

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 251

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 251

Chapter 251

Stella glanced at Lauren. Lauren kept her head lowered and said nothing to stop it-clearly thinking the same thing.

“There’s no need to take it this far. Khloe, she...” Trey paused. “I don’t think Khloe would really push things to the bitter end with me.”

He didn’t know why, but the moment Khloe was mentioned, he lost his composure.

She had been so ruthless to him, even going so far as to find some random man to get back at him. Yet, whenever he thought of Khloe, even breathing hurt.

“Trey, have you completely lost your head over Khloe?” Angela snapped, finally unable to hold back. “She’s a shameless woman. You treated her so well-even if she wanted revenge, she still shouldn’t have used such despicable means. And you’re still soft on her?”

“Angela, watch your mouth. Trey has a conscience and principles-unlike certain people...” Seeing her son being attacked, Stella immediately bristled.

Khloe might be shameless, but Angela wasn’t any better. She was just as ruthless—a woman who would stop at nothing.

“Enough!” Lauren finally erupted, her hoarse voice cracking as she barked the word, silencing both Stella and Angela. She looked only at Trey. “Trey, what do you plan to do?”

“I...” Trey hesitated for a long moment. His gaze flicked past Angela, evasive. “I want to... get back together with Khloe.”

“What did you say?!” Angela’s face flushed red as she stared at him in disbelief.

How could he say something like that-right in front of her?

Had he really... had a change of heart?

“It’s just a delaying tactic,” Trey said, sounding somewhat irritated. “Khloe has a soft heart. As long as I sincerely chase her back and stabilize her first-”

“Then what about me?” Angela cut in, laughing angrily. “We’re legally married. To ‘stabilize’ Khloe, are you planning to divorce me?”

Stella watched Angela’s reaction with a faint look of schadenfreude,

“Aren’t you supposed to love Trey?” she said lightly. “Loving someone means being willing to sacrifice. To help him get through this crisis, what’s wrong with divorcing him?”

“You-”

Angela was no pushover. If Khloe was soothed while she herself was provoked, the Fox family would hardly know peace.

Trey understood this perfectly. He immediately grabbed her arm and pulled her firmly into his embrace, his voice softening.

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+25 Bonus

“I won’t divorce you. I can lie to her. Divorce requires a cooling-off period-by the time that’s over, the company will have gone public.”

Only then did Angela finally quiet down.

Trey’s gaze darkened as it swept over Stella and Lauren.

“As for Khloe... I have my own plans.”

He still hadn’t given up on Khloe.

Before, he only wanted to deal with her. This time... he wanted to truly capture her heart.

That evening, Trey sought out Arthur for another long talk. Khloe’s situation had become urgent.

He was willing to give up all his own shares, pool together half of the company’s equity, and transfer it to Khloe.

Arthur naturally objected. But under Trey's repeated pleas and assurances, he finally wavered.

"You're really that confident in her?"

"If you don't risk the bait, you won't catch the wolf," Trey replied. "What Khloe and I had wasn't fake. If she wants revenge, it's only because I hurt her too deeply."

Though Trey spoke calmly and rationally, Arthur felt an unshakable unease.

Even with Angela, Trey seemed to calculate every gain and loss. Yet for Khloe—a woman he supposedly didn't love—he was willing to take such an enormous risk.

But plans rarely keep pace with reality.

Early the next morning, a group of unexpected visitors suddenly arrived at the doors of the Fox Group.

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Before Trey even arrived at the office, the company group chat had already exploded.

A top-tier project suddenly blew up with a massive scandal. Several government departments had even stepped in to investigate. If the issue couldn't be resolved, the cooperation with the Morrison Group would be forced to

stop.

That afternoon, inside the Olson Group's Toy Center store in the central district, everyone was busy setting up a private room.

Someone had lavishly booked the entire store to host a birthday party in a VIP suite. The themed room was filled with premium liquor and an extravagant spread of food.

“Winnie, today’s guests are not ordinary people. You’d better serve them properly. If you do well, the performance credit is yours. If you don’t... you’ll be embarrassing our family. Dad will be sure to punish you.”

As Winnie was arranging plush toys, Veronica’s voice drifted into her ears.

Winnie stood there in a work uniform. There was no trace left of an Olson family heiress—she looked exactly like an ordinary store manager.

As if she hadn’t heard a word, Winnie finished what she was doing and brushed past Veronica, treating her like

thin air.

