

Billionaire's match novel

Chapter 4 Author: Tangy Candy "The Morrison family home?" Khloe echoed. "Yes," Nigel confirmed with a respectful nod. "The Morrison family. From now on, it is your home." Khloe stood in silence for several seconds. Niel Morrison was her biological father, and the vast fortune he left had already fallen into her hands. Returning to the Morrison family was inevitable. She couldn't hide from it-nor did she need to. At last, she nodded. "Very well. Since it's my home, I should see it for myself." What was bound to come would arrive sooner or later.

On the drive, Nigel briefed her on the family's current affairs. The Morrison empire was vast, with the majority of assets once held directly by Niel. A smaller portion rested with Niel's father and elder brother. Now that Niel's entire estate had passed to Khloe, she had become the Morrison Group's largest shareholder. At present, Niel's father, Henry Morrison, was abroad recuperating. Niel's widow, Clarice Davis, managed the household, while the company's operations were left to their adopted son, Ethan Morrison.

An hour later, the extended Rolls-Royce glided through the iron gates of the Morrison estate. The mansion complex sprawled across more than ten thousand square feet, majestic and intimidating. The drive from the gates to the main villa alone took over ten minutes. Its architecture dwarfed ordinary mansions, every stone radiating extravagance, as though even a single brick could buy a city block. It was Khloe's first time entering such an opulent world. She would have been lying to claim she wasn't nervous, yet she forced herself to remain composed.

Nigel led her into the main villa's reception hall. As the heavy doors opened, Khloe saw a regal woman standing before the floor-to-ceiling windows, two attendants flanking her. On the sofa sat a young man in a tailored suit. The woman's gaze swept briefly across Khloe before she approached. "This is Madam Clarice, your late father's wife," Nigel murmured in her ear. "And that is Master Ethan, your late father's adopted son. He is your foster brother," he added, nodding toward the man on the sofa.

As Clarice lifted her chin in a silent command, Nigel withdrew, ushering the staff out of the room. In moments, only Khloe and the mother-son duo remained. "So. You are Khloe." Khloe gave a single, quiet nod. Though Clarice's mouth was curved into a smile, Khloe could feel the ice in her gaze. "Sit," Clarice instructed, her voice cool. "You're home now. There's no need to stand on ceremony." Ethan echoed the sentiment with polished, empty politeness. "Please, make yourself comfortable." Khloe chose a seat in the far corner of the lavish sofa.

"Clarice," she began, getting straight to the point, "may I ask why you wanted to speak with me?" "Let's not waste time," Clarice interrupted, bypassing any pretense of a warm welcome. "I need you to relinquish your claim to the majority of your inheritance." She gave a slight nod to Ethan, who slid a pre-prepared agreement across the table. "Khloe," he said, his tone as cool and impersonal as a business transaction, "my father's estate was left entirely to you. However, control of the company cannot fall into your hands. We trust you understand.

As compensation, we are prepared to offer you ten million dollars in cash." It was delivered not as an offer, but as a decree. Khloe blinked, then picked up the document and began flipping through its pages with an air of detached curiosity. Voluntarily forfeit all Morrison family shares, voting rights, and properties... Clarice took a slow, unhurried sip of her tea. "I know all about

your background," she stated, her voice dripping with condescension. "Your mother and Niel shared nothing more than a fleeting affair. You were an accident. Abandoned to an orphanage at three years old...

you've had a difficult life. Ten million is more money than you've ever dreamed of. But the public face of the Morrison family cannot be an illegitimate child. I expect you to have the self-awareness to understand that. "Nevertheless, you are Niel's daughter. You carry the Morrison blood. In name, you will remain the eldest daughter of this family. Should you ever find yourself in need, you may come to me." Her tone was utterly final, leaving no room for doubt that she expected immediate compliance. Khloe closed the folder and set it back on the table.

She met Clarice's gaze, her own eyes steady and unflinching. "Khloe, if you have no objections, please sign here," Ethan urged, nudging a pen across the tabletop. "I refuse." Khloe had anticipated this. The Morrison family would never genuinely welcome a so-called "bastard child" with open arms. What they called a negotiation was merely coercion dressed in civilized clothing. Her voice remained steady as she continued, "Clarice, you call me illegitimate. But the law recognizes paternity. My father left a will, a DNA report, and had me sign a notarized inheritance agreement with his attorney.

That is more than enough to establish my legal right." Clarice's face darkened as she studied Khloe, as if seeing a completely different person. It had never occurred to her that this girl would dare to push back. "You should understand, Khloe," Clarice sneered, her composure cracking to reveal pure contempt, "even if the estate is legally yours, you lack the capability to manage it." Ethan, too, looked stunned. No one in Goldmont City had ever dared to refuse his mother so directly. "Khloe," he said, dropping all pretense of politeness, "this isn't a request.

