

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 611

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 611 – “Nick, you deserve to be loved well. You deserve the very best- your health, a long life, and... me always by your side. As long as you want to hear it, I'll tell you over and over, a million times if needed, and it will never change.” Khloe's words seeped like warm sunlight into the coldest corners of Nick's heart. For the first time, death didn't seem so frightening. He smiled, pressing a gentle kiss to Khloe's lips. He casually took her phone, and Khloe closed her eyes, letting herself rest. By the time they fully woke, it was nearly noon the next day.

Khloe had woken much earlier. Despite the short sleep, her nerves were too taut to allow her more rest. Nick, on the other hand, had slept deeply, likely aided by the lingering effects of the strong medication. She didn't want to disturb him, staying still in his embrace. Eventually, the morning had passed, and the hospital's duty -- doctor arrived for rounds. The chief physician and the female doctor from the previous day had long been waiting outside. Seeing that Nick's complexion had improved considerably, the medical staff relaxed, smiling in relief.

Khloe discussed his condition with them briefly. The team noted that Nick's recovery had been rapid, as expected for a first-time treatment with such a potent drug. But Khloe's concern went beyond this single treatment. Her worry centered on whether Nick's condition could truly be cured. The hospital provided world-class medical care, offering the strongest medications available, yet curing the tumor completely remained a formidable challenge. The doctors' consensus was Clear: as long as the disease didn't progress, medications could stabilize him for now, with surgery considered later.

Still, Nick's illness was like a ticking time bomb-its future unpredictable. The side effects of continual medication were obvious to everyone: eventually, the body could collapse. Not wanting Khloe to dwell on his illness, Nick interrupted their conversation with a cough. The doctors and nurses immediately took the hint and withdrew quietly. -- Only the female doctor lingered briefly, glancing back at Nick and Khloe. They truly were well-matched. For the first time, she understood the words her father often said. A doctor's goal wasn't merely to treat disease-it was to save lives.

Using drugs that only caused pain without improving life quality was merely treating illness. True medical purpose was to restore vitality, to help patients not just survive, but live fully. The female doctor gently closed the door, leaving the couple alone in their shared quiet support. Not long after leaving, she sought out the chief physician to submit a request to return to her home country immediately. She intended to meet her father and assist with his research firsthand. Inside the room, Nick noticed the lingering worry in Khloe's brow.

He spoke softly, “Khloe, I’m a little hungry.” The subtle tone of dependence worked instantly. Khloe composed herself, pressing the call button to have his meal prepared. — She adjusted the bed to a comfortable height and brought a cup of warm water to his lips. “You’ve heard the doctors—they said maintaining the current state is the best option for now. Don’t worry. If we have twenty or thirty years... that’s plenty of time for us to do many things.” “Nick... do you believe in miracles?” Nick paused, slightly taken aback. Khloe held his hand. “I do.

But not the kind that comes from the heavens. The kind we create ourselves.” She grabbed her phone, quickly pulling up a file, and turned it toward him. “While you were resting, | contacted the head of pharmaceuticals at the Morrison Group. We have a collaboration with a top private medical research institute in Swinterland that focuses on tumor therapies. They’re working on an experimental combined treatment that might be able to cure your illness completely.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 612

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 612 – Nick understood that what Khloe mentioned was only the best- case scenario. Most research projects aimed for a complete cure-but success was far from guaranteed. And going that far away? Right now, Khloe simply couldn’t spare herself. He glanced at her and said, “I don’t want to leave you. At a time like this, your focus shouldn’t be on me. You have other important things.” Last night, she had already told him she had come out only because of the ten-day agreement. There were still matters with the Morrison family to settle.

