

# Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 491

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 491 – Chapter 491 “Then go ahead and call the police.” Charlotte didn't bother to say more. She knew that after doing what she had, her sparring with Ethan was effectively over. The only regret was that she couldn't avenge her friend, couldn't rely on her own strength to tear this despicable, vile man apart. Ethan turned, his voice trembling with barely restrained anger. “ Beg me... maybe then I'll forgive you?” “| don't need your forgiveness.

Ethan, a scumbag like you- whatever | do to you, | won't feel an ounce of guilt.” “Charlotte!” The words hadn't even left his mouth before he swung his phone violently. Charlotte hadn't expected such sudden fury; she barely had time to react. The phone slammed into her calf. Pain shot up her leg Seeing Ethan stride toward her, Charlotte didn't move. Her brows furrowed, eyes shut, head tilted back. She braced herself for his violence. It wasn't her first time. Growing up under her father's shadow, -- Charlotte had learned early to live with pain.

She saw nothing to fear in madmen or villains-they had long been her companions. Ethan did feel the urge to crush her beneath him. But as he raised his arm, his hand hovered, refusing to strike. For a moment, anger twisted inside him like a physical ache. Charlotte had shattered more than his fragile, forced confidence. She'd breached the false walls of his mind. And yet... why? Even a woman like her looked down on him? The cold words of Clarice from his childhood echoed in his mind. ‘From now on, besides me, you have no one to rely on.

Without the Morrison family's name, you're nothing but a pitiful orphan- bottom of the barrel, a worthless waste. “The useless don't deserve love; the capable manipulate it. Will you be aman above all, or a mediocre fool who cries over petty emotions?” Ethan drew in a deep breath, veins standing out in his forearms as he clenched his fists. But after a long pause, he forced himself to suppress the storm inside. He cupped Charlotte's face with a firm grip. “Look at me.” Her eyes remained shut. -- He pulled her into his chest, pressing his lips to hers.

Finally, Charlotte opened her eyes, struggling violently. They twisted and thrashed across the edge of the sofa, until both collapsed. Ethan's powerful body pinned her beneath him, breath ragged. “Beg me...” he demanded. “In your dreams!” Heat flushed Charlotte's face. His body was strong, solid beneath hers, and the force of being trapped in his embrace was frightening-but necessary. If he truly crossed the line, she could at least make him pay. “Charlotte... tell me you feel nothing for me.

Tell me you've been coming close, deliberately teasing someone you hate, all for Khloe?” Ethan's anger and incredulity surged. Each word that came out made the situation feel more absurd. The olive branch Charlotte had thrown-he had caught it piece by piece.

There was no way her feelings for him were so simple. “You’re right,” Charlotte said, eyes blazing. “I do have feelings for you... but the feeling I have is disgust!”

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He had a long, tangled history with women, and in every past conflict, it had always been the other person clinging, pleading, begging him. And yet now... he hadn’t done anything to Charlotte, and already he felt as if he had been rejected, even toyed with. The illusion of having his heart manipulated gnawed at him. Of course, he shouldn’t have any real feelings for anyone-never did, never should. “Me? Compared to you, I’m only using your own method against you!” Charlotte’s voice trembled with disgust, her spine stiff. — Ethan blinked, puzzled. Her gaze locked on his eyes.

“Do you remember Nancy?” At the name, Ethan’s grip loosened abruptly. He stared at her, stunned, as if she had spoken in a language he had forgotten. “You... knew her?” Charlotte pushed herself to her feet, retreating a few steps from him, her voice sharp and cold. “Yes. I knew her. She... she was my best friend.” Ethan’s expression flickered, then twisted into an almost incredulous smile, realization dawning “So... you got close to me for her?” “Ethan, you said it yourself-no one is completely innocent.” Charlotte’s voice hardened.

