

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 621

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 621 – Charlotte patted Winnie on the shoulder, exchanged a quick glance with her, and then turned to leave the makeup studio. She and Winnie were still being followed by Ethan. As soon as they entered the mall, Charlotte spotted him immediately. But that was exactly what she expected. Ethan was like a famished hunting dog; once he caught a scent, there was no way he wouldn't follow. Perfect. She needed to have a word with him anyway. Charlotte strode out of the makeup studio, heading straight for the second floor, where the luxury women's fashion stores were.

Ethan hesitated for a moment, saw Winnie still getting her makeup done, and then reluctantly fell into step behind Charlotte. Charlotte browsed through several shops, but the store clerks were thoroughly indifferent. It was understandable—these were all high-end luxury stores, and she was dressed plainly, without a designer bag in sight. Naturally, none of the salespeople were willing to assist. She tried to get their attention for a few pieces she liked, but the response was always a curt, “Just a moment,” leaving her standing there. — One store, two stores, three...

thirty minutes passed, and Charlotte hadn't even been able to try on a single outfit she liked. Ethan had initially been watching from the sidelines for amusement. Seeing her struggle, he felt a small, dark thrill. But the longer he watched, the more uneasy he became. These salespeople had gone too far. Even if Charlotte wasn't placing a big order, there was no reason to treat her so poorly. More importantly... Charlotte was the very person he intended to use in his revenge. Letting some store clerks bully her like this didn't suit his style.

After a moment's thought, Ethan reluctantly called a salesperson he knew personally. Meanwhile, Charlotte was still being ignored. She had her eye on a black-and-white bow dress with a short plush jacket, a perfect little-chanel style ensemble. It was elegant enough for a formal dinner but practical enough for daily wear. Practicality was Charlotte's first priority when shopping. With winter approaching, the jacket would keep out the chill. But this store was the highest-end boutique Charlotte had entered so far. Her neglect by the staff felt even harsher here.

Half an hour had passed without a single salesperson approaching. — Just as she glanced at the time and prepared to leave, a female sales associate hurried over. “Hello, miss, are you interested in this outfit?” The woman held the very set Charlotte had been looking at. In addition, she had brought two other ensembles from the same collection. “Yes,” Charlotte nodded, glancing briefly out the window. The entire hall was empty. “! apologize for the busyness today. I'll assist you personally.

You can try this set first, and if it doesn't suit, I'll find other styles for you." The saleswoman's enthusiasm was palpable. She personally led Charlotte to the VIP fitting area on the second floor, complete with tea and snacks. Charlotte knew exactly what this meant—this was treatment reserved for top-tier VIPs. She smiled. "I'm not a regular here." "That's fine," the saleswoman replied. "New customers are welcome. Today happens to be a special treat." The effort in her words was faintly strained, but Charlotte didn't — call it out.

Under the attentive service, she entered the fitting room. Every outfit carried a hefty price tag, the least expensive around five thousand—far beyond Charlotte's budget. But she tried them all anyway. As expected, her instincts didn't fail her. While every piece was elegant and playful, the first outfit she had noticed was, without a doubt, the most striking.

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 622

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 622 - Charlotte was in the private fitting room, checking herself in the mirror, while the saleswoman at her side kept praising her enthusiastically. "Stop complimenting me," Charlotte said. "I can't afford all this. Tell me, is there a discount on the first outfit?" The saleswoman paused, surprised by the question. After a moment, she smiled. "How much of a discount are you thinking?" "This set... for two hundred. Is that okay?" Charlotte said boldly. Since the salesperson had asked, she decided to go straight for it.

Truthfully, given the quality of the outfit, two hundred was fair. Anything above that was mostly brand markup. If there wasn't a gullible buyer in the room, Charlotte would never have purchased luxury items here. "Two hundred..." The saleswoman hesitated, looking a bit flustered. "Just a moment, I'll check." Charlotte nodded and sat down, sipping tea and nibbling on a snack while waiting. Soon, the saleswoman returned, beaming. "I can give you the employee discount. Two hundred is fine." — Charlotte wasn't surprised at all. If anything, she regretted being too generous with her offer.

