

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 281

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 281 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 281

Chapter 281

+25 Bonus

Nick's voice softened. "When you remind him, he wouldn't dare ignore it." He paused awhile, then added, ' Right now, your words carry more weight than mine."

There was a hint of teasing in his tone, laced with unmistakable indulgence.

Khloe pressed her lips together in a smile, withdrew her hand, and settled back into her chair, stirring the instant noodles in her bowl.

"Oh, right. Before coming home tonight, I stopped by the house and delivered the gifts to Grandma Loretta and Arista. They loved them so much-they kept praising me... I was really happy."

They were trivial things, yet Khloe couldn't help sharing every detail with Nick. She had never truly felt affirmation from family before. Who would have thought that doing something so small could earn such heartfelt praise? She still remembered how Loretta's eyes had reddened the moment she took out the gifts.

Her words were ordinary, filled with the warmth of everyday life, and they softened Nick's heart completely. He liked listening to her talk about these things, liked how she was slowly opening herself to him, sharing the smallest moments of her life. Every word she spoke warmed the parts of him that had long grown accustomed to

loneliness.

"They like you because you're good," Nick said quietly.

Khloe lowered her head and smiled, gently stirring the noodles with her fork. The rising steam softened her features. When she grew emotional, she never quite knew how to respond, afraid her nose would sting again.

"By the way," Nick asked, "did everything go smoothly for you today?"

Her movements slowed.

At the mention of it, she fell silent for a few seconds. When she looked up again, a smile hung on her face. "It went well. Better than I expected. Trey and his father were driven out of the company... I did everything I set out to do. It felt satisfying.

"I guess I really am someone with a strong sense of vengeance-cold and ruthless. I can't forgive those who owe me. I pay it back tenfold."

Nick listened quietly, his gaze never leaving her. He could sense the faint fatigue in her voice-not physical exhaustion, but emotional weariness. She didn't regret what she had done, yet after exacting revenge, the way she examined herself afterward was far from simple. The feeling was inevitably complicated.

"Khloe," he said gently, "people who are truly ruthless never think of themselves as heartless.

"You once told me not to care about what others think. Once you've made a decision, there's no need for hesitation. If you weren't who you are-if you weren't Niel's daughter, without the courage and ability to strike back at the Fox family-they would have torn you apart without the slightest bit of mercy."

As he finished speaking, his brow knit slightly, tenderness flashing across his face.

His words were comforting, instantly washing away the dull heaviness in her heart.

Khloe looked at him and softly hummed in response.

1/2

Chapter 281

+25 Bonus

"And besides..." Nick added suddenly, as if deliberately trying to cheer her up, "even if you were the most vengeful person in the world, I'd still like you."

Khloe laughed, exactly as he'd intended, and teased back casually, "Then if one day you hurt me, and I take revenge on you the same way-would you still like me?"

"I would."

He answered without hesitation. But then his gaze flickered slightly as he stared at her and asked in return, "And if one day I hurt you... would you be just as ruthless and cut me off without mercy?"

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 282

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 282 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 282

Chapter 282

+25 Bonus

Khloe froze for a moment, clearly not expecting Nick's question. She set down her fork and met his deep gaze on the screen, pausing before replying. "Would you ever lie to me? Or betray me?"

"No," Nick answered without a trace of hesitation, his tone resolute and unwavering. "There will never be such a day."

A smile broke across Khloe's face.

"Then I won't either. My ruthlessness is reserved only for those who betray or hurt me. But you... you are the one I will walk next to, no matter what happens."

These were not empty sweet words, but a heartfelt promise, tempered by life's trials and forged into genuine commitment.

Nick felt as if something inside him had been filled completely, a profound warmth and sense of peace spreading through his body.

He opened his mouth to speak, but his gaze fell on the bowl of noodles in front of her, and his brows knit ever so slightly.

"That is your dinner?" His tone carried a hint of disapproval, though his voice remained gentle. "It's not nutritious at all. Should I have Lenny arrange for a proper cook to prepare something for you?"

Seeing him switch instantly from lover mode to "parent mode," Khloe felt a faint twinge of being treated like a child.

"No need! I'm freer on my own, and I just wanted a little indulgence. Don't worry about me..." She trailed off, picking up her fork again and taking a satisfied bite.

Watching her act so playfully, Nick immediately let down his guard.

“Fine. Only once in a while, alright?” he murmured.

Yet his gaze remained on the red-oil-laden noodles, his brows still slightly furrowed. Speaking as if to himself, or perhaps negotiating with her, he added, “When I come back, I’ll make sure you get all the nutrition you’re missing.”

Khloe swallowed, looked up at him, and the light from the screen danced in her smiling eyes.

“Then it’s settled. You have to come back quickly... to replenish my nutrition.” Her voice softened a touch, carrying a faint note of dependence, “When you’re not here, no matter what I eat, it just feels... lacking.”