She remembered clearly how he had judged Nancy’s death without remorse, as if evaluating some trivial, meaningless life. Yet it was a life he had destroyed. “Nancy trapped herself with love-she wasn’t innocent. But you, taking someone’s heart for yourself... you think you’re innocent?” Seeing her growing fury, Ethan muttered begrudgingly, “I didn’t have feelings for her.” — “Ha! Of course not! How could you, Ethan? Only fools like us, people from the bottom, have feelings. It’s our fault for believing in them. But why...

“Why do you get to decide it’s your right to toy with someone else’s heart?” Charlotte’s voice quivered with anger and grief, each word faster than the last. “Charlotte, I said-I didn’t toy with her feelings. I and she... we’re not-” “Yes! You and her aren’t. Nothing at all! You, Ethan, are just giving every girl a chance! You think she’s lucky because she got near to you?” Charlotte cut him off, her words sharp, searing. She no longer cared to hear any of his excuses.

During their time together, she had finally understood why Ethan took interest in someone like her—a small, insignificant person. Because it fed his superiority complex. As long as he could satisfy the emptiness inside, the boredom of his soul... and draw worship from others, Ethan wouldn't hesitate to offer a few crumbs of charm, a little handout of sweetness. A slight indulgence could win over someone's genuine heart—a profit too tempting to resist. — Ethan felt suddenly powerless. He laughed again, but it was hollow.

He had never cared about being a “good person,” never cared about how others judged him. He prided himself on being cold, ruthless, and untouchable. But Charlotte's words struck deep. Nancy had been innocent, yes—but no matter how he tried to defend himself now, Charlotte would only see it as him shirking responsibility. “Do you even know... she used to be my light? She didn't have a family background like yours, but she had dreams—she wanted to live well!”

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 493 – Chapter 493 “That's right. I have more money than you, a better family background than you—does that mean I deserve to die? “Having money isn't a sin. But you... you'll do anything for wealth and pleasure, even if it means hurting others. You're so cold-blooded. Are you even human? Don't you think you deserve to die?” Charlotte didn't hold back at all. In the art of hitting where it hurts, she had already won. Ethan's heart was hollow; the wounds from his childhood had long since drained him dry.

Yet, her few words managed to squeeze water out of that dry well, stirring something raw and painful inside him. He drew in a deep breath and rose from the floor. For a moment, he laughed with a hint of madness, nodding slightly, his fingers pointing toward Charlotte. But this time, no words would come out. Every sharp, venomous threat, every cutting remark he wanted to unleash, got stuck in his throat. Charlotte cursed him silently, wishing him dead. — Those words crawled into his ears, searing his nerves, making his whole body ache.

Rarely had someone wielded language with such lethal precision. Ethan turned and went into the bedroom to change. Charlotte stayed where she was, listening to the loud click of the door as he left. Her heart, which had been lodged in her throat, finally settled. She had half-expected him to hurt her, to strike her, so she had discreetly installed hidden cameras around her home. Perhaps he had realized this, and that's why he had forcibly held back his rage. Regardless, today she and Ethan had torn the veil off their faces. He would undoubtedly seek revenge.

And her intrusion into his phone—he would not let that go easily. Charlotte knew she had played with fire, and now it was starting to burn. Khloe hadn't expected to get a message from Charlotte in the middle of the night. She got up quietly, slipping into the next room

to call her friend. She didn't want to wake Nick, who was still asleep. -- Their trip to the Royal Palace had ended, and they were supposed to return promptly to Goldmont. But Nick's body had taken a beating from the past couple of days, and with the chill, he had run a slight fever yesterday.

A doctor had been called, diagnosing some internal inflammation, and had advised complete rest. Khloe had heard of a hot-spring hotel near the palace. The doctor suggested that soaking in the springs could soothe both body and mind, helping dispel the residual cold and dampness from his system. So she and Nick had extended their stay in Jayelle City for two more days. The hot springs worked wonders on Nick's recovery. Bathing together, inside and out, they both felt invigorated, renewed. Khloe had originally intended to stay a few more days, until next week, before flying to Naraida.