Should she have asked for a hundred? Or even fifty? She smiled. "Two hundred works. Then this one will do. Invoice and payment, please, and wrap it up for me. Thank you." "Of course." The saleswoman moved to take the order, but Charlotte added, "Since the employee price works for this one, I'll take the other sets too." "Ah?" The saleswoman's expression immediately faltered. "Uh... please wait a moment." Charlotte watched the salesperson dash out again, a sly smile tugging at her lips. After a while, the saleswoman returned, nodding in agreement.

Charlotte walked away with three complete outfits. The total price in the store would have been 17,000, but she only spent 600. Resold, she could easily pocket a 10,000 dollar profit. In high spirits, she paid and, before leaving, deliberately walked past the sales staff who had ignored her earlier. She smiled brightly and offered a compliment. "Your service

here is amazing. Giving your employees' perks to customers-three sets for just six hundred-is incredible." -- The staff nearby, who were assisting other clients, turned green at her words.

They were regulars, having spent plenty in this store, yet never seen a benefit like this. Three luxury outfits for six hundred? Were they being intentionally treated like fools? Charlotte didn't stop to notice. She turned and left, ignoring the frantic salespeople behind her who wanted to call her back. "Stop right there." Charlotte had barely exited the store when a familiar male voice called out. She took a deep breath, feigning surprise. "Ethan? What a coincidence...

you're also-" "You did this on purpose, didn't you?" Ethan suddenly grabbed Charlotte's arm, pulling her back and pressing her into a shadowed corner. To him, the slight and slender Charlotte was like a little bird. One move, and she would have no way to resist. Charlotte didn't struggle. She leaned her back against the wall, shopping bags in hand, tilting her head up to meet his gaze. Her lips curved in a faint, playful smile, her eyes alight with challenge and entirely fearless. "Ethan, what do you mean? | don't understand." -- "Who do you think you are?" Ethan's tone was sharp.

"Buying clothes on my tab and showing off in front of me?" He had already suspected Charlotte was teasing him when the saleswoman had approached twice about the price. Now he knew for certain.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 623

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 623 - Charlotte was nothing if not practical. In her daily life, every penny was calculated; there was no way she would just stroll into a luxury boutique and buy a single outfit. Even if Winnie and Michael were footing the bill, there was no way she'd suddenly purchase three sets at once-and then try to haggle with the saleswoman like that. Charlotte wasn't a fool But Ethan had assumed she was. Luxury stores don't bargain, and discounts are rare. Any price reductions could only come out of his own pocket.

He had kindly helped Charlotte choose clothes, yet the staff deliberately forced him to bleed for it. Ethan had already committed, though -he called in his own salesperson and, for the sake of face, had to buy the lot. The sum wasn't significant to him, but Charlotte's stunt irked him. If she had asked him directly, he would have paid-albeit she would owe him a favor. And debts owed had to be repaid. But now, Charlotte hadn't asked for anything. She paid her own bill; anything extra he'd done for her was entirely of his own making. Moreover...

Charlotte had clearly plotted everything from the -- start and still insisted on playing the innocent little rabbit in front of him. "Buying clothes for me? Ethan, let's be clear-aren't these clothes mine? How did they suddenly become yours?" Charlotte blinked innocently, continuing her charade. Every time she saw Ethan's reaction-the way his teeth clenched

with suppressed irritation-it gave her a secret thrill. He claimed he didn't care about money or the feelings of others, so why should he mind her little games? "Heh." Ethan laughed, not even bothering to argue.