Since Khloe had gone this far for him, he would naturally face it all alongside her—he couldn’t let her fail. He had already instructed Lenny to return to the Hunt family to investigate. Every single day now was critical. “| knew you’d say that,” Khloe said, holding his hand. Her eyes sparkled with determination. “I’ve already contacted them. Once this is settled, I’ll go with you.” She squeezed his hand. “I’ve made up my mind. The Morrison Group doesn’t depend on me.

| can hand over the CEO position.” Khloe’s decision to make a ten-day commitment wasn’t — impulsive; it was the result of careful preparation. When Clarice tried to isolate her, her own people had already infiltrated Clarice’s circle. Clarice, waiting on Henry’s side, was undoubtedly setting a trap. Khloe didn’t know what cards she planned to play-but countering the plan was always safer. While Clarice’s attention was fixed on her, her own operatives had quietly bought off Clarice’s allies.

Khloe knew that coming to Naraida alone, no matter how many people she brought, put her at a disadvantage. But being at a disadvantage worked in her favor—it softened Henry’s heart toward her. It also allowed Clarice to attack recklessly, revealing her hand. Yesterday, when Nick had gotten into trouble, she had received the news. After tracing

Clarice's investigation files, she realized they all originated from a detective agency. Once she understood Clarice's movements, even a few subtle manipulations on her part could accomplish a lot. Moreover, Delilah was now on her side.

She could predict Henry's moves. Whether the speculation of George harming Niel was true or not didn't matter. All that was needed was for Henry to believe Clarice had malicious intent toward her-and that would be enough. -- The ten-day agreement would convince Henry that Khloe was loyal and principled, willing to disregard personal gain. The more disappointed he was in her now, the more he would side with her in the eventual showdown with Clarice. This was her carefully designed counterattack.

But even if she won this round against Clarice, she didn't want to keep entangled with her afterward Khloe had thought a lot last night. She certainly wouldn't give up Niel's inheritance, but remaining in the Morrison Group meant endless conflict. She would rather live a good life with Nick. In the past, she had refused to lose, obsessed with proving her abilities and inheriting her father's legacy. But now, she realized that the more one strives to prove something, the more fear it conceals. The life she wanted wasn't just about being the CEO of the Morrison Group.

Even with Niel's inheritance, she could leave the company and rebuild a new business empire. And now, her responsibility wasn't just to the Morrison family- Nick was her responsibility too.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 613

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 613 – “Wait... what did you just say?” Hearing Khloe's words, Nick's expression darkened instantly. But before he could respond, Khloe pressed on, laying out her plan. Even if she stepped down from the Morrison Group, she wouldn't let Clarice seize more of its assets. By withdrawing from the battlefield, she'd leave Clarice with fewer opportunities to target her, giving herself the freedom to act without restraint. During this time, she could stay by Nick's side while he recovered -and even start her own company. The Morrison Group wasn't famous just because of the family name.

It thrived because of Niel's business philosophy and the tireless dedication of employees who never forgot their mission. If she couldn't improve the company and instead got caught up in internal strife, she'd rather step away. “You've really thought this through?” Despite Khloe's calm explanation, Nick's gaze remained heavy, shadowed with guilt. No matter how many times he thought about it, Khloe's decision to retreat in order to advance was ultimately for him. -- By nature, she would rather break than yield.

The more Clarice pushed for her to step aside, the more she would rise to the challenge. Inheriting Niel's company was also, in a way, an ideal for Khloe. The man had never met

her, yet he entrusted her with his entire legacy—a gesture brimming with trust and sentiment. Khloe wouldn't let anyone down, and she certainly wouldn't betray herself. "I've thought it through," she said, holding his hand and speaking lightly to soothe him. "You promised me unconditional support. That hasn't changed, has it?" "Of course," Nick replied, his tone still serious, his eyes flickering as he studied hers.

"But... Khloe, what if—" She seemed to anticipate his worry. "There is no 'what if.' | won't let anything unrelated to us hurt you again. Everything concerning you and me... we decide together." Nick felt a tremor in his chest. His throat moved, and then a faint smile tugged at the corner of his lips. He understood her perfectly. Sure enough, Khloe was even more resolute and fearless than he had imagined. That gave him peace. As for George and Niel, even he couldn't be certain whether someone had intentionally set a trap or if his father had truly — done something.