Veronica curled her lips into a cold smile. She had long grown used to Winnie’s attitude. Besides, there was a much bigger show to watch today. She had no intention of arguing with her now.

Half an hour later, the entire staff lined up neatly at the entrance to welcome the guests.

Standing at the very front, Winnie spotted the arrivals at a glance.

Her eyes paused for a beat. The color drained from her face, and the body she bent forward suddenly stiffened.

Michael clearly hadn’t expected to see Winnie here either.

A slender arm was looped through his. The woman beside him was delicate and beautiful, elegant in demeanor, a soft smile on her lips as she gazed tenderly at Michael’s profile.

“Michael, you’re here. Please come in,” Veronica’s voice floated in at just the right moment, breaking the awkward silence. “The private room is already prepared, and all your friends have arrived.”

She stepped out from among the staff, warmly guiding Michael and the woman beside him inside.

Dressed in a light pink designer skirt suit, Veronica looked every inch a pampered socialite, her appearance forming a stark contrast to Winnie.

Michael froze for a moment. His lips parted slightly, his puzzled gaze lingering on Winnie.

But she didn’t look at him, keeping her head lowered.

Winnie was, after all, the Olson family's heiress. Why was she working at a store? And in a uniform, no less?

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+25 Bonus

"Oh, you must be Veronica, the Olson family's heiress?" Before Michael could recover, the woman beside him spoke with a smile.

"Yes. And you must be Lindsay, Michael's fiancée, right?" Veronica replied lightly. "I've heard my father mention you. Our families even had dinner together before."

Her words sounded casual-almost careless-yet every syllable was deliberate.

Winnie's brow twitched. Despite herself, her peripheral vision flicked toward the woman at Michael's side.

She had heard about it. Michael had been going on blind dates recently.

She didn't want to know anything about Michael anymore, not even a little. Yet, Veronica never let her off, always finding ways to shove news about him in her face.

"Really? Now that you mention it, I do vaguely remember!"

Lindsay Starr was in an excellent mood. Taking Veronica's arm, she followed her into the store with an easy smile.

Winnie kept her head lowered the entire time.

As Michael passed by her side, his steps faltered.

"Why are you here?" he asked in a low voice near her ear. "You're the store manager?"

His gaze dropped to the name badge on her chest.

She was the manager of this store.

But even if Winnie wanted to work for the Olson Group, there was no reason for her to be laboring in a store as service staff.

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+25 Bonus

“It has nothing to do with you.” Winnie spoke coldly, never once lifting her gaze to Michael’s face.

Michael parted his lips, but when he saw her attitude, he forced the words back down.

Only after the two of them had completely walked away did Winnie’s chest rise slightly. Her face remained expressionless.

Following the order list, Winnie selected several gifts and snacks from the store and arranged them neatly on serving plates.

She intended to have a server deliver them, but Veronica came out just then. “Winnie, why are you dragging your feet? Didn’t I say today’s VIP guests are for you to serve? Hurry up and go in.”

“I’m managing the store. Let someone else do it.” Winnie shot her a cold glance.

“Michael is someone you know. Who could possibly serve him better than you?” Veronica’s words stabbed straight into Winnie’s sore spot. “And besides, Michael brought a lot of friends today. They all want you to serve them. Or is it that you’re afraid you won’t be able to control yourself and embarrass yourself in front of the man you like?”

As she spoke, her tone grew increasingly mocking, the disdain undisguised.

Winnie reached the breaking point and suddenly raised her hand. Veronica, prepared for it, quickly dodged.

Winnie was far too violent. She didn’t act like a proper heiress at all!

“Veronica, don’t push me,” Winnie said fiercely, glaring at her. “Or I won’t make it easy for you either.”

Her posture gave Veronica pause for a moment. But then she glanced around the store—everyone here belonged to their family. There were no outsiders. Winnie wouldn’t gain the upper hand.

Veronica straightened, regaining her confidence. “Winnie, don’t forget your agreement with Dad. Here, I’m the one in charge. If you don’t want this job, you can leave anytime.

“But the evaluation period is almost here. If you’re this rebellious-if you can’t even stay in your own family’s store... Then you can forget about your mother’s trust fund.”

The words struck Winnie squarely at her weakest point.

She clenched her fists and bit down hard on her lip.

Their gazes locked, neither willing to back down.

