

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1011

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1011 – Winnie was momentarily speechless. Michael continued, “Before I left, I heard you talking to Lucas. I trust you completely, so whatever you choose to do, I won't interfere. But did you think I was some easily fooled idiot?”

“Michael... I would never think that...”

Winnie opened her mouth, but words failed her. She was flustered beyond reason.

It was clear Michael was truly angry.

For a moment, he couldn't rein in his emotions. Only when he noticed the tears gathering in her eyes did he realize he had been too harsh.

He abruptly lowered his head, resting his elbow on his knee, his fist pressed against his brow.

Lucas didn't know Michael had been kept in the dark and had assumed they had already discussed everything together. Only at the end did he realize he had misspoken, and could only smooth things over by telling Michael to focus on his own matters, assuring him that Winnie was being taken care of.

Home Categories Search...

1011/1014

1

But to Michael, those words were even more piercing.

So she still didn't see him as someone she could rely on? They were already married, yet she would rather take risks with someone else than tell him?

“I'm sorry, Michael... I really am...” Winnie lowered her head and kept apologizing.

Seeing that he didn't respond, she reached out and tugged at his sleeve.

After a moment, Michael finally relented, worn down by her small gestures, and lifted his head.

“Winnie, do you even know how I felt when I heard about it?”

She lowered her gaze.

“I'm sorry. I just didn't want you to worry... and I was afraid you might disagree. Besides, it wasn't easy for your dad to finally accept me. I didn't want him to think I was causing trouble again.”

Michael frowned.

“You didn't want me to worry?” he repeated. “So you went to the Olson family alone, to the police station alone, and went through everything by yourself... and you think I wouldn't worry?”

1Rarely being scolded by Michael,

Winnie's voice turned slightly aggrieved, though still stubborn.

have to woFEY.

“You didn't I could

handle it on my own...”

“You certainly can, because you've got Lucas helping you,” Michael said

helplessly. “So in the end, you just don’t want to rely on me.”

Winnie’s eyes reddened. “My cooperation with Lucas was necessary. What are you even talking about? How is this me not relying on you?”

Frustrated, she turned her head away and refused to look at him.

Michael stood up, intending to return to his room. But after a few steps, he glanced back at her small, trembling figure facing away from him—and whatever anger remained instantly collapsed.

He let out a long sigh, tugged at his loosened collar, and suddenly felt like laughing.

It seemed he had been worn down too many times already. At this point, even this much anger wasn’t enough to sustain a real argument.

He turned back and sat down beside her again.

“Winnie.”

She didn’t respond.

But the moment she heard him return, her emotions had already softened.

Michael called her again. This time she answered, “What?”

“If you pull something like this again,” he said slowly, “I’m going to start enforcing strict husband discipline.”

Winnie was stunned. Turning to him, she asked, “What does that mean?”

Michael placed his large hand firmly on her thigh, sliding it down to take her hand.

Michael

“Exactly what it sounds like,” he said with a faint curve of his lips.

“Wherever you go, I go. Whatever you do, I’ll be with you. If reason doesn’t work and our thoughts don’t align, then I’ll change you through action. From now on, there won’t be a single ounce of distance or awkwardness between us.”

Winnie stared at him in shock, half exasperated, half amused.

“Michael... have you lost your mind?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1012

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1012 – Michael didn’t answer. He simply tilted his head and sealed Winnie’s lips with his.

The living room fell suddenly quiet. Warm golden light from the ceiling spilled over their entwined silhouettes, wrapping them in a soft glow.

After a long while, Michael’s breathing finally evened out. Only then did Winnie manage to create a small gap between them. Her hand rested around

his neck as she asked in a low voice, “Michael, are you not angry anymore?”
“I am.”

His answer made her heart sink.

“Then... what do you want me to do?”

Michael lowered his gaze to her.

Her eyes were still red, her lips slightly swollen from his kisses. She looked at him helplessly, flustered and uncertain—almost as if she were inviting something.

His thumb brushed lightly across the faint mark on her cheek.

Home Categories Search...

1012/1014

1

“Winnie.”

His Adam’s apple bobbed, his breath suddenly turning lighter.

Confused, she looked at him—but in the next moment, as she met his gaze, realization dawned. Her face flushed instantly.

