

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 701

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 701 – When Khloe returned to the hotel, she happened to catch Loretta making a video call to Arista. George was bedridden, and Arista looked pale and strained. She had meant to hang up first and explain later by text, But Khloe took the phone, stepped aside, and tapped Accept “Grandma, it’s been so many days. Did you miss me?” The moment the call connected, Khloe lifted a bright, sweet smile. The grief that had been weighing on her moments ago was nowhere to be seen on the screen.

Both Loretta and Leon leaned toward the camera When they saw Khloe, the worry hanging over them finally eased. “Of course, we missed you, Khloe! When are you coming back?” When Arista had rushed to Naraida, she had informed them briefly, saying only that Henry and the Hunt family had some misunderstandings to clear up. They already knew about George’s earlier scandals. Arista had told them not to worry and said she would handle everything herself. -- But she had been gone for days with no news.

Now they heard that something had happened to Khloe and that she had even been hospitalized, and that George had rushed over there as well. Naturally, they were terrified Arista always shared good news and hid the bad, afraid of making them anxious. What she didn’t realize was that knowing only bits and pieces kept them awake at night, worrying even more. Khloe’s smile remained gentle and calm. Nothing about her seemed wrong. “Maybe I’ll need to stay a little longer. Something came up.” “Something?” Loretta’s voice tightened immediately. Even Leon’s expression darkened.

“What is that brat Nick doing? How can he fail to take care of his wife?” Khloe had been smiling, but Leon’s sudden words pierced her heart like a knife. Her eyes welled up, and tears slid down, falling onto the comers of her still-raised lips. “No... Nick... he’s taking very good care of me.” Realizing she was crying, Khloe forced her smile wider. -- “Oh dear, child, why are you crying?” Leon frowned and leaned closer to the screen. Loretta hurried over too. “Khloe, what happened? Tell Grandma. I’ll stand up for you! If you’ve been wronged, Grandma will deal with it!” “It’s nothing.

I'm fine." Khloe quickly wiped the corners of her eyes. "I'm just... really happy." Before the two elders could worry any further, she hurried to share her good news. "I'm pregnant. You're going to have a great-grandchild." "What?!" The two on the other end nearly jumped off the sofa. Loretta even turned the camera toward herself, staring hard at Khloe. "Khloe, what did you say... you're really pregnant?!" Khloe nodded desperately, but her tears finally spilled over. Seeing how hard Khloe was trying to hold herself together, Arista felt as if a heavy stone were pressing on her chest.

Her eyes reddened. She turned away and hurried into the room. After soothing Loretta and Leon and ending the call, Khloe felt -- as if her soul had been drained from her body. Not a single tear remained. 'Nick... you promised me nothing would happen. Where are you? Come back soon... please.' Late at night, in a desolate mountain forest, several off-road vehicles struggled along a narrow road. With no path ahead, the men had to get out, switching on their flashlights as they searched. Above them rose sheer cliffs. Below stretched an endless forest and winding rivers.

Anyone who fell from such a height would be smashed to pieces -or already dead. If there was no body to be found, it was probably because wild animals had devoured it. After searching only a short distance, the cold and exhaustion forced them to give up and turn back.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 702 - "Do you think those two are still alive?" One of the men leaned against the car and lit a cigarette. The other two were still sweeping their flashlights around, but they agreed with him. "No way. But the boss said we have to find the bodies." They were all helpless. Just yesterday before dawn, the bus had exploded, taking the lives of six of their men. Wasn't that enough? The device had already begun its countdown when Spence personally led his men onto the bus-only because someone he had trained with his own hands, Noah, was inside.

No one knew what went wrong, but suddenly several people bolted off the bus. Seconds later, it exploded. At the scene, only three people made it out alive: Noah, Spence, and another man. The other men who failed to get off in time died on the spot. Taking advantage of Spence being injured and their comrades dead, Noah fled in panic with that man. -- Spence's men drove after them and caught up at the broken cliff above. Because Spence wanted them captured alive, they fired warning shots. No one expected the two fugitives to jump without hesitation.

