

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 301

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 301

Chapter 301

Within seconds, five intimate photos filled Khloe's vision.

She recognized Nick at a glance. The man in the pictures was unmistakably him-standing beside Michelle.

There were shots of the two of them getting into the same car, images of them standing very close together outside a hotel at night, and photos taken in a mountainous area where they were holding hands, their bodies nearly touching.

The pictures were fragmented, all clearly taken from a distance, like paparazzi shots. Even so, it was obvious that Michelle's relationship with Nick was far from superficial. Calling it an intimate relationship wouldn't be a

stretch.

Khloe's hand trembled slightly as she scrolled back to the headline.

[Michelle's New Charity Trip to the Mountains With a Mysterious Male CEO-Rumored Romance Rekindled. His Side Profile Is Too Stunning, Sparking Massive Online Attention.]

Previously, the internet had been speculating about who Michelle's ex was-the one rumored to have caused her downward spiral after she quit the industry. Now that this piece of entertainment news had broken, gossip naturally swirled around Nick.

Nick rarely appeared in public on the international stage, and the Hunt Group was known for keeping an exceptionally low profile. Even when Nick did show up in the news, it was usually at top-tier international events and never heavily publicized.

Intimate images of Michelle appearing on camera with a man were rare to begin with. Naturally, they left plenty of room for imagination.

What was more, Nick's looks were undeniably striking. Even though the photos weren't especially clear, his tall figure and the fleeting glimpse of his profile were enough to reveal an extraordinary presence.

The public loved a well-matched couple. A man like Nick—who could outshine a lineup of top male celebrities with nothing more than a side profile—was bound to drive netizens wild.

There were plenty of people criticizing Michelle, calling her love-brained, saying she shouldn't throw her life away for a man, that she'd barely gotten back to work before falling into old patterns again...

But far more people felt that if the man by Michelle's side was Nick, then her choices were understandable.

Some even showered the couple with blessings, hoping the man would recognize Michelle's worth and cherish her properly.

Khloe felt her head buzz.

It wasn't that she cared about the news or the

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Just then, Khloe's phone rang, snapping her out of her spiraling thoughts. She answered with a few brief responses and headed straight into a meeting.

A new product developed by the Morrison Group was about to be launched in the coming days.

It was a drug that the R&D team had spent ten years developing and three years testing—an achievement forged from a decade of relentless effort and sacrifice. In the next few days, specialists would arrive to inspect and approve the results, and several international investors would come as well to sign contracts.

As the CEO of the Morrison Group, Khloe naturally had to oversee the reception and personally finalize the agreements. The inspections, in particular, could not afford the slightest mistake—they involved corporate confidentiality and drug safety.

During the meeting, Khloe did her best to focus, yet her mind wandered again and again.

She thought of their parting—of how Nick had held her hand and emphasized calling her three times a day, promising he would return as soon as possible. He had told her to wait for him with peace of mind.

When he came back, they would hold their wedding banquet and truly entrust themselves to one another.

The sincerity in his eyes hadn't been fake. Khloe genuinely liked him from the bottom of her heart.

It was different from the sense of being moved and dependent she had once felt when Trey pursued her. She no longer sought security from anyone else.

What she felt for Nick was simple and pure—admiration, attraction, affection.

She only wanted to walk through the rest of her life hand in hand with him... no matter what lay ahead, she just wanted to be on the same path as him.

But there was one condition. Nick could never be someone who deceived her.

“Miss Roswell?”

Her name was called several times before Khloe realized she had drifted off again. She looked up to see a proposal displayed on the screen, waiting for her input.

She quickly gathered herself, flipped through the documents at hand, and outlined several key points to watch

for.

After the meeting ended, Khloe passed through the open office area and noticed Charlotte and the others watching her. She forced a reassuring smile in their direction, saying nothing.

“Charlotte... Khloe doesn't look so good. Did I mess up?”

The impulsive girl who had sent the first message that morning felt a twinge of guilt. She had seen the news and forwarded it without thinking.

Now that Khloe was, at the very least, the Morrison family's heiress, she shouldn't have to rely on any man, right?