“I mean compensation like that... not that kind of compensation...” she hurried to explain.

But before she could finish, the corner of Michael’s lips had already lifted.

Embarrassed and annoyed, she pushed at him. “Michael, you’re so annoying... why are you teasing me...”

He didn’t respond. Instead, he lowered his head and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

Thinking of how she had always been stubborn in the past—never willing to admit fault even when she was wrong—the last trace of his anger faded away.

“I don’t need you to do anything,” he said softly. “I just want you to know—I’m angry because you hid something dangerous from me. So next time... I hope you can consider my feelings too.”

Feeling guilty, Winnie immediately nodded. “I will tell you next time. This time was just... too sudden.”

“Winnie,” Michael said, “before I’m your husband, I’m your best friend for life. I will respect every decision you make. I’m not as powerless as you think. I won’t stop you from what you want to do.”

His words struck directly at the thoughts she had been trying to hide.

She had to admit it—Michael truly understood her best. In front of him, she had nowhere to hide.

Winnie buried her face back into his chest.

“Okay. I understand.”

Michael lowered his voice. “Understand what?”

“I won’t hide things from you anymore.”

Michael gave a faint smile. “And?”

Winnie looked up. “And what else?”

Michael met her gaze.

“In the future, when something happens, who do you go to first?”

She paused for a moment, then smiled.

“You,” she said.

Michael nodded. “That’s more like it.”

Satisfied, he lifted her into his arms and carried her upstairs in long strides. Once back in the room, the tension between them ignited instantly. But just as things were getting intense, Michael's phone rang—once, then again, and again.

1net

At first, neither of them paid it any attention. But after repeated interruptions, even Winnie lost her mood. She pushed him away and insisted he get up to take the call

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1013

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1013 – “It's fine. You should head back first. I can handle the rest myself,” Winnie said.

“Did you already forget what we just discussed?”

“But your dad...”

“Dad asked me to assist you.”

Michael didn't say much more. He simply showed her his chat with Oscar. Indeed, Oscar had told him there was no need to stay by his side. He had enough medical staff and assistants around him, and Michael and Winnie should focus on their own matters instead.

“So why did you...”

Winnie still looked doubtful. If that were the case, Michael wouldn't have needed to step out to take his call earlier.

Michael pinched her cheek lightly. “Dad already acknowledges you as his daughter-in-law. Stop overthinking. We were just discussing how to use tonight's situation to get you your inheritance as quickly as possible.”

Home Categories Search...

1013/1014

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Winnie was surprised. Ever since Clarice had fallen from power, cooperation between the Morrison and Olson families had been cut off.

Now that Michael and Winnie were married, Oscar naturally knew which side to stand on—especially after the Olson family had gone too far this time.

This was the perfect opportunity for Winnie to reclaim her mother's inheritance.

The foundation held enormous authority. Even though Winnie now had the leverage to negotiate with the Olson family, the entire matter had been handed over to a cooperating foundation.

“The foundation may not necessarily cooperate. If they drag things out, the process won't go smoothly,” Winnie said.

Michael continued, “It won't matter.”

“This time, you're not alone. This is no longer just a matter between the Olson family and you—it's a battlefield between the Olson, Morrison, and Hunt

families. The foundation knows which side to choose.”

Winnie looked at him.

His expression was calm—so calm it sounded like he was stating something utterly ordinary.

“If they want to resist,” he said lightly, “they’re welcome to try.”

Winnie froze for a moment, then laughed.

“Michael,” she said, “why do you suddenly sound so...”

“So what?”

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“So unlike yourself.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Unlike myself? Then what should I be like?”

Winnie thought for a moment.

“A good-natured man,” she said. “Someone who doesn’t fight over anything.”

Michael said nothing. He looked at her for a long time.

Then he spoke.

“Winnie.”

“Mm?”

“Before,” he said slowly, “I didn’t fight over anything because there was nothing worth fighting for.”

She froze.

“But now, things are different.”

She met his gaze. There was something in his eyes—serious, unwavering.

“Now I have you,” he said.

Her eyes grew warm again. She buried her face into his chest, gripping his shirt tightly.

“Michael... don’t say anymore.”