Arrogance blazed in Veronica’s eyes. At last, Winnie let out a cold laugh. “Serve people, huh? Since you’re so eager to watch the show, then open your damn eyes and watch closely.”

She picked up the tray and turned, walking straight into the private room.

Veronica curled her lips and pivoted as well, following after her.

Inside the private room, the atmosphere was lively.

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+25 Bonus

It was Lindsay’s birthday. She had always been a fan of the Olson Group’s toys-probably why Michael had chosen an Olson Group store to celebrate, to cater to her tastes.

Lindsay had invited only two close girlfriends from her social circle. The rest were Michael’s old friends.

There were his childhood friends, former classmates, and several colleagues he was close with.

Michael had grown up hovering around Winnie, only completely cutting ties with her in recent years.

So at least half the people present knew Winnie-and all of them were aware that Michael had once pursued her, only to be rejected by her, again and again.

Michael had a solid reputation in their circle. Even though he never mentioned the details of their past, everyone naturally assumed that Winnie was the heartless one.

Besides, Veronica had a loud mouth. Even without knowing the full story, she had already spread news of Winnie and Michael far and wide.

Winnie had dated six boyfriends in total. She broke up with the last one not long after Michael left.

Though she was single now, Veronica had heard that just last week, Winnie had shown up at an exclusive high- end matchmaking event. Within their circle, she was already considered a “notorious siren.”

The moment Winnie walked in, it was as if the air itself froze.

Michael’s friends never imagined that Winnie would be working as a server in her own family’s store-let alone that she would personally be serving Michael... and his fiancée.

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 254**

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Chapter 254

This was truly a once-in-a-lifetime spectacle.

No one dared make a sound, yet everyone was eager to watch.

Those who knew Michael well immediately shifted their gaze toward him, convinced this was his deliberate revenge on Winnie.

Had he been hurt too deeply back then, and now-with a fiancée by his side-was he intentionally putting his first love in her place?

Given Winnie’s less-than-stellar reputation in relationships, no one felt sorry for her. In fact, many secretly felt a sense of satisfaction on Michael’s behalf.

Only Michael himself looked anything but pleased.

Winnie set the items down and turned to leave. Michael didn’t speak, but a troublemaker in the room called out to her.

“Hey, what kind of service is this? You didn’t even announce the dishes when you served them.”

“These are the fruit platters and snacks you ordered. Everything on the order has been served,” Winnie replied coolly, only after hearing that.

Her curt tone immediately displeased Lindsay’s girlfriends.

“Aren’t you the store manager? I remember Olson Group stores always have top-tier service. How did someone like you become a manager?”

“Yeah, and do you even know who you’re serving today? That’s the Morrison family heir. With that attitude, it seems you don’t want a tip?”

Lindsay was somewhat displeased as well. From the moment she entered, she had noticed Winnie-pretty, yes, but wearing a cold expression, not even offering a word of welcome.

Still, today was her date with Michael. She had to maintain her image and couldn’t speak up herself.

“I’m sorry, Lindsay. Our store manager is quite senior and usually doesn’t serve guests personally. She may have forgotten some of the service-industry etiquette.”

At that moment, Veronica pushed the door open and entered. Smiling warmly, she picked up where Lindsay’s friend left off before turning her gaze to Winnie.

“What are you standing there for? The guests are unhappy. Aren’t you going to apologize properly?”

The room fell deathly silent. All eyes were on Winnie.

She shot Veronica a cold glance, then swept her gaze across the room-just in time to meet Michael’s eyes.

The hand resting on his thigh tightened almost imperceptibly. His brows were slightly drawn, emotions churning in his eyes as he stared at her without blinking.

Everyone else watched with thinly veiled schadenfreude.

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+25 Bonus

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Aside from Lindsay and her friends, nearly everyone here knew who Winnie really was. Yet no one exposed it.

Winnie took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. My attitude was inappropriate. If you'd like someone else to serve you, I'll have another staff member come in immediately."

"We want the manager. That's the highest level of service, don't you know?" Lindsay's friend was the first to reject the offer.

Michael's friends quickly joined in, fanning the flames.

"I've never heard of service staff picking their customers. You've got quite the temper for a store manager."

"What is it? Don't you want to serve Michael?"

Seeing everyone ganging up on Winnie, Michael suddenly spoke in a low voice, "Let her go. Change the server."

"Why change her?" one of Michael's childhood friends immediately protested on his behalf. "Michael, I think she's the perfect one to serve us!"