There was a river below, but it was shallow. No one could survive that fall. Yet, when they waited for Spence to wake up and report back, they were harshly reprimanded and ordered not to return unless they confirmed the men were dead. But in a place like this, even finding remains was nearly impossible. “How about we just say... wild animals dragged them away? Not even bones left.” “Sounds good. Worst case, he’ll send another team tomorrow.” After a brief discussion, they didn’t linger. Pulling their jackets tighter, they quickly got back into the cars and drove off.

When the engines faded into the distance, a faint rustle finally came from the treetops near the river’s source. Noah propped himself up and dragged Nick over to lean against a tree, then turned and went to the river to fetch water. -- “Nick, wake up. Wake up!” He used the water to wipe the blood from Nick’s lips, then patted his face. Nick still had a pulse and was breathing, but if he stayed unconscious much longer, he would die of hypothermia. His thoughts drifted back to the day before Just as Noah was dismantling the device, Spence arrived with his men.

He pressed a gun to the back of Noah’s head and demanded in anguish to know why he had betrayed him. Noah’s hand trembled-and he finally cut the pressure trigger. He exchanged a look with Nick. Once the trigger was released, the countdown dropped to sixty seconds. Nick immediately stood and knocked the gun out of Spence’s hand Noah struck back at once, shoving Spence aside. Neither of them tried to fight. They rushed off the bus. Noah had a gun, and he and Nick worked in perfect coordination, breaking through the encirclement in a few swift moves and taking down -- Spence’s men.

Spence reacted just as quickly, vaulting out through a shattered window and sprinting forward. Then the bus exploded. Six of Spence’s subordinates were killed. Spence himself was blasted away by the heat wave. Only Noah and Nick, driven by the last of their willpower, ran all the way to the edge of the cliff. This cliff was not very high, and Spence’s men were still close behind. Noah hesitated-but Nick grabbed him and jumped. Just as Noah thought he was about to die, he realized they had been caught in the branches of a tall tree.

Nick had calculated that shrubs grew thickly along the mountainside and had risked everything on that escape. Noah was luckier still. His clothes snagged on a branch,

missing any vital spots, though half his arm seemed to be broken. After forcing the bone back into place, he climbed down from the tree and went to search for Nick.

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Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 703 – But when Noah finally found Nick, Nick was sprawled by the riverbank, blood seeping from beneath him, his face deathly pale. Noah was startled. Only after confirming that Nick still had a heartbeat and was breathing did he hurry to get him away. The two of them were already at the end of their strength. After struggling for nearly an entire day, they had managed to move less than a few kilometers. Noah still had a small amount of emergency medicine on him. It had been crushed into powder, but he always carried it close to his body for moments like this.

He gave Nick the medicine first, then carefully examined his wounds. Nick had injuries on his forehead, limbs, chest, back, waist, and abdomen. Fortunately, most of them were not deep. Noah took off his vest, tore it into strips, and bound Nick's waist tightly to stop the bleeding. Then he checked his bones. Nick's leg might have suffered a minor injury, but the rest of his body seemed largely intact. Noah guessed that when Nick jumped, he had deliberately reached for the branches.

He must have scraped down the tree -- on the way, avoiding vital areas. That kind of willpower was terrifying—stronger even than his own, though he was a trained professional. He searched both of them thoroughly. Neither carried any communication devices. Just then, Spence's men came searching again. Noah had no choice but to hide with Nick in the bushes, ready to respond at any moment. Only after the sound of engines faded into the distance did Noah dare to shout and try to wake Nick. At last, Nick stirred. His lips moved, and he let out a few faint words. Noah leaned in to hear clearly.

He was calling Khloe. "Yes, Khloe is waiting for you. Wake up!" Noah answered at once. After a long moment, Nick finally forced his eyes open. Cold air rushed into his lungs. He began coughing violently and spat out a mouthful of bloody water. Noah jumped in fright. "Nick, are you okay?" "I'm fine..." Nick coughed for a while and wiped his mouth. -- He couldn't be anything but fine. He had already crossed the gates of hell—how could he fail now and die here? Nick lifted his gaze and looked around. The cold cut to the bone. His entire body felt as though it had been torn apart with pain.