Even though Nick was outstanding... he was simply too handsome, too dazzling. If he really had something

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going on with another woman, Khloe needed to see it clearly as early as possible.

"Yes, you did," Charlotte said curtly, tapping the girl on the forehead with a hint of irritation. "Couldn't you have warned Khloe privately? Posting it in the group and letting everyone discuss it will mess up her judgment. And besides, you don't even know the full story. How can you jump to conclusions based on your own assumptions?"

Hearing this, the impulsive girl realized she had acted inappropriately. She looked at Charlotte with watery eyes.

"Charlotte, then what should I do? Should I go apologize to Khloe..."

"Don't make things worse."

After saying that, Charlotte picked up a folder and headed straight to Khloe's office.

She knocked, and a response came quickly from inside.

When Charlotte entered, she saw Khloe sitting behind her desk, arms folded as she stared at the computer screen. She looked like she was working, yet also as if she were lost in thought.

"Khloe, these are the contracts for several projects. Please take a look."

"Alright. Leave them there. I'll review them shortly," Khloe replied softly. Nothing in her expression or tone suggested anything out of the ordinary.

But Charlotte noticed that Khloe was constantly turning her phone over in her hand.

Normally, when she worked, Khloe was intensely focused and hardly ever fidgeted with anything. Her phone, especially, was usually kept several feet away.

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Charlotte frowned, a bitter feeling rising in her chest as well.

She understood Khloe too well-how she was used to masking everything with a calm, detached exterior.

When Trey had hurt her, Khloe hadn't shown the slightest crack the entire time. Until the day she left the Fox Group, she had remained quietly composed.

Even now, Charlotte still found it hard to imagine how someone who had endured years of deception and betrayal in a relationship could continue working as usual, carry out revenge, and even... let go.

She truly admired Khloe.

Just thinking about the hatred in her own heart was enough to make her restless, unable to calm down for even a

moment.

Charlotte only hoped that Khloe would never suffer the same kind of hurt again. Sacrificing herself for a man was never worth it.

Just like her friend... Someone who had been born with better prospects, a brighter future-someone who could have lived a far happier, more fulfilling life...

And yet...

Even though Charlotte knew Khloe wouldn't fall so easily, she still worried.

Too much rigidity would lead to breaking. Khloe had been holding herself together for so long. Charlotte knew exactly what Nick represented to her when she was at her most vulnerable.

Even she herself couldn't deny that seeing Nick stirred a fleeting sense of longing for love.

"Khloe."

“Mm?”

Khloe didn't look up, responding only with a faint acknowledgment.

“Don't take the group chat messages to heart. No one knows what's really going on, and I trust your judgment.”

Khloe lifted her eyes and saw Charlotte gazing at her with concern, eyes bright and glistening. She couldn't help

but smile.

“I'm sorry to make you worry. I'm fine. I don't believe Nick would still be entangled with Michelle.”

Charlotte understood her, so Khloe didn't bother to hide anything.

The truth was, she had felt a moment of discomfort and inner turmoil earlier—a brief flash of emotional shock. But it had passed quickly, and her reason had returned.

If those rumors were true, with Nick's capabilities, there was no way those photos would have leaked.

More importantly, she trusted Nick. She trusted his character and his sense of responsibility as the one in power at the Hunt Group.

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What she was really thinking about was this: What unspeakable difficulty was Nick facing? What was it that Michelle had always wanted to tell her? And why was Michelle so confident that Nick wouldn't be able to let her go?

“That's good,” Charlotte said with a sigh of relief. “As long as you're not unhappy, there's always a way to solve everything. That's what you told me before.”

Khloe nodded, her smile deepening. “By the way, Ethan hasn't been giving you trouble again, has he?”

Charlotte's pupils flickered. She hesitated, then shook her head.

“But, there's something I want to be honest with you about.”

“Go on.”

“Ethan... has feelings for me.”

Khloe froze, not understanding why Charlotte was telling her this. Hadn't Charlotte told her about Ethan harassing her?

Charlotte paused, lowered her head, and continued, “I want to try interacting with him.”

“Charlotte, do you know what you're saying?”