The only thing he could be sure of was that George would never deliberately hurt anyone. Even if Niel's death was connected, someone had to have stirred the waters, amplifying the situation. He had feared that Khloe wouldn't accept any of it. If it truly turned out to be George's fault, he didn't know how he could face her—or anticipate her resolve. Now, Khloe held his hand, choosing to stand with him. There was no reason left to back down. Even if George had done something, it no longer concerned him.

Like Khloe, he wouldn't let it affect the alliance between their families, the Hunt or Morrison Groups, or their relationship. Nick cupped her face and kissed her with a force born from relief and connection. When hearts were truly aligned, even if the world collapsed around them, it didn't feel unbearable—only fearless. Khloe closed her eyes, returning his tenderness in kind. After their moment together, they turned their attention to the investigation. Nick had already reached out to George, but George remained evasive and silent. Nick had prepared for this.

He had sent Lenny back to the Hunt family not just to investigate, but to find George's weaknesses. — Previously, while transferring Khloe's marital property, he had also moved the Hunt Group's core technology patents into her name.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 614

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 614 – Without the patent authorization, Hunt Group's new product lines would grind to a halt. Lenny only needed to leverage that point to block George's new project initiatives. And right now, the thing George valued most was his position within the company. If the product lines collapsed under his watch, the shareholders could move to remove him entirely. Of course, George had always been stubborn. The harder Nick applied pressure, the more likely George would resist.

That was why Nick had asked his grandmother to have Arista intervene—George was currently the only person who would actually listen to her. By combining soft persuasion with firm pressure, Nick hoped to get George to reveal the truth voluntarily. And if that

failed... there was always Khloe. The next morning, in Goldmont City. Winnie had just gotten out of bed and was heading downstairs when she heard Michael on the phone. It was still early. He was pacing back and forth in the dining area, his figure tight with tension. -- "Alright, | understand. I'll get back to you as soon as possible.

Are you all doing okay? ...Good, take care of yourselves." His furrowed brows hadn't relaxed when he ended the call, and when he turned, he saw Winnie standing there. She wore pajamas, her long hair slightly tousled, eyes still sleepy. The morning sun backlit her, softening the usually sharp edge in her expression, making her look unexpectedly cute. "You're up this early? Didn't sleep well?" Michael paused for a moment before speaking. The new home had been prepared for Winnie.

Though it had many rooms, Michael had only stayed overnight once while helping arrange the space a few days ago-otherwise, he mostly returned home. Last night, after drinking too much at a business engagement, he somehow ended up here. His memory before the blackout was fragmented, but he recalled Winnie carrying him to the guest room. They had seemed to tussle on the bed for a while. Michael couldn't tell if it had been real or a dream, but he thought Winnie had changed his clothes for him, fussed over him for some time, and then slept holding him close.

Yet, when he woke up, he was alone in the bed. -- The housekeeper had prepared breakfast and a hangover soup, explaining that Michael had drunk too much the night before and that his clothes had been sent for washing. Looking at the pajamas he now wore, Michael assumed it must have been the housekeeper who had taken care of him. That was fine-no disturbance to Winnie, and no awkwardness between them. "| woke up because | was hungry. | slept well. How about you?" Winnie tilted her head to study him. His expression was still tense. Last night had been a shock.

Michael, drunk and unsteady, had shown up suddenly. She had never seen him lose control like that before. When they had been together previously, Michael had always been refined, restrained, and could barely handle more than a drink or two. But now... he was different. Mature, focused on work, fully committed at business engagements, and his alcohol tolerance had clearly improved According to the housekeeper, Michael had likely been drinking heavily all night. He needed to recover properly to avoid alcohol poisoning.