Amused and slightly exasperated, he raised his hand and tilted Charlotte's chin up, leaning closer. "You're quite the troublemaker, Charlotte. | see it now-you're downright wicked." "Am I?" Charlotte's expression remained calm. "And is your heart as dark as mine?" Ethan was momentarily speechless. How had he softened so easily just now? Why had he helped someone who had antagonized him repeatedly, someone who seemed intent on making his life miserable? Was he... really that pathetic? -- Charlotte's gaze fixed coldly on him.

Seeing the helpless look in his eyes, she knew she had finally found his pressure point. She didn't think Ethan would fall for her emotionally-but with her psychological manipulations, she could locate his weakness, push just enough, and watch him lose his composure for a while. Ethan had been emotionally controlled, even abused, by Clarice from a young age. His emotional patterns thrived on submission and struggle. His desire for women was tied to conquest and to feeding his own narcissism. In short, only someone who seemed conquerable could catch his interest.

Once conquered, however, he would discard them without hesitation. This explained why Charlotte had spent time pushing and pulling him before: she let his ego bloom with satisfaction, then shattered it ruthlessly. Now, Ethan was trapped in a traumatic bond with her-part of him wanted revenge, another part still craved conquest. He sought validation through her, proving his own charm. Earlier, Charlotte had deliberately let him see her being ignored by the sales staff. She gave him the chance-and sure enough, he reacted. But once he realized he had been played, he was genuinely furious.

He would confront her directly, no doubt about it. -- Every step Ethan took was entirely within Charlotte's expectations. After a moment, she spoke again. "Ethan, you've been following Winnie and me. What exactly are you trying to do? Surely it's not just to pick a fight with me, is it?" Her voice softened slightly, but her gaze remained icy, sharp as frost.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 624

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 624 - Ethan's chest rose and fell sharply, but he had no patience for beating around the bush with Charlotte. "Do | need to report to you on what | want to do?" "Of course not," Charlotte said, her tone cool, sharp as a knife. "And honestly, everyone can guess what you want. You just want to confirm Winnie and Michael's situation, then tattle to Clarice, thinking that's enough to win her favor, right?" She had seen right through him. Ethan smirked with disdain. "Confirm what? The ring on Winnie's finger is a wedding ring.

If | tell Oscar, that alone will throw the whole family into chaos." "Then why hesitate?" Charlotte's gaze remained fixed on him, unblinking. She knew him too well. If he were

going to tattle, he would have done it already. That he hadn't meant he still had his own small plan. After all, the last time Clarice had punished him, she had been ruthless. Even if Ethan wanted to curry favor with his mother, he was still someone who measured risks and calculated benefits.

With Khloe now firmly at Morrison Group and Clarice unable to -- influence him directly, wouldn't he leave himself an escape route? Charlotte wanted to talk about exactly that. "What are you trying to say?" Ethan asked, sensing the implication behind her words. "| hope... you act as if you don't know." "Are you joking? In your eyes, I'm the villain. Why on earth should |help Khloe with such a perfect opportunity?" "It's not for Khloe-it's to leave a backdoor for yourself." Charlotte's hand pressed gently against the center of his chest. In an instant, a jolt shot through him.

He hadn't even had time to react before Charlotte stepped forward two paces, forcing him back half a step. They remained almost impossibly close- mere millimeters apart -but Charlotte's sudden advance left him momentarily off balance. "Even if Michael's family erupts in chaos, it has little to do with Khloe. Clarice won't necessarily see it as you scoring points; she might even help arrange a beneficial match. "If the Olson family aligns with the Morrison family, they'd side with Khloe. Clarice would be left isolated...

-- "Ethan, if it weren't for Clarice, with your position, you wouldn't even need to make things difficult with Khloe, would you?" Charlotte's words lingered in the air, but Ethan barely heard them. His attention was locked on the subtle curve of her lips. His throat tightened, saliva pooling uncomfortably. Her mouth looked soft and sweet, like a ripe strawberry-irresistibly tempting. Ethan had never lacked for women, yet he felt a raw, physiological urge he hadn't experienced before. The images in his mind were no longer of them standing side by side, discussing matters.