Khloe stood up abruptly and walked over to her. Mimicking Ethan's earlier behavior, she reached out and placed a hand on Charlotte's forehead.

Charlotte stood there like a little lamb, letting Khloe check her, then bit her lip.

“I know.” She cleared her throat, her expression far more resolute than before. “I've thought it through. Someone like Ethan isn't entirely unusable. He's only temporarily left the Morrison Group- there's no guarantee he'll let you off so easily.”

“You want to use Ethan?” Khloe looked at Charlotte anew.

But she immediately shook her head. “I know you want to help me, but I can't let you do it this way. I can handle Ethan on my own. He's not someone to mess with.”

Besides, Ethan's reputation as a playboy was well known. Even if Charlotte intended to strike back, when all was said and done, it was hard to say who would end up hurting whom.

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“I don’t want you to fight alone.” Charlotte had already made up her mind. “I don’t need to get too close to Ethan. Since he still has some interest in me, I can interact with him a little-probe for his weaknesses, gather information... and besides...”

She hesitated, ultimately choosing not to bring up her friend’s situation. Ethan’s emotional debts were despicable enough, but she still needed to protect her friend’s dignity.

“And besides what?” Khloe asked.

“And besides, I hate him. I want to see him utterly ruined.”

A sharp edge crept into Charlotte’s voice.

Khloe’s heart jolted. She hadn’t realized before that Charlotte had already developed such deep resentment over

Ethan’s harassment.

But she understood. Ethan had gone too far. How could a young girl like Charlotte possibly endure that kind of humiliation?

“Charlotte, don’t worry. I’ll deal with Ethan for you in the future. But someone like him isn’t easy to hurt. If you keep entangling yourself with a scumbag, the one who gets hurt the most will still be you.”

Khloe took Charlotte’s arm, comforting her gently.

No matter how she tried to persuade her, Charlotte remained resolute.

“Khloe, I know you care for me. But don’t worry, I know my limits. You’ve already done more than enough for me. I’m telling you this today because I don’t want you to misunderstand. No matter how close I get to Ethan in the future, I’m still on your side!”

As if afraid Khloe would continue trying to talk her out of it, Charlotte hurried off.

Khloe didn’t manage to stop her and felt a wave of helplessness.

How had Charlotte ended up entangled with Ethan of all people?

At least Ethan wasn’t at the Morrison Group right now, so there was no immediate cause for concern.

Still, Charlotte’s state of mind worried her. That girl was just as stubborn as she was-talking sense into her would be no easy task.

Just as Khloe's thoughts were in turmoil, her phone vibrated.

Her heart sank. She thought it was Nick, but when she checked the caller ID, she saw it was Oscar.

Khloe answered the call and heard Oscar say he was already near the company and wanted to invite her to lunch.

Oscar wouldn't call her for no reason. There had to be something on his mind.

Sure enough, when Khloe arrived at the private dining room they had reserved, she immediately spotted him on the terrace outside, smoking.

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Oscar rarely smoked. He was meticulous about health and wellness. Khloe had once seen an entire wall of health -related books in his home, and he even employed a private nutritionist who came daily to teach the household

staff.

In their family, even the cleaning staff could speak fluently about health regimens.

"Uncle Oscar."

Khloe greeted him. Oscar quickly stubbed out his cigarette and smiled. "You're here. Come, sit."

After a few polite exchanges, Oscar warmly invited her to order.

Khloe had little appetite and ordered only a little. With a wave of his hand, Oscar added several house specialties, then closed the menu.

"Uncle Oscar, did you want to see me about something?"

Oscar hesitated. The smile faded from his face as he nodded. "Let's talk after we eat."

"If you don't say it now, I won't be able to enjoy this meal," Khloe replied. "Why don't you just tell me?"

She met his gaze. Her voice was calm, yet an inexplicable unease stirred in her chest.

Oscar glanced at the nearby servers. Only after they left did he lower his voice.

“Your relationship with the Hunt family... is it still good?”

At the mention of the Hunt family, Khloe’s expression changed instantly. “What are you really trying to say?”