But now Charlotte's message about Morrison Group had shattered all that calm. Though she kept her composure outwardly, Khloe's good mood was gone. Clarice excelled at making people sick with her schemes. Khloe had already wiped the Fox family off the board, yet now Clarice was elevating Angela to a position of honor? -- Khloe didn't intend to hide this from Nick. After finishing the call with Charlotte, she told him everything Solara Energy was a potential competitor of the Hunt family.

Hearing the news, Nick's expression hardened, and he immediately wanted to set the earliest possible return to Goldmont. But Khloe stopped him. She had scheduled three therapy sessions for Nick, and the last one was tomorrow morning. Seeing his recent improvement, she insisted he complete the final session. Even if Solara Energy were collaborating with Morrison Group, their return wouldn't be enough to stop it. Nick had no choice but to agree. He would rely on his people to monitor Solara Energy's projects in Goldmont, keeping a close eye on every move.

Solara Energy's background was strong, but it couldn't match the financial power of the Hunt family. With the right investment of resources, Nick could easily make Solara Energy pay for overreaching.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 494 - Chapter 494 No one was allowed to hurt Khloe-not even Morrison Group. Nick was willing to defy George's principles for her. Khloe understood Nick's thoughts perfectly, but she didn't want to escalate things unnecessarily. If Solara Energy and Morrison Group were entering a legitimate partnership, she had no standing to oppose it. Otherwise, she wouldn't deserve to steer Morrison Group at all But... if Angela was acting as Solara Energy's representative, that changed everything. Indirectly, Clarice had also given her an opening for retaliation. "All right.

| understand." After finishing the call with Charlotte, Khloe felt reassured. No wonder Angela could act as Solara Energy's representative. They had actually handed over the

data she had painstakingly researched to Angela. To stoop that low and still try to deceive her? Thinking of the words Trey had uttered in confession earlier, Khloe felt a wave of disgust churn in her stomach. Usually, she -- could suppress the thought, but today it nearly made her retch. "Khloe, are you okay?" Charlotte's concern was audible over the phone. "I'm fine. But what about you..."

you stole Ethan's phone-he didn't make things difficult for you, did he?" Khloe hadn't wanted Charlotte to take such a dangerous risk. Had she known Charlotte would go this far, she wouldn't have mentioned it at all. Still, if Ethan pressed the matter, Khloe had already resolved in her mind that she would take full responsibility-protecting Charlotte at all costs. "No..." Charlotte hesitated, feeling the word sounded unconvincing, "...he hasn't discovered it yet." "Khloe, Solara Energy will sign the contract with us tomorrow morning. Should we do something?" "No need.

You've already done more than enough. Leave the rest to me." Khloe felt her nausea worsen. She didn't speak much more and hung up quickly. "Khloe?" -- A sudden noise outside the bathroom signaled Nick had woken. He knocked on the door, his voice tinged with urgency. Khloe didn't dare turn on the faucet-she didn't want to wake him -but without her presence, Nick had already stirred restlessly. Before she could respond, he pushed the door open, his worried gaze cutting straight to Khloe's startled eyes. "What's wrong?" Seeing her bend slightly, appearing uncomfortable, Nick's heart tightened.

He reached for her arm and, instinctively, checked her forehead as he usually did. "Nick... why aren't you sleeping? | just got up to use the bathroom, it's nothing..." "You're lying to me again." Nick frowned. "You were on the phone for a long time. Was it about the Morrison Group?" He had woken when she had answered the call. Actually, these past two nights, he hadn't slept well at all. His stomach had been gnawing at him, burning like fire. He knew the feverish symptoms the last two days were probably related to gastric congestion. But he didn't dare-or want-to think it was anything worse.

-- Knowing she couldn't hide the truth from him, Khloe nodded honestly. "It's fine. We don't need to worry. This matter will be resolved soon." "Oh?" Nick's expression softened instantly at her words. He brushed his hand gently over her face, waiting for her to continue. Khloe entwined her arm with his and returned to the bed. She summarized the situation and her plan. There was no need for Nick to confront Solara Energy, and no need for Morrison Group to abandon the collaboration. Handling Angela required only the tool she had handed herself.

