

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 311

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## Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 311

Chapter 311

The medical facilities near the border weren't advanced, but Nick's injuries were severe—multiple internal bleeding, damage to several organs. Immediate treatment was the only chance for survival. Even here, in the best hospital available, it had been touch-and-go.

At the moment of the accident, Nick had probably realized the danger he faced. That was why he had reminded Lenny not to tell Khloe immediately.

Lowering his head, Lenny apologized softly. “Miss Roswell, please don't be angry with him. He just didn't want you to worry...”

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“Khloe... I know Nick,” Arista choked back her tears. “He hates showing weakness to anyone. He feared that if something happened to him, you'd be hurt...”

Arista's voice trembled as she spoke. Seeing Nick like this tore her heart apart.

Although he was born into the Hunt family, Nick had never truly enjoyed a privileged life. He had always endured hardship, grown strong through it. But he had never allowed anyone to see him falter—even in illness, he bore it alone. Not even Loretta had ever seen him so weak.

“I... I understand...”

Khloe felt like she couldn't draw a full breath. She gasped, tears streaming down her cheeks.

It must have hurt so much being crushed by a boulder...

Her mind replayed Arista's words, and the tension in her body threatened to shatter her. Even in that moment of danger, he was thinking of her—worried she might be anxious. How could she ever blame him?

“Khloe,” Arista said softly, “the doctors say he’s stable now. The internal bleeding has stopped, and the spinal damage isn’t severe. He should wake soon...”

Arista paused, seeing how pale and fragile Khloe looked. She chose to withhold some of the harsher truths, sharing only the optimistic parts.

“Can I... can I stay with him alone for a while?” Khloe whispered, her gaze fixed on Nick.

Arista nodded. She motioned for Lenny to lead the others outside the room and gently patted Khloe’s shoulder before leaving.

Now, the room held only Khloe and Nick.

Every second of the journey here had felt like an eternity. She had wanted nothing more than to rush to him, to confirm he was alive. Yet now, facing him, she was afraid even to approach.

Her body stiffened, and only after a long moment did she step to his bedside, gently taking his broad hand in hers.

Normally, his palm was warm, almost scorching, but now it was ice-cold, chilling her to the bone.

Her fingers traced the joints of his hand, noticing the veins bruised from injections. Her heart ached again.

“You... you told me to wait for you...” she whispered, choking on her words. “How could you disappear like this

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Chapter 3H

+25 Bonus

without a word?”

She brushed her fingers lightly across his forehead, the gauze covering his thick brows.

“Don’t be afraid,” she murmured. “No matter how long... I will always wait for you. I’ll always stay with you.”

Khloe leaned her head slowly against the side of his shoulder, closing her eyes.

Outside the ward, Michelle arrived.

Seeing so many people guarding the hospital room, her chest sank. The Hunt family had arrived in the middle of the night and stayed by his side ever since. Nick had now stabilized, and Michelle hadn't been able to remain there constantly, so she had stepped away to rest briefly.

"How is Nick? Has he woken up?" she asked Lenny as she stepped forward, intending to enter the ward—but Lenny raised a hand, blocking her gently.

"He hasn't woken yet," he said, "but... his wife has arrived. You don't need to worry."

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"You're saying... Khloe came?"

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Michelle froze. Didn't Nick explicitly order the news to be kept from her? Even the Hunt family had only just learned of the accident. From their expressions, there was no intention of telling Khloe.

So... how had she gotten here already?

Lenny's expression remained calm. "That's correct. Miss Roswell is inside. Miss Keller, please leave."

A shadow passed over Michelle's eyes. Her lips twitched, but she said nothing more.

Her hands still held the supplements she had brought for Nick, praying he would wake today and see her first. But with Khloe here, all her hopes collapsed.

Just as Michelle, crestfallen, turned to leave, the room door opened.

"Michelle."

Khloe had heard the movement and stepped out.