Seeing her tense up, Oscar stopped hedging. “To be honest, I only just heard some rumors myself. I wasn’t sure whether I should tell you... The Morrison Group happens to be launching a new drug soon, and I’m afraid you might act impulsively.”

“What exactly happened?”

The sense of foreboding in her heart grew stronger. Her voice trembled despite herself. She was on the verge of losing her composure.

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Oscar took a steadying breath and lowered his voice. “Something has happened to Nick.”

Khloe’s body swayed slightly. She braced her palm against the table, holding her breath as she waited for him to continue.

“What... happened to him?”

Oscar didn’t dare meet her eyes. He sighed softly. “He was seriously injured in an accident in the mountains. His condition isn’t optimistic... If he doesn’t make it, I’m worried about your marriage alliance-”

“What do you mean, ‘doesn’t make it’?”

Khloe cut him off, her voice trembling. The moment she heard that something had happened to Nick, it felt as if the blood in her head surged and throbbed violently. She could no longer think.

That afternoon, Clarice had just returned home when she saw Ethan already waiting at the entrance.

She glanced at him, dismissed the assistant beside her, and placed her handbag and coat into the crook of Ethan's arm.

"Is it done?"

"It's been taken care of. Just as you expected, the Hunt family should have heard the news by now."

Ethan spoke in a low voice.

When Clarice had instructed him earlier to contact that mysterious person and pass along Nick's travel itinerary, he had already guessed that she intended to make a move against Nick.

Clarice might not rank highly in the business world, but her connections ran deep-both above and below the surface. Especially internationally.

Only recently had Ethan learned that before marrying Niel, Clarice had once been involved with a powerful international figure-someone who was anything but easy to deal with.

When clean methods didn't work, Clarice was more than willing to take a ruthless, unconventional path. It was hard to say whether she hadn't already played a role back when she helped Niel and the Morrison Group monopolize the pharmaceutical industry in Goldmont City.

Back in the study, Ethan closed the door and continued reporting to her.

The Hunt family had already rushed to Nick's side. Those who went were Loretta and Arista. George was still attending an international summit, and there had been no word yet of him leaving.

Clarice hadn't expected things to go so smoothly. Those people had moved fast-less than half a day after the information was released. She had assumed it would take at least a full day.

And the word was that the accident happened in the mountains. Weren't those people usually fond of tampering with vehicles instead?

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But she didn't care about the details. As long as the goal was achieved, that was enough.

A mocking smile curled at Clarice's lips. "George really is the most cold-blooded of the Hunts. His son might be dying, and his first thought is probably still how to stabilize the company."

"...Mom, is this really good for the Hunt family?"

Ethan couldn't help but speak up. In his view, the Hunt family was still an important partner.

"Nick is protecting Khloe. I had no choice but to resort to this." Clarice was in a good mood and didn't scold Ethan for questioning her.

She went to the wine cabinet, took out a bottle as if to celebrate, and picked up two glasses.

She handed one to Ethan.

Ethan hurried to pour the wine, but his brows were tightly knit.

"But even if something happens to Nick and the Hunt family is overwhelmed, I don't think Khloe will necessarily be affected."

Ethan knew exactly what Clarice was planning. He had seen Oscar's car that morning.

The Morrison Group had a major project launching soon—a new drug about to hit the market. Oscar was one of the investors. If Khloe failed to show up at the company at a time like this and something went wrong, it would be a serious mistake—enough to get her removed from her position.

Those words came straight from his heart.

Perhaps Nick had deep feelings, but Ethan didn't believe Khloe was someone ruled by emotion.

She had been entangled with Trey for six years, yet turned around and retaliated so ruthlessly that the Fox family nearly went bankrupt.

And with Michelle by Nick's side, Ethan had already tipped her off earlier. This time, she had grown smarter. The news of Nick's injury was still being kept under wraps, yet their "intimate photos" had already leaked.

After seeing all that, would Khloe really lose her composure and make mistakes for Nick?

“Ethan,” Clarice said calmly, “you’re still too young. Did you think I would leave Khloe a way

out?”

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Clarice let out a cold laugh and took a sip of her wine.

If Khloe chose to leave the country to find Nick at this moment, it would play perfectly into her hands.