Her words struck deeper than any straightforward declaration of love could.

Nick felt a feather-light brush across his heart, tickling him in the most unbearable way. The woman who had once shared his bed yet remained untouchable now had every expression and movement seemingly luring him, and the mere sight of her stirred a heat through his body.

“Soon.” His voice was low, husky with a touch of tension, as if his throat had grown dry. “Once things here are settled, I’ll fly back immediately.”

1/2

Chapter 282

+25 Bonus

“Mm, work is important, but don’t overexert yourself,” Khloe reminded him, lightly stirring the noodles. “I’ll be waiting.”

The final three words were soft, gentle, and unguarded, and they made his lower stomach tighten. Instantly, he recalled that night by the bed-her curled in his arms, long lashes casting soft shadows across her face.

Soon, the noodles in Khloe’s bowl were nearly gone. They chatted a little longer, and when Lenny arrived to brief Nick on the next day’s tasks, Khloe took the opportunity to shower.

Though night had deepened, Nick was reluctant to end the call. When Khloe stepped out of the bathroom, towel-drying her damp hair, she noticed the phone on the table still lit.

Nick was reviewing documents, his profile illuminated by the desk lamp, fingers occasionally tracing the papers with a soft scratching sound.

Her heart softened, and she tiptoed over quietly, careful not to disturb him. She placed the phone on the vanity and, content in her own space, began her skincare routine.

2/2

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 283

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 283 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 283

Chapter 283

In the mirror, Khloe caught a glimpse of Nick on the screen, his brows furrowed in concentration, radiating a rare calm that seemed to fill the air.

Nick finished reviewing a page of documents before lifting his gaze, just in time to see Khloe applying serum in front of the mirror. She tilted her head slightly, the curve of her neck graceful, droplets of water from her damp hair sliding along her collarbone into the neckline of her sleepwear.

His gaze darkened, and his Adam's apple rolled almost involuntarily.

"All done?" he asked, closing the file, his voice husky from the prolonged silence.

"Mm." Khloe smiled at him through the mirror. "Are you done?"

"Almost." He pushed the papers aside, giving her his full attention. "You need to dry your hair, or you'll get a headache."

"Got it," she said, but her hands didn't stop, carefully patting her cheeks with measured motions.

Nick didn't rush her, leaning back in his chair to watch quietly.

Watching her delicate fingers gently massage around her eyes, the way she swept her long hair to one side, revealing the pale skin behind her ear... what seemed ordinary now slowed down in his eyes, charged with a subtle, silent allure.

"What are you looking at?" Khloe finally couldn't resist, meeting his gaze through the mirror, cheeks flushing.

“You,” he answered simply, eyes honest and burning. “You look good from every angle.”

Her heart skipped a beat. Though she was no stranger to compliments, Nick’s praise carried weight, a depth that

made it feel different.

She cast him a sidelong glance, a shy expression that seemed to hook his very soul.

“I’ll blow my hair now-it’ll be noisy, so you can mute me,” she said.

“Mm,” he replied, yet made no move, as if even the sound of her hair dryer was something he didn’t want to miss.

He watched her fingers comb through her hair, the strands slipping through her hands, and a rare, full-bodied satisfaction filled him. Khloe, normally distant and seemingly cold, now revealed the most everyday, unguarded side of herself before him.

Was it only with him that she could be so tender, so girl-like?

Suddenly, Nick felt that no amount of pressing work could compare to this moment, watching her blow her hair through the phone.

Soon, the hum of the dryer ceased. Khloe ruffled her semi-dry hair and looked back at the screen.

“All done. But... shouldn’t you go rest?” Her eyes softened as she noticed the faint weariness in his gaze, unwilling to remind him overtly.

1/2

Chapter 783

+25 Bonus

He glanced at the time-indeed, it was late.

“Mm,” he said, pausing, his gaze lingering on her face with quiet affection. “Once you’re in bed, I’ll hang up.”

Khloe obediently lay down, pulled the covers up, and whispered softly into her phone, “Good night, Nick.”

“Good night, Khloe,” his voice fell to a whisper. “Wait for me.”

As the screen darkened, the room sank into complete silence. Khloe stared at the ceiling for a moment, then took a deep breath and hugged the covers, curling her arms around them.

The space felt emptier without him-his body would have been wider, more filling, more comforting than the blanket.

Meanwhile, Nick sat in the darkness for a moment before slowly rising and heading to the bathroom. The cold water cascading over him did little to quell the secret warmth ignited within by her presence.

He closed his eyes, replaying the image of her lying on the pillow, softly whispering good night.

It seemed he would have to bring forward his return.

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 284

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 284 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 284

Chapter 234

+25 Bonus

Chapter 284

Early the next morning, Oscar received alarming news about his son, Michael.