But as she held his hand, she noticed something was off. Why, lately, did Nick feel so cold every night?

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 495 – Chapter 495 Noticing the change in Khloe's expression, Nick seemed to sense her thoughts. He withdrew his hand and pulled her closer into his chest. "It's cold at night. Without you here, even the bed feels cold." "You—seriously, you have a cold and still don't wear more clothes And just now, you stood outside for so long, didn't you?" Khloe pinched his cheek lightly, scolding him with a teasing frown. The temperature had dropped recently, and Nick's pajamas were thin. He probably hadn't dared disturb her while waiting outside the bathroom.

He was always like this—thoughtful of everyone else, yet the one who worried others the most. "I'm fine," he murmured. Hearing her concern, his face softened into the kind of endless gentleness that seemed etched into him. His fingers brushed along her smooth brows, lingering as if he could never get enough of her. "Khloe... you looked uncomfortable just now. Are you all right?" Khloe had forgotten about it, but his question reminded her. She —- nodded. "A little queasy just now, but it passed quickly." "Your stomach?" Nick frowned and tried to sit up. She immediately held him down.

"It's probably just a mental discomfort. My body feels fine." "You should still get checked at the hospital, so I know you're okay." Khloe nodded. "All right. I'll go when we get back." Satisfied with her compliance, Nick turned back toward her. His hand, now warm again, pressed lightly over her abdomen through her pajamas. "Let me massage it for you." Khloe felt a warmth surge to her chest. Even though she wasn't uncomfortable now, she obediently nodded, like a child leaning on a guardian. Nick's care ran deep into his bones.

Even when she pressed on his back, he couldn't bear to go over a minute—but massaging her abdomen, he could go on forever. Even when Khloe gently pushed his hands away, saying she was fine, he would start again moments later. His palms were firm yet gentle, kneading and smoothing every tense spot, as if determined to banish every trace of discomfort —- from her body. Cradled in his arms, Khloe's eyelids gradually grew heavy, and soon she drifted into a peaceful sleep. Nick, however, did not feel sleepy for a long time. At dawn, a sudden burn in his stomach roused him.

While Khloe remained asleep, he rushed to the toilet and emptied himself. He had eaten very little these past two days, so his stomach was almost empty. After vomiting the acidic fluid, streaks of blood appeared—sharper and more abundant than before. He continued until his mouth still reeked of metallic tang. Furrowing his brow, he looked into the mirror. His face was pale and drawn, and unease gnawed at him. Could something really be wrong with his body? Returning to bed, Khloe still slept peacefully, the morning sunlight filtering through the curtains, spilling over her hair.

She curled up on the soft bed, leaning into his side, immovable The scene was the very picture of tranquility—exactly what he had always wished for. And yet, now, it filled him with a strange, inexplicable sadness. Perhaps even happiness could make one fragile, vulnerable to the slightest ripple. —- The next morning in Goldmont City, Angela changed into a professional suit and, accompanied by Barney's representatives, headed to

Morrison Group for the signing. The ceremony was formal, and Trey, being an outsider, did not attend.

He waited in the reception area of Morrison Group's hall while Angela completed the proceedings. They arrived early. Trey sat but did not relax, constantly glancing toward the entrance. Yesterday, Ethan had told him that Khloe was on leave and might not return for some time. The Solara Energy collaboration project was not minor in Morrison Group. As the heir, even on leave, Khloe would not be completely unaware of it.

## Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 496

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 496 - -- Chapter 496 So, how would Khloe react when she found out that Solara Energy's representative was Angela? Thinking of this, Trey's anticipation grew. He was eager to see how Khloe would handle Angela, and how she would deal with him. There was no love between them-but there had to be hate. Angela was led into the VIP reception room by Morrison Group staff. She had arrived an hour earlier than scheduled. Ethan had yet to appear. The assistant called Ethan, but he didn't pick up. At that moment, Ethan was just getting out of bed at the hotel.