Looking down at himself, he saw that Noah had already given him basic first aid and bandaged his wounds. Noah's own jacket was in tatters, and his body shivered uncontrollably. In their current state, climbing back up would be nearly impossible. But if they stayed here waiting for rescue, they would only be waiting to die. "There's a river. Where there's a river, there may be people." Nick glanced at the water beside them, then looked at Noah. Noah had more experience surviving in the wild. For now, everything depended on him.

The next morning, in Goldmont City, Michael hurried to the Morrison Group headquarters. -- As soon as he arrived, he went straight to find Charlotte and asked her to step out and talk in private. 1 Charlotte was confused. Whenever Michael came here, he usually looked for Winnie. But she knew that if Michael had come personally, it must be urgent, so she followed him out at once. Sure enough, Michael wanted to ask whether she had been in contact with Khloe recently. Charlotte shook her head.

She had been sending Khloe regular work updates and greetings, but Khloe had been silent for several days. Michael's expression grew darker. He had already found out the matter Khloe asked him to investigate, yet he still hadn't been able to reach her. He couldn't get through to Nick either. He was worried that something serious had happened on Khloe's side. He had heard from people at home that Oscar had rushed to Naraida as well. Logically speaking, Oscar should not have left at a time like this.

-- Michael had just married Winnie and been expelled from the family, and Oscar's anger had yet to subside. Michael became even more certain-something had happened to Khloe.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 704

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 704 - Just as Charlotte and Michael were talking in the pantry, Ethan suddenly appeared. He was like a hunting dog drawn by scent- whenever something important was happening, he was never absent. The moment they saw Ethan, Charlotte and Michael fell silent. "Well, if it isn't the young master of the Morrison family. What are you chatting about?" Ethan's mocking remark instantly darkened Michael's expression. Charlotte was about to speak when Ethan cut in again, twisting the knife. "Oh, sorry, | forgot. | can't call you the Morrison family's young master anymore.

You've already been expelled from the Morrison family, haven't you?" "Ethan, don't you think that's going too far?" Michael had no interest in arguing with him, but Charlotte was even angrier than Michael himself. Ethan snorted. "Charlotte, I'm talking to Michael. Why are you so worked up? He married Winnie, didn't he? What-are you secretly in love with him?" -- "Ethan, please don't talk nonsense. | just think that mocking people like this doesn't suit your position." Charlotte swallowed and met Ethan's gaze, a faint spark of anger flickering in her eyes.

Every time she tried to tolerate him, he somehow managed to make himself even more detestable. Ethan pressed his lips together, his face growing darker. From a distance, seeing Michael and Charlotte talking had already stirred up a nameless fire in his chest. The way Charlotte looked at Michael was as if he were some great hero, a savior. But when she looked at him, it was as though he were a scheming devil. And what made Michael so different from him, anyway? Just another pampered heir. That air of elegance was nothing but packaging.

Give him a few days as an ordinary man and he would show his true colors. Yet here he was, putting on airs. Hypocritical. "Charlotte, I'll go first. Call me if you hear anything," Michael spoke quietly to her and turned to leave. The entire time, he didn't spare Ethan a single glance. As if Ethan were nothing more than air-unworthy of notice. Ethan felt the snub and found it almost amusing. -- After Michael left, Charlotte wanted to go as well, but Ethan stepped in front of her and blocked her path. "Stop." Charlotte halted. "What is it? It's work hours.

| still have things to do." Ethan took a step closer. His tall figure instantly trapped her in the corner of the pantry. "Work? | saw how absorbed you were just now, chatting about personal matters, What, when Michael shows up, your work can wait?" "Ethan, stop talking nonsense. Michael only came to discuss something. Don't tell me your need for control is so strong that you care about everything | do." Charlotte's words struck home. A flicker of embarrassment crossed Ethan's face.