The moment Michelle's eyes met hers, guilt flared in her chest. She quickly averted her

“Khloe... Nick's condition isn't good. Thank you for taking care of him.”

gaze.

Lowering her head, she extended the supplements she was carrying toward Khloe.

Lenny instinctively moved to intercept, worried Khloe might refuse, but she calmly took them without a word.

“I will accept your concern on behalf of my husband,” Khloe said, her lips twitching slightly without a trace of a smile. “Taking care of him is my responsibility as his wife. There's no need for you to worry about it.”

Michelle knew Khloe's words were a pointed rebuke, but she had no words to respond. She cast a quick glance at Nick through the doorway and silently turned to leave.

Once Michelle departed, Lenny immediately stepped forward to take the supplements from Khloe. “Leave these to me. I'll handle them.”

Khloe didn't stop him. The supplements were still warm, and Nick wasn't awake yet—throwing them away would have been wasteful.

By evening, Loretta arrived at the hospital.

Since arriving, Khloe hadn't left Nick's side for a single moment. She hadn't even eaten or drunk much water.

Loretta brought along some warm food, hoping Khloe would at least take a short break.

Seeing Loretta and Arista, Khloe forced the hurt from her eyes and obediently ate a little. But her appetite was almost gone, and she could only manage a few bites.

Loretta said little. She simply held Khloe's hand, offering silent comfort.

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+25 Bonus

When the doctor came to check Nick's temperature and injuries, Khloe hovered anxiously, studying the doctor's expressions intently.

When the doctor lifted Nick's eyelids, the pale, unresponsive eyes made her heart clench.

"How is he, doctor?"

After a long moment, Loretta couldn't hold back.

The doctor's voice was calm. "No need to worry. His temperature is normal. There's still some inflammation in the wounds, but I'll change the dressings again shortly."

"Then why isn't he waking?" Arista whispered.

"The injuries are severe, especially to the spine and nerves. There may be lingering effects. The worst-case scenario involves cerebral blood flow. If he doesn't regain consciousness in the next couple of days, my ability to treat him here will be limited. We'll need to find a way to transfer him as soon as possible."

The words struck the room like a heavy stone on everyone's chest.

Nick's condition was too fragile for transfer at the moment, yet the medical resources here were extremely limited.

Loretta had already contacted the best medical team available, but they had not yet arrived. Even when they did, the hospital's facilities remained constrained.

Each day Nick stayed unconscious was another day of danger.

Khloe listened, her hands clenching until her knuckles went cold and white.

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Loretta wanted to stay overnight in the hospital with Khloe. After much pleading, Khloe could only insist that

she return home to rest.

Once Loretta was sent off, Khloe returned to the ward and noticed Arista speaking quietly on the phone in a corner. She was likely updating George on the situation.

Arista's voice was choked with emotion. Whatever the person on the other end said seemed to displease her, and after a pause, she muttered, "He's your son," before hanging up.

Khloe waited a moment, then entered the room.

Arista glanced up, smoothing her expression, and gave Khloe a gentle smile. "Tonight, Nick will be in your care. If anything happens, call us immediately. If you can't manage, just step out and rest. There are plenty of people here to help."

"Okay," Khloe replied, nodding. She stepped forward and hugged Arista briefly. "Thank you... Mom."

Arista was momentarily surprised, then understood. Khloe's gratitude was for Nick.

Though Nick had lost his mother at a young age, he had Arista as a stepmother who cared for him as if he were her own son.

"There's nothing to thank me for. We're family... Khloe, if Nick--"

Arista glanced at Nick as though about to continue, but she stopped herself. Earlier, during her call with George, she had explained Nick's condition. While he was concerned, most of his worry wasn't about Nick's recovery-it was whether Nick would have the strength to manage the Hunt Group afterward. He had only this one son. If not, he needed to make plans quickly.

Khloe seemed to understand Arista's thoughts. Before she could speak, Khloe softly said, "No matter what happens, I'll be by his side."

"You're still young. If Nick doesn't wake..."

