

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 511

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 511 – Chapter 511 For some reason, Nick said it with a smile-gentle, warm-but the air suddenly felt heavy. Khloe blinked, a sudden ache prickling her nose. “Then I’ll grow old with you. But no matter when, in my heart, you’ll always be the most handsome man.” Nick chuckled quietly, picking up some food for her with casual care. Khloe stared at his face, sensing something slightly off. How could a single meal make her feel both happy and sad at the same time?

After dinner, Nick carried her to the sofa, and in the city’s most beautiful night, the world seemed to collapse into the warmth of their shared gaze. “Khloe, our new house is almost done. Once you’re back, we’ll set a date for the wedding.” Khloe nodded. “Alright. I’ll have a wedding specialist pick a good day for us.” “Grandma mentioned it too.

We can decide together.” Thinking of this, Khloe remembered her recent chats with -- Loretta, when they spoke about Arista Though Arista knew Khloe and Nick’s situation was good, she was still sulking with George and hadn’t returned to Goldmont City. Khloe liked Arista a lot. She tugged on Nick’s finger. “Oh, and when we’re back, we should visit Mom. She worries about you. Seeing your father like that... I’d have a hard time convincing myself if it were me.” George wasn’t one to coax anyone. For Arista to come back, it would take the younger generation’s persuasion.

Khloe felt for Nick, and she had already formed opinions about George. If it weren’t for Loretta asking, she might have even thought that Arista would be freer not staying with George. But then, Nick wouldn’t have such an understanding mother. And according to Loretta, Arista had stayed loyal to George all these years-they truly loved each other. Loving someone meant accepting their flaws. Arista’s love was great; unfortunately, George was blind to his own blessings. “Okay,” Nick replied. Khloe looked at him, unsure what he was thinking. His eyes were clouded with something dark and heavy.

-- She assumed it was thoughts of George that made Nick uneasy. “I’ll be with you,” she said. “If you’re unhappy around your father, we can limit contact... or even not see each other at all. | don’t care how Dad sees me. You don’t need to either. Adults... they’ll get old eventually.” When they were kids, they could only rely on adults. But adults age too, and eventually need to pay for their mistakes. Khloe used to think people could eventually let go of things, always let go. But even letting go didn’t erase anything. Even the worst parts were part of life.

The harm George caused Nick was part of him, embedded in his flesh and blood. His wounds would never disappear, so there was no need to force them to fully heal. As Dr. Yale had said, the goal wasn’t to erase them-it was to prevent them from worsening. Khloe had never experienced parental warmth, but she had spent half her life alone. She could understand all the grief and pain Nick felt. She ached for him, just as he ached for

her. Nick listened quietly and murmured, "Alright." Khloe sensed his mind elsewhere and stole a glance.

— Nick kept his head down, oblivious to her gaze, fingers repeatedly rubbing her palm "What are you thinking about?" Khloe couldn't resist. She leaned in toward his lips, and just as she was about to brush against the corner of his mouth, she let out a soft, breathy sigh.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 512 - Chapter 512 Nick looked up and met Khloe's sparkling, teasing gaze, instantly realizing she was deliberately trying to provoke him. "miss you." "You still miss me? Then why aren't you really listening to what I'm saying?" "Lam listening." He smiled, letting her hand rest against his cheek. His features were as if painted, his deep-set eyes calm and steady, even in shadow. "Khloe, we're married now. How about we formalize our assets?" Khloe blinked in surprise. "Formalize our assets?" She laughed softly.

"What, are you afraid that if we have a fight in the future, I'll take your money?" "No," Nick said gently. "It's not that. I just don't want you to be exposed to any risk. You're the CEO of Morrison Group-if that job ever tires you, you could step down. The Hunt Group is strong, and I believe you could easily take the role of vice president there too." — "Enough already. One company's responsibility is enough for me -I can't take on another." Khloe knew exactly what he meant. He just wanted to give her more. Loving someone often makes you feel indebted.

So now, Nick even wanted to extend that to the Hunt family holdings. "You can handle it," he said patiently. "Not just the shares and authority at Hunt Group-everything I personally own, you should fully enjoy." "We're married. What's yours is mine... I already have all that, don't I?" They were legally married, and the Hunt family treated her well. Khloe had no worries about that. "Yes, but if we formalize it, then if anything ever happened to me, I'd feel more at ease." Many in the Hunt family wouldn't question how Nick allocated his personal property. But the Hunt Group was different.