But then he narrowed his eyes and smiled, the curve of his lips soaking with menace, and reached out to pinch her cheek hard "So, just a few days without being close to me and your heart's already wandering? You've forgotten who you belong to?" "Ethan, please

show some respect when you speak.” This time, — Charlotte didn’t indulge him. She slapped his hand away. Ethan didn’t get angry. Instead, he grabbed her wrist again, tugged her toward him, and pinned her against his side. His breath closed in, almost brushing her lips. Charlotte twisted her head away.

“Ethan, haven’t you learned your lesson yet? Do you really want to leave the Morrison Group for good?” “Why are you playing hard to get with me, Charlotte?” Ethan sneered. “If you like me, just say it. I’m quite interested in you right now. Maybe... I’ll even consider trying a relationship with you.”

Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 705

Read Billionsaire’s Match Novel Chapter 705 – Ethan seemed not to hear a single word Charlotte said. He leaned close and whispered into her ear, absorbed in himself. His patience with Charlotte was wearing thin. No matter what she was trying to do-whether she meant to entice him or despised him-right now, he wanted her. Desperately. The more he thought about it, the more agitated he became. “Then | should thank you,” Charlotte said coolly. “But before you think about that, perhaps you should first consider how you’re going to explain this to your mother-and how you’re going to explain it to Khloe.” “Khloe?

Whether Khloe can even come back is another matter. What do | need to explain to her for?” Ethan blurted it out without thinking. Charlotte froze. “What do you mean by that?” Ethan was stunned as well. Seizing the chance, Charlotte shoved him away. “Ethan, what did you mean just now? What happened to Khloe? Did something happen to her?” — Seeing her panic, Ethan relaxed instead. He turned and sat down on the sofa at the side, studying her leisurely. “Why are you asking me that? What are we to each other? Why should | answer you?” “You... Charlotte knew he was deliberately playing with her.

He might not actually know anything. Maybe he was just trying to scare her. “Ethan, have you thought about what | told you last time? This is your last chance to make a choice.” Her quick wit caught Ethan off guard. It should have been him forcing Charlotte to choose. Instead, she had turned it around on him. Ethan smiled faintly. In truth, he had thought about what Charlotte said before. He and Khloe had no personal grudge. There was no need for a life- and-death struggle.

If he failed to win Clarice's approval, he could simply align himself with Khloe and seek advancement within the Morrison Group. But... Clarice had raised him. He could not bring himself to -- betray her. What was more, he had already inquired about the situation in Naraida. Clarice would soon force Khloe to give up her rights in the Morrison Group. By then, whether Khloe would even return to 'the Morrison Group would be uncertain. "I can tell you this-something has happened to Khloe. And something has happened to Nick as well." After a moment's thought, Ethan suddenly stood up.

Charlotte immediately grew tense, but before she could ask anything, he continued, "If you want to know more, you'll have to trade something for it. "You only have one thing you can use as bargaining power. I'm free tonight. I'll send you the room number later. Serve me well, and I'll tell you everything you want to know." His gaze swept shamelessly over Charlotte's body, the implication unmistakable. A flush rose to Charlotte's face, and she raised her hand to strike him. Ethan caught her wrist at once. "Then again, you're just a low- level employee.

Even if you knew, what could you do about it? "Even if Khloe is in trouble, could you help her? No matter how -- sincere you are, to Khloe and Nick, you're completely useless." His words cut deeply into Charlotte. He released her and walked away without looking back, leaving her standing there in a daze. At noon, just as Winnie was about to go to lunch, she received a call from Michael. He said he was nearby and wanted to have lunch with her. Winnie was pleasantly surprised. She quickly reapplied her lipstick, tidied her makeup, and hurried out.

In the elevator, her coworkers looked at her with strange expressions. They kept glancing at her, then lowering their heads to whisper among themselves.