Arista's eyes filled with tears. She was touched that Khloe could say such words and felt relieved for Nick. Yet, long illness leaves no filial comfort, and Khloe and Nick had only just married; their wedding hadn't even taken place.

"Nick will wake up." Khloe smiled faintly, interrupting her.

Arista nodded. "You're right."

Late at night, Khloe was awakened by the chill outside. She opened her eyes suddenly, instinctively reaching for Nick's hand.

The man lay still, his features softened by the dim light.

"Nick... you have to hold on. I can't bear as much as you think... If-"

Khloe's thoughts flicked back to Arista's words.

Though she didn't want to imagine the worst, she had steeled herself for it.

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+25 Bonus

"If you don't wake... I'll be heartbroken for so long. Nick... if you can't walk through life with me, then my whole life will be lonely. I'll be completely alone."

She whispered softly into his ear. She had meant to speak with more strength, as if sheer will could summon him awake, but when the words came out, they turned into a plaintive, tender plea.

After speaking, she rose to close the window.

The full moon hung high, spilling clear, white light across her face. She pressed her hands together in silent

prayer.

"Heaven... please. If Nick can come through this safely, wake soon... I am willing to shorten my life by five years. No-ten years, even, if necessary."

Her low murmur seemed to stir the man in the bed.

Under the moonlight, Nick's long hand shifted slightly.

By noon the next day, in Naraida, at the diplomatic embassy, Michael and his entourage were ushered into a private reception room to wait.

He wanted to ask questions, but the other side offered no answers.

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### Chapter 314

Michael knew he had been detained for inspection and even accused of several commercial crimes to restrict his travel abroad-it was clearly a setup.

The Starr family had years of business ties with Naraida. Coupled with the Morrison family's expansion, now closely tied to the domestic economy, any move against him could be justified-whether as a diplomatic maneuver or the Starr family's revenge.

But Michael wasn't worried. He hadn't broken any laws. Even if he had to face a lawsuit, it would be only a matter of time. Even in the worst-case scenario, if he couldn't return home immediately, the impact on Oscar and his family would be limited.

He wasn't afraid of suffering a little. To protect his family's interests, he could go all the way.

The only complication was that he couldn't contact his father for the moment and worried that Oscar, if left uninformed, might lose his composure. He had been fighting for the right to speak with his family.

Then, suddenly, the embassy staff released him on bail. Michael couldn't help but feel something was off.

“Michael!”

A familiar female voice cut through the tension just as he clutched his hands anxiously.

He stood and turned, half-expecting a hallucination. “Winnie?”

“You're okay, right?” Winnie, brought in by someone, ran quickly to him and scanned him from head to toe.

Michael looked clean and tidy-shirt and suit impeccable-but his expression was weary, dark circles marking his eyes. Clearly, he hadn't slept properly in days.

“I'm fine...” Michael paused, disbelief knitting his brow as he stared at her. “But you... how did you-”

“Hush. Let's go first.”

Winnie grasped his hand firmly, her own fingers slightly damp with sweat. She steadied herself.

“Remember, we’re boyfriend and girlfriend now. You’re my fiancé.”

“Fiancé?”

Michael’s eyes flickered, but Winnie’s hand, though slightly clammy, wasn’t teasing him. This was serious,

At that moment, a few people from Naralda approached. Domestic diplomats had already negotiated briefly with them. The others came straight toward Winnie.

Her foreign language was fluent. In a few swift words, she deflected them, holding Michael’s arm in a sweet, intimate manner.

Michael understood her words, and his ears flushed pink.

The delegation wanted Winnie and Michael to stay for dinner, but Winnie made it clear... she wanted to go home with Michael-implicating more intimate plans.

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+25 Bonus

Though the words were bold, they worked perfectly. The group laughed, and Winnie comfortably nestled against Michael as they left the hall.

Outside the embassy, a car was waiting to take Michael and company back to the hotel. His detention and interrogation were finally over.