Yesterday, Michael had been on a business trip abroad in Naraida, and while returning home that night, he was suddenly detained. The authorities claimed he was suspected of stealing commercial secrets and would have to remain under investigation.

Oscar knew his son was incapable of such behavior. Without hesitation, he immediately contacted his own people in Naraida to look into the matter.

It wasn't until the afternoon that he received an update: Michael had apparently offended someone-a high-ranking official in Naraida's Department of Commerce.

“How could Michael possibly offend anyone in Naraida?” Oscar muttered, incredulous.

His company primarily dealt with international trade and also handled the export side of the Morrison family pharmaceutical business, but they had almost no dealings in Naraida. This trip had only taken Michael there because the negotiation had been scheduled on Naraida soil by the partner company.

“This was probably the Starr family’s doing,” his assistant interjected. “A few days ago, he canceled his engagement with Lindsay.”

The words struck Oscar like a bolt. He remembered Michael mentioning it briefly; although Lindsay was a fine match, he had respected his son’s choice. If they weren’t compatible, they could always find someone else, so he hadn’t probed further.

Michael had been very responsible these past few years, and Oscar trusted his judgment. If he chose to call off the engagement, he must have thought it through.

Hearing this, Oscar immediately went to the Starr residence.

At that moment, Lindsay’s parents were away; only she was home. Upstairs, she was engrossed in a long phone call, deliberately delaying her descent when she heard Oscar arrive.

Meanwhile, Oscar learned the full context of the broken engagement through the Starr family’s steward. Oscar’s expression darkened. Even allowing for Lindsay’s temperament, Michael’s actions had been excessive.

What frustrated him most was the reason behind it all: Michael had acted on behalf of that Olson family’s adopted daughter. Every time his son got involved with her, nothing good ever came of it. They had been burned so many times, and he still hadn’t learned his lesson!

“Lindsay,” Oscar said, a smile tugging at his lips as he greeted her. His demeanor showed not a hint of awkwardness as he cut straight to the point. “I heard that Michael argued with you and ended the engagement.”

Lindsay had expected him to defend Michael, but instead, he hit her right where it would sting.

“Yes. Your son is too outstanding for someone like me. Perhaps he already had someone in mind. If that’s the case, he shouldn’t have even gone on the matchmaking date, don’t you agree?” Lindsay replied bluntly, her words sharp and unapologetic.

“Lindsay, that’s not what I hear. You are exceptional; it’s my son who doesn’t measure up. If he offended you or upset you, I, as his father, apologize on his behalf. If you want compensation, just say the word,” Oscar

1/2

Chapter 284

+25 Bonus

responded without hesitation, stating his intentions clearly.

The Starr family's influence within the country might not compare to the Morrison family's, but their business was international, not domestic. Naraida was their biggest client. Even if relations between the two families soured over this, the impact would be limited mainly to the domestic and Goldmont City markets.

Moreover, with Lindsay's parents away, Oscar understood that Lindsay likely had full authority over her household decisions. A strong outsider often struggles against a local power. Michael was currently detained, and the situation could escalate unpredictably. Oscar just wanted to resolve matters quickly and peacefully.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 285

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 285 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 285

Chapter 285

+25 Bonus

Hearing this, Lindsay's displeasure deepened. She sneered coldly, "Compensation? Our family lacks for nothing, Oscar, you're far too polite. And as for the gifts Michael left behind last time, please take those back with you as well."

"Lindsay, those gifts were Michael's heartfelt intentions. Even if our families never become in-laws, there's no harm in remaining friends," Oscar replied calmly. He could see Lindsay was still angry, so he didn't press further.

"In Goldmont City, the Morrison family still holds some influence. Isn't that far better to be friends than hold a grudge against Michael?"

Oscar's words were sly, and Lindsay recognized the old fox's tactic—he was subtly pointing out the practical benefits of letting things slide.

But so what if the Morrison family had influence? She refused to swallow the slight Michael had dealt her.

Moreover, the Morrison household was in disarray now; ever since Niel left, the family had become nothing but scattered fragments. Oscar didn't even have much of the Morrison Group's shares, so why was he trying to lecture her?

"Oscar, you jest. I'm not so fortunate. Besides, after Michael insulted me like that, there's no way I'll have any dealings with him again. Isn't that right?"

Seeing Lindsay's steadfastness, Oscar's smile tightened, eyes cold and unreadable. He paused awhile to think, then spoke, "Lindsay, name your terms. What must be done, what must be arranged, for you to allow Michael to return?"

Lindsay arched an eyebrow, expression unchanging. "I don't understand. What do you mean, 'allow Michael to return'?"

"Lindsay, we're all reasonable people here. You act so decisively... are you not afraid you won't be able to contain the situation later?" Oscar's tone grew heavier, carrying an unmistakable weight.

