

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Amcol

+15 Bonus

7 years

My name was never on the building, but my fingerprints were everywhere.

Oscar and I met in college, when ambition tasted like cheap coffee and borrowed textbooks. We were twenty-dreaming recklessly, believing love and hard work could carry us anywhere. He had vision. Big, dazzling ideas. I had precision. I knew how to turn those ideas into something banks, investors, and city councils would trust. 3

We grew together.

Or so I believed.

Seven years later, we were twenty-seven, billionaires in the headlines, engaged in theory-and still waiting on a wedding Oscar kept postponing. 1

There was always a reason.

After the next funding round.

After the next acquisition.

After the market stabilizes.

I told myself patience was love. That timing mattered. That my future wasn't being delayed-it was being protected.

While Oscar sold dreams, I built foundations.

When the company was young and desperate for cash, banks wouldn't lend and investors laughed us out of rooms. That was when I stepped in. I used my own savings. My inheritances. Every dollar I had. I bought distressed properties when the market was low, quietly, strategically.

The contracts went under my name.

Not the company's.

Not Oscar's.

Mine.

I told myself it didn't matter. We were building a life together. What was mine was his. What was his was ours.

Those properties became the backbone of the real estate empire. Entire developments grew from assets I personally financed. Oscar knew this. He signed off on it. He thanked me-privately.

Publicly, the credit was always his.

I didn't fight it.

I loved him.

That belief cracked the day he congratulated Amelie for my work.

She stood beside him in the boardroom, polished and perfectly composed, accepting praise for an acquisition model I had finished at three in the morning-one tied to properties legally owned by me. I waited for Oscar to correct it.

He didn't

years

+15 Bonus

"I built that model," I said calmly when the room fell silent. "The expansion strategy too."

Oscar smiled, but something behind his eyes shut down.

“Let’s talk later,” he said.

Later never meant resolution. It meant avoidance.

That afternoon, he summoned me to his office.

Amelie was already there, seated comfortably-too comfortably.

“She’s been doing your work,” Oscar said, folding his arms. “While you’ve been... distracted.”

My chest tightened.

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

Amelie tilted her head, wearing concern like perfume. “I didn’t want to say anything,” she said softly. “But I’ve been covering for Amber for weeks. She’s been leaving early. Taking calls. Meeting someone.”

I looked at Oscar.

“You know that’s not true,” I said. “You know who built this company. You know whose money kept it alive when it couldn’t afford its own properties.”

His jaw clenched. “I know what I’ve been told.”

Seven years.

Seven years, and he chose the easiest lie.

“I want you to apologize,” he said. “Publicly. Tomorrow. Admit you lied and thank Amelie for stepping up.”

“And if I don’t?” I asked quietly.

His eyes hardened. “Then you’re fired.”

Fired.

From a company standing on properties legally owned by me.

By the man who had delayed marrying me while standing on my investments.

I waited for panic. For the urge to fix things-like I always did.

Instead, clarity settled in.

“No,” I said.

Oscar frowned. “No?”

“I won’t apologize for work I did. I won’t give credit for assets I paid for. And I won’t stay engaged to a man who spent seven years postponing a future while taking credit for my sacrifices.”

Slowly, deliberately, I removed the ring from my finger.

I placed it on his desk.

“It’s over,” I said. “The job. The engagement. All of it.”

“Amber,” he warned. “You’re making a mistake.”

+15 Bonus

I turned at the door, calm and certain.

“No,” I said softly. “You already did.”

And I walked out—twenty-seven years old, my name on the contracts, my money in the foundations, and my future finally my

own.

Cedella

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Fred

+15 Bonus

fired

I went to Human Resources because I still believed in procedure.

Old habits die hard.

The HR office smelled like recycled air and practiced neutrality. The woman behind the desk looked up when I entered, her smile already strained-like she already knew how this would end.

“I’m here to submit my resignation,” I said, placing the envelope neatly in front of her.

She didn’t touch it.

Instead, she folded her hands and cleared her throat. “Amber... you don’t need to do that.”

I tilted my head. “Why not?”

She hesitated. Then said it.

“Because you were officially terminated this morning.”

Fired.

The word didn’t sting this time.

I smiled.

The HR manager blinked. “I’m... sorry?”