The company had no ties to Khloe, and George was difficult to deal with. Loretta and Arista couldn't protect her forever. Khloe's brow furrowed sharply. — She pushed Nick away and sat upright, locking eyes with him. "What are you saying? You're acting weird today. 'Anything happening'? What do you mean-you might have an accident?" "I'm just giving an example," he said, placing his hand on her cheek, gently rubbing her brow with his finger. "I don't like hearing you give examples like that," she said seriously. Alright, I won't say it that way. Tomorrow, I'll have a lawyer come over.

All my personal assets will be disclosed to you, and the shares | hold in Hunt Group will be officially registered as jointly owned by us.” Khloe didn’t understand. Usually, if she got upset, Nick would calm her first. But today, his focus was entirely on property. She was already worth billions-why did it even matter what he gave her? What she wanted most now wasn’t money-it was him, and that desire was obvious enough. As soon as Nick finished speaking, Khloe pushed him away and stood, heading back to her room.

His words had unsettled her, making it feel as if he were already preparing to leave. It wasn’t long before Nick followed. Seeing her sitting at the vanity, he wrapped his arms around her from behind. -- In the mirror, his face held a soft smile. “Not happy?” “No... | just don’t want to hear you say these things.” “| know. You only want to be with me-| feel the same way.” With that gentle reassurance, Khloe’s lips slowly curved back into a smile. “Khloe, do you remember what we said the first time we officially met?”

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Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 513 – Chapter 513 “Of course, | remember.” Khloe’s dark eyes lit up instantly. Every moment with Nick was etched into her memory, and their first meeting was unforgettable. Back then, she had assumed their marriage would be nothing more than a practical alliance-each taking what they needed. Nick had claimed he wasn’t interested in her inheritance, that everything was for the sake of family pressure. Now, thinking back, she realized he must have said that to put her at ease. Similarly, Nick had known all along that Khloe had no desire for the Hunt family fortune.

They had always kept their finances separate. He had even given her his secondary card, which she hardly ever used. “Tell me,” Nick’s deep voice softened, sending shivers through her bones. It was a voice that was both masculine and infinitely gentle, dangerously seductive in its warmth. “It wasn’t just because your family wanted us to get married,” she said. “You were interested in me and looking for an excuse to marry me, weren’t you?” Khloe blurted out, half-joking, half-true. She -- knew immediately that this sentence had struck a chord in Nick’s heart.

Thinking back, she remembered the way he had looked at her- hesitant, restrained. No wonder she had felt so nervous at that first dinner. She had assumed it was his presence, his refinement, that overwhelmed her. Now, she realized he had been equally inexperienced in matters of the heart, careful and tentative, testing her gently. She even thought with a cheeky sense of satisfaction: anyone would be shy around someone they liked. Nick acknowledged her playful tease with a nod, and before she could even speak again, he claimed her lips with urgency. The taste of him was sweet and intoxicating.

He lingered in several tender kisses before speaking again, finally giving her the answer she sought. “| said | needed a compliant wife, one who would cooperate in everything.” Back then, she had misunderstood him. Now, Nick wanted to clarify, “What | meant was...

when | want to do something for her, she listens and goes along willingly.” Khloe looped her arms around his neck, barely able to speak — before he lifted her onto the bed. Their bodies reignited in warmth, desire fluttering beneath their skin.

She pressed herself against him, trying to hold him tighter, only to feel him steady her from beneath. Tilting her head, she returned his kiss. Every moment with Nick was exquisite. Tonight, however, he seemed less tireless than before; usually, he never seemed to stop. Before sleep, Khloe asked again, her voice soft. “Are you really okay? Nothing’s wrong, right?” “We already agreed, remember? Just for reassurance,” Nick murmured, not directly answering, She felt the urge to turn toward him, but he anticipated it, tightening his hold around her waist and pressing her even closer. “Nick...

hearing you say that worries me. Did the doctor say anything during your checkup today?” “Mm. The doctor just said to be a little careful.” “I told you to take care of yourself...” Khloe began, only to be interrupted. “Don’t worry. I’ll be fine. | still need to stay with you, grow old with you,” he said softly. — Khloe frowned, covering his hands with hers. “Tomorrow, I’ll go with you for a full checkup. If anything’s wrong, you’ll tell me, won’t you? We can handle it. Even if your body’s weak, we’ll take it slow and get you healthy again.”