Without overthinking it, Winnie had personally changed his -- clothes, given him water and hangover medicine. When he alternated between saying he was too cold or too hot, she adjusted his blanket, wiped his body to cool him down, and warmed his hands and feet. After tending to him for most of the night, Michael finally calmed, and his body looked more comfortable. Only then did Winnie, exhausted, take a short nap beside him. By the time she woke, the sky was already brightening. She quickly returned to her own room.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 615

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 615 – But Winnie wasn't able to sleep peacefully. Dreams of Michael being unwell kept haunting her, and before long, she woke completely. Just then, she heard him downstairs on the phone. "I slept well too. Last night... when | came over, did | scare you?" Michael paused before asking, a hint of awkwardness in his voice. He didn't quite know how things had spiraled-he'd given his assistant the address, then... the reckless knocking. He remembered it clearly: He had knocked persistently until Winnie appeared, even though she should have been asleep.

"Well..." "Master Michael, of course you scared your wife! Who wouldn't be frightened if they saw their husband come home like that? She stayed up all night worrying about you. Honestly, you should balance work and home more carefully-maybe make it a point to come home every day so your wife isn't left alone..." "Mrs. Hodstader!" Winnie barely had time to stop her. The housekeeper was fast, firing off a string of words in one breath. -- To avoid further trouble, Michael quickly explained that they were married.

He was away because of work, and the housekeeper only needed to look after Winnie-no need to worry about him. But the housekeeper was sharp. She could see how much Michael cared for Winnie. Every day, when Winnie came home to find him absent, she seemed a little disappointed. Other couples might live apart because their relationship was strained. But this young couple clearly had a good bond... so why did they seem so distant at home? The only logical conclusion, Mrs. Hodstader thought, was that Michael's work was keeping them from spending time together, naturally creating some awkwardness.

"Last night... you were the one taking care of me?" Winnie hurried to stop the housekeeper, but Michael's attention wasn't on that. He looked at her in surprise, fragments of last night flashing through his mind. Her hand had rested gently against his face, her soft skin brushing his, leaving him dizzy with warmth and tenderness. He had thought he was dreaming. No wonder he had babbled so much in his haze-asking her to blow on him, to warm him, even letting her place her hand -- against his lower abdomen... things he barely remembered, but now stirred a faint blush of embarrassment.

Winnie seemed to realize this too. Her ears heated instantly, and she avoided his gaze. "... just took care of you a little. It's nothing important-you don't need to worry about it." Last night, Michael had been drunk, his body surging with hormones. When she helped him change, his reactions had been undeniable. Winnie had never been this close to another man before. If he hadn't been so intoxicated, she would have bolted in shame. But after seeing it all, she'd calmed down-and even felt a secret thrill. Michael's physique had become incredibly impressive. If she could be with him...

she thought, very briefly, that her life would feel complete. But she quickly pushed that thought away. Too dangerous to indulge in such fantasies, too easy for them to spiral out of control. And she didn't want Michael to ever know the impure thoughts running through her mind. "Madam, why are you blushing? He wasn't just 'taken care of a little'—she stayed with him the whole night..." "Mrs. Hodstader! If you keep talking nonsense like that, don't bother coming back!" — Winnie's face flushed red. In her fluster, her words came out sharp.

But when she saw the housekeeper frozen in surprise, regret immediately followed. Old habits die hard. Mrs. Hodstader was only trying to help her, yet she was only thinking of herself. "Madam... I'm sorry. | won't say anything more."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 616

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 616 – Mrs. Hodstader blinked, startled back to reality, and quickly apologized. Winnie's cheeks were still flushed. She opened her mouth to say something, but Michael spoke first. "t's fine, You don't need to concern yourself with what happens between us-my wife is very shy. You can go on with your work." "Oh... okay, thank you, sir. | understand." Hearing Michael's words, the housekeeper cast an apologetic glance at Winnie. Seeing that she wasn't upset, Winnie finally felt the tension ease from her chest. "She's just kind-hearted.