But if Khloe ignored Nick’s situation, then the Hunt family would naturally grow disappointed in her.

Once Khloe lost the Hunt family’s support, dealing with her would become even easier.

No matter which choice Khloe made, none of them would end well.

A chill crept up Ethan’s spine, yet he still forced a smile. “Someone as self-assured as Khloe really is no match for you, Mom. I imagine that one day she’ll regret not listening to you back then-regret giving up her right to inherit the Morrison Group.”

Clarice exhaled slowly and cast Ethan a sidelong glance. “Go get some rest.”

“Alright.”

Ethan lowered his head and withdrew from the room. Once outside, the smile on his face gradually faded.

Once again, Khloe's words echoed in his mind.

Why would someone like Clarice have adopted him without reason?

At the same time, Khloe instructed her assistant to book the earliest available flight. She intended to go find Nick immediately.

After hearing the news from Oscar, her composure had completely collapsed. The only thought in her mind was to see Nick as soon as possible-to confirm his safety and his condition with her own eyes.

If Oscar had exaggerated and Nick's injuries weren't serious, then Nick would have contacted her by now.

Now, recalling Nick's sudden silence, Lenny's evasive responses, Khloe's fear swallowed what little reason she

had left.

She couldn't calm down.

She no longer had the patience to continue talking with Oscar. She stood up abruptly, her legs nearly giving way beneath her.

Seeing that although Khloe still looked shocked, her entire being seemed off-far more unsteady than he had expected-Oscar hurriedly tried to comfort her.

After all, he had only heard rumors. Perhaps Nick had already made it through the critical stage.

Khloe forced herself to steady her breathing. Her eyes were red-rimmed, tears spinning endlessly within them. For a long while, she couldn't utter a single word.

Seeing this, Oscar didn't dare let her drive to the airport alone and decided to take her himself.

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Halfway through the drive, Khloe finally managed to suppress her emotions and remembered to call the Hunt family to confirm the situation.

But Loretta's phone was powered off. So was Arista's.

Oscar said, "The Hunt family must have already received the news and rushed to Nick's side."

As for why they hadn't informed Khloe about it, the Hunt family likely didn't want her to worry.

Khloe dug her nails into her palm. As Oscar finished speaking, he noticed she had drifted off again. A thin trace of blood seeped from the corner of her lips.

All at once, a heavy weight settled in Oscar's heart. He even felt a flicker of regret for having spoken so bluntly.

He didn't know Khloe well. He had always thought she resembled Niel-cold on the outside, warm within, but ultimately a rational and detached person who wouldn't lose herself in emotions.

Especially given how decisively Khloe had handled things with her ex, he had believed she wouldn't act impulsively again, much less lose her reason over another man.

Oscar had already planned exactly what to say to make Khloe step away from the Morrison Group at this critical juncture.

Clarice had traded Michael's matter for his small favor. Oscar had little reason to refuse.

Besides, Clarice only wanted him to pass along the message-to get Khloe to temporarily leave the Morrison Group.

Even if he hadn't helped, with the Hunt family in trouble, Clarice had a thousand ways to ensure Khloe found

out anyway.

Only this move made Clarice's intentions clear: she wanted to drag Oscar into the mud as well. Once Khloe learned that Oscar had helped Clarice, any trust between them would be gone for good.

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Even if Oscar still wanted to treat Khloe genuinely as a niece, Khloe would never grow close to him again.

He understood perfectly well what Clarice was trying to do, yet he still chose to agree.

He was getting old and truly didn't want to be dragged into the struggle between Clarice and Khloe. Besides... Clarice was not someone easy to deal with.

Now, Michael was everything to him. As long as he could protect him and stay out of trouble, that was enough.

As for Khloe... even if she had formed a marriage alliance with Nick, if she still couldn't contend with Clarice in the end... then that was simply her fate.

Although Oscar had talked himself into this, seeing Khloe in such a state still made his heart ache.

He handed her a packet of tissues. "Khloe, don't be too nervous. I believe good people are blessed by the heavens. Nick will definitely be safe. But you, too-you must steady yourself. Your health is what matters."

Hearing this, it was as if something suddenly occurred to Khloe. The haze in her eyes cleared for a brief moment.

