonight... it was long past late.

A sudden, sharp cramp twisted her abdomen. Checking her calendar, she realized her period was due. She brushed it off, doing a quick fix before returning to the computer.

But the pain refused to relent. It gnawed deeper, clawing into her bones, relentless.

By the time Khloe fully realized she couldn't push through it, her body had given out entirely. Sweat soaked her clothes, and she couldn't even move an inch.

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This was bad. Khloe was in too much pain-so much that she felt herself about to pass out.

Khloe, dazed, fumbled for her phone, wanting to call someone for help...

She tried Charlotte, but there was no answer. Glancing at the time, she saw it was already two in the morning- everyone was probably asleep. Outside, the rain pounded relentlessly.

Somehow, her phone screen lit up with a message from Nick:

Nick: [What's wrong?]

Earlier, while she had been trying to text Charlotte, her thumb had accidentally tapped Nick's chat icon. Now, feeling like she couldn't hold on any longer, her hand slipped, and she dialed him.

"Hello?"

He answered instantly. Nick hadn't slept either-he'd just finished a video call at home. Remembering her message from this morning, he had absentmindedly opened the chat, never expecting a late-night ping from her ... and now a call.

There was silence on the line at first, only heavy, uneven breathing. His brow furrowed, and he instinctively stood.

"Khloe. Speak. What happened?"

"...My stomach... hurts so much..."

Her eyelids drooped, her body trembling. Pain tore at her nerves so fiercely that even her voice was hoarse, barely audible.

“You’re in pain? What happened? Where are you now?” Nick’s tone tightened, laced with urgency.

“Morr... Morrison Group...” she managed to whisper.

The last words barely came out before another groan escaped her lips. Her breathing was ragged, and she couldn’t answer any further. Then, somehow, the call disconnected.

Without hesitation, Nick grabbed his phone and jumped into his car. He was still in his pajamas. He hastily threw on a coat as he left.

The car roared through the streets, speed climbing recklessly, as he continuously called her-her phone remained off.

“Khloe!”

Soon, he arrived at the Morrison Group building and sent a quick code to get straight inside. He raced up to her office floor, scanning one meeting room after another until he finally saw a light.

He pushed open the door. She was there, curled on the floor by the entrance.

“Khloe... what’s wrong?”

He scooped her into his arms. Even in her weakened state, she felt weightless, like a small cat. Her skin burned with fever, sweat dampened and slick. Instinctively, he reached for his phone to call an ambulance.

“No... it’s just... period pain...” she whispered, straining to speak. “No need for a hospital...”

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Chapter 72

+25 Bonus

Nick’s gaze swept over the messy office. Papers were scattered across the meeting table; her computer glowed, showing she’d stubbornly stayed late, working through the pain.

His jaw tightened. Taking a slow, deep breath, he held her closer and strode quickly out of the building.

He moved as smoothly as he could, trying not to jostle her. But her hands clutched at his waist, gripping tightly.

“Still hurting?” he asked, though he knew the answer.

Seeing her like this twisted something in him, a quiet ache of helplessness he couldn't ignore.

“You really don't take care of yourself,” Nick muttered. He had meant to soothe her, but the words came out edged with frustration.

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Chapter 73

She was enduring this much pain, and still insisted on working past midnight?

“I'm... sorry for troubling you...”

Khloe pressed herself against his chest, her breath shallow and weak. She had no strength left, but for some reason, being held by Nick-his body warm and steady-made the pain feel less unbearable.

“You don't need to apologize to me.”

“... But... you... you're the only one... I could reach...” Her voice was barely more than a whisper, almost lost in the downpour outside.

Yet every word cut straight through him, leaving a bitter twist in his chest. He regretted letting his earlier tone be too sharp.

“Yes. You can always call me.” He said it softly this time.

The rain hammered the city as he rushed, without an umbrella, sheltering her with his coat, and carried her safely into the car. He himself was soaked through, but she-finally succumbing to exhaustion-fell asleep in the passenger seat.

Nick watched her tense face, took a deep breath, and draped a blanket over her before calling the household staff. He instructed them to prepare hot water, painkillers, and ready her room.

She had said she wanted to go home, even giving an address, but there was no way he could let her face this alone.