Instead, he imagined her stripped bare beneath him, her lips his to claim as he dominated her entirely. The instant Charlotte's words fell, Ethan pressed a hand to her waist. They were already close, and his sudden force made her stumble forward half a step, nearly colliding with him. Quickly, she braced her elbows against his slightly exposed collarbone, pursed her lips, and held her breath. Ethan squinted, his gaze fixed on the almost-touching curve of her lips, and swallowed hard "You make it sound reasonable. Honestly, I'm not that interested in Michael's matters...

but since you're negotiating terms with me, shouldn't you show a little sincerity?"

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 625

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 625 - Ethan's presence pressed close, heavy and inescapable. Charlotte barely had time to react. As Ethan's lips drew near, she instinctively raised her hand to shield her face. Ethan had only been teasing-until the warm breath of his mouth spilled against her palm. He deliberately flicked out his tongue, and the heat against her skin made Charlotte's expression twist in surprise and

discomfort. “Ethan...” she murmured. Seizing the moment, he gripped her wrist and nipped at the side of her neck.

Startled, Charlotte reacted like a frightened little animal, scrambling away with all her strength. Her shopping bags tumbled to the floor, and she barely had time to step on them in her retreat. But Ethan was relentless. He closed the distance with long strides, pinning her against another shadowed corner. “What’s this? You bring yourself here to negotiate, and before we even finish, you want to leave? Do you think I’m that easy to provoke?” He pressed his fingers against her cheek with measured force. — Charlotte frowned, her voice sharp and controlled.

“I’m here to negotiate terms, not to make some sordid deal. | suggest you show some restraint, Ethan.” She knew the space was public; he wouldn’t dare cross the line. But his desire to push boundaries was obvious. “Fine,” he said, letting a trace of amusement creep i talk terms. What can you offer me?” Charlotte lifted her gaze, her smile faint but confident. “| might be able to help you... gain some freedom from Clarice’s control.” “Oh?” Ethan chuckled. “You want freedom, don’t you? All the fame, wealth, power, and happiness you crave-must they all come from bending to someone else’s will?

Without true freedom, you always feel empty, unsatisfied, right?” Her words cut straight to the point, no detours, no sugarcoating, To an outsider, discussing “freedom” with someone like Ethan might seem naive, even laughable. But she had a way of striking at the heart of things. He snorted. “Freedom? Without my mother, | have nothing. You talk to me about freedom? Any fool would choose wealth over freedom.” — “Then what if you didn’t have to choose?” Charlotte’s eyes twinkled. He frowned. “You’ve got quite the nerve.

Tell me, how exactly would you help me achieve this freedom?” Charlotte’s confidence bordered on insolence, yet he couldn’t stop himself from listening. “I haven’t figured out all the details,” she admitted, “but | know this: if you ally with Khloe, when Clarice’s influence wanes, you’ll at least safeguard your position in the Morrison Group.” Her words sounded convincing, but in reality, it was a lure. His feud with Khloe was already sealed; once she secured her place, what claim would he have? After Clarice left, he was next in line.

Charlotte had no real loyalty to him-this was purely calculated advantage. “Let me beg for favor with Khloe? That might secure a back door, but I’d still be pandering to others. Where’s the freedom in that? If it’s all about pleasing people, why should | abandon the woman who raised me to chase someone else?” “Because | think Clarice isn’t as good for you as Khloe is.” That single sentence darkened Ethan’s face like storm clouds. His jaw clenched, a brief, stifled moment of shock. — Charlotte continued, “You’d rather sleep on my floor than go home.

Doesn't that show how Clarice has become a shackle in your mind? The Morrison family mansion feels like a cage, and Clarice-more than just a strict mother-is a manipulator. "But Khloe is different. She's your superior at Morrison Group, yes, but with her, you can be in a cooperative, mutually beneficial relationship. You have full freedom to govern yourself.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 626

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 626 - "And I've studied many of your past projects, your management plans, and the major corporate reform strategies you've led. Ethan, your abilities are more than enough-you don't need anyone to rely on. So why, with all your talent, do you settle for being Clarice's eyes and hands at Morrison Group?" Charlotte spoke from the heart. She deeply disliked Ethan as a person, but professionally, she respected and admired his capabilities. Of course, her words carried a touch of flattery, carefully measured to draw him in. Unsurprisingly, Ethan responded well.