On the ride, Michael kept watching Winnie, full of questions, but she only exchanged a glance with him, and they understood each other instantly.

The driver was from Naralda, so they couldn’t speak freely in the car. Since Winnie had managed to get him out, Michael naturally went along with her.

Noticing the driver stealing glances at them, he reached over and gently nudged Winnie’s head to rest on his

shoulder.

“Michael... have you missed me these past few days?” Winnie’s eyes sparkled with amusement, her tone teasingly intimate as she watched his awkward display.

“I have.”

Michael’s Adam’s apple bobbed. Perhaps feeling his reply too muted, he added after a moment, “Not just these past few days... I’ve been missing you all along.”

Though Winnie knew his words were partially false, hearing them stirred a tender warmth in her chest.

She smiled. “Me too.”

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Michael lowered his gaze, letting his eyes travel from the smooth curve of her forehead down to the depths of her eyes.

She hadn’t changed-at all.

Though they hadn’t been this close in what felt like an eternity, the past seemed to collapse into the present, as if everything they had shared were only yesterday.

A thousand emotions surged through him, and before he even thought, his body reacted.

Long fingers lifted her face, his head tilting just slightly, and his lips brushed against the center of her brow.

The light, sudden kiss caught Winnie completely off guard. She froze.

Her lashes fluttered as she blinked at him in confusion, but her eyes quickly cleared. Still, she leaned into him, pressing herself quietly against his side.

Michael was exactly as he had always been-even pretending to be playful, he was reserved to a fault. But this time... this time his actions were bolder than ever, and even her heart couldn’t help but stir.

Soon, they returned to the hotel.

Winnie checked the room carefully, making sure there were no cameras or listening devices, then double-

locked the door behind them.

“If all goes smoothly, we should be able to return home by tomorrow evening. But until then, we need to... maintain the pretense of being engaged.”

She cleared her throat. Saying it aloud made it feel as if she were deliberately taking advantage of Michael.

Michael grabbed her arm, his gaze sharp. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ve already negotiated with some high-level officials in Naraida. They’ve agreed to my requests. I just claimed to be engaged to you, so all you have to do is play the part of my fiancé for now.”

“What did you trade?”

Her answer didn’t satisfy him. His brow furrowed deeper, Negotiating with high-level officials always involved some form of exchange. But what leverage could she possibly have?

Anxious, he asked again.

“It doesn’t concern you. It’s my business. Just think of it as me returning a favor. Once we’re back home, there will be no debts between us.”

Winnie tried to push him away, but Michael wouldn’t relent. In the ensuing struggle, they stumbled, toppling

onto the bed behind them.

His breath brushed against her neck. Her chest pressed against his, the thin floral dress clinging to her curves, leaving little to the imagination.

The fleeting contact was enough to tighten Michael’s lower abdomen, warmth surging upward, a reaction he

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+25 Bonus

hadn't expected.

Winnie sensed it, her eyes widening with a ripple of emotion, cheeks flushing red.

“Y-You... move!”

Finally snapping back, Michael's expression betrayed panic. He quickly pushed himself up and turned away.” I'll take a shower. You... clarify everything after.”

Damn it. Why now? He felt a flush of embarrassment and rushed into the shower, letting icy water hit him.

When he emerged, his teeth still chattering, Winnie had changed into loose sleepwear. The robe hid her figure, yet his gaze still lingered.

And Michael himself-towel wrapped around his waist, upper body taut and muscular-was impossible to ignore.

These past two years had transformed him.

He was still tall and fair, once the delicate, refined type, a “gentleman” in every sense. But now, solid muscle shaped his body into something broader, stronger, more commanding. Even with his natural refinement, standing beside him carried an undeniable air of power.

No glasses, damp hair clinging to his forehead and temples, added an edge to his charm. His sharp, deep-set eyes, framed by thick brows, now held a rare allure.

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Winnie still wasn't used to this.

"Now, can you tell me what exactly you did?"

Michael's tone carried urgency-cold, sharp, and commanding.