He smiled faintly.

“Alright.”

Outside the window, night was deep.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1014

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1014 - Ariana looked up at Trey.

“What are you smiling at?”

Trey took a slow sip of wine.

“You don’t see it?” he asked.

Ariana said nothing, still watching the screen.

Trey set down his glass and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window.

“That girl, Winnie,” he said lightly, “doesn’t have the brains for this.”

Ariana frowned.

“You mean...”

“Khloe.” Trey cut her off. “This is her work.”

Ariana paused—then smiled as well.

“Isn’t she in Swinterland with Nick?”

Home Categories Search...

1014/1014

BETA

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“So what if she’s in Swinterland?” Trey turned back. “That doesn’t stop her from meddling.”

Ariana fell silent.

Trey studied her, a faint light flickering in his eyes.

“Think about it,” he said. “The rhythm of the public opinion shift, the timing of the evidence release, the foundation’s reaction speed—every step hits perfectly. That’s not something Winnie could pull off.”

Ariana nodded.

“So what now?”

Trey’s lips curved slightly.

“So,” he said, “the more Khloe does this, the happier I am.”

Ariana looked at him.

“Why?”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he turned back to the window, gazing at the night outside.

“The more she stirs things up,” he said, “the less attention she can pay to the Hunt Group.”

Ariana understood immediately.

“You’re going to add fuel to the fire?”

Trey let out a low laugh.

BETA

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“Not yet,” he said. “Let the Olson family fire burn first. When it gets big enough, we’ll add more wood.”

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The next morning

The trending topic had held the top spot all night.

Over at Olson Toys’ PR department, the phones hadn’t stopped ringing since midnight. They tried everything—take down requests, deleting comments, issuing official statements. Nothing worked.

The foundation moved even faster.

announcement

At 9:00 a.m., a short

went up on its website: all cooperation with Olson Toys was suspended, effective immediately, and an internal investigation was underway

The moment Mr. Olson saw the news, the teacup in his hand hit the floor and shattered.

“What does this mean?” His voice shook. “They’re trying to cut us loose?”

His wife paced back and forth beside him, frantic. “What do we do? What do we do? Where did all that evidence even come from?”

BETA

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Mr. Olson didn't answer.

He just stared at the statement on the screen, his face dark as iron.

He knew exactly what this meant.

If the foundation pulled out, Olson Toys was done.

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10 a.m. – Foundation Headquarters

The conference room was packed.

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Several directors wore grim expressions. Newspapers were spread across the table, every single one splashing the Olson family Scandal across the front page.

"The public pressure is too intense," one director said. "Our phones have been ringing off the hook."

Another nodded. "Donors are starting to ask questions, too. If this keeps up, the foundation's reputation won't survive."

The elderly man at the head of the table stayed silent for a long moment.

"What about the Olson family inheritance?" he finally asked. "How was that handled back then?"

BETA

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The room went quiet for a few seconds.

Someone spoke up quietly. "By the book, it was all above board. But..."

"But what?" the old man pressed.

The man didn't finish.

But everyone in the room knew what he meant.

Above board didn't mean morally right.

The elder let out a long sigh.

"Cut them loose," he said at last.

Someone frowned. "You mean..."

"Sever all ties with the Olson family," he said. "Give the patent rights back to Winnie. Return everything that belongs to her. We're done getting involved.

"But—"

"No buts." The elder cut him off. "The Olsons made this mess. Let them clean it up themselves."

BETA

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Billionaire's Match ()

/Chapter 1013

The room fell silent for a beat.
Then someone stood up.
“I’ll reach out to Winnie.”
2 p.m. – Winnie’s Home

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1015

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1015 – Her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and froze for a few seconds.

Michael, standing beside her, asked, “Who is it?”

“The foundation,” Winnie said.

Michael nodded. “Answer it.”

She took the call.

The voice on the other end was extremely polite—so polite it felt like they were talking to a VIP guest.

“Winnie, regarding your mother’s inheritance, we’d like to meet with you in person to discuss it.”

Winnie’s grip on the phone tightened.

“Discuss what?”

There was a brief pause on the line.

“Restitution,” the person said. “Everything that belongs to you will be returned in full.”