His phone vibrated nearby, but he ignored it and headed straight to the bathroom: After leaving Charlotte's place last night, he had drunk at a bar all night. Now, his whole body ached miserably. Only after a long, cold shower did he finally wake up enough to check his phone. He sent a message to have the company staff receive Angela and said he would arrive shortly. -- After hanging up, Ethan glanced at the message screen again. All night, Charlotte had stayed silent-no signs, no moves. By now, his emotions had calmed.

His mind raced, realizing Charlotte's likely motive for taking his phone. Everything on his phone was related to Solara Energy's collaboration project. But even if she saw the project, everything was perfectly above board. What could she really do? Knock knock-Angela had just finished a call with Barney when she saw movement at the door. Assuming Ethan had arrived so quickly, she hurried to open it. Instead, a stranger stood there. The woman had a cool, sharp beauty, radiating a fierce presence. The moment Angela opened the door, she strode inside confidently.

The room was empty except for Angela and the spread of documents on the table. Since it was still early, the Solara -- Energy representatives who had accompanied her had gone outside. "You must be Angela?" Winnie sized Angela up for a few seconds, then sat down directly across from her. Angela glanced around, noticing only one person was present. She frowned. "Who are you? Isn't Mr. Morrison here yet?" "Oh, you mean Ethan? The only Morrison | recognize is the heiress of the Morrison family and Morrison Group.

She's out at the moment, so Ethan attended to you instead." Winnie didn't directly answer Angela's question. Her gaze flicked to Angela with unhidden disdain. From what Charlotte

had told her, Angela and Trey were despicable-sickening in the way they treated others emotionally, and now, stealing Khloe's research data to collaborate with Morrison Group? What kind of boss did Solara Energy have to find this kind of woman acceptable? Winnie's temper flared instantly. If Charlotte hadn't told her to ignore it, she would have already wanted to give this pair of scoundrels a piece of her mind.

-- Coincidentally, she had just received a call from Michael, asking her to keep an eye on Angela and Ethan-delay the two of them for a little while. It turned out Khloe and Michael had contacted each other that morning. Michael was on his way to Morrison Group to represent Khloe at the signing. "I see... so, Miss Olson, you were sent here by Miss Morrison..." Angela began. "I'm here to accompany you on behalf of Ethan," Winnie interrupted. She leaned forward slightly. "Angela, have you eaten lunch yet? It's around mealtime.

Tea alone isn't enough, right?" Angela sensed the hostility in Winnie's tone, but this was the Morrison Group. Though confused, she didn't want to stir up trouble. "No, it's fine. I'll eat after finishing work. You don't need to worry, Miss Olson. You should focus on your own tasks." "That won't do," Winnie said firmly. "I can't just leave a VIP guest unattended. My treat-let's go get something to eat."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 497 - Chapter 497 Winnie didn't know how to stall Angela properly. Honestly, in her mind, someone this vile deserved a good beating. So, she didn't even realize how harsh her tone had become. Before Angela could respond, Winnie grabbed her arm and started pulling her toward the door. Angela naturally resisted. "Miss Olson, what are you doing? Let go of me!" "I'm taking you to eat," Winnie said coldly, twisting Angela's arm without a second thought. Angela's slender arm tensed in pain. She screamed and grabbed the edge of the table, struggling with Winnie.

"If you don't stop, I'll call someone!" Angela threatened, her voice sharp. In the middle of the struggle, Winnie had a sudden idea. She deliberately knocked over the tea on the table, splashing it all over Angela. Angela happened to be wearing a white dress. The tea stained -- the center of her waist and abdomen. Only then did Winnie finally release her. Both took a step back- Winnie bumped into the table corner, Angela into a chair- frantically patting at her soaked clothes. "You... you-" Angela opened her mouth to curse, but swallowed the words.