“Don’t be,” I said honestly. “This actually helps.”

Because being fired meant something very important.

It meant Oscar had made the first-and biggest-legal mistake.

She began explaining exit procedures, revoked access, non-disclosure clauses. I nodded politely, even thanked her when she finished. When she slid my badge toward me, I left it on the desk.

“I won’t be needing that,” I said.

I walked out of the building with nothing in my hands. No box. No files. No personal belongings.

I didn’t need them.

The most valuable things I owned were already mine.

The company’s largest properties-the waterfront development, the downtown mixed-use towers, the logistics hubs tied to international contracts-were all under my name. Not out of sentimentality, but necessity. When the company was drowning and investors backed away, I had stepped in.

I paid for them.

I signed the contracts.

And every year, I paid the property taxes myself.

Oscar called it temporary.

I called it survival.

Without those properties, the company wasn't an empire-it was a beautifully branded illusion.

The elevator doors opened, and I stepped into the lobby feeling lighter with every breath.

fred

+15 Bonus

That was when I walked straight into someone.

Solid. Immovable. Familiar

“I’m sorry-“I started, then stopped.

Jason.

Oscar’s half-brother. Older. Taller. Calm in a way that came from knowing exactly where he stood in the world. He wasn’t part of the company-never had been-but he was always nearby, watching from a distance.

He glanced at my empty hands.

“No box,” he observed.

“I didn’t need one,” I replied.

Something like approval flickered across his face.

“Amber,” he said, gesturing toward the quiet seating area near the windows. “May I have a few minutes of your time?”

I crossed my arms. “If this is about defending Oscar, save it.”

A corner of his mouth lifted. “I don’t work for my brother.”

I paused.

“I represent my father,” Jason continued calmly. “He’s one of the company’s largest investors.”

That got my attention.

“And,” he added, “I run my own firm. We specialize in acquiring failing companies—buying, restructuring, and rebuilding them into something profitable again.”

Interesting.

He pulled out a tablet and turned it toward me.

Property deeds.

Tax payment records.

Asset dependency charts.

My name appeared again and again.

“You’re aware,” he said evenly, “that the foundation of my brother’s company is built on assets you personally own.”

“Yes,” I said. “And I’m the one paying taxes on them.”

“I know,” Jason replied. “Which means the moment you reclaim them, the company loses its spine.”

I met his gaze. He wasn’t threatening.

He was stating facts.

“My father is concerned,” Jason went on. “Not about Oscar-but about his investment. And I’m concerned about wasted potential”

He swiped the screen.

A new proposal appeared. A clean, calculated plan. Conservative risk. Smart growth. The kind of strategy Oscar had never had the patience for

Frott

“I’m not here to offer sympathy,” Jason said. “I’m here to offer options.”

I exhaled slowly.

“I just got fired,” I reminded him.

His eyes didn’t leave mine.

“I know,” he said. “That’s why you finally have leverage.

For the first time since I walked out of that office, I felt it fully settle into place.

Not anger.

Not heartbreak.

Control.

And whatever Jason was about to propose, I knew one thing with absolute certainty–

Oscar had no idea what he'd just lost.

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The Contract

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The contract

Jason didn't waste time.

He led me to a private conference room on the top floor of the building—not Oscar's company, but the investment firm that quietly owned pieces of half the city. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Soundproof walls. The kind of space where decisions were made before the world ever heard about them.

He waited until the door closed.

Then he said, “I want to propose a marriage.”

I didn’t laugh.

I didn’t flinch.

I studied him.

“Is this where you pretend it’s romantic?” I asked.

His mouth curved slightly. “No. I don’t insult people’s intelligence.”

Good.

“This would be contractual,” Jason continued. “Public. Legal. Mutually beneficial.”

I folded my arms. “Start with why.”

He nodded once. “My company is growing. Fast. We acquire distressed corporations, restructure them, and sell or rebuild them stronger. That kind of growth attracts attention-investors, regulators, media. A clean, stable, family-oriented image reassures

all of them.”

I said nothing.

“I need a wife,” he went on calmly, “who understands power. Someone who can read a room, anticipate moves, and get what she wants without announcing it.”

His gaze sharpened. “I need someone like you.” 1

I raised an eyebrow. “You barely know me.”