Lindsay, young and resolute, was unmoved. "I really don't understand what you're saying."

Oscar leaned in slightly. "Michael is being detained in Naraida. I know your family's business is there as well."

Lindsay's tone remained cool. "Our business is there, yes. But what does that have to do with Michael being detained? Isn't it simply because he caused trouble himself?"

"Lindsay, I advise you-turn swords into plowshares. It's better for everyone."

His patience had worn thin; his voice darkened, sending a chill across Lindsay's body. Still, she stood her

ground. "Michael's affairs are none of my concern. I cannot interfere. If you're here for that reason, please leave.

11

"Very well." Oscar nodded, stood, and left, but the final glance he cast at Lindsay was icy enough to raise goosebumps all over her.

The Morrison family? What was so impressive about them? Their absence from Goldmont City's business world would barely make a dent.

1/2

Chapt

+25 Bonus

As soon as Oscar stepped out of the Starr residence, he pulled out his phone and dialed Clarice.

The call connected immediately. “Clarice, I need a favor. You’re familiar with the Starr family, aren’t you?”

Clarice, at that moment in the Morrison family’s old estate, was in the conference hall meeting with her subordinates. Upon receiving the call, she signaled the butler to have everyone else leave.

Oscar rarely asked her for favors, so this immediately piqued her interest. Once he explained the situation, she agreed without hesitation.

“Michael has grown up under my watch; don’t worry. I’ll handle the Starr family. Just coincidentally, there’s also something I’d like your help with.”

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

P

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 286

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 286 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 286

Chapter 286

After stepping out of the conference hall, Clarice was immediately followed by the butler. She gave a few curt instructions regarding the Starr family. “Handle it as quickly as possible. I want a full report by tomorrow.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the butler replied, then hesitated before adding, “By the way, Young Master Ethan is still kneeling in the punishment chamber. It’s been four hours. Do you want to check on him?”

Only then did Clarice remember Ethan. Ever since Khloe's return, his competence seemed to have vanished completely. Several attempts to deal with Khloe had ended in humiliating failures. This latest blunder had even affected her business, testing her patience to its limit.

Clarice had no desire to see him, but recognizing he still had some utility, she changed direction and headed toward the underground chamber.

The chamber had been built as a bomb shelter when the estate was first constructed. It was usually used to store miscellaneous items. After Clarice arrived at the Morrison residence, she had converted it into two rooms: one a bedroom, the other a study.

The rooms were sealed tight, unventilated, unbearably hot in summer, freezing in winter, damp and musty- designed specifically for punishment. From a young age, whenever Ethan misbehaved, he would be locked inside. Clarice believed in strict discipline, thinking only a well-regulated child could grow into a controlled adult.

Whenever Ethan erred as a child, he would kneel in the chamber under a servant's watch, confined to reflect on his mistakes. The longest he had ever been held was two weeks. Yet he had a sharp memory; once punished, he rarely repeated the same error. By adulthood, Clarice seldom had cause to discipline him.

The door to the chamber swung open. Ethan's upper body was bare, his hair and skin soaked with sweat. He knelt rigidly in the corner of the study, his head bowed. On the wall hung the seventy-eight rules Clarice had set for him since childhood.

"Young Master Ethan, Madam has arrived," the butler whispered. Ethan slowly raised his head and murmured, "Mother."

"Stand up," Clarice said, her tone softening slightly at the sight of his disheveled state. She hadn't visited the chamber in a long time-it was stiflingly hot, and four hours of kneeling was indeed punishing.

Ethan tried to rise, but his legs were numb from kneeling so long. He pressed against the wall, rising slowly. The butler instinctively moved to help him, but Clarice's sharp glance stopped him,

"Do you understand where you went wrong this time?" she asked coldly, her voice routine but authoritative.

"Yes," Ethan said hoarsely. "Negligence... underestimating the situation."

Clarice drew in a slow breath. "You're already grown. Is it unreasonable for me to have you kneel four hours for making mistakes?"

“No, Mother. The punishment is deserved. I am at fault.” His head remained lowered; his voice, though calm and humble, revealed no trace of resentment.

Clarice’s satisfaction softened her expression. “From the day I adopted you, I told you I do not raise

incompetents.”

1/2

Chapter 286

+25 Bonus

“I was wrong. I will not disappoint you, Mother.”

“Go take a shower, change your clothes, and come to the study to see me.” Clarice inspected him briefly, her anger completely spent. She spoke gently, then turned and left.

As soon as she left, the butler hurried to support Ethan. He had long since lost the strength to stand; his weight pressed entirely against the servant. He had been hungover since the previous night and was forced awake by Charlotte that morning.

He had planned to rest briefly, but he hadn’t expected Clarice’s people to track him down immediately. Barely out of Charlotte’s presence, he was intercepted on the way.

Half an hour later, Ethan had recovered his usual poised, refined demeanor and arrived at Clarice’s study.