Home Categories Search...

1015/1053

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Winnie hung up. She stood there, frozen, for a long time.

Michael walked over and gently wrapped his arms around her from behind.

“You heard that?” he asked.

Winnie nodded. She still didn’t speak. But her shoulders trembled slightly.

Michael turned her around to face him.

Her eyes were red, but she hadn’t cried.

“Winnie,” he said softly.

She looked at him.

“You got it back,” he said. “Your mother’s inheritance.”

That was when Winnie’s tears finally fell. She buried her face in his chest, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably.

Michael didn’t say a word. He just held her, gently stroking her back, over and over.

After a long while, she spoke, her voice muffled.

“Michael, thank you.”

Michael lowered his head and pressed a kiss to the top of her hair.

“It wasn’t me,” he said. “You did this.”

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4 p.m. – Olson Family Residence

Mr. Olson’s phone rang again.

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He glanced at the caller ID. It was the foundation.

He answered.

“Mr. Olson,” the voice on the other end was calm, “we have decided to terminate all cooperation with Olson Toys.”

Mr. Olson froze.

“What did you say?”

“You heard me clearly,” the voice replied. “From today onward, the foundation has no further relationship with the Olson family. All of Winnie’s mother’s inheritance will be returned to her in full.”

“You’re insane!” Mr. Olson’s voice trembled. “We’ve worked together for so many years—”

1net

“Precisely because we’ve worked together for so many years,” the other party interrupted, “we don’t want to be dragged down with you.’

The call ended.

Mr. Olson stood there, motionless, still holding the phone.

Mrs. Olson rushed over. “What happened? What did they say?”

Mr. Olson didn’t answer. He only turned slowly to look at her.

The look in his eyes terrified her.

“Why... why are you looking at me like that?” she stammered.

His voice came out hoarse, like sandpaper. “It’s over.”

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7 p.m. – A Private Club

Trey looked at the news notifications on his phone, the corners of his lips slowly curling upward.

[Olson Toys stock crashes, foundation cuts ties.]

[Exclusive: Winnie Olson to legally reclaim all maternal inheritance.]

[Olson family internal conflict? Insiders reveal more details.]

1

Ariana sat across from him, watching.

“What are you smiling at?”

Trey set his phone down.

“At Khloe’s handiwork,” he said.

Ariana frowned.

Trey continued, “She’s in Swinterland, yet her reach is this long Don’t you think she must be exhausted?”

Ariana said nothing.

Trey took a sip of wine.

“The more exhausted she gets,” he said, “the less attention she can pay to the Hunt Group.”

He paused.

“It’s time to make our move on the Hunt Group.”

...

Three days later, Veronica came back to the Olson family home.

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She stood in the middle of the living room, her face pale, a strange, eerie gleam in her eyes.

When Mrs. Olson saw her, she almost didn’t recognize her daughter at first.

“Veronica... what happened to you?”

Veronica didn’t answer.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1016

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1016 – Khloe quickly packed her belongings into her bag, then called over a waiter to

order a dessert. Only after finishing it did she stand up and leave.

She had asked Lucas to investigate the research project on T7 that Nick’s attending physician had mentioned. It was indeed a new extract developed in Naraida that could reverse the spread of cancer cells. The clinical data looked impressive.

However, the source of the extract had been deliberately erased. Using all available channels, Lucas had only managed to uncover two words: Biological extraction.

Khloe stared at that reply for a long moment, a faint unease creeping up her spine.

A biological extract—what kind of organism required its information to be hidden so thoroughly?

But she didn’t have the mind to think further about it now.

As she stepped out of the café, that same feeling of being watched returned.

She turned back.

Home Categories Search...

1016/1053

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The bustling street behind her showed no one paying her any attention.

The bodyguards and assistant waiting in the corner walked over, and upon noticing her searching gaze, immediately became alert as well.

“Madam, is there a problem?” one of them asked.

Khloe said nothing.

She glanced at the time. She had been out for quite a while. Nick’s treatment should also be about to end. It was time to go back.

“Have you bought everything for Nick?” she asked, withdrawing her gaze.