“I know enough,” Jason replied. “You built a real estate empire in silence. You funded properties with your own money when everyone else panicked. You walked out of a seven-year engagement without begging for an explanation.”

He paused. “And you smiled when HR told you you were fired.”

I exhaled through my nose. “So you were watching, this means that i was always going to be fired today, this is about optics.”

“Partly, my father loves you, it’s because of you that Oscar made a name for himself, he was against You being fired, he cares about you and when he found out the most important assets were legally your and not the companys, he cursed my brother and called me” he said without apology. “But it also helps that you are Amber Ash.”

There it was.

The Ash family.

One of the Five Power Houses that quietly ran the city-real estate, finance, politics, infrastructure, influence. My parents had raised me away from the spotlight and even after their deaths, the name still carried weight and money.

“You’re the sole heir,” Jason continued. “Every asset, every trust, every legacy property. The Ash name opens doors money alone can’t.”

The contact

+15 Bonus

Heaned back in my chair. “And you’re not exactly lacking in lineage.”

“No,” he agreed. “I’m Jason Sun.”

Another of the Five Houses.

“The Sun legacy came through my mother,” he said, voice steady but colder now. “She was the heir. When she died, I was five and now i’m being considered for head of the family.”

I stayed silent.

“My father remarried two years later,” Jason went on. “That’s when Oscar came along.”

Everything clicked.

Oscar wasn’t the heir.

He never had been.

“I don’t need love,” Jason said evenly. “I don’t need loyalty built on fantasy. I need partnership. Discretion. Intelligence.”

He slid a folder across the table.

“A marriage contract,” he said. “Two years. Renewable by mutual agreement. Full financial independence. Separate assets. Clear exit clauses.”

I opened it.

Protection clauses.

Non-interference agreements.

Mutual public support.

And one line that made my breath catch-

Professional autonomy guaranteed.

“You’d work with my company,” Jason added. “As yourself. Under your name. With full authority.”

I closed the folder slowly.

“And what do I get,” I asked, “besides headlines and a convenient husband?”

His gaze held mine, unflinching.

“Safety. Influence. A platform where no one can silence you again.”

Then, quieter: “And the freedom to finish what you started.”

The city stretched beneath us-glass, steel, ambition.

I thought of Oscar.

Of seven wasted years.

Of buildings standing on foundations I paid for.

I met Jason's eyes.

"I don't do pretend," I said.

"Neither do I," he replied.

The contract

I took a breath.

"Then draw up the final version," I said. "Because if I'm doing this, I'm doing it on my terms."

A slow, sharp smile appeared on Jason's face.

"I was hoping you'd say that."

And just like that, I agreed to a marriage that would change the balance of power in the city forever.

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Terms and ethiditions

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Terms and conditions

Jason didn't sit back after I agreed.

He leaned forward, forearms resting on the table, expression serious in a way that told me this part mattered more than the rest.

"There's something you should understand," he said. "This marriage isn't just about my company."

I nodded. "Go on."

"To be taken seriously as the next head of the Sun family, I have to be married," he said plainly. "The board doesn't say it out loud, but tradition still rules. Stability. Legacy. Appearances."

Of course it did.

"The Sun family doesn't crown bachelors," I said.

A flicker of amusement crossed his face. "Exactly."

He hesitated-just a fraction-then continued. "Which brings me to something else. Children."

I stilled, watching him closely.

“I have two,” Jason said. “Adopted.”

That surprised me.

“My youngest cousin died in a car accident three years ago,” he explained quietly. “She left behind two children. Four and five years old.”

Something in his voice shifted-not grief, exactly, but responsibility.

“I became their legal guardian,” he said. “They live with me. Full time.”

I didn’t interrupt.

“I won’t pretend this marriage won’t affect them,” Jason continued. “So I need to know where you stand. I won’t bring anyone into their lives who resents their existence.”

I met his gaze without hesitation.

“I’m comfortable with children,” I said. “I don’t mind them. And I wouldn’t agree to this if I thought they’d be treated like liabilities.”

Something eased in his shoulders.

“Good,” he said simply, then showed me a picture of two children, a boy and a girl, both with Brown dark hair and beautiful green eyes, they looked so much like Jason it was hard to imagine they were not his.

“They have been unruly lately, please, be patient with them,”

The door opened softly, and a man stepped in-mid-forties, precise, carrying a leather portfolio like it was an extension of his

arm.