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 706

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 706 - Winnie's ears burned red. She didn't need to listen to know what they were talking about. Every major media outlet had already reported that Michael had been removed from the Morrison family, and that Oscar had severed the father-son relationship because Michael married without permission. Logically, this kind of news could have been suppressed easily if Oscar had wanted to. The fact that it spread so widely made it obvious the coverage had his tacit approval. The media even put Winnie's identity under the spotlight.

They didn't publish her real name, but "the adopted daughter of a major toy manufacturer in Goldmont City" was practically the same as printing her ID card. What was more, someone had taken photos of Michael holding hands with Winnie in a restaurant. Her profile was captured clearly. Some outlets, hungry for clicks, even dug up a pile of her so-called "black history" from who knows where—painting her as a notoriously spoiled socialite in business circles, rebellious since childhood, a wild girl the Olson family had never been able to — control.

They even unearthed her past relationships and laid them bare. Public opinion swung overwhelmingly in Michael's favor. A well-regarded young gentleman in the industry, they said, ruined by falling for a trashy woman. Completely mismatched. Even netizens who usually preached freedom in love were leaving comments saying this time it truly was a case of incompatible backgrounds. Because of that, most people felt Oscar's decision to cut ties with Michael was understandable. If a daughter marrying the wrong man could drag a family down, wasn't it the same when a son married the wrong woman?

Michael had long expected public opinion to spiral like this. So he deleted everything from his personal account and left only one post: a photo of their marriage certificate with the caption: [I'm fine. She's even better. Don't judge without knowing the full story. Please stay rational.] He pinned the post and closed the comments, using it as his response and his stance on the matter—openly standing by and defending his wife, Winnie. After that, Michael deleted all the news apps from Winnie's phone. He ordered her not to read the comments and not to care — about outside voices.

They still had a long road ahead. Yet, even if she didn't look or listen, as long as Winnie remained at Morrison Group, the pressure would never truly leave her. And Michael's public response only fueled people's appetite for spectacle. Many netizens took screenshots and declared the countdown had begun, waiting to see when that post would be taken down. With divorce rates so high, even loving couples split up—let alone a marriage that had been disapproved of from the start by the entire family and even the whole internet. On the surface, Winnie obeyed. She focused on her work every day.

But from time to time, she still couldn't help opening a webpage to glance at what people were saying. She was already used to being talked about. What she feared now was that Michael would be dragged down with her. But the more she feared it, the more it seemed to come true. After leaving the Morrison Group, Michael was looking for a new job. — Someone with too much time on their hands had photographed him the previous afternoon in the lobby of a client's office building. It looked as though he had gone there to discuss business or work.

But the person who posted the photos claimed he had waited in the lobby for a full two hours and never met anyone, leaving alone in the end. During that time, only the receptionist had kindly brought him tea. Employees from that company even came forward to confirm the story. They said Michael used to be one of their major clients. Every visit had required multiple invitations, and the company had even renovated a

special lounge just for him, always receiving him in a private area. Michael had also been famous as a refined young heir, good-looking and well dressed.

In the past, people had crowded just to catch a glimpse of him. Now, he was sitting openly in the lobby—and even the female employees who once admired him only cast a glance from afar before quietly walking away.

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Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 707

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 707 – Without the halo of the Morrison family, without a job, and now married, even Michael's calm elegance could not hide how down-and-out he looked. People who had seen him said that although he still wore a suit, his luxury watch was gone, and there was no longer a fancy car waiting for him outside. It seemed Oscar was serious this time. Most likely, Michael's recent setback had come after Oscar gave the word. Now, even fewer people believed Michael would win. Everyone thought that within a few months, he would surely divorce Winnie.

When Winnie saw these reports, her heart ached. Yesterday, Michael had said he was going out to meet some friends to discuss starting a business and potential work directions. He came back very late. Winnie waited anxiously for him, assuming he had already eaten outside. But instead, Michael came home starving. She cooked him a large bowl of noodles, which he devoured hungrily. — Still, he told her cheerfully that he had already found a job and that she didn't need to worry.