The bodyguards lifted the shopping bags in their hands, revealing a full set of

high-end ingredients. She had said she would cook for Nick tonight, so she had come out personally to buy the ingredients. However, once they arrived near the shopping center, Khloe had sent her subordinates away with a list and slipped into the café for a short break.

Just as she was preparing to get into the car—

“Someone help! Help! That elderly woman looks like she’s having an episode!”

A panicked cry suddenly came from behind her.

Not far away, an old woman had collapsed on the ground. A few passersby stood around her, and the one shouting for help was among them.

But no one stepped forward to assist—not even to call an ambulance.

Khloe could tell the old woman had likely been kneeling on the street begging.

When she first arrived at the café, the woman had already been there.

1

“Go take a look,” Khloe said, pointing at her, signaling the bodyguards.

They immediately went over. The old woman’s face was bluish-purple, her body convulsing—likely a heart condition.

The assistant quickly dialed emergency services.

Khloe was about to walk over as well, but a bodyguard stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

“Madam, please don’t get closer,” he said. “There are too many eyes here.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1017

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1017 – Everything looked normal.

But that feeling of being watched still lingered.

The bodyguard crouched beside the elderly woman and forced the pill into her mouth. The woman convulsed and struggled weakly before finally managing to swallow it.

Nearby, her assistant was still on the phone, calling for an ambulance, speaking quickly in accented French.

Khloe watched the scene unfold, and a thought suddenly flashed through her mind, ‘Too coincidental.’

The moment she stepped out, the old woman had an episode. The moment she tried to approach, she was stopped by the bodyguard. Everything seemed perfectly logical, seamlessly arranged.

But something still felt off.

Her gaze shifted again to the man in gray. He was still there, head lowered, staring at his phone, completely motionless. Two minutes had passed. He hadn’t turned a single page.

Home Categories Search...

1017/1053

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Khloe’s heart sank slightly.

“Madam,” another bodyguard approached her. “The ambulance will arrive soon. Should we wait in the car first?”

She nodded and turned toward the vehicle.

The moment she turned, someone brushed past her shoulder and bumped into her.

She whipped around instantly. A man in black was walking away quickly, not looking back.

Khloe lowered her head to check her bag.

The zipper was still closed. She checked inside.

Phone there. Wallet there. The small white box—
Still there.

Only then did she relax slightly.

The bodyguards, however, had already become alert. One of them quickly caught up to the man in black and blocked his path.

“What are you doing?” he demanded.

The man turned around, looking innocent.

“What?”

“You bumped into my boss,” the bodyguard said coldly.

The man looked between the bodyguard and Khloe, then suddenly smiled.

1

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” he said repeatedly, bowing. “I was just looking at my phone and didn’t notice. It really wasn’t intentional.”

His attitude was sincere, his expression full of apology.

The bodyguard glanced back at Khloe.

She stared at the man for a few seconds.

Ordinary face. Ordinary clothes. Ordinary smile. No flaws at all.

She gave a small nod.

The bodyguard released him. The man bowed again, then quickly left.

Khloe watched him disappear into the crowd.

“Madam?” the assistant approached. “The ambulance has arrived.

Everything’s been handled over there. Shall we go?”

She withdrew her gaze.

“Let’s go.”

She got into the car. The engine started, and the car pulled away from the curb. She did not see it—the man in gray

finally moved. He lifted his head, glanced in the direction she had left then put away his phone and walked off at an unhurried pace.

1And she also did not see—the elderly woman on the ground, as she was being lifted onto the stretcher, quietly opened her eyes and cast a brief glance in their direction.

Everything was normal. Too normal.

...

By the time Khloe returned, it was evening. Nick had already finished his treatment for the day and was sitting on the sofa reading.

Hearing the door open, he looked up.

“You’re back?”

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“Mm.” She changed her shoes and walked over, sitting beside him. “How was it today?”

“Not bad.” Nick looked at her. “And you?”

“Bought some things.” She pointed toward the kitchen. “I promised I’d cook for you tonight.”

A faint smile appeared on Nick’s lips.

“I’ll be waiting.”

Khloe leaned into his embrace and didn’t move.

He looked down at her.

“Tired?”

“No.” She paused. “It’s just... something feels off.”

His gaze deepened slightly.

“What feels off?”