“Miss Ash,” he said politely. “Mr. Sun..”

“This is Masón, My aide,” Jason added. “And the only person I trust to draft documents that don’t explode later.”

Mason set the folder down and slid it toward me. “The finalized contract.” 1

I opened it carefully, scanning line by line.

Terms and eations

Two-year term.

Separate finances.

Public unity.

Mutual non-disparagement.

Then I stopped.

Residency clause.

“You expect us to live together,” I said, looking up.

“Yes,” Jason replied calmly. “The entire duration.”

“And appearances?”

“Maintained,” he said. “Public events. Family functions. Occasional interviews.”

I exhaled slowly.

“Image consistency,” Mason added. “Non-negotiable.”

Before I could respond, my phone buzzed.

Once.

Twice.

Again.

I glanced at the screen. 1

Unknown numbers.

Board members.

Investors.

News traveled fast.

I didn't answer.

Instead, I flipped the phone face down and put it on mute.

Jason noticed. "You don't want to hear what they have to say?"

“Oh, I do,” I said lightly. “Just not yet.”

I turned back to the contract.

Living together meant scrutiny. Proximity. No easy escape.

But it also meant something else.

Visibility.

Protection.

Power 1

I picked up the pen.

+15 Bonus

210

Terms or haitons

+15 Bonus

“If we’re doing this,” I said, “we do it clean.” 1

Jason nodded.

I signed my name.

Amber Ash.

Jason didn’t hesitate. He picked up the pen and added his signature beneath mine, clean and decisive.

The moment the ink dried, the door opened.

The temperature in the room shifted.

Samuel White stepped inside.

Jason's father didn't raise his voice or announce himself. He didn't need to. His presence alone commanded attention-the kind of man who had shaped markets before most people learned how to read them. 1

His eyes went immediately to the table. 1

To the open folder.

To the fresh ink.

To our names, side by side.

He stopped a few feet away.

"Well," he said calmly, "this is interesting."

Jason stood. “Father.”

Samuel didn’t respond right away. His gaze lifted to me-measured, assessing, sharp.

“Miss Ash,” he said. “Care to tell me what you and my son are signing so intently?”

I didn’t look at Jason.

Jason didn’t look at me.

We spoke at the same time.

“A future investment.”

Samuel’s eyebrow rose.

The silence stretched-heavy, deliberate.

Then a slow smile formed on his face, the kind that meant he understood far more than was being said. 1

“I see,” he said. “And should I be concerned?”

“No,” Jason replied evenly.

“Not at all,” I added.

Samuel chuckled under his breath, clearly amused.

“A joint investment,” he said thoughtfully. “Those tend to be the most profitable... when chosen carefully.”

His eyes flicked briefly to the folder again, then back to us.

Terms and cations

+15 Bonus

“Well,” he said, turning toward the door, “I won’t interrupt. Carry on.”

As he left, my phone vibrated again on the table—still muted, still ignored. 1)

Outside that room, investors were scrambling, board members were panicking, and Oscar’s world was beginning to tilt. 1

Inside it, Jason and I sat across from each other—calm, aligned, and officially dangerous.

And for the first time since everything fell apart, I knew one thing with absolute certainty:

This wasn’t damage control.

This was a calculated move toward dominance.

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Alexandrite

Jason's car waited at the curb+sleek, black, impossibly new. The kind of car that didn't ask for attention, yet took it anyway. Mason handed Jason the keys and disappeared without ceremony.

"You move fast," I said as Jason opened the door for me.

"I move prepared," he replied.

The city slipped past us in reflections of glass and steel. Jason drove with the calm certainty of a man who never relied on luck.

"We're going to city hall," he said evenly.

I turned toward him. "Already?"

“Yes. Everything is arranged. Licenses approved. A civil ceremony. Private.”

I nodded. No hesitation.

As we neared the building, movement on the steps caught my eye.

Oscar and Amelie were exiting city hall. 1

Amelie wore a white ensemble-tailored, expensive, unmistakably bridal without the weight of a gown. Her arm was linked through Oscar's, her smile radiant, victorious.

They didn't look our way.

They didn't see us.

Jason waited until they disappeared into the crowd before pulling into a space directly in front of the entrance.