"Uncle Oscar, the Morrison Group is at a critical stage right now. I'll arrange for my staff to keep an eye on things, but I remember you're also involved in this project. I'll have to ask you to help out. There absolutely can't be any mistakes."

Khloe knew very well how irresponsible her departure was.

For such a key drug launch, although preparations were extremely thorough and major issues were unlikely, the final inspection and approval still required her personal oversight and signature. Now, she was leaving at the most crucial moment.

The only person she could trust was Oscar.

He was part of the Morrison family, and his interests were aligned with the Morrison Group's.

"Don't worry. I'll handle it," Oscar said, his throat bobbing as he spoke, a hint of guilt in his voice.

But Khloe didn't notice the subtle change in his expression at all.

She nodded gratefully. "Thank you. I'll transfer the signing authority to you. If anything comes up..."

"Contact me immediately." Oscar nodded. The car had already arrived at the airport terminal.

Khloe looked much calmer after saying all that, but when she reached to unbuckle her seatbelt, Oscar still saw her hands trembling.

After a long moment, she clenched her fists and forced a bitter smile at him. "I'll be going now, Uncle Oscar."

As she spoke, Oscar vaguely caught sight of tears slipping from the corners of her eyes.

She was clearly panicking inside, yet still forcing herself to stand tall.

Was a man she had only known for a short time really enough to make her worry this much?

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Oscar couldn't help but think of Michael. Why were all the children of the Morrison family so hopelessly devoted?

"Khloe-"

Oscar wanted to say something more, but Khloe didn't give him the chance. She had already gotten out of the car and walked away.

Her assistant was waiting at the entrance. The two of them moved quickly and disappeared from sight in

moments.

On the drive back, Oscar's brow remained furrowed.

He had so many reasons to justify himself. He didn't truly know what Clarice intended to do, and he wasn't exactly an accomplice.

Yet, when he thought of the trust in Khloe's eyes as she left, his chest felt unbearably tight.

Just as Oscar stepped through the front door, intending to speak with Clarice, her call came through at the same time.

He raised a hand to signal the servants to leave and answered the phone in the foyer.

"Khloe has already left. She was in a great hurry-she didn't delay even a moment after hearing the news."

His voice was heavy. "What about Michael..."

Clarice's smiling voice came through the receiver. "Oscar, don't worry. The Starr family dared to set their sights on one of us, so of course, I won't let them off. A large batch of their cooperative materials failed the audit. The losses this time are quite severe-there should be news about it by tomorrow."

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"If you're not satisfied yet, I can still find a way to make Lindsay suffer a bit more..." Clarice said.

"Clarice," Oscar said, sensing something off. "I don't care about the Starr family. What I want is Michael back

first."

“Oscar, I’ve already sent people to handle the negotiations in Naraida. Anyone who dares threaten us won’t end well. Why should we even give them the face? Don’t you agree?”

Clarice’s words made Oscar freeze.

He felt like he’d just been played.

Clarice could have easily dealt with the Starr family and saved Michael from Naraida-one word from her would have sufficed. But she hadn’t done that. Instead, she went straight at the Starr family.

This wasn’t helping-it was stirring up trouble.

Yet... in a way, she was venting on Michael’s behalf, protecting the Morrison family’s face. He couldn’t really

blame her.

Still, Michael’s situation would have to wait for her next move.

“Clarice, we both know each other well. What exactly are you trying to do? Threaten me?” Oscar’s irritation sharpened his tone.

“Oscar, why are you in such a rush? Don’t worry-within a week, Michael will definitely return safely. It’s just that...”

Her voice softened slightly. “With the Morrison Group’s drug launch coming up, I’ll need you to help me with a

little favor.”

“Don’t get carried away, Clarice. Niel may be gone, but that doesn’t mean our family is without a leader.”

Oscar’s anger flared. He hung up impulsively, too shocked to respond rationally. He never expected Clarice would dare pressure him like this.

When she married Niel, she had appeared the perfect, virtuous, gentle lady of a great family.

But Oscar had seen through her long ago-she was cunning.