She rolled her eyes at his hard stance, then stretched out on the sofa.

"None of your business. Just focus on getting home. Your father is losing sleep over you. He's practically working with Clarice in hopes of saving you. From what I see of the Morrison family, neither Ethan nor Clarice is someone to underestimate. Stay as far away from them as possible."

"I'll call him."

Michael pulled out his phone, but the line wouldn't go through.

Winnie handed him her own. "Use mine."

"Thanks." Michael took her phone and went into the adjoining suite.

Meanwhile, at Morrison Group, Oscar was in a meeting. Khloe wasn't around, and he was handling the drug review in her place.

He needed to sign a tax report bearing Khloe's name. She had delegated part of her authority to him, but Oscar knew the report had been tampered with by Clarice's people. If he signed it, Khloe would bear the consequences.

Thinking of her trust in him as she left, Oscar felt conflicted. Winnie had asked him to wait three days, while Clarice was sharp enough to strike the moment Khloe stepped away.

He stared at the document in his hands, motionless.

The meeting room was silent. Clarice's envoy sat across from him, eyes fixed on every move.

"The project can't be delayed. Please sign on behalf of Miss Roswell as soon as possible," the envoy said.

Oscar lifted his eyes and twisted the pen cap, when suddenly his phone vibrated.

Seeing "Winnie" on the screen, his gaze shifted. He made a subtle pause gesture toward the room.

"Sorry, I need to take this," he said, rising and walking to the window.

The moment he answered, Michael's deep voice came through. "Dad, it's me."

Oscar's fingers tightened around the phone, but his tone stayed steady. "Michael? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. I'll be home by tomorrow night. But you... I heard you went to Clarice for help?"

"That's a long story," Oscar replied, casting a careful glance behind him. It wasn't safe to speak here.

Michael immediately understood. "Dad, don't do anything. You said it yourself-the Morrison family doesn't get threatened by anyone."

"I'm not worried... but you-"

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+25 Bonus

"Same here. I don't want you dragged into this. I won't let my own issues involve our family or any innocent people."

Michael's words steadied Oscar. He realized just how much age had changed him; when he was younger, he would have had the same stubborn temper as his son.

They reached an unspoken agreement. After hanging up, Oscar pushed the papers forward, refusing to sign.

"Miss Roswell hasn't reviewed this report. I need to check it first. Once I confirm there are no issues, I'll sign."

The envoy's expression darkened. "The drug launch is imminent. Do you understand the consequences of delaying the review?"

"I understand them better than you. I will act quickly, and I will take full responsibility for any consequences." Oscar stood, sweeping his gaze across the room with finality. "Meeting adjourned."

Back in the hotel suite, Michael returned the phone to Winnie.

"Thanks for telling me this. Otherwise, my family might get into some serious trouble."

“You’re always worried about your family... When will you care about yourself? Do you even know who did this to you?”

Winnie rolled her eyes silently.

Michael, as always, was utterly considerate. Even in danger, the first thought in his head was always for the people around him.

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If Michael had contacted Oscar earlier, he probably would have just said not to bother.

“Was it the Starr family?” Michael asked softly.

“Yes, Lindsay. You offended her,” Winnie replied. “But Clarice took revenge for you. The Starr family is currently too busy dealing with their own mess. Once you get back, don’t let her off the hook-make sure she knows that the Morrison family, and you, are not to be trifled with.”

Winnie spoke with a certain satisfaction. Seeing Clarice’s ruthless methods used in this context was strangely gratifying.

“I did make her look bad,” Michael admitted. “Her retaliation is reasonable.”

“Stop talking about ‘reasonable.’ No matter the excuse, if someone hurts you, you should be angry, hate them, and take revenge. That’s the right way to feel!” Winnie rolled her eyes in exasperation. Every time she discussed these topics with Michael, she ended up in full-on teacher mode.

“If that’s the case, shouldn’t my first target of revenge be you?” Michael suddenly countered.