He even said that from now on, he would live more frugally and work hard to earn money so he could buy her a house and a car. At the time, Winnie hadn't thought much about it. She had only felt blissfully happy. But now, realizing that Michael was bearing everything for her, her heart hurt so badly she felt like crying. The elevator reached her floor, and the people beside her stepped out first. Before leaving, they couldn't help casting another glance at Winnie. This time, she didn't feel too upset. Thinking of Michael, she felt there was nothing to be sad about.

Soon, she arrived at the restaurant Michael had mentioned. It was a small fast-food place tucked away in a nearby alley. Though it wasn't far, it took her quite a while to find it. She usually didn't spend much, but she rarely ate at places like this. — The Olson family might have been stingy with her, but they had always ensured she ate and dressed decently. It was only after she left the Olson family that money became tight. Fortunately, her salary and benefits at the Morrison Group were still good enough for her daily needs. As for Michael... she wasn't so sure.

The restaurant was tiny, but crowded at mealtime. Michael sat in the deepest corner by the window, and Winnie searched for a long time before spotting him. He had turned slightly sideways, his head angled toward the window, one hand pressing against the side of his head as he spoke on the phone. She walked over and saw that two bottles of drinks had already been ordered, along with a menu that Michael had only half filled out. Orders here were written in pencil on a menu tucked under the glass tabletop. Michael had written down two dishes, both of them Winnie's favorites.

-- But he hadn't submitted the order yet. Clearly, he was waiting for her to arrive and choose what she wanted herself. He was still as thoughtful and attentive as ever, always considering others first. When Michael saw her, the tightness in his brow eased slightly. A faint smile curved his lips, and he gestured for her to order first. Winnie took the pencil and casually added another dish. Michael loved fish, and this restaurant's specialty happened to be that dish. Almost every nearby table had ordered it. After writing it down, she went to place the order.

When she returned, Michael had already hung up the phone. "Today-" They spoke at almost the same time. After exchanging a smile, Winnie tilted her head and smiled sweetly. "You go first." Michael's eyes softened. "How was today? Did work go well?" + "Yes, better and better." Winnie nodded. "What about you? How was your work today?" - Michael raised his brows and reached out to touch her face. "I was just a little more successful than you." Winnie caught his hand and rubbed gently against his palm, holding onto it. "Really?"

Was it truly that smooth?" "Of course," Michael said with a light smile. "In the not-so-distant future, I'll become the man who supports the family again."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 708

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 708 - Michael spoke with an unusually light and joking tone. Since completely letting go of everything tied to his family, he had become nothing in name-but he was also free of all restraints. Instead, his mood felt easier than ever. Winnie looked at him, her eyes full of sweetness. Yet inside, her emotions were tangled, and her heart ached for him even more.

"Then why do you have so much time today, coming to have lunch with me?" After a moment's thought, she asked, "Is there something you wanted to talk about?" "So you noticed." Michael smiled and leaned forward slightly as she tugged at him. "| didn't actually come here just for you. | wanted to ask around about Khloe." "Khloe... did something happen to her?" Winnie was concerned the moment her name came up. Earlier, Khloe had even asked Michael to help investigate something, Was she all right in Naraida? -- Now that they were family, Michael trusted Winnie and didn't hide anything from her.

He told her that Khloe had not been having a peaceful time with Henry these days. The old man had tried to break her and Nick apart, and the two of them had likely been set up again by someone with ulterior motives. As for who that person was, Michael didn't need to say it out loud. Winnie already knew. She slapped the table. "Does Clarice ever stop? How can she be so despicable? If she has the ability, she should compete with Khloe fair and square within the Morrison Group! Instead, she uses underhanded tricks and plays dirty!" "You're right.

She really is frightening," Michael said, nodding. He still hadn't managed to reach Khloe when he went to see Charlotte that morning. Only just now, while waiting for Winnie, had he finally received Khloe's call. Her voice had sounded weak, and he learned what had happened on her end. Clarice had hired killers. Nick had disappeared trying to save her, and his fate was unknown. Hearing this, Michael felt an indescribable mix of anger and pain. -- Even so, he first passed on the information Khloe wanted and urged her to pull herself together.