She drew in quick breaths, glaring at Winnie. The commotion outside drew people in. Solara Energy's project manager saw Angela's embarrassment and frowned. "Angela, what happened?" Barney's assistant quickly handed Angela some tissues Both ignored Winnie entirely. She, in turn, stepped aside politely. "Sorry about that, Angela," Winnie

said lightly, her tone dripping with perfunctory detachment. Angela was furious, but she couldn't lose face in front of others. The assistant suggested, "There's still time.

"Should we go to a nearby mall and get a fresh set of clothes?" After all, this was a signing with Morrison Group—her current state was unprofessional. Angela gritted her teeth and glanced at the instigator. — Winnie noticed the look out of the corner of her eye. "If you don't mind, I actually have a spare outfit. You can change here if you want." Though still angry, Angela realized Winnie's solution was the most practical. Seeing Angela hesitate, Winnie deliberately turned to leave. Sure enough, Angela called after her. "Sure. Thank you." "No trouble at all.

"This is my fault to begin with." Winnie smiled faintly, her tone colder than ever. She led Angela to the dressing room on her floor, handed her the spare outfit, and walked out. Angela didn't think twice and immediately began changing. But when she finished and tried to leave, the door was locked from the outside. The dressing room was in the employee lounge area. It wasn't soundproof, but after lunch, no one was around. No matter how loudly Angela shouted, no one would hear. Outside, Winnie stood by the door, listening to Angela calling her name desperately while texting Michael: [All set.

Take your time, — no rush] Angela was proving to be difficult. Since soft tactics didn't work, Winnie decided to be firm. Locking her in the dressing room, she could stall Angela as long as needed. As the scheduled signing time approached, Ethan arrived at the conference room. Solara Energy's representatives were already there—everyone except Angela. She was the signing representative; the ceremony couldn't start without her. Ethan sat quietly on the side, waiting. Solara Energy's team grew increasingly uneasy. Angela had left in such a hurry she hadn't even taken her phone.

After a while, someone hesitantly mentioned that a female employee had taken her away. Ethan's expression darkened. "A female employee? Which one?"

## **Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 498**

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 498 – Chapter 498 After hearing the description, Ethan abruptly stood up. There were only two women in the company who could have been sent to handle Angela: Charlotte and Winnie. The way the informant described her—"cold aura, almost like an executive"—could only mean Winnie. Without hesitation, Ethan stormed toward Winnie's workstation. When he found it empty, he immediately headed for the employee lounge. Winnie had taken Angela to change clothes, which meant the dressing room. And since the employee dressing rooms were separated by gender, Ethan headed straight for the women's area.

Unsurprisingly, this drew attention. Many of the staff watched him closely, and Winnie's colleagues quickly followed. Khloe had warned them: Winnie was blunt and easily offended people, so they usually kept an eye on her. Now Ethan had come in full force to find her, and everyone was on edge. "Winnie, what are you doing?" Ethan's anger was

already boiling over. Seeing Winnie standing -- in front of the women's dressing room, blocking the door, made his expression instantly terrifying. Winnie hadn't expected him to arrive so fast. She immediately planted herself in front of him.

"Ethan, this is the women's dressing room. Are you sure you're in the right place?" Of course, she was playing dumb. At this point, any delay would help. Inside, Angela had heard the commotion. She pounded on the door. "Mr. Morrison? Is that you? I'm locked in! Mr. Morrison!" "Open the door." Ethan's voice was cold, his gaze on Winnie sharp enough to make her shrink back. This was unbelievable--one Charlotte, one Winnie--two insane women in a row. In all his years at Morrison Group, he had never encountered anything this ridiculous.

Clarice had been right: ever since Khloe joined the company, the atmosphere at Morrison Group had been off. "I... | don't know where the key is." Winnie's brow furrowed, and she stepped back a few paces, -- trying to appear hesitant. Ethan looked frightening, and she had no authority to keep Angela locked in the dressing room. If accountability came, even Khloe wouldn't be able to protect her. Her only option was to stall. She had promised to buy time until Michael arrived, and that meant she had to hold out. Ethan didn't waste words. He grabbed her wrist and forced her palm open.