2/2

Chapter 287

+25 Bonus

Chapter 287

“You’re going to help me with something.”

Clarice handed Ethan a freshly printed document. He glanced at it, a flicker of surprise passing through his eyes.

“You want me to... take action against the Hunt family?”

“Mind your own business,” Clarice said coldly. “You just follow orders. If this fails, I will be utterly disappointed in you.”

Ethan knew exactly what being a disappointment to Clarice meant. Years of striving for recognition, everything he had in the Morrison family and Morrison Group-it could all vanish in an instant.

“But... the company, my work...” Ethan hesitated. Handling the task itself wasn’t difficult, but crossing the Hunt family could very well backfire. He wasn’t willing to gamble with that kind of risk.

“You’re suspended for a few days. It’ll also serve as an explanation to Khloe. If you can’t do your job properly, I won’t have the energy to cover for you. Follow company regulations-Khloe can’t touch you.”

Clarice left him no room to argue. She hadn’t expected him to be so incompetent that he couldn’t even handle a subordinate of Khloe’s without creating a mess. He needed to learn this lesson.

“Alright,” Ethan said, resigned. “I’ll go back to the office and hand over my current tasks first.”

“Go.” Clarice raised her chin and didn’t look at him again.

After Ethan left, she opened her laptop and reviewed the encrypted files on George once more. Ten years ago, George had offended a powerful underworld organization. To have a son pay for his father’s debt... it was only natural.

By evening, Ethan returned to the office to wrap up his work. As he was about to leave, he noticed movement inside the office. Opening the door, he found Charlotte.

She was dressed differently than usual. Normally in casual attire, today, she wore a form-fitting knit dress that outlined her slender, delicate figure, lending a new allure to her youthful, almost schoolgirl-like face.

Ethan narrowed his eyes and leaned against the doorframe. “Looking for me?”

Charlotte, clearly waiting for him after work, nodded. “Yeah... about last night...”

“I was drunk and out of line,” Ethan snorted. “You’re not going to accuse me of harassing you, are you?”

He barely remembered what had happened, but the thought of drunkenly confronting Charlotte made him feel a pang of self-inflicted regret.

“I’m not.” Charlotte lifted her eyes to meet his and hesitated for a moment before saying, “I... wanted to invite you to dinner.”

“Invite me to dinner?”

“Yes...”

Before she could finish, Ethan’s large hand covered her forehead.

1/2

Chapter 287

+25 Bonus

“Do you have a fever?” His hand was warm and dry, pressing against her slightly cool forehead with an unexpected suddenness.

She instinctively recoiled. “Ethan! I’m fine... if you don’t want to, it’s fine.”

Seeing her try to pull away, Ethan grabbed her arm. He tightened his hold, almost pinning her against his chest. He was tall enough that a simple tilt of his head enveloped her completely in his shadow.

He studied her leisurely, his gaze brazen, without a hint of propriety.

“When did the sun start rising in the west? I thought you hated me?”

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

目

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 287

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 287 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 287

Chapter 286

After stepping out of the conference hall, Clarice was immediately followed by the butler. She gave a few curt instructions regarding the Starr family. “Handle it as quickly as possible. I want a full report by tomorrow.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the butler replied, then hesitated before adding, “By the way, Young Master Ethan is still kneeling in the punishment chamber. It’s been four hours. Do you want to check on him?”

Only then did Clarice remember Ethan. Ever since Khloe's return, his competence seemed to have vanished completely. Several attempts to deal with Khloe had ended in humiliating failures. This latest blunder had even affected her business, testing her patience to its limit.

Clarice had no desire to see him, but recognizing he still had some utility, she changed direction and headed toward the underground chamber.

The chamber had been built as a bomb shelter when the estate was first constructed. It was usually used to store miscellaneous items. After Clarice arrived at the Morrison residence, she had converted it into two rooms: one a bedroom, the other a study.

The rooms were sealed tight, unventilated, unbearably hot in summer, freezing in winter, damp and musty- designed specifically for punishment. From a young age, whenever Ethan misbehaved, he would be locked inside. Clarice believed in strict discipline, thinking only a well-regulated child could grow into a controlled adult.

Whenever Ethan erred as a child, he would kneel in the chamber under a servant's watch, confined to reflect on his mistakes. The longest he had ever been held was two weeks. Yet he had a sharp memory; once punished, he rarely repeated the same error. By adulthood, Clarice seldom had cause to discipline him.

The door to the chamber swung open. Ethan's upper body was bare, his hair and skin soaked with sweat. He knelt rigidly in the corner of the study, his head bowed. On the wall hung the seventy-eight rules Clarice had set for him since childhood.

"Young Master Ethan, Madam has arrived," the butler whispered. Ethan slowly raised his head and murmured, "Mother."