The mischievous glint in his eyes softened almost instantly into a smile. He released her cheek and chuckled lightly. "Seems like you pay a lot of attention to me." ".Of course," Charlotte replied calmly. He was Khloe's enemy and the one who had hurt her friend-how could she not pay attention to him? "Although | suspect you're only flattering me to help Khloe," he continued, his tone dropping. "Now that you've said it...

you'd better think carefully about how you're going to help me get what | want." -- Before she could respond, he suddenly leaned in, pressing Charlotte against the wall again. His warm breath brushed her ear, sending shivers through her body. She felt a thousand tiny ants crawling over her skin, and her brow furrowed instinctively. Just then, her phone vibrated. It was Winnie calling. Winnie had finished her makeup and had come looking for Charlotte. The second floor was nearly empty, and she spotted Charlotte's familiar figure after a quick scan. "Ethan! This is a public place!

What are you trying to do to Charlotte?!" Winnie charged forward, convinced Charlotte was being harassed. Ethan raised an eyebrow and quickly sidestepped. Seeing Winnie reach Charlotte and check her over as if Charlotte were some endangered prey, Ethan shrugged silently, unimpressed "I'm fine," Charlotte murmured, low enough for Winnie to hear. Winnie, however, placed Charlotte protectively behind her and glared at Ethan like a warrior ready for battle. "Ethan, if you harass Charlotte again, we'll involve the police." "The police? Go ahead. Call them.

Let's see how | got played by this girl," he said, adjusting his jacket and walking away without -- acknowledging Winnie. His gaze flicked briefly to Charlotte before he departed. Winnie bristled, ready to chase him down, but Charlotte gently held her back. "Let him go. He didn't do anything this time. | sought him out." Winnie still looked worried. "But... just

now, he didn't take advantage of you?" "No..." Charlotte's cheeks tinged pink, and she quickly changed the subject. "I tested him a bit.

He probably won't reveal anything about you and Michael for now." "He's not a good person, Charlotte. You should stay away from him," Winnie warned. She knew Charlotte had only gone to Ethan for her sake. Anyone could see that Ethan was interested in Charlotte, and that she was playing with fire. "I know. I'll protect myself," Charlotte said firmly, unwilling to elaborate further. Winnie could see it clearly. Charlotte's intentions were precise- she intended to use Ethan, and once she made a decision, she was stubborn enough not to back down. Even Khloe's advice wouldn't sway her.

Any words Winnie said now would be futile. -- Still, Winnie couldn't shake the feeling that Ethan had been taken aback today. She had expected him to stir up trouble, yet surprisingly, he had yielded-at least for Charlotte's sake.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 627

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 627 - Perhaps Charlotte wasn't the one being bullied in the situation with Ethan, contrary to what others might have assumed. The dress Charlotte had chosen was stunning. Winnie had wanted to get a makeover alongside her, but time was running short. Charlotte only needed to look presentable to snag a free meal. And she was young, with flawless, supple skin-just changing her outfit transformed her entire presence. By seven o'clock that evening, Michael's French fine-dining restaurant, located on the busiest street in the district, officially opened for its trial run.

Tonight, it was invitation-only; the public was not admitted. Media and curious passersby who had caught wind of the event were politely held back by security. The gilded restaurant sign glittered in the night, understated yet luxurious. Winnie and Charlotte arrived early. Michael had initially wanted to drive to pick up Winnie, but she declined, insisting Charlotte accompany her. At the restaurant, when Winnie tried contacting Michael, there was no response. Because of the crowd and to avoid running into members of the Olson family, Michael had reserved a private room for Winnie.