She's worried | might neglect you," Michael said casually. He could see the embarrassment on Winnie's face, but how could he not feel equally awkward? The memories from last night—some he still thought might have been dreams—kept replaying in his mind. He wasn't even certain which of his actions had crossed the line, or whether she had been put off by him. Yet, seeing how strongly she had reacted to the housekeeper, Michael wanted to thank her—but the thought of bringing up last — night made him hesitate. Best not to "Aren't you hungry?

Breakfast is ready." Turning, he retrieved the sandwiches the housekeeper had prepared from the bar table and set them in front of Winnie. She didn't respond at first, only after a moment saying, "Was that a call from Khloe just now?" "How did you know?" Michael asked. Winnie said simply, "I could tell from your tone." Only with Khloe did Michael speak that way—gentle, considerate, carrying the unmistakable air of an older brother. "Hmm. "Did something happen to Khloe? You looked worried when you answered." "It's... a bit complicated. It's about my second uncle, Niel.

She needs me to investigate certain things." Michael didn't hide it from Winnie, but the situation was complex, so he didn't go into details. Khloe had only explained the basics. He understood the gist: she needed him to check Niel's whereabouts during a specific period. — She hadn't gone through Oscar because it was more convenient for her to work with Michael directly, and because Oscar had closer ties to Henry. She trusted Michael,

and he had promised to help-he wouldn't go back on that promise. The things Khloe wanted investigated in secret, he wouldn't tell Oscar.

"I'm glad Khloe is fine," Winnie said, relaxing slightly. She lowered her gaze and quietly added, "The things you're investigating... will they be troublesome?" Hearing concern in her voice stirred something warm in Michael's chest. "No. It's just old matters. Nothing that will affect me personally." "Oh..." She exhaled softly, as if relieved, then nodded. "I should get going," Michael said after a pause, looking at her. "It's still early. Why don't we have breakfast together?" Winnie asked instinctively, looking up. Her gaze met his.

His sleep shirt hung open, revealing the firm line of his chest. She couldn't help but recall last night, and heat flushed her cheeks anew. "No, I need to handle some things first-work matters," Michael explained, though his tone softened unconsciously at her -- invitation. "Alright," Winnie nodded again. "Oh, and if you're free tonight... our new restaurant opens nearby." Michael touched his nose, hesitating slightly. He wasn't sure if he should invite her. Though many people were invited, and the Olson family would likely attend, he had reserved the best private two-person table for her.

The view was unmatched, completely private-they wouldn't have to see anyone they didn't want to. It could be... just the two of them.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 617

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 617 - Winnie froze for a moment. Michael added, "But the Olson family will be there too. Before the restaurant's opening, my father invited quite a few friends to show their support. The Olsons are among them. "Still, I reserved a special table. The view is great, and I thought... maybe you'd like to try the new dishes." Michael's family business revolved around brand-name restaurants and foreign trade.

From the time Michael was little, Oscar had been in the restaurant industry, and their brand now covered about a third of Goldmont City's dining market, focusing 'on high-end cuisine. When Michael was a child, he often took Winnie along to sample dishes at the new restaurants. Winnie loved the thrill of sneaking into the restaurants with him. They would swagger in, order an enormous spread, and when it came time to pay, they would simply leave. If they weren't caught, it was exhilarating; if they were, Michael would own up to his identity and accept whatever punishment his father gave.

It was a mischievous game they both enjoyed, like a secret little adventure. -- After Winnie went to university, the games stopped. "So... if I go, do I have to pay?" she asked quietly after a long pause. Michael chuckled softly. Hearing his laugh, Winnie couldn't help but smile too. "No need." That afternoon, Winnie received a same-city delivery from Michael. He had sent a text in advance-it was a formal evening gown. The restaurant was

French-style and required guests to dress appropriately. If Winnie dressed too casually, she might stand out awkwardly.