But as soon as the words left his mouth, Michael shot him a cold look.

Michael rarely lost his temper. When his expression darkened like this, he was truly angry.

The friend fell silent at once.

Since Michael had spoken, Winnie turned to leave.

But Veronica reached out and blocked her.

"You've ruined everyone's mood. You should at least make amends." She smiled. "How about this-open a bottle of wine and drink it in one go to celebrate Lindsay's birthday. After that, you can leave."

Veronica was deliberately making things difficult for Winnie.

Winnie couldn't handle alcohol. If she drank too much, she would have an allergic reaction.

And Michael, of course, knew that perfectly well.

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 255

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 255

Chapter 255

Lindsay said nothing. She simply smiled at Veronica, clearly satisfied with the arrangement.

That insolent store manager hadn't just embarrassed Michael-she had also ruined Lindsay's birthday mood.

Her friends were all watching. Michael was kind enough to speak up for the other woman, but that only made it seem as though he had neglected her.

Winnie stared at Veronica. She wanted badly to curse her out, but Veronica tilted her chin slightly, the gesture an unmistakable provocation.

At the last moment, reason prevailed.

If she slapped Veronica now and blew up the entire event, it might feel satisfying-but this was business involving the Morrison family. She would inevitably be left with another mark against her.

Over the years, Winnie had taken more than her share of hidden losses for acting on impulse. Compared to those, what did this even count as?

Wasn't Michael just trying to get back at her? Fine-she'd consider it paying off a debt.

Winnie lifted her brows, defiance flashing in her eyes. Without a word, she turned and reached for the wine bottle.

Suddenly, a strong arm dropped down in front of her-a Rolex gleaming at the wrist. Michael gripped her hand firmly.

His palm burned with heat, making her heart jolt.

Winnie looked up, straight into the depths of his dark, unreadable eyes.

Michael's features were sharply defined, his eye sockets slightly sunken. Even at rest, he carried a gentle, almost wistful melancholy. Now, with his expression grave and his gaze fixed firmly on her, a sudden surge of

emotion rose in Winnie's chest.

They had long since become strangers. He hated her to the core-

So why was he looking at her like this?

"Let go."

Winnie met his eyes and tossed out the two words coldly.

Everyone stared at Michael in shock. The friend beside him feared he might lose control in front of Lindsay and quickly cleared his throat as a warning.

Lindsay hadn't expected Michael to touch another woman right in front of her either. She shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

"You can't handle alcohol. Why push yourself like this?" With a firm motion, he slid the bottle out of Winnie's grasp, forcibly taking it away.

Michael straightened and spoke in a deep voice to Veronica, who was still watching the drama unfold.

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+25 Bonus

Veronica, don't make things difficult for her. I'm only here to celebrate my fiancée's birthday. There's no need for all these unnecessary theatrics. Let's not make everyone unhappy. Besides, Lindsay isn't someone who nitpicks over such things."

He spoke calmly, almost indifferently, yet his presence carried undeniable authority.

Winnie's heart stirred. She suddenly felt that Michael was different from before.

Back then, when he followed her around, he'd been like the boy next door-easygoing, without a trace of airs. But now... he was clearly a mature man with presence and resolve.

Veronica hadn't expected Michael to defend Winnie. His words—"making things difficult"—left her momentarily at a loss.

Lindsay, too, was boxed in by Michael's stance. She could only respond with a reluctant smile. "It's fine, Victoria. Since Michael is celebrating my birthday today, we'll do things his way."

Her voice was gentle, but her friend beside her was still indignant, shooting Winnie a sharp glare.

"Lindsay is kind and beautiful. You got off easy this time. But Victoria, the service quality at your family's stores really needs improvement. Even a store manager should be someone who knows how to handle situations—not someone who creates trouble."

Veronica let out a cold laugh but said nothing, forced to watch as Winnie walked away.

Not long into the party, Lindsay went alone to the restroom. As she was touching up her lipstick, Veronica appeared beside her.

"I'm really sorry about earlier, Lindsay," Veronica said with a bright smile. "You weren't upset, were you?"

Lindsay immediately returned the smile. "Of course not. I've always liked your store. Celebrating my birthday here makes me very happy."

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 256**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 256**

Chapter 256

"Lindsay, there's something I'm not sure whether I should say."

After a brief pause, Veronica turned to look at Lindsay.