-- But with the restaurant bustling and Michael absent, the staff were too busy to check for her. Charlotte's friends had already arrived, each dressed elegantly, treating the "welfare dinner" as if it were a glamorous evening gathering. They clustered around, and the first thing they noticed was Charlotte's little dress-an unmistakable luxury brand. Charlotte felt slightly embarrassed and brushed it off. "Oh, it's just borrowed from a friend at the last minute." Before the chatter about Charlotte's dress subsided, all eyes turned to Winnie.

Her gown was spectacular-few people in the restaurant could match her poise and presence, and she naturally became the center of attention. "Wow, Winnie, you look

amazing!” “Winnie, how much is that dress? It looks so expensive!” Charlotte’s companions glanced at Winnie with admiration and envy. Winnie, embarrassed by the praise, tugged Charlotte gently by the arm. “You all look great too.” The dress was indeed gorgeous, but seeing everyone else dressed more casually, Winnie suddenly felt that Michael’s gift had made her stand out a bit too much.

“Yo, long time no see, busy bee,” -- A familiar, infuriating female voice called from behind. Winnie’s scalp tingled Just as she feared, trouble had arrived Veronica-how did she always know exactly where Winnie would be? Like a dog on her scent, she appeared at the perfect moment. Veronica also wore a cocktail dress-a pale blue strapless mini, paired with minimal jewelry and a rhinestone clutch. The outfit was just her usual style, slightly more formal than everyday wear. Compared to Winnie’s grand ensemble, it looked a touch underwhelming.

Veronica paused briefly, unsure if she was seeing things. Winnie looked so flashy... Who was she trying to attract? Winnie ignored Veronica, refusing to acknowledge her presence. Veronica stepped deliberately in front of Winnie. “Looks like working at the Morrison Group is paying off. Just a few days in, and you can already afford such an expensive new dress?” She deliberately raised her voice, drawing the attention of nearby guests. When they saw Winnie and Veronica facing off, a few spectators’ expressions turned amused.

The Olson family’s daughters were notorious-Winnie for her -- bad reputation and rebellious streak, Veronica for constantly stirring the pot. So whenever Veronica provoked Winnie, people instinctively assumed Winnie was the instigator. Winnie knew exactly what Veronica was doing. It was an old trick -designed to provoke her.

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 628

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 628 – Asly smile curved Winnie’s lips. “Yeah, the Olson family really hasn’t treated me well. I’ve never even worn a custom-made gown for myself. This dress Michael gave me... it’s really beautiful. Don’t you think so?” Winnie’s voice rang out clearly and steadily. Rarely so calm, she didn’t rush to clash with Veronica or erupt into an argument. Their conversation immediately drew whispers and curious glances from the crowd. “No way... | thought Winnie was spoiled?

How could she not even afford a custom dress?” “Yeah, | heard the Olson family pampers their adopted daughter so much it’s caused all kinds of trouble for them...” Veronica’s lips snapped shut as she sensed the tide turning. She knew that if Winnie shamelessly brought up such things, it would make her family look bad. But once Winnie mentioned Michael, Veronica shifted her tone. ” Well... the dress is nice, I’ll give you that. “Of course it’s nice. Michael’s gifts are always extravagant, but... -- | heard Michael already has a fiancée. And he’s giving you such an expensive, personal gift...

isn't that a little... inappropriate?" "Fiancée?" Winnie froze. Charlotte, fearing Winnie would get riled up, quickly slipped between them, gently tugging Winnie back as if by accident. "No way. If Michael had a fiancée, he would have told us. Maybe you just heard a rumor..." "Who are you to interrupt my conversation with my sister? And why should Michael's personal affairs concern you?" Veronica recognized Charlotte as familiar but didn't know her. Probably someone from Morrison Group, or someone working with Khloe. She glanced at Charlotte's outfit and rolled her eyes silently.