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Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 514 – Chapter 514 Actually, Khloe could sense that Nick’s body had grown weaker. Her heart was even more unsettled now. But she didn’t want to show too much worry-she didn’t want him to feel burdened. Meanwhile, on the other side, Winnie was still at the Morrison Group HQ, working late. She really didn’t have the natural talent her mother had. Although she was familiar with the techniques, she was always a step behind others. Her progress on the internship assessment goals was still less than ten percent.

After discovering yet another failed experiment, Winnie slumped in her chair, overwhelmed by frustration, wishing she could just vanish on the spot. Maybe she really didn’t belong at Morrison Group She turned to the window and saw that all the surrounding buildings had already gone dark. Closing her eyes, she rested briefly before dragging herself downstairs, utterly exhausted. Her phone buzzed. It was a call from Michael.

The moment she answered, his voice overlapped from her ear and back, “Just finished work?” — “Michael...” Winnie immediately turned around and hung up the call, a bit surprised and delighted. “What are you...” “Let’s go. It’s too late-I’ll take you home.” Michael was still in his suit, a faint scent of alcohol clinging to him, looking like he had just wrapped up work. Indeed, he had temporarily returned to Goldmont for Morrison Group today, putting aside other tasks.

Michael was good at adjusting to the situation; this afternoon, he had almost missed an important business negotiation, but by working late, he managed to handle it in time. How did you know | was still working here?" Winnie asked curiously once inside the car. She hadn't told him her exact work hours-what a coincidence. Michael replied, "Next time you work late without posting anything, | probably won't know." Winnie remembered with a start-she had only sent a little sigh emoji earlier. She fell silent.

Michael had brought her something: he pointed to the center console, where a cup of hot drink and a box of -- pastries sat. She happened to be hungry and didn't hesitate to open it. The drink was chocolate, her favorite, and the pastries were savory- crispy beef buns. "Where is this from? It tastes so familiar... like that snack shop near school." She paused, surprised. That had been the little shop she and Michael often went to. She loved its savory treats, and most of their meetings had started there.

Sometimes, when she felt upset at home, she'd go late at night to eat, because the shop stayed open from afternoon until midnight. But this shop was so far from here-Michael couldn't have gone all that way just to buy it for her, could he? "Hotel," Michael said casually. "I thought it tasted a bit like the old place we used to go to, so I brought some over," he added. Winnie nodded, chewing on the crispy beef bun, thoughtful. Once she swallowed, she said, "Thank you... You remembered what I liked to eat." Michael glanced at her.

She handled the food so carefully, afraid even a crumb would fall in his car. Seeing her so obedient, his heart suddenly felt a swirl of emotions. -- The old Winnie had never been described as "obedient." No matter what he did, he probably wouldn't have even heard a single "thank you." But today, when she had seen him off at Morrison Group, she had repeated those words over and over. Michael thought wryly, 'I was helping my cousin. Isn't it me who should be saying "thank you" instead?

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 515 - Chapter 515 Winnie didn't even have time to react. When she finally collected herself, she realized there was nothing to thank him for. If anything, she felt worried she might have almost messed things up again. Dealing with Ethan could only be done head-on; there was no other way. Yet today, Michael had been stunningly composed- like a mature adult. She recalled how, back then, the little tyrant she knew had always been insecure at his core, despite his bravado. Today, he had only smiled lightly, exuding that calm, confident air.

"You did really well today," Michael said suddenly, casually, almost out of nowhere. "Sometimes we can't clash openly because of our positions, but | think... if you could still say what you wanted to say, like you used to, that would feel even better." Winnie blinked, slightly caught off guard. She said nothing. Michael was just being thoughtful-offering her comfort. Compared to others at Morrison Group-from Khloe to Michael, even

Charlotte-she always felt a step behind. When they arrived at the Olson family villa, Michael had planned to leave after seeing Winnie safely inside.

But as he approached -- the front gate, he noticed someone seemingly waiting for her. He saw her being tugged inside the house. A bit uneasy, Michael called Winnie-but no one answered. Without hesitation, he got out and rang the doorbell himself. It took a while for the Olson family servant to answer. "Mr. Morrison, Miss Winnie has already gone to bed. If there's nothing urgent, maybe you could come another day?" "Even if she's resting, please wake her up.

| just remembered something very important | need to tell her." Michael didn't wait for any objections-he pushed past the servant and strode into the house. Veronica, seeing this from upstairs, quickly wrapped a coat over her pajamas and dashed down. She blocked the door. "Michael! This is my house. You can't just barge in! Are you trying to trespass?" Seeing Michael's obsessive worry for Winnie made her furious. Why did a proper heir like Michael have to be so infatuated with a wild girl like Winnie? Had he never eaten well in his life? "Step aside.