Back at his estate, he carried her straight to the bedroom. The staff had everything prepared, helping her change and freshen up, while he waited outside, pacing, until the doctor had examined her.

“How is she?”

Feeling the thin layer of sweat on her forehead, he brushed it with the back of his hand. Not scalding anymore. He picked up a tissue and gently dabbed at her damp hair.

His actions were not meticulous, but to anyone watching, it was remarkable-Nick was actually taking care of

someone.

The doctor said softly, “Don’t worry, Mr. Hunt. I’ve given Miss Roswell a painkiller. She’s physically weak, low on energy. A full check-up would be best later.”

“Why hasn’t she woken yet?”

“She’s exhausted... overworked,” the doctor explained.

Finally reassured that she was safe, Nick relaxed slightly.

Rain-soaked and still dripping, a few strands of black hair clung to his forehead, making him look unlike his usual composed, commanding self. From the moment they’d returned home, his focus hadn’t shifted from her- he hadn’t even changed clothes.

A servant reminded him he could go, but as he moved, he felt a tug at his pant leg. His gaze fell: her small, unconscious hand was gripping him.

She was still asleep, brow furrowed, pallid, lips dry and trembling as if caught in a nightmare. Her body quivered lightly.

+25 Bonus

“Sir, you should rest. We’ll take care of Miss Roswell.” The servant’s voice broke the quiet.

Nick’s Adam’s apple moved. After a pause, he said firmly, “All of you, leave.”

The staff exchanged astonished looks, but he was resolute. One by one, they departed, leaving only the two of them in the silent room. He could hear the heavy rhythm of her breath.

“What are you saying?”

Curious, he leaned closer, listening as her lips moved.

“Data...”

Even in her sleep, her anxiety was clear. Her fragmented words spoke only of projects, reports, and numbers. He listened, brow furrowed, about to pull back when a fragile whisper reached him:

“Nick... thank you...”

The last words hit him like a stone dropped into still water, sending ripples through him—ripples he hadn’t known existed in his own heart.

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Nick’s hand moved before he realized it. He cupped Khloe’s cheek, gently brushing the stray strands of hair away, then carefully took her hand—still gripping his—and returned it to the blanket.

For a moment, she seemed at peace. But then, whatever dream she was having shifted, and she stirred again, this time with a faint whimper.

Nick had just taken off his shirt, intending to go shower in the next room, when he heard the movement. He hurried back to the bed.

Khloe, startled by something in her dream, lunged instinctively, wrapping herself around his bare chest. She was like a tiny furnace pressed against his cooler skin. Their bodies collided, warm meeting cold, and a low, startled groan escaped both of them.

Khloe's eyes fluttered open, wet with lingering dream mist. It took a moment for her gaze to focus, and even then, her mind was sluggish-disoriented, unsure of where she was or what she was doing.

All she knew was that her hands were resting somewhere that felt impossibly good-cool to the touch, firm and solid, the skin so... human, so alive.

“Khloe.”

Nick's voice cut through her haze, firm and alert as he noticed her wandering hands.

Her awareness snapped back. “Nick?”

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With a shiver, she recoiled, almost tipping off the bed.

Quick as a flash, he grabbed her arm, and in the struggle, they tumbled together, a chaotic flop onto the mattress.

His muscular frame stabilized them instantly, one hand pressed lightly to the side of her head, his body hovering protectively over hers.

Her pupils dilated. Everywhere she looked, there was the taut expanse of him-chest and abs, lines defined as if sculpted, flowing down to the edge of his trousers, slightly undone at the waist.

The sheer proximity, the warmth, the power-it all hit her at once, sending a flush through her body.

“Khloe, don't look!”

He caught the lingering gaze on him and rose swiftly.

Panic seized her. She scrambled to the other side of the bed. “I-I'm sorry, sorry...”

“I'm still wet. I was just going to shower,” he explained, back to her, rearranging his pants and draping the shirt over his shoulders.

She understood-he hadn't meant for her to see, and she hadn't meant to.

Khloe nodded. "I understand. Thank you... for helping me again."

She said the words, but her mind was tangled, still spinning with the image of him, the heat of it leaving her chest fluttering in ways she hadn't expected. Desire and embarrassment tangled together, and she didn't know if it was fever or lust.