With her background, abilities, and looks, she could have commanded the world. Yet, she played the submissive, stayed small beside Niel, and even refused to have children. That kind of woman was far more dangerous than anyone who openly wielded power.

“Michael has been detained in Naraida?”

Before Oscar could gather his thoughts, a cool, clear female voice came from behind.

He whipped around. He didn't know when Winnie had appeared.

“Winnie, you... what are you doing here?”

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Oscar was startled. He stared at her in disbelief. She was in his house!

“I'm sorry. I came looking for Michael, but... he wasn't here, so I stayed behind to wait for you,” Winnie explained.

She had arrived quite some time ago and had originally been waiting in the reception room. But no one had come to see her, so she had moved to the porch for some air.

Oscar had just entered the house when he received Clarice's call. The butler hadn't even had a chance to inform him before he dismissed everyone with a wave.

Seeing Oscar, Winnie didn't dare interrupt and stayed hidden in a corner.

“You were eavesdropping on my call...” Oscar's expression hardened instantly. He had never liked Winnie much.

Winnie didn't deny it. “I didn't mean to... but I-”

She had intended to leave, but the call mentioned Michael. She had come looking for news of him.

Last time, she and Michael had crossed Lindsay. Winnie had assumed Lindsay wouldn't dare provoke the Morrison family, only target her.

Unexpectedly, she hadn't been reported. Instead, Veronica had told her Michael was in trouble.

Of course, Veronica had no good intentions. In her and the Olson family's eyes, Winnie was a jinx-whomever got close to her would meet misfortune.

Michael happened to be the unluckiest of them all.

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Veronica was delighted when she heard something bad had happened to Michael. From then on, no matter how she bullied Winnie, no one would step in to protect Winnie anymore.

What she hadn't expected was that, upon learning Michael was in trouble, Winnie would actually lower herself and ask for information, even bowing her head to Veronica in the process.

Veronica didn't know the details of what had happened to Michael. The more Winnie wanted to know, the less she was willing to say.

Left with no other choice, Winnie came to find Oscar-despite knowing full well that he didn't welcome her.

Given Winnie's temperament, she couldn't tolerate others' cold stares. She would never willingly come to the Morrison family to humiliate herself like this.

"You know you're not welcome here, Winnie. Please leave."

Oscar was already in a foul mood. The fact that he was still being polite to Winnie was the height of his restraint.

With that, he turned to leave.

"Were you just speaking with Clarice?" Winnie said suddenly. "If I'm not mistaken, was she trying to use Michael to force you into doing something?"

At that moment, Winnie no longer cared what Oscar thought of her. She spoke plainly, laying his secret bare.

Anyone who got entangled in the Morrison family's affairs would meet a grim end. For someone like Winnie, who could barely protect herself, that truth was even more cruel.

Oscar stiffened. When he turned back to look at her, his gaze had turned cold and razor-sharp, dark and

intimidating.

“Winnie, anything you shouldn’t have heard should be forgotten. That is my best advice to you.

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“I know you’re prejudiced against me. It doesn’t matter how you see me. But please believe me-I truly don’t want anything to happen to Michael. I came today to help.”

Winnie forced herself to speak. Her palms were already going numb.

From childhood to now, the only person she had ever truly trusted was Michael.

In her eyes, no one else was genuinely good-especially not devouring aristocratic families like the Morrison family and the Olson family.

“You?” Oscar sneered. “What help could you possibly offer? Winnie, you should understand that if you truly wanted to help Michael, the best thing you could do would be to stay as far away from him as possible.

“If it weren’t for you, why would the Starr family have targeted him? He’s not young anymore-he should be settling down. You don’t even like him. Other than toying with his feelings, do you also intend to waste his life and his future on you?”

Oscar knew that venting his anger on a young woman was pointless. But Winnie had caused his son trouble too many times. He simply couldn’t swallow this resentment. And now, she even dared to speak so brazenly in front

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Chapter 209

+25 Bonus

of him.

“I...”

Winnie tried to explain, but she found she lacked the confidence to say the words.

What she felt for Michael had never been mere manipulation.