I'm looking for Winnie." -- Michael pushed her aside again. Veronica's temper flared. "Stop him!" She gave a command, and bodyguards quickly formed a blockade, barring his path. Raising her phone, she added, "Michael, your dad really doesn't want you in contact with Winnie. Should | call him and let him know?" Michael's lips twitched, and he paused for a moment. His stubborn intrusion had already alerted the Olson family. Mrs. Olson hurried down, but her father was nowhere to be seen. At this hour, Veronica was in pajamas, while her mother was fully dressed.

"Michael, why are you here so late?" Her tone betrayed a hint of nervousness, her eyes flicking toward the rooms upstairs. "| remembered something important and wanted to see Winnie," Michael said calmly. "| just brought her back; it's been less than five minutes. The maid says she's asleep-it's unlikely, right?" "But Winnie is with her father. They need to discuss some -- matters, and it's already late. Michael, can't you speak with her tomorrow instead?" Mrs. Olson remained polite, but Michael didn't relent. "Tomorrow won't do," he insisted, taking a step toward the stairs.

Her mother sighed, signaling the bodyguards to block him again. "Michael, please leave for tonight!" But Michael refused to comply. Before Mrs. Olson finished speaking, he acted-landing a few rapid punches that took down two bodyguards. Although he usually appeared refined and composed, once his sleeves were rolled up, Michael's muscles were taut and powerful-enough to be intimidating.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 516 – Chapter 516 After fully recovering from his previous severe injuries, he had started training his body rigorously, even learning Judo, Taekwondo, and other martial arts. No one expected him to take things this far-so suddenly, no one had time to react. The two bodyguards collided violently with a nearby liquor cabinet, the crash startling Veronica and her mother, forcing them to step back. Seizing the chaos in the hall, Michael took two steps at a time and sprinted upstairs. At the end of the corridor, Mr.

Olson heard the commotion, opened the door, and saw Michael barreling in, followed closely by the arriving servants and bodyguards. “Michael!” Mr. Olson was utterly shocked. “What are you doing here?” “Where is Winnie?” Michael’s brow was slick with sweat, and his glasses teetered on the bridge of his nose. He knew there would be consequences for storming the Olson family home, but even if this turned out to be a false alarm, he was ready to face them. “Michael!” -- Suddenly, Winnie’s voice rang out from inside the room.

She had heard Michael outside and pounded on the door with all her strength. Mr. Olson held her phone tightly in his hand. Michael’s eyes narrowed as he glared at him. “Mr. Olson, what are you doing? Winnie is your daughter-are you imprisoning her?” Behind Michael, people had already gathered. Veronica and her mother trailed after him. The bodyguards moved to grab Michael’s arm, but Mr. Olson gave them a look, and they immediately stepped back. Everyone was standing there-what were they even pretending to do? Having just witnessed Michael’s strength, Veronica didn’t dare approach.

Mrs, Olson exchanged a glance with her husband. He finally spoke in a low, stem voice. “As her father, I am educating my daughter. Michael, are you trying to punish me for that?” “What crime has Winnie committed that warrants this punishment?” Michael’s voice was calm but carried a sharp edge as he stepped forward. He now towered over Mr. Olson. His posture was straight, and his presence exuded authority and pressure. -- “She made a mistake at the Morrison Group today,” Mr. Olson said evenly. “In our household, this is how we discipline-just a one-night confinement.

There’s no need for you to get so worked up.” Michael raised an eyebrow. “Oh? She made a mistake at Morrison Group? I was there today too. I know Winnie helped me -did I also make a mistake?” “Michael, don’t be so unreasonable. Our family affairs are none of your business.” Mr. Olson stiffened, unwilling to be cornered by Michael’s questioning. If it weren’t for the respect he owed the Morrison family and Oscar, he wouldn’t be so polite to someone younger than him. Winnie had joined Morrison Group, and publicly, he couldn’t stop her from doing anything.