Veronica had a habit of making friends with anyone and everyone. And this one dared speak back? "She's my friend-and a key aide to Khloe in the Morrison Group. Her name is Charlotte. Today, her department was personally invited by Michael. They are VIPs. So please, mind your tone." "Heh. Is that so? Morrison Group' corporate culture really has a human touch-an ordinary employee can become a VIP, huh?" Veronica's sarcastic tone made Charlotte flush instantly.

"Veronica," Winnie said, her palm tightening, her teeth gritted, " -- do you think you can bully my friend too?" Seeing Winnie's temper flare, Charlotte immediately intervened to cool things down. "It's okay, Winnie." Veronica noticed the change in Winnie's expression. She felt a twinge of hesitation, but more than anything, excitement. This was always how Winnie acted before losing her temper. "Friend? That's a rare word. So Winnie... you actually have friends? Well, congratulations to your friend.

It must be fun to be friends with you..." Her mocking laugh hadn't even faded when a voice cut sharply from behind. "Veronica, | believe you are being far too impolite to my invited VIP guests." Even before he appeared, Michael's voice carried authority. Polite and controlled, every word was laced with unmistakable anger. "Michael!" Charlotte's eyes lit up, as if seeing a savior. The bustling crowd parted as Michael strode forward, instantly making Veronica and Winnie the center of attention. Veronica wasn't surprised by his protective act.

Crossing her arms, she lifted her chin, arching her brows, her gaze falling on -- the woman following behind Michael. Perfect timing,

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 629

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 629 - Winnie was only getting bolder because Michael had her back, wasn't she? Never going home, all consumed with currying favor with the Morrison family-did she really think she could ride Michael to some grand reversal of fortune? Too bad. Veronica's father had friends close to Oscar, and they knew that Oscar had already arranged a very suitable fiancée for Michael. The woman was a political heiress in Goldmont City, with a prestigious family background and the rare skill of fluency in six languages-a national-level translator.

She wasn't like that pampered, arrogant Starr family heiress at all. From the inside out, she was exceptional. Compared to her, Winnie didn't even come close. More importantly,

she and Michael had known each other for years—college classmates who had stayed in touch ever since, and she had even helped him with overseas business. According to Oscar, they were longtime confidants. Just yesterday morning, Oscar posted a photo of them having dinner together, captioned “Future Daughter-in-Law,” officially announcing her as Michael’s fiancée.

The news had already spread through Goldmont City’s upper — circles. Yet, judging by Winnie’s expression, she seemed completely oblivious. Well, of course. She had been pursued by Michael before, and a man’s first love often leaves lingering feelings. Before marriage, if Michael wanted to keep Winnie entangled for a while, it made sense that he would hide it. But Winnie had hurt him in the past. Beneath Michael’s gentlemanly exterior, there was likely a streak of revenge simmering as well. When Winnie saw Michael, her expression shifted—excited, embarrassed, anxious.

Somehow, she seemed to have caused him trouble again. “Michael, why are you so angry as soon as you arrive? Isn’t today supposed to be a good day?” Veronica smirked, amused. Her gaze fell on the woman behind Michael—the same one Oscar had officially announced as his fiancée yesterday. At that time, Oscar’s post was tagged overseas. So he had brought his future daughter-in-law back to the country at the last minute. Michael’s delayed arrival was probably because he had been notified to pick her up. His anger hadn’t cooled.

Meeting Veronica’s provocations only — darkened his expression further. “I suggest you apologize to my guest. Otherwise, I may have no choice but to ignore you tonight. “Apologize? To whom exactly? This worker?” Veronica lifted her chin, smiling haughtily, casting a provocative glance at Charlotte and Winnie. Michael’s face grew even darker. Winnie noticed the way his hand clenched, the veins on the back of it bulging. “An insincere apology only makes things worse. Sometimes, when bitten by a dog, you don’t have to bite back. Forget it, Michael.