There was no key. Winnie glared at him and tried to shake free. "Don't touch me!" "Key," Ethan growled through gritted teeth. She stayed silent. Just then, an assistant rushed over with the spare key. Ethan signaled him to unlock the door, but Winnie again stepped forward. "Do you even know what kind of person Angela is? She's no good! I'm just protecting the company!" By now, a crowd had gathered outside the dressing room. Ethan's expression darkened further. He nodded, and the bodyguards who had rushed over immediately pulled Winnie aside. -- Struggling was useless.

She could only watch helplessly as the dressing room door opened. Angela had been trapped inside for nearly an hour. Her hair was a mess, her cheeks flushed, and her breathing uneven. "Mr. Morrison! It's this woman! She tricked me here and locked me in!" She had pieced together the situation. Winnie had clearly come to sabotage her signing. "Sorry to startle you. She's Winnie Olson, the daughter of the Olson family, interning at our company. She's quite headstrong, but I'll deal with this seriously. Winnie, come over and apologize to Angela." Ethan's voice was calm and emotionless.

He handed Angela a handkerchief, gesturing for her to wipe the sweat from her forehead and remain composed.

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informed bystanders began whispering. No wonder Winnie had such a poor reputation—the audacity to bully a company guest? What kind of heiress behaved like this? And why had Morrison Group even hired her? It was downright embarrassing. Among the derisive murmurs, Winnie’s face darkened. Ethan wasn’t about to let her off so easily. He had her forced forward, pressing her to apologize to Angela. Angela exhaled, a small smile forming. “Winnie, I’ve heard of you.

You’re quite famous in Goldmont, aren’t you? Must be tough being raised by the Olson family.” “You—someone like you—dares to speak to me like that?” Winnie’s sharp tongue was her strongest weapon. Angela felt a surge of anger but, casting a glance at Ethan, chose to remain composed. “Mr. Morrison, it seems Winnie has no intention of apologizing. “But Winnie’s behavior—if it spreads—will make Solara Energy — think Morrison Group doesn’t want to cooperate with us. And it will give people the impression that your employees are all lunatics. The consequences...

would be disastrous.” Ethan, tired of dealing with women’s quarrels, had initially planned to go through the motions. But Winnie refused to back down. At that moment, he lost all interest in restraint. With a single glance, his bodyguards moved to bend Winnie ninety degrees, forcing her to apologize to Angela. “Let go of her.” A sharp voice rang out from behind the crowd just as Winnie was about to collapse under the pressure. Gasps filled the air, and the onlookers instinctively parted to create a clear path. Even the guards holding Winnie froze for a moment.

She seized the chance to break free. A tall, striking figure appeared, striding directly toward Winnie. It was Michael, Flustered and blushing, Winnie didn’t have time to think—she ran toward him. The Ethan’s team tried to intercept, but Michael was faster, spreading his arms to shield her, “What, does Morrison Group now only recognize Ethan as the only Morrison in this company?” — Michael’s voice was measured, neither loud nor soft, but it carried undeniable authority. The guards immediately lowered their heads.

“We wouldn’t dare.” Angela, unaware of who had arrived, could only infer from the stance and tension—it had to be someone from the Morrison family. But why would someone from the Morrison family protect Winnie, a reckless low-level employee? As Michael shielded Winnie, Ethan’s gaze landed on Charlotte, who had followed at the rear of Michael’s group. Her flushed face and restless eyes betrayed her anxiety. Ethan immediately knew—Michael had been brought here directly by Charlotte. Indeed, Charlotte’s information network within the company was unmatched.