If she collapsed, then Nick's sacrifice would be in vain. Both the Morrison and Hunt families needed Khloe now, and the family members who cared about her would not want to see her fall apart. Comforting her was one thing-but in a moment like this, who could truly pull themselves together? Michael knew that if it were him, if the person he loved had sacrificed themselves for him, he would sink far deeper into despair than Khloe ever could. Yet, Khloe's voice on the phone had sounded remarkably calm.

Even in that state, she had still called him personally, worried he might be anxious, and told him to look after Winnie and keep an eye on the Morrison Group. She was clearly forcing herself to hold on. However, Khloe apparently did not yet know that he and Winnie were married. Michael felt it was not the right time and didn't bring it up. "When we catch Clarice, she must pay in blood! We can't let her off lightly!" -- Winnie clenched her fists, gritting her teeth. Michael patted her shoulder. "Her ending won't be a good one. | just never imagined she could be so vicious.

| always thought... she and Uncle Niel truly loved each other..." "What nonsense are you talking about? How could that woman possibly love Niel?" Winnie shot back immediately. In her anger, she even pulled her hand away from his. "| think she only wanted to take advantage of the Morrison family's power. Otherwise, why would she rather not have children and still insist on marrying Niel?" Michael couldn't help but laugh. "What you said makes sense too. But I don't think Uncle Niel would be so foolish as to be deeply in love with a woman who doesn't love him."

Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 709

Read Billionaire's Match Novel Chapter 709 - "Khloe's father is an idiot! That's the only reason why he could have been deceived by a venomous woman like Clarice!" Winnie hated hearing that and felt Michael was talking nonsense. At a time like this, was he still going to speak up for Clarice? By every measure-emotionally and morally-Clarice was

unforgivable! If anything happened to Nick, then Clarice would deserve to die even more. Not just Khloe-Winnie herself wanted to kill that woman. Nick was such a good man. And yet, just to seize control of the Morrison Group, Clarice treated human life as worthless?

How could anyone be so devoid of humanity? “Alright, alright, my fault. I said the wrong thing-hit me if you want!” Michael had been about to explain, but seeing how furious Winnie truly was, he quickly slapped himself twice on the mouth. Winnie panicked at once. She stood up, moved to his side, and grabbed his arm. — “What are you doing? If you said the wrong thing, then fine, but don’t hit yourself! What if it hurts...” Her big eyes blinked.

Not satisfied with holding his arm, she turned his face toward her and gently touched it, tracing from the corner of his mouth all the way to his ear. Michael’s gaze darkened, and his Adam’s apple bobbed. Just moments ago, the smell of food in the restaurant had made him unbearably hungry. But the instant he looked at Winnie, he realized that some kinds of hunger didn’t have to be satisfied with food. He pressed his lips together and leaned closer to her. Winnie unconsciously did the same. Michael brushed a few light kisses against the tip of her nose.

When she finally relaxed, he lowered his head and kissed her lips. Her skin, her scent, the softness of her mouth—all of it made him addicted. Even though they were in a public place, surrounded by people, he couldn’t help himself. He deepened the kiss, prying her lips open and slipping his tongue inside. Michael usually looked gentle and inexperienced, but his — technique shocked Winnie. He was tender yet forceful, making desire bloom even as he made her feel safe. In bed, it was even more unbelievable—she had never met anyone so skilled.

Her conclusion from her first experience was simple: There would probably never be a better one in her lifetime. Just then, the restaurant server came over with their dishes. They were kissing too deeply to notice at first. Winnie stiffened, and Michael reacted instantly, pulling her head against his chest. The server glanced over and couldn’t help laughing. “Oh my, are you two lovebirds or newlyweds? Even eating a meal together, you’re this affectionate.” “You’ve got a sharp eye. We just got married,” Michael said after clearing his throat, smiling slightly.