She took it to the dressing room and unwrapped it: a pale pink, form-fitting mermaid gown. Though she was slim, her height and curves made the dress flatter her figure perfectly. Once on, it was sensual yet delicate, radiant in a way that drew the eye irresistibly. That was why her family rarely let her wear gowns like this to formal events—she was far too striking. Even Veronica’s figure, while good, couldn’t quite match hers. Near the end of the workday, Winnie finally snuck into the — dressing room to try it on.

She had never told Michael her exact measurements, yet the gown fit as though it were tailor-made. The inner layer was soft, breathable tulle; the outer layer shimmered with tiny crystals fading from silver to pale pink. In natural light, it seemed ethereal; under the lights, it sparkled everywhere. Her fair skin made the gown’s color pop, giving her the soft, rosy glow of a ripe peach—like a princess come to life. Staring in the mirror, Winnie couldn’t help but be captivated. ‘Is this really me? So beautiful,’ she thought. “Hey, Winnie, tonight we...” At that moment, Charlotte arrived.

She stepped into the dressing room and froze at the sight of Winnie in the gown. “Wow... you look amazing!” Charlotte’s eyes went wide, and her gaze lingered greedily over the expensive dress. She had never seen anything so beautiful. Khloe’s engagement gown had been impressive, but elegant and imposing—Winnie’s was playful and charming. And Winnie usually dressed simply; Charlotte had always known her figure was good, but she had never realized it was this stunning. — Flustered by Charlotte’s reaction, Winnie quickly shut the door and gestured for her to be quiet “Is...

this dress from Michael? Are you two going on a date? Not .. an engagement, right?” Charlotte’s eyes darted around mischievously as a smile crept across her face. She immediately guessed. Winnie blushed furiously and waved her hands. “No! No, it’s just the opening of their new restaurant tonight. We’re going to dinner .. there’s a dress code.”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 618

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 618 – Winnie deliberately emphasized it. “It’s just because of the dress code,” she said. “Oh, we were invited too. Michael personally asked his team under Khloe to send us a little perk—basically to come over and eat. | was going to invite you, but honestly, with your relationship with Michael, do | even need to?” Charlotte teased Winnie, leaving her utterly embarrassed. “But yeah, there’s definitely a dress code. We saw the notice—it said formal attire is preferred.” + Charlotte glanced down at herself. Everyone else was in heels and blazers, or dresses.

If necessary, she could go back to change or even pick up a skirt at a nearby mall. But she was dressed way too casually—hoodie and jeans—and didn’t feel like spending any money. “Maybe | shouldn’t go. Looks like all the good food isn’t meant for me,” Charlotte muttered. Winnie immediately grabbed her hand. “Come on! It’s just a little dress. I’ll buy

you a nice one!” “No, no! | can’t let you spend money,” Charlotte protested. — Winnie pulled her hand firmly. “I insist. Consider it a gift in return for your help.” “In return for my help?”

Winnie, | didn’t do anything...” “Don’t worry about it. Just accept it. | also want to go to the mall and get my hair and makeup done-you’ll come along with me.” When Winnie made up her mind, she was impulsive and decisive, Before Charlotte could refuse, she was already being dragged along. Charlotte was confused, but Winnie knew the truth: if it weren’t for Charlotte encouraging her that day, she never would have dared to act on her own. Even if she and Michael were only a nominal married couple, being able to spend this time with someone she liked made her content.

In the elevator, Winnie and Charlotte ran into Ethan. He was about to leave but paused when he saw them. The usual boredom in his eyes suddenly brightened a little Since the last time he parted with Charlotte, Ethan had tried to keep the peace by apologizing to Clarice. Clarice now had little time to care about him and only left him to stew at home for three days. His injuries were superficial, not serious, but extremely painful. It — wasn’t until today that he felt well enough to come to the office to handle things.