When Lindsay returned to the private room, her demeanor had completely changed.

She sat down beside Michael. He was distracted, scrolling on his phone. Only after noticing her return did he pull out a perfunctory smile, which made her feel even more unsettled.

“Let’s call it a night. I want to head back early.”

Her words stunned everyone.

The birthday party had barely begun-how could it already be ending?

“What’s wrong?” Michael asked in confusion. “Are you not feeling well, or did something happen?”

“Yes. I can’t really handle alcohol. I’m feeling a bit dizzy.” Lindsay smiled faintly as she spoke.

Her girlfriend was momentarily stunned. “Lindsay, since when is your alcohol tolerance so-”

Before the sentence could finish, Lindsay silenced her with a warning look.

Michael seemed to sense something. He didn’t press further, simply stood up and grabbed his coat. “Let’s go. I’ll take you home.”

Lindsay nodded and said goodbye to her friends and the others. “We’ll head out first. You guys keep having fun.”

Michael had already paid in advance, so it didn’t affect everyone continuing the party.

Seeing that Lindsay was determined to leave, no one tried to stop her, though Michael’s friends couldn’t help feeling uneasy.

Could it be that Michael and Winnie had been too obvious just now, and Lindsay had picked up on something?

On the way out, Michael passed through the front hall of the store but didn’t see Winnie anywhere.

He still couldn’t figure out why she had been serving today.

But that wasn’t something he had the right to question.

On the drive back, Lindsay asked, “That female store manager just now-she’s the second daughter of the Olson family, Winnie, isn’t she?”

Michael hadn't expected Lindsay to know about it. They happened to reach a traffic light, and the car braked sharply.

"How do you know?"

His expression barely changed, his tone calm.

"Veronica told me."

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Chapter 256

+25 Bonus

"What else did she say?"

Lindsay lowered her head. "She said you used to pursue Winnie. Everyone in the circle knows. She said Winnie is a heartless woman."

"Rumors are just rumors," Michael said softly. "We were close growing up, but we were never together. She's not the kind of person the gossip makes her out to be."

Though his words clearly drew boundaries, Lindsay could still hear that he was defending Winnie.

Michael was famous for his gentle, refined demeanor and his fairness in handling matters.

Even though Lindsay hadn't known him long, she understood that he wasn't the type to speak up for another woman in front of his fiancée.

Yet he had done exactly that.

No matter how well he tried to hide it, women were sensitive. Others might not notice, but Lindsay felt it immediately—especially after Veronica had told her about the history between the two of them.

"Michael," Lindsay finally asked, holding back for as long as she could, "did you deliberately hold my birthday party there today just to provoke her? Am I just a pawn in your game?"

Michael was undoubtedly the best possible marriage prospect.

The Morrison family's background was powerful, beneficial to both her family's business and her own career. Among the wealthy heirs in Goldmont City, Michael had the best

reputation, and his looks and bearing were on par with celebrities in the entertainment industry.

Truth be told, even quietly tolerating the fact that he had a past wasn't entirely unacceptable.

But Lindsay was proud-and that store manager was nothing more than an ill-mannered adopted heiress with a messy private life...

She couldn't understand why Michael still couldn't let her go.

"Lindsay, you're mistaken." Michael's voice suddenly turned icy. "I take relationships far more seriously than you think. I can't stop what outsiders say-but whether you choose to believe it is up to you."

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Chapter 257

"I held your birthday party at the Olson Group store today because it was on your wish list. I never expected to run into her there. If that made you uncomfortable, or if it makes you want to call off the engagement, I fully respect your decision," Michael said firmly.

Lindsay had originally planned to argue her case with Michael. But hearing his measured, reasonable words-so clear and so detached-she could only swallow her resentment.

After all, there wasn't much emotion between them to begin with.

And Michael wasn't someone she was indispensable to.

At least he had made his stance clear. By the time they arrived, Lindsay had talked herself into acceptance.

"Michael, I really like you, and I'm willing to slowly build our relationship and walk this path together. But I hope you'll keep your word and not betray my trust."

Her posture was lofty, but in truth, she was hoping Michael would give her an out.

As expected, that approach worked on him. Hearing her words, his expression softened. “All right. I will. Happy birthday.”

“Thank you.”

A smile finally appeared in Lindsay’s eyes. She reached out for a hug. Michael returned it politely, barely touching her before they parted.