"Stand up," Clarice said, her tone softening slightly at the sight of his disheveled state. She hadn't visited the chamber in a long time-it was stiflingly hot, and four hours of kneeling was indeed punishing.

Ethan tried to rise, but his legs were numb from kneeling so long. He pressed against the wall, rising slowly. The butler instinctively moved to help him, but Clarice's sharp glance stopped him,

"Do you understand where you went wrong this time?" she asked coldly, her voice routine but authoritative.

"Yes," Ethan said hoarsely. "Negligence... underestimating the situation."

Clarice drew in a slow breath. "You're already grown. Is it unreasonable for me to have you kneel four hours for making mistakes?"

“No, Mother. The punishment is deserved. I am at fault.” His head remained lowered; his voice, though calm and humble, revealed no trace of resentment.

Clarice’s satisfaction softened her expression. “From the day I adopted you, I told you I do not raise

incompetents.”

1/2

Chapter 286

+25 Bonus

“I was wrong. I will not disappoint you, Mother.”

“Go take a shower, change your clothes, and come to the study to see me.” Clarice inspected him briefly, her anger completely spent. She spoke gently, then turned and left.

As soon as she left, the butler hurried to support Ethan. He had long since lost the strength to stand; his weight pressed entirely against the servant. He had been hungover since the previous night and was forced awake by Charlotte that morning.

He had planned to rest briefly, but he hadn’t expected Clarice’s people to track him down immediately. Barely out of Charlotte’s presence, he was intercepted on the way.

Half an hour later, Ethan had recovered his usual poised, refined demeanor and arrived at Clarice’s study.

2/2

Chapter 287

+25 Bonus

Chapter 287

“You’re going to help me with something.”

Clarice handed Ethan a freshly printed document. He glanced at it, a flicker of surprise passing through his eyes.

“You want me to... take action against the Hunt family?”

“Mind your own business,” Clarice said coldly. “You just follow orders. If this fails, I will be utterly disappointed in you.”

Ethan knew exactly what being a disappointment to Clarice meant. Years of striving for recognition, everything he had in the Morrison family and Morrison Group-it could all vanish in an instant.

“But... the company, my work...” Ethan hesitated. Handling the task itself wasn’t difficult, but crossing the Hunt family could very well backfire. He wasn’t willing to gamble with that kind of risk.

“You’re suspended for a few days. It’ll also serve as an explanation to Khloe. If you can’t do your job properly, I won’t have the energy to cover for you. Follow company regulations-Khloe can’t touch you.”

Clarice left him no room to argue. She hadn’t expected him to be so incompetent that he couldn’t even handle a subordinate of Khloe’s without creating a mess. He needed to learn this lesson.

“Alright,” Ethan said, resigned. “I’ll go back to the office and hand over my current tasks first.”

“Go.” Clarice raised her chin and didn’t look at him again.

After Ethan left, she opened her laptop and reviewed the encrypted files on George once more. Ten years ago, George had offended a powerful underworld organization. To have a son pay for his father’s debt... it was only natural.

By evening, Ethan returned to the office to wrap up his work. As he was about to leave, he noticed movement inside the office. Opening the door, he found Charlotte.

She was dressed differently than usual. Normally in casual attire, today, she wore a form-fitting knit dress that outlined her slender, delicate figure, lending a new allure to her youthful, almost schoolgirl-like face.

Ethan narrowed his eyes and leaned against the doorframe. “Looking for me?”

Charlotte, clearly waiting for him after work, nodded. “Yeah... about last night...”

“I was drunk and out of line,” Ethan snorted. “You’re not going to accuse me of harassing you, are you?”

He barely remembered what had happened, but the thought of drunkenly confronting Charlotte made him feel a pang of self-inflicted regret.

“I’m not.” Charlotte lifted her eyes to meet his and hesitated for a moment before saying, “I... wanted to invite you to dinner.”

“Invite me to dinner?”

“Yes...”

Before she could finish, Ethan’s large hand covered her forehead.

1/2

Chapter 287

+25 Bonus

“Do you have a fever?” His hand was warm and dry, pressing against her slightly cool forehead with an unexpected suddenness.

She instinctively recoiled. “Ethan! I’m fine... if you don’t want to, it’s fine.”

Seeing her try to pull away, Ethan grabbed her arm. He tightened his hold, almost pinning her against his chest. He was tall enough that a simple tilt of his head enveloped her completely in his shadow.

He studied her leisurely, his gaze brazen, without a hint of propriety.

“When did the sun start rising in the west? I thought you hated me?”

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

☐

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 288

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 288 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 288

Chapter 288

“I never said... I hate you.’

11

+25 Bonus

Charlotte blinked, her expression betraying a faint, forced innocence, yet her voice remained soft. For a moment, Ethan even felt as if she was deliberately teasing him.