But it wasn’t over-Clarice still had many grievances, and once she returned to the country, he feared a final reckoning was inevitable. And Charlotte, the one he had tried to protect, had no conscience -after that last incident, she hadn’t sent even a single message and had even moved house to avoid him. He had learned this while checking in on her and sending things over. * Seeing Ethan, Charlotte was startled, but the scowl and clear disdain in her eyes didn’t hide it. She furrowed her brows. “What’s the matter?”

Seeing me displeased you so much that you can’t even say hello?” Ethan noticed her hesitation and stopped leaving. As the elevator descended, he pressed the button to close the doors. Reluctantly, Charlotte offered a greeting, “Hello, Ethan.” Winnie ignored him entirely. Ethan glanced at her. The bright, elegant gown hugged her figure in all the right places, highlighting her curves. Suddenly, he understood what had made Michael so obsessed with her. He snorted. Feeling the scrutiny wasn’t exactly friendly, Winnie’s body tensed slightly.

— Sensing the tension, Charlotte stepped in front of her, meeting Ethan’s gaze with her own “Ethan, isn’t it rude to look at someone like that?”

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 619

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 619 – “| don’t think | was being rude. Care to explain?” Ethan’s eyes narrowed. Charlotte’s tone carried a sharp edge, and just like that, his amusement was piqued. Winnie immediately reached out and grabbed Charlotte’s hand, signaling her not to speak. She knew perfectly well that Ethan loved to tease

Charlotte, and Charlotte's defensive instinct only played right into his hands. But by stretching out her hand, Winnie inadvertently revealed the massive diamond on her ring finger: a flawless pigeon-egg stone of over ten carats. The setting was exquisite and impossible to miss.

Even if the Olson family was wealthy, Winnie herself didn't have much money-and there was no way she'd buy something like this on her own, Ethan's sharp instincts immediately smelled a story. "Miss Olson, that's a beautiful ring... is it a wedding ring?" The question hit Winnie like a bolt of electricity. She yanked her hand back instantly. -- "No," she denied reflexively. But the tension in her expression betrayed her. Ethan's gaze swept over her from head to toe, his smile deepening. "I hear Michael's new restaurant is opening nearby tonight.

Are you going to the opening banquet?" Before Winnie could answer, he added, "It seems your relationship with Michael has progressed remarkably fast. Surely he's not planning to announce your marriage publicly tonight?" "Ethan, that joke isn't funny at all," Charlotte interjected immediately, seeing that Ethan was clearly probing Winnie. "Yes. Not funny at all. Because this isn't a joke," Ethan said, his tone sharpening. His gaze cooled as he glanced at Charlotte, but his words were aimed at Winnie.

"I heard Oscar has already arranged a fiancée for Michael- someone well-matched and very accomplished. If Michael married Miss Olson, wouldn't that be a slap in Oscar's face? Oscar usually seems reasonable, but he's extremely strict with Michael. Who knows what he might do?" Winnie's face drained of color. Charlotte noticed immediately and gripped her hand tightly. -- "Ethan, you seem to know a lot about other people's business. But I think your focus should be on your own problems. You look a little pale-haven't had enough rest, perhaps?

Taking care of yourself is the most important thing, isn't it?" Charlotte's words instantly threw Ethan off balance. By the time the elevator reached their floor, before he could respond, Charlotte tugged Winnie and hurried out. Ethan paused, a faint smile tugging at his lips as he rubbed his cheek. His face looked pale? Was she... concerned about him? He shook his head, recovering, and headed toward the garage. Winnie and Charlotte hailed a car to a nearby mall. Ethan followed at a discreet distance. Tonight was the restaurant's grand opening.