After watching Michael’s car drive away, the gentleness on Lindsay’s face vanished instantly.

She turned and strode quickly into the courtyard of her villa. The butler and maids immediately followed, taking her bag.

“Have the items I ordered arrived?”

“They have. As per your instructions, the delivery is waiting for your inspection.”

Lindsay let out a cold laugh and headed straight into the hall.

Inside, dazzling crystal chandeliers flooded the space with light, filling the villa with an air of extravagant luxury.

Winnie stood by the window, still dressed in her store uniform.

Beside her were two enormous entrance mascots, each nearly as tall as she was.

They were specially customized, limited-edition pieces with DIY color options-only a few hundred existed nationwide. The two alone cost over 200 thousand dollars.

Lindsay had placed the order on a whim at the store, specifically requesting that Winnie deliver them to her

home.

Olson Group policy required customers to personally inspect large, high-value orders before acceptance. Since Winnie was responsible for the delivery, she had no choice but to wait for Lindsay.

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Chapter 21s

+25 Bonus

When Lindsay came in, Winnie immediately picked up the order form and walked over. “Miss Starr, your items have been delivered. Once you’ve checked them, please sign here.”

“Winnie, you’ve worked hard.” Lindsay finally took a proper look at her, a slow smile curling at her lips as she spoke unhurriedly.

Winnie was slightly surprised. Lindsay actually knew her name.

Had Michael told her everything?

Earlier, she had seen it from the window-Michael had driven Lindsay back.

It was still early. Winnie had assumed Veronica was deliberately making things difficult for her, forcing her to wait until the birthday party ended-that would be hours of waiting.

She hadn’t expected Lindsay to return so quickly and personally come to sign for the delivery.

Then again, if Michael wanted revenge, his fiancée helping him wasn’t out of the question. After all, it couldn’t possibly be that Lindsay was so eager for toys that she cut her birthday short just to come home and receive them, right?

When Lindsay still didn’t take the form, Winnie spoke again.

“It’s part of my job. If you’re satisfied, Miss Starr, please sign.”

Lindsay glanced at the mascots on either side, slowly circling them once before turning to the butler beside her. “Go get me a good bottle of wine.”

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 258**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 258**

Chapter 258

“Miss Starr-”

+25 Bonus

“I’m not someone who likes beating around the bush,” Lindsay cut Winnie off, her gaze sharp and condescending. “I don’t care about your past with Michael, but today, I was genuinely unhappy.”

“If this is because of Michael, there’s no need. There’s nothing between us. You’ve misunderstood,” Winnie replied flatly, her expression unchanged.

Lindsay smiled. “I haven’t even said anything yet, Winnie. Aren’t you explaining a little too quickly? Don’t you think that makes you look guilty?”

Winnie was speechless. “What do you want?”

“You deliberately flirted with Michael at my birthday party today, and you’re asking me what I want?”

Lindsay moved slowly to stand behind Winnie.

“You’re a daughter of the Olson family, so I can’t really do anything to you. But I’m also your customer. Asking you to have a few drinks with me-there’s no problem with that, right?”

As soon as she finished speaking, the butler brought over the wine.

It was a bottle of foreign hard liquor.

Winnie glanced at it, and her face instantly drained of color.

“Finish this bottle, and from now on, stay away from Michael. I’ll sign for the delivery. Otherwise, I’ll return the goods and file a complaint against you.’

Hearing this, Winnie immediately understood. Lindsay had already had a thorough talk with Veronica.

She was now just one complaint away from being fired.

If she were fired, she would lose her agreement with Veronica’s father. And if that happened, she would have no hope of inheriting her mother’s estate.

Winnie’s mother and Veronica’s father had once been inseparable friends.

Back when Winnie’s mother fell gravely ill, Veronica’s father had taken it upon himself to care for Winnie.

But Winnie had been wild and unruly since childhood, difficult to control. After coming to the Olson family, she caused even more trouble.

Once, she even led thieves into the house, nearly costing the entire Olson family their lives.

Yet, Veronica's father still risked himself to save Winnie, leaving Winnie's mother both grateful and wracked with guilt.

Winnie's father had been a man of notorious character, and his early death was the result of his own misdeeds. Her mother feared that after she was gone, Winnie would follow the same path of no return.

After much deliberation, on her deathbed, she entrusted her five-billion-dollar fund and the fruits of her life's

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+25 Bonus

work-a biological research patent-to Veronica's father for safekeeping.