Winnie froze, momentarily speechless. She stared at him wide-eyed, feeling utterly defeated-like the student who starves the master they were supposed to help.

“Michael, I saved you this time. We’re even. You don’t need to keep saying I owe you anything.” Winnie lowered her head, a little annoyed.

She had always understood Michael’s feelings—but she couldn’t be with him. Precisely because he was too good, she couldn’t take advantage of his heart. And that time, when he nearly died because of her... she carried an unbearable guilt. She had wanted to explain, but he wasn’t ready to hear it.

All the talk about owing him, after so long... it had to be enough by now.

“You wanted to explain to me before, right? Since you weren’t completely indifferent... that time, why-”

Michael’s expression darkened immediately.

He had been utterly desperate back then. The pain of his broken ribs was nothing compared to the agony of watching her leave with someone else.

He had stayed in the hospital for a month, and she hadn’t visited him even once. Yet, the moment he was discharged, he went straight to her. He wasn’t blaming her—he just needed to make sure she was safe.

Unfortunately, he overheard her speaking to a friend.

“Michael would be better off dead. Then he wouldn’t keep bothering me anymore.”

In that instant, Michael’s heart went completely cold.

Later, when Winnie saw how distant he had become, she tried to explain—but he ignored her.

“You didn’t want to hear me explain back then. There’s no point talking about it now,” Winnie said softly, not wanting to stir any more conflict.

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+25 Bonus

“I want to hear it now. Even if it’s meaningless, I want to hear it,” Michael said.

“I... when I ran that night, the light was too dim, and I grabbed the wrong person. I went back to find you afterward, but you were already unconscious...”

It had been Winnie who carried Michael out while he was unconscious. Michael's family hadn't arrived yet. To save him, Winnie had been forced to take a massive dose of drugs by someone she had previously offended.

She clung to her last shred of consciousness and dragged him to safety.

But her own condition was precarious.

When Michael was rushed for emergency care, she was simultaneously undergoing gastric lavage and treatment herself. When she finally woke, it was three days later. The Olson family, embarrassed by her ordeal,

immediately took her home to recover.

Her body was weak. Once she learned Michael was out of danger, she didn't contact him again.

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At the time, Winnie had felt utterly defeated. Veronica's words had come true once again: everyone who got involved with her ended badly.

Later, Oscar even came to the house demanding an explanation. Perhaps Michael leaving her was the best thing for him. So she had agreed to Oscar's request-not to bother Michael again.

But she could never bring herself to say this to Michael. She was proud and didn't want him to pity her.

"Grabbed the wrong person? You think I'd believe that excuse?" Michael's voice carried a hint of amusement." If that's the case, why didn't you visit me once while I was in the hospital? And those words you said to others...' Michael would be better off dead'? What was that about?"

"I didn't visit you... because your dad forbade it. And what I said to others... that was just out of anger," Winnie admitted, her voice unusually soft, her gaze lowering slightly.

But what she said was true. After recovering, she had sneaked into the hospital, hoping to see Michael. But Oscar's men were always on guard, never allowing her near.

During that time, Veronica had spread stories about her and Michael everywhere, leaving Winnie publicly humiliated at every turn. She had always been sharp-tongued and accustomed to hiding her true feelings, and in a moment of frustration, she had spoken harshly to preserve the little shred of dignity she had.

She never expected Michael would overhear. Afterwards, she regretted it deeply, hating her own sharp tongue, knowing he must have been hurt by her words.

It was precisely because she wasn't one to explain herself that she had wanted, more than once, to clarify things with Michael. But Michael had clearly intended to cut ties completely. He had finally given up chasing her, and Winnie naturally didn't want to interfere any further. Perhaps it was better for both of them.

"Are you... telling the truth?" Michael hesitated for a moment. His eyes, which had held suspicion, softened, replaced by emotions too deep to dissolve.

Winnie glanced at him from the corner of her eye, her face betraying a trace of awkwardness. "Believe it or not- it's up to you."