Michael hadn't invited Ethan, but he had checked-Charlotte was on the guest list Michael was steadfast in siding with Khloe. With Oscar absent, he didn't even pretend. As Clarice's adopted son, Ethan was also part of Niel's family. He could skip family events, but there was no excuse for being -- left off the guest list. Ethan's thoughts drifted to the ring on Winnie's finger... worn on her ring finger. He was almost certain it had been Michael who gave it to her. What should he do? Such good news-should he tell his mother immediately?

After encountering Ethan in the elevator, Winnie's spirits plummeted. Charlotte noticed her unease and comforted her. "Don't listen to him. He couldn't possibly know anything about Michael. Most likely, he's just bluffing." "Mm." Winnie nodded, not wanting Charlotte to worry.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 620

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 620 – Winnie knew Ethan was probably testing her, but if he reported anything to Clarice, word would quickly reach Oscar as well. Winnie wasn't worried about herself-she could handle that-but she feared Michael might get blamed because of her. "By the way... you and Michael, are you really..." Charlotte glanced at the diamond on Winnie's hand, eyes wide with curiosity. She'd been careless before and hadn't noticed it- worn on her ring finger, no less. Winnie curled her hand inward.

She didn't want to hide anything from Charlotte, so she nodded slightly and recounted how Charlotte had encouraged her to register their marriage. Charlotte had already guessed most of it, but she hadn't expected they actually went through with it. Her mind was reeling. And more than anything, she admired Michael. He seemed so refined and polite, the kind of man who would follow his dad's wishes to the letter-more so than Ethan even. Yet, unexpectedly, he had the courage to do this. "No matter what, Michael only did it to help me. | was impulsive -- too.

Now, | really worry that I've dragged him into trouble because of me." Charlotte understood completely. Anyone would worry in her shoes. Winnie had no parents to back her, and Michael, no matter how capable, still had the Morrison family and Oscar pressuring him. "Don't worry. | think Michael's father isn't completely unreasonable. If you two truly love each other..." "Charlotte, Michael simply doesn't want to marry anyone else. His kindness toward me is out of promise and pity. He doesn't... actually like me." Winnie interrupted firmly, correcting her friend. Charlotte froze, eyes wide.

"You... really think that?" Winnie nodded. Charlotte could only gape. "If Michael doesn't like you, then what on earth is he doing?" Winnie just looked at her, clear-eyed and utterly serious. Charlotte thought there was a hint of naive foolishness in her gaze. "So, you think... he-" -- "Michael likes you. Not just likes-you could say he's completely, utterly in love with you!" Charlotte declared with absolute certainty. She had little experience in love herself, but as an outsider, it was obvious.

Winnie opened her mouth to argue, but in Charlotte's eyes, it was nothing more than a display of her own lack of confidence. Charlotte covered Winnie's mouth with a gentle laugh and continued, "If you still don't believe me, then just confess to Michael. Tell him clearly that you like him, and ask if he feels the same." "..Confess to Michael...?" Winnie froze. The mere thought made her cheeks burn bright red. Charlotte, meanwhile,

considered the bigger picture. The real challenge wasn't just their relationship-it was the Morrison family.

Winnie wasn't exactly unsuitable, but her current position was delicate. As an adopted daughter, her family background and social standing were essentially superficial “I know! We can ask Khloe for help! She'll definitely convince Michael's father!” Charlotte had immediately thought of Khloe. With her backing, -- Michael and Winnie would have powerful support-Khloe had the Morrison family, and behind her, the Hunt family as well. Winnie knew Khloe would help if needed, but she already owed her so much assistance that she felt guilty asking for more.

Still, Charlotte's words gave her courage, easing her worries a little. Charlotte accompanied Winnie to get her hair and makeup done. Winnie handed her the shopping card Michael had given her, letting Charlotte pick out the outfits first. Winnie had barely used the card before, only buying a few basic necessities and intending to return it immediately. But she hadn't seen Michael in days. After Charlotte finished shopping, Winnie planned to repay Michael for it with her own money. “No need. Someone else is paying for me.”