If Winnie failed to meet the inheritance conditions before turning thirty, half of those assets would be gifted to Veronica's father.

The remainder would become Winnie's living expenses, distributed to her monthly by Veronica's father.

From childhood to now, Winnie had fought relentlessly to meet those conditions as soon as possible and break free from the Olson family.

Yet every year, even the independent evaluations conducted by her mother's foundation deemed her unqualified.

Winnie knew exactly why-the Olson family had been sabotaging her from behind the scenes.

On the surface, Veronica's parents seemed endlessly indulgent toward her. In reality, they had barely taught or guided her since she was young, deliberately letting her go to ruin.

Anything she wanted to do-no matter what it was-the Olson family always found ways to block her.

So if she wanted to gain her inheritance, she first had to leave the Olson family.

Winnie was stubborn and defiant by nature. Even when subjected to corporal punishment by the Olson family elders, she had never lowered her head or admitted fault.

But after so many years, even steel and iron would have been worn down by reality.

With this year's evaluation approaching again, Winnie hoped that Veronica's father would allow her to leave the family independently.

No matter the outcome of the evaluation, only if Victoria's father agreed to let her go could she leave the Olson family. Otherwise, she would lose her inheritance outright.

She knew the Olson family wouldn't agree easily-but they also didn't want to be criticized or accused of deliberately making things difficult for her.

Sure enough, Victoria's father made a high-sounding proposal: as long as Winnie worked at the store until the end of the year, he would agree to her request.

On the surface, the condition didn't seem harsh. He framed it as tempering her character-and even granted her the title of store manager.

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## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 259**

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## **Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 259**

Chapter 259

Yet, Veronica constantly found ways to pick fights every few days, deliberately provoking Winnie. In just a few short months, Winnie had already received numerous complaint reports solely because of her conflicts with

Veronica.

“I can agree to your terms,” Winnie said, her gaze icy, her words measured one by one, as if each syllable were steeped in humiliation. “But how can you guarantee that once I finish this bottle, you won't continue to make things difficult for me?”

This was exactly the sight Lindsay wanted to see. The more miserable Winnie looked, the more satisfied Lindsay felt.

She reached over, took Winnie's phone, and turned on the camera, recording herself.

"I'm very satisfied with Winnie's service. Today is my birthday, and she even accompanied me in finishing a bottle of wine. I guarantee... I'll give her a positive review."

After saying that, Lindsay casually waved the phone, then set it down on the table beside Winnie.

Winnie stared at the already opened bottle on the table and reached out to pick it up.

"Hurry up. I'm tired. If you don't finish it within five minutes, the deal is off," Lindsay said lightly after checking the time.

Winnie's brow tightened. She clenched her teeth, tilted her head back, and poured the liquor straight from the bottle.

"What do you think you're doing?!"

Before Winnie could drink much, the bottle in her hand was suddenly snatched away and flung across the room.

"Michael!" Lindsay cried out in shock.

Michael strode in abruptly, several servants scrambling in after him, all momentarily at a loss.

Lindsay shot a glare at the people behind him, her face flushing with anger. "Do you all want to lose your jobs? Someone comes in, and you don't even notify me?"

"It's not like that... Mr. Morrison forced his way in!" a servant answered fearfully, trembling as she spoke.

When Michael had left earlier, he realized he'd forgotten the gift he'd prepared for Lindsay in the car and turned back.

He had just been led to the entrance by the servants. Before they could go inside to inform Lindsay, he saw the butler hurriedly carrying in a bottle of expensive liquor.

He vaguely overheard people whispering that Lindsay was upset and that the wine was meant for the person delivering the toys.

A bad feeling surged in Michael's chest. Without waiting for anyone to enter ahead of him, he barged in on his

own.

Sure enough, the moment he stepped inside, he heard Lindsay's words. Seeing Winnie actually forcing herself

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to drink, he acted without hesitation.

Winnie choked, coughing violently, and vomited straight onto Michael.

His expensive shirt was instantly ruined, yet he didn't retreat a single step. Instead, he braced her from behind with his arm, supporting her body.

"Why are you drinking? You're allergic to alcohol. Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"Cough... Michael... mind your own business!"

The moment she lifted her eyes and recognized him, Winnie tried to break free. But Michael didn't let go. His expression turned sharply cold as he turned to look at Lindsay.