“If Michael comes back safely this time, I’ll stay far away from him. But right now, his situation is what matters most. Losing your temper at me won’t change anything. I came today to confirm the facts. If Michael truly has been detained in Naraida, I have a way to help him.”

Winnie had gathered quite a few rumors, though she couldn’t verify them. Only after overhearing Oscar’s phone call did she gain tentative confirmation.

“You have a way?” After venting his anger, Oscar had calmed somewhat. He still didn’t believe her, but he asked anyway. “What way?”

Winnie nodded solemnly. “That’s not something you need to worry about. But I’d like you to promise me one thing.”

“What? Now you want to negotiate terms with me too?” Oscar let out a cold laugh, a flicker of ‘just as I expected’ flashing in his eyes.

Winnie smiled helplessly. “I have no conditions. I only ask that you give me three days. For Michael’s sake, please don’t let yourself be used-and don’t hurt Khloe.”

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 310**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 310**

Chapter 310

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Clarice’s plan to target Khloe was an open secret in the circle, and Winnie knew it all too well.

Oscar had only agreed to comply with Clarice’s demands for Khloe’s sake.

Though Winnie had no friends-and couldn’t even count Khloe as one-she had always remembered kindness shown to her, never letting it go unpaid.

Besides, Khloe was Michael's cousin.

Winnie understood Michael well: he valued family harmony above all. If it were him, he would never do anything that might harm someone else's interests, no matter the personal cost.

"What do you intend to do?"

Seeing that Winnie wasn't joking, Oscar's expression darkened.

"Just give me three days. I'll save Michael."

Winnie didn't answer directly. Her eyes dimmed briefly as she said goodbye to Oscar, then turned and hurried

away.

In the dead of night, at the southwest border, the airport.

Fresh off the plane, Khloe immediately sent updates and calls to Lenny. He hadn't expected her to know the situation and could only report the facts.

"Mr. Hunt hasn't regained consciousness yet, but the most dangerous period is past. Please try not to worry."

Lenny tried to soothe her and promptly sent the location.

The Hunt family was clearly present. Loretta had gone to rest after the long journey, and it was Arista who had answered the phone. Her voice was hoarse-obviously from crying-but she stayed composed, both moved and anxious at Khloe's arrival, and managed to offer comforting words.

After hanging up, Khloe sat in the car, unable to hold back any longer, her arms wrapped around her head.

Her assistant noticed the trembling, knew she had been crying, but didn't reach out-unsure how to console her. Perhaps the best thing was not to disturb her at all.

Khloe was frantic, teetering on the edge of panic. She had moved at lightning speed: from learning the news to departure in just over an hour. She hadn't even brought a change of clothes. On the private jet, she hadn't slept a wink. It was the assistant who found her a blanket-otherwise, with the sudden drop in temperature, her body wouldn't have withstood it.

She had cried the whole way. She wanted to calm herself and see Nick first, but she simply couldn't. The thought that she had almost been separated from him forever made the fear rise uncontrollably.

This fear was the same as when she was a little girl, abandoned by her mother in an orphanage. She never wanted much—just a sliver of light to keep moving forward. Without it, one sank into the dark, and eventually, one adapted.

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Chapter 310

+25 Bonus

But fate had a cruel pattern: offering warmth and light only to drag her back into the abyss.

The hospital where Nick and the others were admitted was near the border of Felanche. Lenny and Arista personally came to meet Khloe.

Seeing them, Khloe quickly composed herself. Yet Arista, holding her hand, still felt the tremor of fear. Her hand was like ice, and her face was visibly sullen.

Inside the hospital room, the old monitoring machines beeped steadily, each sound wrenching at the nerves.

Nick was still on a ventilator, hooked up to an IV, lying pale and motionless on the bed.

Khloe quickened her pace as she entered the room, but at the first sight of him, her heart nearly stopped.

The tears she had struggled to hold back broke free, streaming down her face in heavy drops. She covered her mouth and clenched her teeth, forcing herself to stay upright, to hide the fragility of her emotions.

In just one week apart, Nick seemed to have lost so much weight. His once-towering, broad frame now seemed small and fragile on the narrow hospital bed. The sight tore at her heart.

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Chapter 31E