The Morrison family's affairs are far more complex than you can imagine. Your decision impacts everyone. You cannot stand against the entire family." But Khloe saw it clearly-this was a simple power play. To them, money was control, and she was a nobody they expected to buy off with pocket change. Unfortunately for them, she wasn't one to bend. "So this isn't a negotiation, but an ultimatum?" A faint, cold smile touched her lips. "How unfortunate for you. A legal inheritance cannot be voided by anyone's 'notice.'" "I've already reviewed the Morrison Group's portfolio.

Core real estate assets are valued at over ten billion, with annual revenue consistently above eight billion. And you offer me ten million as 'compensation'? That might buy a single commercial storefront. But against a ten-billion-dollar empire, it isn't a settlement-it's outright theft." She slid the agreement neatly back across the table. Clarice and Ethan exchanged a look of sheer astonishment. "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave," Khloe stated evenly. "We can either proceed according to the law, or we can negotiate in good faith. Ethan, you are my father's adopted son.

Under the inheritance law, your claim follows mine. Would the Morrison family truly allow an unrelated adoptee to supersede their own bloodline?" She stood and turned toward the door.

"Stop her," Clarice snapped. The bodyguards flanking the hall immediately moved to block the exit. Khloe paused, her eyes narrowing dangerously. "Clarice, are you resorting to force?" "Don't mistake my patience for weakness," Clarice replied, her tone icy. "Sign the agreement while I'm still willing to offer you anything at all." Ethan loomed over her, his height casting a shadow.

"Then name your price." "My price," Khloe said, meeting his gaze without a flicker of fear, "is everything my father left me. Not a single cent less." "Then you leave us no choice," Ethan said, his voice turning cold and hard as the guards closed in. Clarice retreated toward the window as

the heavy doors began to swing shut, sealing Khloe inside. Khloe stood her ground, spine straight and gaze like ice, ready for whatever came next. But just then, hurried footsteps echoed down the corridor.

A dozen men in impeccably tailored black suits filed into the room, with Nigel following closely behind them. Ethan froze mid-step. He recognized the insignia on their lapels. His face paled, and he instinctively looked to his mother for direction. "Madam," Nigel said, leaning close to murmur a few quiet words into Clarice's ear. Her haughty expression shattered, replaced by sheer disbelief. "What did you just say?" "Master Henry just called to confirm," Nigel replied.

"The Hunt family has chosen the young mistress." Before the weight of this could even settle, one of the newly arrived men broke from the group and walked directly up to Khloe. "Miss Khloe?" he inquired, his tone respectful. Still processing the sudden rescue, she managed a nod. "My master requests the honor of your company for dinner tomorrow evening." He presented her with a stark, black business card, its lettering stamped in sharp, raised gold foil. Having delivered his message, he and his contingent withdrew as swiftly and silently as they had arrived.

Khloe looked down at the card in her hand. A single name stood out, commanding and unmistakable: Nick Hunt. The Morrison family guards looked on, bewildered, their eyes darting between Ethan and Clarice. It was only after Clarice gave a sharp, nearly imperceptible nod that Ethan, seething with frustration, waved a dismissive hand for them to stand down. Though utterly confused by the intervention, Khloe didn't hesitate. She didn't look back as she walked out of the reception hall and out of the mansion. The moment the front door closed, Ethan whirled toward his mother. "Mom!

How could we just let her go?" "What else could we do?" Clarice's voice was frigid, her perfectly manicured nails drawing half-moons in her own palms. "You saw who that was. That was the Hunt family." Outside the estate, Khloe spotted a convoy of black cars pulling out. Dark tinted windows gave her a sudden chill, as though unseen eyes were locked on her. "Khloe." She turned. A white Bentley had rolled up beside her. The window lowered, revealing a middle-aged man in casual sportswear. "I'm your uncle, Oscar Morrison," he introduced himself with a smile. "Get in.

I'll give you a ride." Up close, Khloe could see the resemblance in his features. But after the ambush she'd just survived, her guard was at an all-time high. "Thank you, but I'll manage on my own," she replied, her tone flat and final. She continued walking. He kept the car rolling slowly alongside her, letting out a sigh that was meant to sound understanding. "Don't be so wary. I'm not like the others. I'm actually here to help you." When she didn't respond, he pressed on, his voice taking on a conspiratorial tone. "Look at it from their perspective.

You're an illegitimate daughter who just fell into a multi-billion-dollar inheritance. No powerful family would just roll out the welcome mat. But you're in a unique position-because the Hunt family has taken notice of you." "If you agree to a marriage alliance with them, your standing within the Morrison family will be cemented overnight. Clarice wouldn't dare lay a finger on you then." That finally made Khloe stop in her tracks. She turned to face him fully, her expression unreadable.

"A marriage alliance?" Cedella Cedella is a passionate storyteller known for her bold romantic and spicy novels that keep readers hooked from the very first chapter. With a flair for crafting emotionally intense plots and unforgettable characters, she blends love, desire, and drama into

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