“Weren’t you ready to call the police the second you saw me last night?” Ethan leaned lazily close to her lips, his tone playful, teasing. “Charlotte... what exactly are you up to?”

“I...” Charlotte shrank back slightly, but Ethan cupped her face firmly in his hands.

His tall frame pressed an invisible weight on her, his warm breath grazing her ear. “Or... could it be that last night, when I was completely drunk... I did something to you... something you can’t forget?”

“Don’t say that!” Charlotte’s ears flushed red. She slammed her hands against his chest. “I’m just returning the favor from last time... after this meal, we’re square.”

Her voice grew smaller with each word, and her eyes flickered nervously, avoiding his gaze. Even Charlotte herself knew the excuse sounded flimsy.

Ethan studied her silently, as if trying to read her mind. Yet, he hadn’t expected her to come closer to him willingly. His mood today wasn’t great, and this girl just happened to be the perfect distraction. He was curious to see what she was really up to.

He chose a Japanese restaurant not far from Morrison Group. The chef was well-known, the restaurant private, but the prices were astronomical-one meal could easily cost half of Charlotte’s monthly salary.

She didn’t mind at all, letting Ethan make all the decisions.

During their private dinner, Charlotte kept sneaking glances at him. Ethan noticed, and after a while, he suddenly asked, “Am I really that good-looking?”

Charlotte’s thoughts snapped back, and she immediately lowered her head.

Seeing her remain silent, Ethan frowned. “I’m asking you. Look at me-do you think I’m good-looking?”

“I was just thinking,” Charlotte replied lightly, trying to deflect.

“I didn’t ask about your thoughts. I asked if I’m good-looking.” Ethan’s lips twitched with a faint smile, the light from the window casting sharp shadows across his defined cheekbones, making him strikingly handsome.

Yet, despite his looks, he wasn’t exactly her type, Charlotte wasn’t obsessed with handsome faces; she preferred someone upright and principled, like... Nick.

Ethan carried an almost sinister charm, his eyes sharp with scheming even when he smiled-not the demeanor of a good man.

After a pause, Charlotte finally nodded. “Ethan... you’re... pretty good-looking.”

She hesitated, her tone forced, lacking any pretense. Her reluctant praise stung more than outright insult.

Ethan’s face paled slightly, and the food in front of him suddenly lost its appeal.

1/2

Chapter 288

+25 Bonus

“Enough. Why exactly are we having this meal? Is this about Khloe?” He wiped his hands with a wet wipe. Though they’d ordered a full table, he barely touched the food-he had no appetite, and Charlotte was paying

anyway.

“I told you... it’s a thank-you meal.” Charlotte’s voice wavered slightly, testing him.

“You’re thanking me? I’m not drunk today, you know?” Ethan let out a light laugh.

Before she could respond, he continued, explaining that he was temporarily away from Morrison Group.

“The company is fair. To avoid any misunderstanding or trouble with you, I’m on temporary leave with a minor record. You don’t have to worry about me doing anything to you or Khloe.”

2/2

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 289

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 289 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 289

+25 Bonus

Chapter 289

Hearing Ethan's words, Charlotte's expression visibly softened, a subtle warmth spreading across her features.

Ethan took in her entire demeanor and couldn't help but feel slightly exasperated. Truly, she didn't even try to hide it.

But in reality, his efforts against Khloe were only ever for Clarice. Ever since that day, after Khloe had said those words, the tightly wound nerves he'd held for years had suddenly frayed.

Ethan forced himself to suppress his suspicions, refusing to let Khloe provoke him. Yet, the harder he restrained himself, the more impossible it became not to doubt.

Still, he didn't dare verify anything. If, as Khloe suggested, his parents' deaths had some connection to Clarice... then everything he'd built in life, everything he'd worked for, would be nothing but a cruel joke.

A shadow crossed his eyes, and suddenly, his knuckles cracked audibly.

Charlotte noticed the shift in his mood and spoke up at the right moment. "Actually, Ethan, we don't necessarily have to be enemies. Khloe can get along with you perfectly fine."

"You don't understand. I'm nothing like Khloe. My life isn't even mine to control." Ethan snorted, reaching for a glass of juice only to push it away disdainfully.

"Why not have some wine then?" Charlotte's eyes sparkled. Before waiting for a response, she had already taken the initiative to place an order.

"Don't order too much. The wine here is expensive. I'm afraid you won't be able to pay."

"You're here," Charlotte said casually.

Ethan raised an eyebrow, a smirk tugging at his lips. "You invited me for this meal; I won't pay. You'll have to handle it yourself if you can't afford it."

"I can afford it. Don't worry, drink as much as you like." Charlotte smiled faintly. "Since you like wine, how could I host without providing it?"