But even so, he remained her legal guardian. He had made an agreement with Winnie: if she wanted to enter the Morrison Group, she had to promise not to cause trouble. Tonight, however, he had received a call from Clarice. Winnie had confined a representative of Solara Energy at Morrison Group, and regardless of the final outcome, her actions had caused a negative impact within the company. -- Because Winnie had been brought in by

Khloe, Clarice hoped Winnie would resign voluntarily The Olson family had never approved of Winnie's position at Morrison Group.

As long as she stayed out of trouble, fine-but if she angered Clarice or anyone else, it would be a serious problem. Mr. Olson knew reasoning with Winnie was useless. As usual, he had planned to force her compliance. But over the years, Winnie's temper had grown, and her backbone had only gotten stronger. With no friends or lovers to sway her, there were almost no weak points to exploit. Mr. Olson couldn't resort to violence-it would leave evidence. So, as usual, she was first confined to a small room for a few days and nights before being confronted.

"You have no right to restrict Winnie's freedom. | want to see her now-no matter what."

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 517 – Chapter 517 Michael's words fell like hammer strikes. He fixed his gaze on Mr. Olson, calm yet utterly commanding, and the intensity of his stare was almost suffocating. Mr. Olson felt a flutter of unease in his chest. Michael was, after all, a member of the Morrison family. No one wanted to offend him-and if the situation escalated, it would bring shame and give Winnie an opening to exploit. Mrs. Olson fumed inwardly. How could she have expected Michael to care so much about Winnie? Even if they dared to force her, there was no way they could take on Michael too. "Mr.

Olson, | must remind you," Michael said steadily, "Winnie is not just an employee at Morrison Group. She is also Khloe's friend. "And Khloe has the backing of not only the Morrison Group but also the Hunt family. You wouldn't want to offend a whole group of people over one person, would you?" Michael's words hit their mark. He could see the doubt flicker across Mr. Olson's face and had already guessed the reason behind the Olson family's actions tonight. The Olsons had always been close with Clarice. But times had -- changed.

Playing both sides to protect oneself no longer worked Having finished speaking, Michael reached for the door. The bodyguards stepped forward tensely, and Veronica opened her mouth to intervene. Mr. Olson, however, remained silent. Without waiting for any orders, Michael strode confidently into Winnie's bedroom. His memory of her room dated back to their university days. It was still the side bedroom connected to the study, largely unchanged. Winnie's bedroom was simple: a bed, a desk and chair tucked into the corner, and a wardrobe.

Probably a slightly better-than- average rental-the furniture was more than she would have had in her own room. Winnie stood at the doorway, and when she saw Michael, her eyes brightened. Her expression was a mix of relief and worry. Michael immediately

noticed the bruise at the corner of her mouth and the faint handprint across her cheek. His brow furrowed as he quickly lifted her chin, "Who did this to you?" Winnie hesitated, glancing at the people behind Michael, but she -- said nothing. It was obvious-it could only have been Mr. and Mrs. Olson. Michael took her hand in his.

"We're leaving." Winnie froze, her feet momentarily refusing to move. Though she usually held her head high, pretending the Olson family couldn't touch her, only she knew the truth: she had been humiliated, powerless, and had long since surrendered herself. She had learned to endure, to resist pain and resentment, but had quietly abandoned her own sense of agency. Not because she didn't want help, but because she didn't want anyone to see her helpless and incapable. "Come with me," Michael said again, looking directly into her eyes. His expression was serious, but his gaze carried warmth.

Yet, it was precisely that warmth that made Winnie feel even smaller. Instinctively, she pulled her hand back. "Michael, I'm fine. You don't need to worry about me. If my father Her words faltered. Oscar wouldn't allow Michael to be close to her again, and she didn't dare defy him. She was afraid of how gentle Michael could be, afraid that, like before, she wouldn't be able to resist him. Returning from light -- to darkness-that was the scariest part. Without Michael these past years, she had adapted to the absence. Besides, they could never return to the days of their youth.

Back then, maybe she had a little courage, a little hope that one day... she might deserve to stand beside Michael. "I am not my father. If this house isn't a home to you, you should leave. You don't need anyone's permission to do so." Michael gripped her hand firmly. Though he felt her hesitation, he didn't let go. Mr. Olson's gaze hardened, but when he saw the flicker of panic in her eyes, he stepped back, giving them space.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 518

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 518 – Chapter 518 "Winnie, don't forget-I am still your legal guardian. If you leave today, there will be consequences." He knew her too well. She was nothing more than a paper tiger- fierce on the outside, bristling with spikes, yet so fragile within that a single blow could shatter her. She could not let go of everything her mother had left her, nor could she escape their control. Michael, on the other hand, seemed obedient on the surface but was rebellious to the core. When it came to Winnie, he followed only his own heart. No one else could sway him. Winnie met Michael's gaze.