Lindsay was momentarily flustered, but she quickly regained her composure.

"Michael, what do you think you're doing? Have you forgotten I'm your fiancée?"

"Why are you bullying Winnie? I've explained it to you-I'm not what you think with Winnie. She has nothing to do with me now. She didn't provoke anyone today. We made everything clear just now. So why would you go behind my back and do this?"

Michael's voice was restrained and low, but the fury beneath his words was impossible to hide.

Winnie glanced at him in surprise.

Seeing the way Michael treated Winnie, Lindsay laughed in anger.

"You say you have nothing to do with her. I'm your fiancée, yet at my birthday party, in front of all my friends, you protected her and spoke up for her?"

"You say you have nothing to do with her, yet right now, in front of me, you're holding her, worrying about her, and even ready to accuse me because of her?"

Winnie saw Michael's Adam's apple bob. He looked as though Lindsay's words had choked him, the veins at his temples standing out sharply.

She knew Michael well. When he was furious but unwilling to explode at someone, this was exactly what he

looked like.

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Chapter 260

Suppressed. Silent. Unable even to fight back.

Michael had been raised with strict manners since childhood-always polite, courteous to everyone. He was nothing like her at all.

If it were her, whether she was right or wrong didn't matter. In an argument, she had to win. If someone made her uncomfortable, she would make a scene even if she was being unreasonable.

That was why Michael, when he was young, had been easy to take advantage of, easy to bully.

So when they first met, the way Michael looked at her was like he'd found a savior-blind admiration in his eyes.

"Michael, stop pretending," Winnie said coldly, unable to push him away as she forced down the burning in her throat. "You don't need to play the nice guy in front of me. This is between Lindsay and me."

Lindsay's eyes reddened. "Michael, she doesn't even appreciate it. She screwed you over and still acts all high and mighty. Are you really planning to be her lapdog for the rest of your life?"

"Let go of me!"

Winnie didn't want to be caught between the two of them. As she struggled with Michael, her body slammed backward into the sharp corner of a standing cabinet.

Michael reacted instantly, blocking it with his arm. The impact wasn't loud, but the heavy cabinet shook violently.

Michael's brows knitted together, his face paling slightly-clearly in pain.

Winnie froze. Instinctively, she turned back to check his arm.

Halfway through the movement, she stopped. Seizing the chance, she slipped away from his side.

"Lindsay, there really is nothing between Michael and me—"

Before she could finish, Michael's voice cut in from behind.

"Our engagement is off."

Lindsay's pupils dilated in shock. Her lips trembled as she stared at him, unable to believe what she'd heard. "Michael, what did you just say? You're breaking off the engagement with me—for a disgraced adopted daughter?"

"This has nothing to do with anyone else," Michael replied coldly. "You don't trust me. My past may have left you with unpleasant feelings, but that's something I can't change. And now, I no longer have any interest in getting to know you further. I'll explain everything to both our families afterward. The responsibility is entirely mine."

With that, Michael didn't pause for another second. He grabbed Winnie by the arm and dragged her away, ignoring her resistance.

Lindsay stood frozen for several seconds before suddenly turning back. "Michael! You'll regret this!"

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Michael hauled Winnie out of the Starr residence. Just as he opened the car door and tried to shove her inside, she shoved him hard.

"Michael, have you lost your mind?" Winnie snapped. "You clearly hate me, so why are you meddling in my business? And do you even realize Lindsay will file a complaint against me? Since we're already strangers, can you stop dragging both of us down?"

She turned to go back, but Michael yanked at his tie, then closed the distance in a few long strides and forcibly stuffed her into the car.

The seat belt clicked into place. The door locked. No matter how much Winnie struggled, it was useless.

“Michael, since when did you become like this?”

“If you go back now, do you really think she’ll forgive you?” Michael said flatly, hands gripping the steering

wheel.

This was the first time he had ever forced someone to do something, and his own anger was boiling inside him.” Winnie, when have you ever allowed yourself to endure such humiliation? Or did things go wrong with yet another man, so now you’re looking for pain again?”

“...Michael, I hate you.”

His words struck her hard. Every breakup had been painful-yes, Michael had been the one who stayed with her through those nights, who’d seen her at her most lost and miserable.

But that had never been because of those men.

She never imagined that Michael had always thought of her this way.

Did he really see her as both a hopeless romantic and a heartless player at the same time? Those two labels together-did that even make sense?