"I believe you," Michael said almost immediately, his clear, steady voice brushing against her slight impatience with a warmth that made her heart sink.

Winnie pursed her lips, refusing to meet his gaze, and said nothing more.

"Then our misunderstandings are cleared," Michael continued after a pause. "All the unpleasantness of the past ... ends here."

This time, his voice was no longer cold. It remained calm and composed, but there was a gentle warmth in it that felt like the first breeze of spring returning.

Winnie hesitated for a moment, then nodded. Michael extended his hand toward her. "So... can we still be friends?"

Winnie looked at his hand and slowly placed hers in it. His palm closed around hers- warm, strong, reassuring. For a moment, her eyes welled up, but she quickly reminded herself of Oscar's warning. And the advice of her

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+25 Bonus

own family.

The light in Michael's eyes had just begun to return when Winnie added coldly, "As long as you don't expect too much from me. I'm not reliable, and I could never..."

"I know. You'd never like me."

Before she could finish, Michael spoke first. He had heard these words from her before, so many times that it had left him with a mental scar. His expression darkened.

He hadn't expected her to feel differently toward him. All of Winnie's previous boyfriends had been completely opposite to him in personality. He had understood long ago that he wasn't her type.

Since he could never become the person she wanted, being friends was enough. At least he wouldn't have to endure the pain of unrequited longing.

And now, finally, they could speak openly and settle old grievances. That alone made him satisfied.

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Winnie parted her lips, drawing a shaky breath. "It's good that you know that."

The atmosphere cooled once more. She didn't want to linger in the awkwardness and quickly stepped into the

bathroom.

The next afternoon, on the way back, Michael and Winnie were seen off by diplomats from Naraida who had arrived at the hotel.

The men were dressed in deep blue uniforms, looking more like military staff than diplomats.

Michael watched as Winnie handed over a set of documents, signed and sealed. After inspecting the materials, the men saluted her before allowing their convoy to depart.

Michael immediately sensed something was off. He grabbed Winnie's arm. "What... what did you just give them?"

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A memory struck him. Winnie's mother had several state-level patents, including one that was far ahead of anything else in the world, carefully guarded by the Olson family.

Could Winnie have used something like that to exchange for his safe return?

"I said it's none of your business," Winnie replied sharply, frowning.

But Michael saw the slight hesitation in her expression and felt his suspicion harden. "Winnie, do you even know what you're doing?"

The only thing she could possibly trade was her mother's legacy. But those technologies weren't just personal- they involved national interests and the commercial operations of Goldmont City.

Winnie was usually reckless, doing whatever she pleased, consequences be damned. But on matters this serious, Michael could not stand by and let her act so carelessly.

"I'm saving you. I'm just returning a favor," Winnie said coldly.

"I'd rather you not owe me anything," Michael snapped, storming after the people who had just left.

Winnie hurried to keep up, unable to stop him, so she wrapped her arms around his narrow waist.

"Michael! What are you doing? I've already given it to them! Going after them now is useless. We're not in our own country. Don't start trouble!"

Hearing her, Michael's anger only flared further. He grabbed her arm, spinning her around to face him.

"Winnie! Is nothing in your mind ever serious? Do you intend to live your life recklessly, wandering through it without care?!"

His words came out harsh, unmeasured in the heat of the moment. Michael had grown up with her, understood the lack of love she had experienced as a child, and knew her rebellion was a protective shell. He had always accepted her prickly ways-as long as he wasn't hurt.

But her selfishness and recklessness in so many matters were something he could not ignore. So he took it upon himself to clean up after her, hoping she would never stray from morality or compassion.

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Chapter 319

+25 Bonus

Winnie felt as though icy water had been poured over her, a shiver running through her entire body. Her eyes darkened, and she let out a bitter laugh.

“Yes,” she snapped. “I don’t care about anything. I act recklessly and ignore the consequences. That’s why I risked everything-using my mom’s outdated technology-to exchange for your sharp words and anger!”