Light flickered in her eyes, and her feet felt weightless as she followed him out of the room. "Stop right there!" Mr. Olson's voice rang out again. Mrs. Olson could not bear it either, though her tone was gentler. "Winnie, it's so late. Even if you're angry with us, you don't have to leave with someone else. If word gets out, your reputation will only suffer more." That struck home. -- The Olson family was like a pit she had been buried

halfway into -the more she struggled, the deeper she sank. Veronica sneered. “Mom, let her go. Where can Michael even take her? The Morrison family?”

A hotel? Didn’t Oscar say he wouldn’t allow Michael to see her again? If she doesn’t come home tonight or tomorrow, does she think she can stay away forever?” Without the Olson family, Winnie was nothing. Over the years, the Olson family had ruined Winnie, and she had offended more than a few people in their social circle. Now, she found life in the Olson household unbearable. But once her mother’s inheritance and the Olson family’s protection were gone, would her days really be any easier? And Michael-how long could she rely on him? Could he possibly marry her?

The Olson family’s words were casual, yet they shattered the last line of defense in Winnie’s heart. She grabbed Michael’s arm again. “Michael... thank you. But you should go.” Michael was usually composed, but seeing her hang her head -- like this angered him just as much as watching the Olson family bully her. His hand was about to loosen when he saw her reddening eyes and tightened his grip instead. “Winnie, I’ll ask you only once. Do you want to leave the Olson family? Do you want to come with me?” She did not dare meet his eyes.

Hearing the rare strain in his voice, she suddenly turned into a coward. She did not answer. Veronica laughed softly. Winnie truly was the perfect example of someone tough on the outside and weak within. What a shame she hadn’t brought her phone-she would have loved to capture this humiliating scene. So fierce at home, yet in front of Michael, she was nothing. “Michael, I think you should leave,” Mr. Olson said with faint mockery. “Winnie clearly doesn’t want to go with you.” Mr. and Mrs. Olson both let out quiet sighs of relief. Michael frowned and released her hand.

Winnie kept her head down, listening to the sound of his footsteps moving away. It felt as though a heavy stone had dropped into her chest, burying her foolish, shameful hopes. once and for all. -- She had never been someone people liked. She did not even like herself. How could Michael possibly stay beside someone like her forever? She trusted him-but she could not trust herself. Just as despair closed in, Michael’s coat was suddenly draped over her shoulders. His burning palm seized her arm once more. “silence means consent.

Unless you reject me outright, I will take you with me today.” Winnie looked up at him in shock. With a firm tug, he pulled her into his side and forced her forward, leading her away.

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and called out to Winnie again. Before she could react, Michael turned back to face him. “Oh, and please return Winnie’s phone.” As he spoke, Michael extended his hand toward the man. Mr. Olson hesitated, clenched his jaw, and reluctantly handed over the phone. Then he turned to Winnie again. “Are you really going to leave with Michael?”

Once you walk out that door, do you know what consequences you’ll face?” Winnie’s mind was already in chaos, but Michael did not stop. Almost forcibly, he dragged her out of the Olson residence. He left her no room to retreat and no longer asked for her consent. Only when they stepped outside the gate did the night wind hit her face-cold and sharp, yet strangely liberating. That sense of release lasted only a few seconds before it was smothered again by the shadow that followed. Winnie snapped back to herself and shook off Michael’s hand. -- “Michael, that’s enough.

You can go now.” As she said it, she felt despicable. Deep down, she longed for his company. Yet, when he truly stood by her side, she could not accept it openly. Michael glanced at her, pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose, and seized her hand again, almost dragging her into his car. “Michael... what are you doing? | can’t go to your house. If your father finds out-” “My father is my problem. If you don’t want to go to my house, we’ll go somewhere else.” Michael was rarely this forceful. With that, he turned the steering wheel and drove off at speed.

As if determined to put as much distance as possible between her and the Olson family, Michael drove to another district and checked her into a suite at one of the hotels owned by his company. It was already late, and Winnie did not resist anymore. But once the door was closed, Michael showed no sign of leaving. -- She had thought he was only settling her in. Yet, when she saw him loosen his collar and turn toward the bathroom to wash up, she grew nervous. “Michael, aren’t you going home?” “If | go home, what about you?”