"Mm," Nick responded, low and steady. "Don't push yourself so hard next time. You've only got one body."

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Chapter 74

+25 Bonus

"Okay," she murmured obediently.

"Take the medicine."

He didn't turn back, but the command carried weight. Without hesitation, she reached for the water and pills by the bedside and swallowed them.

Seeing that she had taken the medicine and seemed calmer, his concern eased.

Khloe hesitated a moment, then asked, "What's the story with your scar?"

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Khloe had just felt the round scar on his left shoulder and was sure she'd imagined it. But now, even with his shirt on, she could still make out its faint outline through the fabric. The mark wasn't large, but it looked deep.

For a man like Nick-born with a silver spoon in his mouth-a scar like that was a stark anomaly.

“There was a terrorist attack at a global economic forum a few years back,” he said, his voice calm, almost offhand. “I took a bullet to the shoulder.”

His tone was casual, as if he were talking about a business deal. But to Khloe, the words were staggering. A bullet? She couldn’t even imagine the pain.

She hesitated, then said softly, “You’re incredible.”

He glanced back at her, a flicker of interest in his eyes. “Why do you say that?”

He was usually immune to flattery, but something in her tone made him want to hear it.

“It’s just... you handle everything with such control. Work, your emotions... everything. I’m not like that at all. I’m a mess with pain, I hold onto things. If that happened to me, I’d still be in therapy for it.”

Her admiration was genuine. He was flawless, and even though he was only a few years older, he commanded the Hunt Group with absolute authority.

Nick’s fingers traced the scar.

“If you’re afraid of pain, don’t push yourself next time,” he said, his voice uncharacteristically soft. “After we’re married, I’ll be here. I’ll protect you.”

They were just a few simple words, but they felt like a vow, and Khloe felt a sudden, dangerous flutter in her chest. She quickly pushed the feeling down, offering a faint smile. “Okay.”

As soon as he got back in his room, Nick immediately took a shower. Emerging later, he caught a glimpse of the scar, now faint, and his thoughts drifted back two years.

The forum’s venue had been bombed. He’d been trapped in the rubble with a middle-aged man, both of them waiting for a rescue that felt like it would never come. When the bullet tore through his shoulder, he was losing blood fast, too weak to stand. It was that man who had torn his own shirt for a bandage, who had hauled Nick up,

and who had refused to leave him behind.

Nick had told him to go, not to waste his life on a stranger. But the man wouldn’t listen. Just before the rescue teams broke through, the man confessed he had no children, that his own life had been enough, and that it was more important for a younger man to make it out. It was his final act of legacy.

After they were rescued, the man vanished. It was only years later, when Nick saw the obituary for Neil Morrison, that he made the connection: Neil was the man who had saved him. He'd had his team dig into the Morrison family, looking for a way to repay the debt. And now, by taking Khloe under his wing, it seemed the balance was finally settled.

The next morning, Nick was just waking when a phone buzzed insistently on the nightstand. It wasn't his-it was Khloe's.

He'd grabbed her dead phone the night before when he carried her out of her office building. After charging overnight, it had sprung back to life.

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Chapter 75

+25 Bonus

The screen lit up with an incoming call. The name: Trey.

He remembered the dossier his assistant had compiled. Khloe had wasted six years of her life on this man. He was the user who had drained her savings, her confidence, her freedom-a controlling narcissist who had trapped her

in a relationship that was a lie.

The phone buzzed again.

Nick picked it up and pressed "accept."

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"Khloe, how long are you going to keep this up? It's been days. Are you really giving me the silent treatment forever?"

The call finally connected, and Trey's voice was sharp, laced with impatience.

Nick's expression darkened instantly. Khloe was about to be his wife, yet this man spoke to her as if she were a child throwing a tantrum.

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Hearing only silence, Trey's tone softened slightly, assuming she was just being stubborn.

"Khloe, baby, you know you're the most important thing to me. Even when you're being unreasonable, I always find a way to make it work. Where are you? Let me come get you..."

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He was prideful and really didn't want to be the one to give in first. But with her team in disarray and rumors of her departure sparking a talent drain at the company, only her return could steady the ship.

"She's busy."

Before Trey could finish, a cold male voice cut in.

Just two words. But they carried a chill so sharp it was palpable even over the phone.