She yanked her hand from his grip and hurried to the car. Michael froze.

Outdated technology?

He sprinted after the already moving vehicle, yanked the door open, and slid in beside her.

Winnie turned to the window, clearly unwilling to meet his gaze.

“Is it true?” Michael’s voice softened, carrying a trace of apology. “You only gave them the old version?”

Winnie snorted coldly. “And what? Just because you have principles, I have none?”

Michael realized how harsh he had sounded and fell silent, ashamed. He had underestimated her-jumped to conclusions without asking a single question.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that.”

Winnie didn’t turn to look at him, but her tense shoulders loosened slightly.

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## **Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 320**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 320 -

# Love Demands Honest Hearts – Yash Malhotra 320

Chapter 320

+25 Bonus

“That old version of the technology was already obsolete three years ago,” Winnie explained. “My mom left it to me as a keepsake before she passed. The core data of the new version is still under the Olson family’s control. Even if the patent fees go entirely to them, I could never betray my mother’s wishes-or my country.”

Michael gazed at her stubborn profile, a complex wave of emotions rising within him.

So Winnie was far clearer-headed and more rational than he had ever imagined.

“Even so,” he sighed, “using that technology to get me back home... the price was far too high. You shouldn’t have risked yourself for me.”

Winnie finally turned to face him, her eyes carrying that familiar stubbornness. “Michael, you’re still as indecisive as ever. I said I was willing. You don’t need to worry about me.”

Normally, Michael might have taken this as another instance of her willfulness. But this time, he sensed something different beneath her words.

If this hadn’t required her to personally step in, would she, like in the misunderstanding years ago, have left him without even an explanation?

During the return flight, both were lost in their own thoughts, and for a long time, there was no conversation.

Winnie slept for a while and woke to find there were still over five hours left in the flight. Bored, she was about to order some food when she noticed the seat beside her was empty.

“Where’s Michael?” she asked the attendant, anxious.

“I’m here,” came his voice. Michael emerged from nearby, and Winnie couldn’t help but feel a little awkward.

“I thought you...” she began.

“You were worried about me?” Michael asked, a small smile tugging at his lips.

He had seen her sleeping peacefully earlier and had gone to the back to handle some work. He hadn't expected that the moment she woke, she would immediately look for him. Clearly, this trip to Naraida had been weighing heavily on her.

Winnie didn't answer, but her silence was taken as acknowledgment. Michael slid back into the seat beside her.

"When we get home, what are your plans?" he asked.

Winnie looked down, lazily fiddling with the edge of her sleeve. "Plans? Just keep muddling through life, I guess.

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Michael frowned, sensing that she was teasing him. "That's not what I meant."

"If the Olson family knew you did all this for me, they'd probably make things difficult for you. And... is there anything I can do for you?"

"I said we're even," Winnie replied, tugging at the corner of her mouth. "I can't provoke the Olson family... and definitely not the Morrison family."

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Chapter 320

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She was referring to Oscar. Michael had already promised his father he wouldn't get entangled with Winnie again. This matter with Lindsay could easily have Oscar pinning the blame on her again.

Michael wanted to say more, but words failed him. Perhaps his concern was, in itself, a burden for her.

"No matter what, if you need my help, just say the word," he said softly.

"Aren't you busy with work? You'll still have time for me after we get home?" Winnie teased lightly, masking her concern. She sensed the seriousness in his tone and didn't want him to examine her so gravely, as if she were facing some insurmountable hardship.

"As long as you need me, I'll always be here," Michael said without hesitation.

The words hung in the air. Both froze, staring at each other, momentarily lost.

Suddenly, the plane hit turbulence, jolting violently. Winnie instinctively gripped the armrest, her knuckles whitening.

Michael noticed her reaction and gently covered her hand with his. "Don't be afraid. It's just normal turbulence.

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Winnie forced a smile. "I'm not afraid."

Despite her words, her hand closed firmly around his.

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