Will you still go to work at Morrison Group tomorrow morning and then return to the Olson family at night to beg for forgiveness?” Winnie hesitated, unable to answer. Did she really have another choice? Khloe had finally given her a chance-could she afford to give it up? Her mother’s inheritance-how could she simply hand it over to the Olson family? Besides, she had endured years of living under someone else’s, roof. If she left the Olson family just like this, she would only feel more lost about the future. “Winnie, if there’s something you want to do, you should do it immediately.

Otherwise, you may never be able to do it in your entire life. If you truly want to leave the Olson family, you shouldn’t wait until everything is perfectly prepared.” -- Michael’s words were reasonable, and she understood them. Still, she turned her head slightly away. “You’re not me. You don’t understand...” “| don’t,” Michael said. “But | know you weren’t always someone who retreated so easily. If | were you, even if it cost me everything, | would-” “Michael!” she interrupted. “You’re an heir who grew up with a silver spoon in your mouth. You’re strong-minded and emotionally stable.

You're good at everything. | believe that even if you left the Morrison family, you'd still live well. But you've never been in my position. You don't know my fear, my feelings... There are times when a person's helplessness is shaped by their circumstances!"

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 520 – Chapter 520 Winnie cut Michael off, her face burning red. Whenever she faced Michael, she flared up at the slightest spark, because he always managed to hit the sore spot of her inferiority with uncanny precision. After she finished speaking, she saw a flicker of shock cross his face, followed by a complicated mix of emotions in his eyes. Seeing the way she had hurt him made her feel miserable too. The atmosphere fell into silence, awkwardness hanging thick in the air. Winnie turned back to the bedroom and closed the door behind her. She didn't turn on the light.

Pulling the blanket over her head, she let the darkness swallow her whole. No one knew better than she did that her excuses and evasions only made her look more pathetic. They were just like the words her mother had spoken to the Olson family before she died—“She's just like her father... If it really comes to it, then abandon her. Winnie didn't know when she fell asleep. When she woke again, — the sky was already pale with dawn. She stepped out of the room, thinking Michael had left.

But just as she was about to go to the bathroom, she saw him sitting up from the wide sofa in the living room. He had slept there all night, wrapped in nothing but a thin blanket. “Michael... you're still here?” Winnie was startled, and guilt suddenly surged through her. Half-awake, Michael answered softly. After pulling himself together and putting on his glasses, he stood and smoothed the wrinkles from his shirt. “| was too tired last night and didn't leave. How about you—did you sleep well?” He walked past her, took off his watch, and went to wash his face.

Winnie muttered to herself—no matter what, her bed must have been more comfortable than a sofa. “Um... Michael, about yesterday... the way | spoke...” She hesitated, trying to apologize, but the words burned on her tongue. — With the tap running, Michael said in a muffled voice, “I'm used to the way you talk. The Olson family curries favor with Clarice, and now, you've offended Ethan. They'll definitely take this chance to make trouble for you. For now, | think you shouldn't go back.” Winnie felt even more ashamed.

Yesterday, she had only vented her own emotions, while Michael had been thinking about her situation the whole time. “I've thought it through. The Olson family is afraid of Clarice, but they also won't dare offend Khloe and Nick. I'll ask Khloe to step in and say a word for you. At the very least, the Olson family won't dare use this as an excuse anymore.” His words stunned her. He had already prepared a way out for her.

But by Michael's logic, she shouldn't go back at all. When he had ignored his own position and his father's warnings to drag her away last night, he had already made up his mind. From now on, he would protect her. Without the Olson family, would Winnie really be unable to survive in Goldmont? -- Yet, after hearing what she said, Michael couldn't help but reflect.

All this time, he had been expecting her to think and act as if she were in the same position as him. But if he were truly in her place, he might not be able to cut ties with the Olson family so decisively or give up what was rightfully hers. And deep down... she probably didn't want to rely on him either. Understanding this, Michael felt sad, but he accepted it. "Right now, you should focus on passing the Morrison Group assessment and use your own ability to make the Olson family- and everyone else-shut up. People have to grow.

No matter how hard your circumstances are, you still haven't given up, have you? Not yet." He knew she might not like hearing this. And he had no real right to lecture her. But he couldn't help himself. Even if... she might end up hating him for it. "Michael... actually, there's another way for me to leave the Olson family."