Trey froze, his grip on the phone tightening. After a few stunned seconds, he barked into the receiver, "Who is this? Where's Khloe? Put her on the phone!"

"You don't get to ask."

The line went dead as Nick hung up. He then powered the phone off completely.

On the other end, Trey stared at his phone, the call failed screen staring back at him. A wave of pure rage washed over him, and he slammed his fist onto his desk, sending everything toppling.

The noise startled Angela, who had just walked into the office.

"Trey, what in the world?"

She hurried over and saw his phone in his hand, dialling Khloe again. She hadn't told him about seeing Khloe at the investment firm yesterday, afraid he'd drop everything to confront her. It seemed her fear was justified.

"Trey, are you still coddling her? I don't believe we can't manage the company without her!"

“You’re damn right we can’t! The whole place is falling apart without Khloe!” Trey shouted, his fury boiling over. The memory of that unknown male voice on the phone sent a fresh jolt of anger through him. He wasn’t sure if he was more furious about the company’s instability or the idea of another man with his Khloe.

“Get a grip, Trey!” Angela’s voice rose to match his, but he was past listening. He took a few ragged breaths before kicking the nearby trash can with a violent crack.

“I miscalculated,” he growled, his voice hoarse. “Khloe... is with another man.”

His voice was hoarse, raw, a mix of anger and disbelief.

Angela was taken aback. She’d seen Khloe just yesterday-she was alone and completely focused on her work.

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Chapter 76

+25 Bonus

Trey knew Khloe; there was no way her feelings could have changed that fast. Yet, he also knew that with Khloe’s looks and sharp mind, men were always circling. Back in university, guys from powerful families had pursued her.

Trey had gotten there first, and she had always been fiercely loyal, never giving anyone else a second glance. The idea of it happening now seemed impossible.

“She’s always had men looking at her,” Angela said dryly, trying to downplay it. “She knows how to handle herself...”

But she didn’t want to push Trey over the edge. She switched tactics, her voice coaxing. “Think about it logically. Can she really walk away from you? I don’t buy it. This is just a power play. She’s trying to get under your skin.”

Khloe had been ignoring his calls for days. Now that she finally “answered,” and he immediately assumes there’s another man? She’s smarter than that.

Angela’s words eased the tightest coil of tension in his chest.

“Fine... if that’s what it takes, we’ll meet her terms,” he muttered after a moment, his voice heavy with resignation. “As a partner, she’s contributed more than anyone. She deserves a payout. It’s better than her refusing to come back at all.”

Once she was back under his roof, he could find out exactly who that guy was.

“Don’t you dare give in. First, it’s one demand, then two, then three... What did your mother always say? ‘Give them an inch, and they’ll take a mile.’”

Even though Angela couldn’t stand Stella, when it came to putting Khloe in her place, she was more than happy to side with her.

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Trey fell silent. Angela crouched beside his chair, her voice a low, persuasive murmur. “Just give me a few more days. If I can’t turn things around, then you can offer Khloe the shares. What’s the rush?”

As long as she was here, that entitled little gold-digger wasn’t getting a single percentage point of Fox Group.

Finally, worn down by her insistence, Trey gave a curt nod. He could wait a little longer. Maybe once Khloe realized her little power play wasn’t working, she’d come crawling back. But this time, her games had crossed a line. He was genuinely pissed.

That afternoon at Morrison Group, the project hub was buzzing.

“The consumer-facing data in this segment is off. Charlotte, take your team and run through the second half again,” Khloe directed.

“On it.”

She had just finished part of a deep-dive with her team when her desk phone rang. It was the front desk. A high- priority client was insisting on a meeting with her, and only her.

“A client? Which one?” Khloe frowned, scanning her calendar. She had no meetings scheduled. The investment was secured; now her entire focus was on nailing the project plan.

“I... I’m not at liberty to say, Ms. Morrison. Client confidentiality,” the receptionist stammered, clearly flustered. The only thing she could convey was the visitor’s extreme importance—personally escorted by the C-suite and reportedly the most significant guest Morrison Group had hosted in years.

Khloe frowned, initially about to decline. “I’m busy. You can send Ethan instead.” A vice president could handle someone important enough to be personally escorted.