She could tell that Ethan had deliberately avoided ordering wine earlier. While scrolling through the menu, he had lingered repeatedly over the alcohol section. His hesitation wasn't about saving her money-it was because he didn't want to lose control if he drank. His drinking skills weren't great; Charlotte had witnessed that firsthand just yesterday.

“Aren’t you worried I’ll act like yesterday?” Ethan teased, increasingly intrigued by her composure. Charlotte claimed to be wary of him, yet her calm defiance had a striking contrast that made her all the more interesting.

Charlotte didn’t look up. “I am. That’s why you must drink less, control yourself.”

She ordered two bottles of the restaurant’s specialty wine for him. Ethan was not picky—red, white, foreign—it didn’t matter. Since she had ordered it, he accepted without hesitation. Charlotte didn’t drink at all, and while Ethan had thought about having her join him, she politely declined, and he didn’t push.

As the wine flowed, Ethan grew quieter, his mood darkening. Charlotte sensed the moment and deliberately shifted the conversation to trivial matters.

1/2

Chapter 289

+25 Bonus

“Ethan, you spend all your energy on work. When are you planning to get married?”

Her question was sudden. But Ethan had already drunk a little and was feeling relaxed after their earlier small talk. He didn’t notice the underlying tension.

“No partner, no point in marriage.”

“I... accidentally saw a photo in your wallet last night. Of a girl. Isn’t she your partner?” Charlotte’s gaze fell to the table, her chest tightening slightly.

The person in the photos was like an older sister to her—a friend who had saved Charlotte’s life when her father nearly killed her, restoring her will to survive. She had repeatedly taught Charlotte that no matter how terrible your family or circumstances were, as long as you were alive, as long as you were brave enough, there was always a way forward.

D

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 290

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 290 -

Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 290

Chapter 290

That girl had been like a light in Charlotte's life.

In the darkest, most helpless moments, she had accompanied Charlotte through countless nightmares, offering support and strength. But suddenly, that light had gone out forever in her world.

Charlotte couldn't believe someone would give up on life for no reason-not even heartbreak could drive her to

that extent... not ever.

Ethan paused, the wine glass in his hand frozen midair. His usually unfocused gaze sharpened briefly, though the effect was quickly masked by the alcohol. He smirked.

"You mean... her? She was just... someone from the past."

"Someone from the past?" Charlotte's nails dug sharply into her palms. She forced her voice to remain steady." Was she important? And now... where is she?"

Ethan was silent for a moment, tilting his head back to drain the glass. The alcohol amplified the storm within him, and for a fleeting second, his calculating, sharp eyes revealed a rare, complex grief.

"She's dead."

His voice was hoarse, but the tone was calm, as if stating a fact that had nothing to do with him.

Even though Charlotte had braced herself, hearing those words escape his lips sent a shiver straight from her feet to the crown of her head. Her chest ached unbearably.

She forced back the tears threatening to spill, lowering her gaze. "How...? Was it illness?"

Ethan let out a harsh, humorless laugh. "Illness? Kind of. Putting everything into someone else's hands and ending up shattered...'

His words seemed aimed at the girl, yet somehow also carried a veiled message about something else entirely. Charlotte felt her blood run cold at the thought.

“Someone must have hurt her... that person... deserves to die.”

The words escaped her mouth, but Ethan didn't even notice. He leaned on the table with one elbow, the wine glass in hand, and mocked lightly, “Deserve to die? No one's innocent. Everyone just stands in different positions, sees things from different angles.”

Hearing his casual, indifferent tone, Charlotte's hatred coalesced. She looked at him: from head to toe, Ethan exuded the calm confidence of someone always in control. Even when speaking of a life lost, he remained disturbingly nonchalant, unbendingly arrogant.

Yet to him, someone so insignificant could be, in another's eyes, the most precious thing in the world.

“Ethan,” Charlotte's voice trembled slightly, “you're so capable, so seemingly in possession of everything... do you ever feel life is dull? That there's no challenge left?”

Ethan lifted his gaze to her, a faint smile tugging at his lips. “Oh? Are you offering to make my life a little more challenging?”

1/2

Chapter 290

+25 Bonus

“I'm just curious,” Charlotte said, lowering her eyes. “For someone like you... What do you desire most?”

He didn't answer immediately. It was a question he'd pondered himself countless times—and yet, of all people, it was Charlotte asking him now.

After a long pause, he spoke evenly. “Probably... fame, freedom, happiness.”

Three enormous things. Three things that perfectly reflected Ethan's insatiable greed. He wanted it all.

“Happiness?” Charlotte felt a sharp pang at that word. “Wouldn't that be easy for you?”

“I don't mean superficial, worldly satisfaction. I mean... family, a lover, friends. Just like Khloe, with a support like the Hunt family.”

Ethan's gaze fixed on Charlotte. The scent of alcohol clung to him, but his tone carried an unusual gravity.

Charlotte could feel it-what he was saying wasn't a lie.

日