1She hesitated, then recounted what had happened in the afternoon—the elderly woman’s sudden illness the man in gray the man who bumped into her, and that lingering sense of being watched.

After she finished, Nick remained silent for a few seconds.

“Is the medicine still there?”

She nodded, retrieved her bag, took out the small white box, and opened it for him to see.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1018

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 1018 – The reagent bag lay quietly inside the box. Nick glanced at it, then handed the box back to her.

“Khloe.”

“Mm?”

“Don’t go out alone these days.”

Khloe looked at him.

His expression was calm, but his tone was serious.

“Lacuna members are in Swinterland,” he said. “They wouldn’t appear here without a reason.”

Her heart sank slightly.

“You mean...”

“I’m just telling you to be careful,” Nick cut her off. “Nothing else.”

Khloe said nothing. She leaned back into his embrace, the small box still in her hand.

Home Categories Search...

BETA 1018/1053

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Night deepened outside the window.

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Two hours later, after spending an entire evening in the kitchen, Khloe finally brought out four dishes and a soup.

Nick sat at the dining table, looking at the full spread, the corners of his lips faintly curved.

“Are you sure we can finish everything?”

“If we can’t finish it, we’ll heat it up tomorrow,” she said, sitting across from him. “Try it.”

Nick picked up his fork and took a bite.

“How is it?”

“Good.”

Khloe smiled. “You say that every time.”

Nick looked at her.

Warm light fell across her face. Her eyes curved slightly when she smiled, and there was a bit of sauce at the corner of her lips.

He reached out and gently wiped it away with his thumb.

She froze for a moment, then her cheeks flushed slightly.

“What are you doing?”

“There was a smudge,” Nick said.

BETA

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She pressed her lips together and continued eating.

Nick watched her without speaking.

He knew she was hiding something.

He also knew what was inside that small box.

He didn’t ask, because she wasn’t saying. She wasn’t saying because she didn’t want him to worry.

But he already knew. From the moment Lucas sent him that message—T7, developed in Naraida, unknown extraction source.

He had looked into it. Biological extraction.

What those two words truly meant... he didn’t dare think further.

Yet tonight, watching her moving around the kitchen, smiling, sitting quietly eating, he suddenly felt that none of it mattered anymore. What mattered was that she was still here with him.

...

After dinner, by the time Khloe finished cleaning up the kitchen, Nick had already gone upstairs.

She entered the bedroom and saw him leaning against the headboard, reading a book.

Still the same pregnancy guide.

She couldn’t help but laugh.

“You still haven’t finished that?”

BETA

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“I have,” he said, glancing up.

“Then why are you still reading it?”

Long, long moments passed. Outside, night pressed deep and silent.

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BETA

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Meanwhile, somewhere in Swinterland, a man in gray handed the reagent bag to another person.

“The drug’s secured.”

The other man took it and held it up to the light.

“Are you sure it’s this one?”

“Positive. We tested her in the afternoon—she was on guard, so we didn’t act. At night, when she relaxed after returning, we switched personnel and got it done.”

The other man nodded.

“And you left no trace?”

“None at all. She still hasn’t noticed.”

The man put the vial away.

“Alright. Now, we return to Goldmont City.”

The man in gray paused.

“Goldmont City?”

“Trey wants to see you.”

The two figures disappeared into the night.

The next morning, when Khloe woke up, her eyes were badly swollen. She glanced at the bedside table—the empty box was still there. She stared at it for a long time.

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BETA

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Nick came out of the bathroom, saw her in a daze, and sat down beside the bed.

“Khloe.”

She didn’t move.

He reached out and turned her face toward him.

“Listen to me.”

She looked at him. His eyes were calm.

“That drug—if it’s gone, it’s gone.”

Khloe shook her head.

“That was your life...”

“My life isn’t there,” Nick cut her off. “It’s in your hands.”

Her eyes turned red again.

He raised his hand and brushed away her tears with his thumb.

BETA

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“We’re going back to Goldmont City,” he said. “Once we’re back, focus on your own matters. Winnie needs you.”

She looked at him.

He continued, "You don't need to stay by my side every day."

Khloe shook her head.

"No."

He looked at her.

She grasped his hand tightly.

"Where you go, I go," she said. "We promised."

