

Chapter 13

Damien's face was a mask of agony. "Elena, stop it!" he pleaded. "Don't do this. Don't tear everything apart."

Suddenly, the other Fellows surged forward, forming a protective wall around Eve.

"You've gone too far, Elena!" Kenneth yelled.

"She's an orphan! Have you no pity?" Leo added.

They all stood there, a united front, protecting their queen from the rightful lady of the house.

I laughed. A cold, empty sound. "Get out of my way," I said, my eyes sweeping over them. "Unless you all want to go down with her."

They froze, exchanging nervous glances.

"You think we were involved?" Javier asked, his eyes narrowed.

I just smiled, a slow, predatory smile, and held up the USB drive. "I didn't want to do this, Eve. I really didn't. But you forced my hand."

I turned to the butlers. "Bring me a new projector."

As the staff scurried to set it up, I addressed the stunned crowd, my voice ringing with newfound power. "You see, after I started to suspect I was being deceived, I had my entire wing of the house fitted with state-of-the-art surveillance. I just wanted to catch them mocking me." My gaze swept over the Fellows, who now looked sick. "But I caught so much more."

I walked to the new projector and inserted the USB drive. "Let's watch something a little more... stimulating, shall we?"

Damien and Eve's faces were white with terror. The other six Fellows looked like they were about to be sick.

"You spied on us?" Kenneth choked out. "That's disgusting!"

"Is it?" I replied calmly. "I call it protecting my home from thieves and liars."

I nodded to the technician. "Play it."

The screen lit up. The first thing we heard was a woman's breathy moan. Then a face filled the screen. It was Eve, her face flushed with passion. She was tangled in bedsheets with a man.

But the man wasn't Damien. It was Leo.



Chapter 14

On the screen, Leo and Eve were writhing together, their bodies bare.

"What if Damien finds out?" Leo whispered, his voice husky.

Eve laughed, a throaty, seductive sound. "He's just my brother. He doesn't own me. Besides," she purred, kissing him deeply, "you're the only one I've ever really loved."

In the ballroom, Damien looked like he was turning to stone.

Eve screamed and lunged for the projector, trying to shut it off. "It's fake! It's all fake!"

Hunter signaled to two of his security guards, who quickly restrained her.

I smiled coldly. "Oh, we're just getting started."

The video cut. Now Eve was in bed with another man. This time, it was Kenneth.

"You're the only one for me," she was whispering in his ear. "I've loved you since the first day I saw you at the orphanage."

The guests gasped. A wave of horrified understanding washed over the room. She hadn't just been with one or two of them.

She'd been with all of them.

The sweet, fragile orphan girl was a master manipulator who had every single one of the Barron Fellows wrapped around her finger.

Eve was sobbing now, a pathetic, broken sound. "Please, Elena, turn it off! I'll confess! I did it! I released your video! Punish me, do whatever you want, just make it stop!"

I felt a surge of pure, unadulterated triumph. "So now you know how it feels," I said, my voice dripping with ice. "To have your most private moments exposed for the world to see. To be humiliated on

the most important day of your life. Did you feel this ashamed when you decided to ruin my birthday, you vile creature?"

I shook my head. "It's too late for apologies." I turned to the technician. "There's one more clip. The grand finale."

I looked at Damien, whose face was a blank canvas of shock.

"This last one," I announced to the room, "is of Eve and her dear 'brother.' Let's see how the world reacts to a little bit of incest."