His voice was steady and confident, almost as if he were showing off. Winnie couldn’t help pinching his waist hard. The server was teasing him, and he was taking it as praise. Michael twitched but held back from making a sound. — Only after the server left did he pull Winnie out of his arms. Don’t do that. I’m very sensitive there.” “Sensitive?” Winnie blushed, as if she had discovered a whole new world. No wonder—every time she grabbed his waist in bed, his whole body trembled so violently. Michael immediately cut her off. “Eat your food!” Winnie deliberately turned her head away.

“This is so embarrassing. With so many people watching, | can’t eat.” “Fine. Then I’ll feed you. You just look at me.” Michael smiled faintly, ignoring her attempt to make things difficult, and actually picked up his chopsticks as if he meant it. Winnie straightened up at once. “Alright, alright, stop fooling around.” She was speechless. Picking up her cutlery, she moved back to her seat across from him. “Michael, what’s wrong with you? We just got married, and you’ve already changed.” “Changed? In what way?” Michael looked completely confused. 1

Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 710

Read Billionaire’s Match Novel Chapter 710 – Winnie didn’t look at him. “You’ve become improper-slick-tongued and always grinning.” Michael answered seriously, “You don’t like it?” Winnie said nothing and quietly picked at her food. Michael continued, “I wasn’t really that proper before, either. | just didn’t have anything to be happy about, so there was no reason to joke around with anyone. “But now it’s different. | have someone | like, and | know she likes me too. Of course, | want to talk to her about everything and do everything with her.” As she kept eating, Winnie suddenly started to smile.

Even with her head lowered, Michael could see the happiness she couldn’t hide. “Does hearing me talk really make you that happy?” Seeing that she was focused only on eating, Michael quickly put a piece of meat onto her plate and leaned in close, lowering his voice. “Marrying me isn’t so bad, is it?” — Winnie paused, shoved the meat into her mouth, and chewed for a long while before finally lifting her head to look at him. The smile in her eyes was practically overflowing. After a moment, she nodded and murmured, “Mm,” swallowing her food. “It’s...

not bad, | guess.” Then she picked up a big piece of fish and put it onto Michael’s plate. “Aren’t you hungry? Why are you just staring at me? Hurry up and eat.” The corners of Michael’s mouth lifted, and only then did he obediently start eating. When they finished, Michael was about to go pay when Winnie grabbed him. “| already paid.” Michael froze. “Why are you fighting me for the bill?” “You still think you’re the young master of the Morrison family? How much money do you even have on you now? Do you have more than me?” Her question made his expression turn slightly awkward.

— Right now, he probably only had a few hundred dollars on him. He usually kept some spare cash in his wallet in case he needed to tip people. “No matter how much | have, | can still afford to treat you to a meal.” “We’re married now. Your money is my money, and my money is your money. Why are you being so polite with me?” After saying that, Winnie took his hand and led him out of the noisy restaurant. Once outside, she took out her phone and enabled a shared payment account for him. When Michael received the notification message, he was surprised. “What are you doing?” “Spend my salary.

I'll support you," Winnie said with a smile, lifting his hand and patting it lightly. Michael was stunned. "There's no need. Ill start making money again very soon..." "Then you can spend money on me after you eam it," she cut him off. "I have a salary right now. As long as we don't eat too extravagantly, it's enough for the two of us. You're starting from -- nothing for my sake-how could | let you go hungry?" "Winnie..." "Michael, don't think that after we get married, you're the only one who has to shoulder everything. | feel pressure too.

If you don't let me contribute at all, | won't be able to take it." She looked at him very seriously. These were her true feelings. After saying them out loud, she felt much more at ease. The feeling was surprisingly good. Michael's gaze gradually changed. From firm refusal, it slowly softened. Then he smiled. "Then thank you, Madam." Winnie lifted her chin and deliberately struck a smug pose. But before she could enjoy it, Michael wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her right there on the street.

Jayelle City, late at night, Nebula Villa Angela drove back from the Solara Energy office. As soon as she entered the villa, she asked the butler, "Has Barney gone to bed yet?" -- She had worked overtime in meetings until very late that day, so she hadn't had dinner with Barney.