Nick didn't speak. He simply pulled her into his arms.

...In the afternoon, their plane took off.

Khloe stared out at Swinterland
growing smaller beneath the clouds,

ne

her mind blank.

The drug was gone. The thing she had fought so hard to obtain—gone just like that.

Nick sat beside her, holding her hand.

BETA

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She turned to look at him.

His eyes were closed—whether
asleep or resting, she didn't know.
t streamed through the
window, falling across his face.

He had lost weight. But his grip on her hand was still steady.

Khloe lowered her head and leaned against his shoulder.

No matter what, as long as he was next to her... that was enough.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1020

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 1020 – Before Mr. Olson could even reach out to place a comforting hand on his daughter's shoulder and ask what had happened, Veronica shot him a poisonous glare.

She took a step back, refusing to let him touch her. "Why... why did you adopt that bitch, Winnie?"

Mr. Olson froze, then let out a long sigh. "Veronica, so you've already heard about what happened?"

Veronica did not respond. She walked forward in silence instead. Her aura was entirely different from before, so cold and oppressive that even the servants did not dare approach her.

Finally, she stopped in front of the vase that Mr. Olson had just picked up and set down again.

"Veronica..."

Mrs. Olson's expression changed.

Home Categories □ Search...

□ ≥ 1020/1053 □

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In the next second, Veronica lifted the vase with both hands and slammed it violently to the ground.

People scattered in panic. Shards of porcelain exploded outward, sharp fragments flying-nearly striking

Mr. Olson.

The butler reacted quickly and pulled him aside just in time.

Still, a maid who failed to dodge in time had her arm slashed open.

A cry rang out. Bright red blood trickled down her arm and dripped onto the carpet.

Mrs. Olson immediately barked, "Are you all stupid? Clean it up! The carpet is ruined!"

The vase was an antique, worth a fortune-but it was already shattered, so be it. It had been broken by her precious daughter anyway; there was nothing to be done.

But the carpet was custom-made by hand, equally valuable. Seeing it stained by a servant's blood made her heart ache.

At her order, the bleeding maid quickly pressed her sleeve over the wound and retreated in haste.

Smashing one vase was not enough. Veronica turned and began grabbing other expensive ornaments, one after another, hurling them to the floor.

The butler hurriedly ordered the servants to stop her.

1

Mr. Olson finally realized something was wrong.

"Enough! What are you throwing a tantrum for? What kind of shock did you go through?"

"What shock..." Veronica sneered, her arm still restrained. She lifted her head and glared at him. "Whatever I went through-it's all thanks to you. Winnie deserves to die-but so do all of you! Because every last bit of this... it's all your fault!"

1/2

+25 Bonus

Mrs. Olson's heart ached seeing her daughter like this. She quickly waved for the servants to let her go and stepped forward to comfort her.

But Veronica suddenly screamed, "Don't touch me! None of you... don't touch me!"

Seeing her so resistant, Mrs. Olson froze and dared not approach further.

"Veronica, what's wrong? Tell Mom..."

"What's wrong?" Mr. Olson cut in angrily. "She's been spoiled rotten by you!" With a sharp wave of his hand, he ordered the butler to take her back to her room.

The butler obeyed immediately and, ignoring Mrs. Olson's protests, forcibly escorted Veronica away.

"What are you doing? She just came back-she's clearly been bullied by

outsiders...”

1

Mrs. Olson complained at him, then tried to follow, only to be stopped again.

“I already told you-this daughter of yours has been spoiled rotten. What more do you want?”

“If you won’t comfort her, I will!” she shot back. “All you do is yell-you can’t see how wronged she is. But I’m her mother. I know she needs me right now.”

Her voice trembled as she spoke, growing more upset by the second. She blamed herself for being careless, for not protecting her daughter.

The truth was... they could already guess what had happened to Veronica.

The men who were originally hired to go after Winnie were still missing.

Something had clearly gone wrong. And Veronica had disappeared that very same night-there was no way it wasn’t connected to those men.

But those were desperate, ruthless people. The fact that Veronica had made it back alive was already the best they could hope for under the circumstances...

As for the rest, they didn’t dare think about it. And they didn’t dare ask

P

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