My sister always speaks without filter—I already feel ashamed for her on her behalf.” Tonight’s new restaurant opening was a work engagement for Michael. Winnie didn’t want him to be put in a difficult position for her. Even in anger, she gave Veronica a way to back down. But Winnie’s words were venomous, nonetheless. Even while stepping down, she left Veronica seething. “Winnie, who are you calling a dog-” “Oh, so the Olson sisters are at it again. Why do you always have to bicker wherever you go?

Can’t you let a night of good food and drink pass without fighting?” — Just as Veronica was about to retort, the woman behind Michael stepped forward. Her voice was sweet, her presence sweeter. In a flowing, pale white dress, she immediately became a beacon of calm elegance amid the flashy crowd. She looked at Michael with soft eyes. “Michael, you too. As the host, shouldn’t you be helping to reconcile them instead of just standing there?”

Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 630

Read Billionsaire's Match Novel Chapter 630 – The woman handed Michael a glass of wine. "Come on, one for penalty." Seeing her approach so casually, as if she were Michael's companion, Charlotte froze. Winnie froze too. Only Veronica wore a triumphant grin, practically beaming with glee. She was savoring the spectacle like it was a show made just for her. "Oh! You must be Sonya! | saw the photo of you with Oscar- wow, you're even prettier in person!" Veronica praised loudly, then turned back to Winnie with a mock-familiar tone. "Winnie, this is Michael's fiancée.

You must have met her-she was his college classmate, now an internationally renowned translator. | hear she's been Michael's secret confidante all these years. "Veronica!" Michael couldn't hold back any longer. He cut her off sharply, cold and clipped He didn't even take the glass Sonya had handed him. His eyes darted anxiously to Winnie's face. As expected, Winnie's blood drained from her face. She had heard the name Sonya before. During Michael's school days, -- they had met a few times.

Back then, Sonya Deeter was an exceptional student and often partnered with Michael for school projects. The first time Winnie saw her, she had come to deliver study materials to Michael while he and Winnie were having lunch. Michael had introduced Sonya to Winnie with words full of admiration and praise. Winnie had felt a twinge of jealousy, teasing Michael a little, urging him to chase after her. But Michael had only ever had eyes for Winnie, and the matter quickly passed. She hadn't expected that after all these years, they had remained in contact-and now... Sonya had changed dramatically.

She was dazzling, ethereal, and irresistibly beautiful. Standing beside Michael, they looked like a pair made in heaven-the perfect golden couple. Meanwhile, Winnie felt the same as ever: out of place, increasingly out of sync with Michael. For the first time, a deep, gnawing insecurity hit her. Even in her gorgeous dress, she felt absurd, like a clown in the midst of elegance. She quickly lowered her head, afraid her reddening eyes would betray her shame. No wonder Michael hadn't answered her calls today. So this was the situation. Ethan had even warned her, yet she hadn't noticed a thing...

-- But if he already had a fiancée, why was he still about to register their marriage? Even if he meant well, he shouldn't have put them both in such an impossible situation. Winnie felt exposed, under everyone's gaze, like she was being roasted alive. She wanted to run, but her feet seemed rooted to the spot. Charlotte reacted instantly, grabbing Winnie's arm and pulling her to safety. Shocked as she was, her first instinct was to protect Winnie. With Winnie's personality, her pride was about to be crushed entirely.

"Winnie!" Just as they were about to leave the crowd, Michael could no longer restrain himself. He strode forward and yanked Winnie out of Charlotte's grasp. "We need to talk-alone." He allowed no protest. Before she could respond, he was leading her toward the

private inner rooms. “Michael!” Sonya barely had time to react. Instinctively, she called his name, but Michael pushed past her without a glance and carried Winnie away. All eyes turned. Sonya froze in embarrassment. -- Veronica hadn’t expected Michael to erupt for Winnie to this extent. Her jaw nearly dropped. Not possible...

Back then, Michael had seemed unable to choose between Winnie and Sonya. And now-he still wasn’t sure?