The moment Ethan started looking for Winnie, the news reached her. She had immediately realized Ethan’s intention to cause trouble, and, conveniently, Michael had arrived just then. Charlotte had guided Michael straight to the scene. Seeing Winnie safe, Charlotte let out a quiet sigh of relief, a faint smirk of satisfaction tugging at her lips. Ethan, watching Michael “rescue” Winnie and seeing Charlotte’s subtle amusement, felt his anger spike uncontrollably. He — sneered as he stepped forward. “Michael, since when can someone not employed by the Morrison Group interfere in its affairs?

Who gave you that right? Do you realize who Winnie just offended?” Michael remained motionless, unmoved by Ethan’s taunts and thinly veiled provocations. He merely lifted a corner of his mouth in a faint, knowing smile. His face was calm, without a trace of anger. His composed, refined aura contrasted sharply with Ethan’s superficial show of strength. “My authority,” Michael said evenly, “comes from the current heir of Morrison Group—Miss Roswell herself.”

## Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 500

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 500 – Chapter 500 Michael spoke in a calm tone. The mention of “Miss Roswell” of the Morrison Group made Angela’s heart skip a beat. The heiress of the Morrison Group... was a Roswell? Angela’s mind flashed to Khloe’s face, and a chill ran down her spine. But almost immediately, she scolded herself inwardly. Impossible. How could Khloe possibly be the Morrison family’s heiress? It was probably just a coincidence—she was being far too sensitive. “As for Winnie offending a company client... you’ve misunderstood,” Michael continued, his voice cool and indifferent.

“Everything Winnie did was under my instruction. Ethan, if you have any issues, you can take them up with me directly.” Winnie, standing behind him, felt her heartbeat quicken. Not from the tension in the air, but simply from hearing his voice. It made her feel safe, even joyful. Even after losing face moments ago, she found herself savoring it. — The Michael she knew before seemed... different now. He had grown from a quiet, obedient child who relied on adults into a capable, strong, and courageous adult who could face anything.

Meanwhile, she felt like she was still stuck in place—reckless, impulsive, prone to mistakes. The gap between them was glaring. Winnie was painfully aware that standing beside him, her pride had vanished. And yet, at this moment, memories of Michael’s childhood words resurfaced. “Winnie, when I grow up, I will protect you.” “I don’t need your protection. You’re too weak. Good kids only do what their parents say.” “It’s okay if you don’t believe me. I’ll prove it when the time comes.” We’ll see when you grow up.” Her thoughts were abruptly pulled back as Ethan and Michael came to blows.

Ignoring Michael, Ethan ordered his men to seize Winnie. Michael, however, grabbed Ethan by the collar. — “Ethan, don’t you understand me? I’m here under the CEO’s orders to temporarily halt your signing and cooperation.” Ethan’s peripheral vision caught Charlotte’s gaze locked firmly on him. That sudden, impulsive urge that had been building in him felt like it had been doused by a bucket of ice-cold water. He smirked, forcefully straightened his ruffled collar, and smoothed his clothes. “The collaboration between Morrison Group and Solara Energy was long agreed upon.

Back when Niel assigned it, my mother, Clarice, was given full authority to handle it “Even Khloe can’t let personal grudges obstruct the company’s legitimate cooperation, can

she?” Ethan had anticipated that Khloe wouldn’t stand idly by if Angela came to Morrison Group. But he hadn’t expected her to send Michael in her stead. Even for a signing she couldn’t stop herself, who did Michael ‘think he was? Michael’s words were deliberate, leaving neither Ethan nor his team any room to react-but Angela’s face drained of all color. Had she misheard? No, she definitely heard it...

-- Who was he talking about? Khloe? “Mr. Morrison... the name you just mentioned... Miss Roswell... was it?” Angela could no longer contain herself. Her body trembled in disbelief, and she could only grit her teeth and ask. She hoped she had simply misheard. Ethan drew in a calm breath. “What, hasn’t Trey told you yet? Our CEO is Khloe. She is Niel’s daughter and the sole heir of Morrison Group. Angela, I’m sure you know her pretty well.”