“They were very specific, ma’am. They only want to see you. They said it wouldn’t take long and are happy to wait until you’re free.”

After a moment’s consideration, she delegated the final data checks to her lead analyst and headed to the guest lounge, curious to see who this mysterious VIP was.

The sight that greeted her was not what she expected. Instead of a sharp-suited corporate titan, she found an elderly couple who radiated a quiet, old-money elegance.

An elderly gentleman and lady, both probably in their eighties, with hair white but impeccably kept.

The gentleman wore a finely tailored shirt and suit, topped with a black fedora. The grandmother was in a soft yellow, diamond-patterned Chanel-style dress, a delicate netted beret perched gracefully on her head.

“You must be Khloe,” the lady said, rising the moment Khloe entered. She was petite but moved with a sprightly energy, coming forward to take both of Khloe’s hands in her own.

Khloe was momentarily taken aback, but the woman’s smile was so genuinely warm that she didn’t pull away.

“Yes, I’m Khloe. And you are...?”

“Oh, we’re just here to see the famous Morrison Group for ourselves,” the woman beamed, her eyes twinkling as she looked Khloe up and down. “We’d heard the new successor was a brilliant, capable young woman...”

The gentleman cleared his throat softly, giving his wife a subtle, chiding look. He adjusted his fedora and spoke

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+25 Bonus

with a measured, dignified tone.

“We are conducting a discreet review of Morrison Group’s operations. My wife, however, was particularly curious to meet the young lady at the helm in person.”

“I see...” Khloe replied.

Their gazes were openly appraising, but the intensity was backed by a profound warmth she rarely encountered. Having grown up without a family of her own, and having always struggled to win the approval of the Fox family elders. The sudden, sincere affection stirred a small, unexpected warmth in her chest.

The attending manager and Morrison Group executives quickly stepped forward to facilitate the conversation.

The couple’s request, it turned out, was simple. They had no interest in a formal tour. They merely wanted Khloe to accompany them on a brief shopping trip to the luxury boutiques nearby-an hour or two at most.

“I thought this was a corporate review. Why the sudden shopping excursion?” Khloe whispered to a senior executive as they stepped aside.

“They’re very influential. This was not part of the planned itinerary,” the executive murmured back, looking slightly pained. “But frankly, Morrison Group cannot afford to offend them.”

“Even Morrison Group can’t afford to offend them? Who are they?” Khloe’s curiosity was now fully piqued. The old couple had been here for fifteen minutes and hadn’t offered a single name.

“That... isn’t something I can disclose. Their team was very clear about discretion. Very few people are supposed to know they’re here.” The senior executive lowered his voice further. “It’s an informal assessment. Perhaps if you ask them yourself, they might tell you.”

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By then, the elderly lady had already taken a few careful steps forward, her tone gentle and earnest. “Miss Roswell, it wasn’t easy for us to make this trip. Nearly eight hours on a plane. We really hope you could spare a little time for us... but if you’re truly busy-”

She trailed off, stealing a quick glance at the gentleman beside her, a faint hesitation hidden in her eyes.

The gentleman picked up the thread, his voice carrying a note of gentle expectation. “Then we’ll wait here while you finish your work. No rush at all.”

Khloe looked at the two of them. On one side, unfinished work called her name; on the other, these elderly travelers, tired from their journey, held hopeful eyes on her.

She had grown up seeing older people struggle, and the thought of letting them down stirred something soft inside her. The awkwardness she had felt moments ago melted into quiet resolve.

“I have about an hour free,” she said, glancing at her watch. “Let me take you out for a walk.”

“Yes! That’s perfect!” The elderly lady’s smile broke wide, the wrinkles at the corners of her eyes curling into arcs of warmth. She looked at the gentleman with the delight of a child who had just been given candy, her voice lighter than before.

Watching them, a gentle warmth spread through Khloe’s chest.

She quickly called Charlotte to tell the team to coordinate via the group chat and that she’d be away for an hour. With the instructions given, she expected to take the elders to the car, but they had already stepped outside to

wait.

A stretch limousine was parked at the entrance—a clear mark of high-profile guests.

Khloe followed them into the back seat. No sooner had she settled than an assistant appeared, carrying a tray piled high with desserts and drinks, offering it with a smile.

“Please, Miss Roswell, feel free to choose. If it’s not enough, we’ll get more,” the lady said, her face radiating fondness.

Khloe waved her hand politely, her heart softening. “Thank you, but you both are my guests. I should be the one taking care of you.”

Having grown up in an orphanage, she was used to caring for others. Being on the receiving end like this made her feel oddly self-conscious.

“You’re a special child to us, just like one of our own,” the lady said.

Khloe felt a faint blush rise to her cheeks. “By the way... may I ask how I should address you? If it’s not convenient, that’s fine. I just don’t want to be rude by calling you incorrectly.” Her voice was warm, soft, and easy to like.

The gentleman chuckled. “Our surname is Orsen. Just call us Grandpa and Grandma Orsen.”

“Grandpa Orsen, Grandma Orsen,” Khloe repeated gently. The elderly lady smiled, finding Khloe obedient and polite-far more considerate than her own mischievous grandchildren.

Both elders had the same thought: Khloe would make the perfect granddaughter-in-law, but they feared startling her by revealing too much, and they worried about Nick making trouble.

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Grandpa Orsen sighed, a hint of helplessness in his voice. “Miss Roswell, the time isn’t right yet. Perhaps later... later we can tell you more, alright?”

Khloe immediately shook her head. “No, it’s fine. I’m already happy you two are willing to tell me your surname.”

Soon, the car arrived at a nearby luxury building.

The structure was a members-only boutique, catering exclusively to high-society women with bespoke jewelry and gowns. Every designer was internationally renowned, and orders for custom dresses often required reservations over a year in advance.

Khloe followed the elders inside. The building manager greeted them warmly, bowing slightly. “Sir, madam, everything is prepared inside.”

Grandma Orsen took Khloe’s hand, its warmth grounding her, and led her into a lavish dressing room. Two attendants waited nearby, and six dazzling gowns were displayed.

The centerpiece was a mermaid-style gown in the finest white silk. Transparent fabric stretched from the shoulders to the arms, nearly invisible, with thousands of tiny diamonds sparkling like stars. It was breathtaking -almost like a wedding dress.

“Grandma... are you planning to buy these dresses?” Khloe asked, stunned.

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Khloe’s fingers had barely brushed the delicate tulle of the white gown when Grandma Orsen guided her toward the mirror, spinning her gently. The elderly woman’s eyes lit up.

“Look at this cut-it suits you perfectly. The shoulders sit just right, and if we take in the waist just a little, it’ll be flawless. Miss Roswell, could I ask a favor?”

Before Khloe could answer, Grandma Orsen’s hand brushed lightly against hers. “My granddaughter-in-law- she’s about your size, but rather shy by nature. Could you try these on for her, see which fits best?”

Grandpa Orsen added from the side, “Yes, Miss Roswell. At our age, our sense of style doesn’t match the younger generation’s. You have the eye-we’d be grateful if you could guide us, make sure we don’t pick the wrong dress and upset her.”

Khloe met their expectant gazes and softened. “Don’t worry about it. I’m happy to help. I’ll try each one carefully and check the details for you.”

By the time she had tried on all six gowns, a thin film of sweat had formed at her temple. “Grandma Orsen, please have a seat and rest a bit-you’ve been standing so long.”

The small gesture made Grandma Orsen squeeze Grandpa Orsen’s hand, her eyes bright with affection.

When Khloe slipped into the diamond-studded white mermaid gown, she froze for a moment in front of the mirror. The diamonds scattered across the sheer tulle caught the light with every movement, and for an instant, she was transported back to the memory of her wedding with Trey.

Back then, the Fox family had looked down on her origins, never even preparing a proper wedding dress. She had worn an old gown once belonging to Trey’s mother. But here, in the reflection, she was radiant and dazzling.

“This is it! Look at how the diamonds sparkle-they make your skin glow!” Grandma Orsen clapped her hands in delight.

Grandpa Orsen nodded. “The cut is perfect. Our granddaughter-in-law will look stunning in this. Miss Roswell, if you like any of these, consider them a gift from us.”

Khloe’s eyes softened, earnest. “I’m just helping you try them on. I can’t possibly accept something so precious. One should never receive rewards for unearned effort.”

She had barely changed out of the gown when a tray of matching jewelry was brought forward. Grandma Orsen reached to place a piece on her, but Khloe instinctively stepped back.

“Grandma Orsen, these jewels are far too valuable. Since they are for your granddaughter-in-law, it’s better to wait until she tries them.”

Grandma Orsen opened her mouth to protest, but Grandpa Orsen gently tugged her aside, smiling at Khloe. “You are right. We hadn’t thought it through. We won’t insist. But we do thank you for helping us choose the dresses.”

Khloe exhaled, relieved, and went over a few details of the gowns one last time. Then, noticing the hour, she said quickly, “Grandpa Orsen, Grandma Orsen, I need to return to the office. If you need me to help further, please don’t hesitate to call.”

The elders made no attempt to keep her. The driver took Khloe back to the company, and once she disappeared from sight, Grandpa Orsen immediately called the building manager.

“All the dresses Miss Roswell tried today-alter them to her measurements. Pack up the matching jewelry as well.

1/2

Chapter 70

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Grandma Orsen nodded. “She’s such a sensible girl. If we gave them to her directly, she wouldn’t accept. Better to have them tailored and delivered. When she receives them, she’ll understand.”

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Chapter 80

Khloe returned to the office. By the time she wrapped up her work, it was already past nine. She had just organized her documents when the duty room called, saying two elderly visitors were waiting at the entrance.

Her chest tightened. She ran to the window, peering down. The familiar Rolls-Royce was still parked there.

“They’re still waiting...” she murmured, abandoning her coat and clutching her files as she dashed downstairs.

The thought of them-their age, the eight-hour flight, and the afternoon spent accompanying her-made her anxious. They couldn’t possibly be expected to wait much longer. She just wanted them to rest.

As soon as Khloe appeared, the car door opened. Grandma Orsen stepped out and linked her arm with hers.

“Miss Roswell, you shouldn’t work so hard. You probably haven’t eaten. Why not have something now before going back to work?”

“Yes, Miss Roswell. I saw the whole building empty by now, and we were worried about your health,” Grandpa Orsen added, his tone filled with concern.

The steady care from these two kind elders made Khloe’s heart swell. She felt deeply touched.

She climbed into the car. “I really appreciate your kindness, but my project schedule is extremely tight. I still have so much to finish, and I really can’t make time for a proper meal right now.”

“It’s okay-we’ve already taken care of it,” Grandma Orsen said with a smile, signaling the assistant in the backseat. Out came several elaborately crafted, custom-made sandalwood lunch boxes, stacked seven layers high.

They had known she was busy and hadn't wanted her to go far. The chef had prepared the meals personally from a Michelin restaurant-but, unfortunately, they had cooled.

"Grandma Orsen..." Khloe's voice trembled, her emotions threatening to spill over. She had never experienced anything like this in her life-this sense of being cared for, pampered and cherished.

Could this be what it felt like to be loved by family?

"Eh? The food's cold now? No. You can't eat that. Wait a moment, I'll have someone order a fresh batch," Grandpa Orsen said quickly.

"No, that would take too long. Why don't you just heat these at the office? Anyway, Miss Roswell is busy; we don't want to disturb her," Grandma Orsen replied after a moment.

Concerned, Khloe asked, "You two haven't eaten either, right? There's enough here for three of us. Let's eat together-I'll bring it down."

"It's... alright. We don't mind skipping a meal. You need to work, so you should eat something!" Grandma Orsen waved her hand, trying to brush off the thought of Khloe being inconvenienced.

But Khloe gave the driver her home address.

"My place isn't far. Let's heat the food there and eat together. If you'd like to stay for the evening, you're welcome. I've brought my things-I can work at home and keep you company."

She could see it in their eyes-they wanted desperately to stay with her all day. They'd flown eight hours to be here, and their home wasn't nearby. They were aging, and loneliness was inevitable. Khloe felt honored to be held in such regard by them.

Hearing her words, the two elders' eyes lit up immediately, nodding in agreement.

1/3

Chapter 80

+25 Bonus

Meanwhile, Nick finally received news. His two lively grandparents had returned to the country without a word, yet hadn't gone home. Nick, who had spent the day in back-to-back meetings and turned the entire city upside down, was just now informed that they had appeared at the Morrison Group building.

2/2