“They got married,” I said quietly.

“Yes,” Jason replied.

He didn’t sound surprised.

“I’ll never understand my brother,” he added after a moment. “My investigator found no evidence he was cheating on you. Not

with Amelie. Not with anyone.” 1

I turned to him.

“He chose neglect,” Jason continued. “Not betrayal. And marrying Amelie won’t bring him anything good. Not for himself. Not for the company. She brings no leverage. No assets. Only appearances.”

Before I could respond, my phone vibrated.

I glanced at the screen. 1

Aella Ríos – Board Chair

I answered.

“Amber,” Aella said without greeting, her voice tight. “We need to talk. You can’t take the properties with you.”

I smiled faintly.

“Terminating your relationship with Oscar doesn’t mean the company isn’t still yours,” she continued quickly. “You’re one of the owners. We can negotiate

“I didn’t quit,” I said calmly “I was fired.”

+15 Bonus

Bilence

“That’s “Aella stopped herself. “That doesn’t change -”

“It changes everything,” interrupted. “I never signed an employment contract. Or a partnership agreement. Because I was presented as an owner.”

I looked through the windshield at city hall’s store steps.

“There is nothing tying my personal assets to the company,” I continued. “The properties were purchased with my money. The contracts are under my name. I paid the taxes. When the company was low on funds, I covered the acquisitions myself.”

Aella exhaled sharply. “Amber-”

“You terminated me,” I said evenly. “Which means you also terminated any illusion that my assets belonged to the company, You had to know this was going to happen, i presented plenty of oportunities for the company to buy ownership le the properties, but was rejected everytime, since Max is oh so sure that Amelie was doing my job and covering for me, then simply have her do my job, just remember those last development contracts? they were signed under My name as well.” 1

The call ended shortly after, i did not get any response from Aella.

I lowered my phone.

Jason didn’t ask questions. He already knew.

“Mason,” he said. “I need you to take care of Amber Ash’s property situation. Secure ownership, freeze transfers, and prepare for incoming legal noise, make a public statement, we are going to release some records, that show that although the properties belong to her she has not receive the appropriate compensation for their use, we are going to have to get the legal department

involved.” ;

A pause.

“Yes. Immediately.”

He ended the call and opened my door. 1

He reached into his coat and pulled out a black velvet box.

Inside lay an alexandrite ring, its color shifting subtly as it caught the light.

“This has been in my family for generations,” he said quietly. “It belonged to my mother.”

He slid the ring onto my finger-steady, intentional.

Then, without missing a beat, he pulled out his phone and took a picture of our hands.

sunlight washed over the steps of city hall.

What we didn't notice-

Across the plaza

Daniel Cruz, one of Oscar's closest friends, stood frozen, champagne bottle hanging uselessly at his side.

He watched Jason Sun place a ring on my finger. 1

Watched us walk into city hall together.

By the time the doors closed behind us, he was already dialing

Some fires start quietly

hers are it with precisiont

COIN BUNDLE get more free's

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VOWS

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The ceremony room was small.

Stone walls. Tall windows. Neutral light. No flowers, no aisle, no spectacle. Just intention.

Mandy stood to my left, hands clasped tight, eyes shining. Being both my best friend and Jason's cousin gave her a strange, quiet sense of rightness-as if this moment had been aligning itself for years.

On Jason's side, Marcus stood steady, holding the rings-and his phone. Discreet. Intentional. Recording only the vows. Not posting. Not yet.

The officiant spoke calmly. Names. Consent. Commitment.

When it was time, Marcus stepped forward and handed over the rings, then retreated, phone still angled just enough. 1

Mandy whispered, barely containing herself, "At least save the vows."

Marcus murmured back, "Already done. Posting is optional. Evidence is not."

Jason turned to me.

“To a good partnership,” he said softly.

Then, without hesitation-

“Amber, I promise that I will be with you in sickness and in health. I will be the strength behind your actions and the balance when things get complicated. I promise to always try to be better for you, and for us.”

My chest tightened.

“Jason,” I said steadily, “I promise to be with you and the kids when times get tough. To be the softness you need, and the voice of reason or chaos depending on the situation. I promise to always improve and to look forward to our new life together... for as long as you will have me.”

He slid the alexandrite ring onto my finger. The stone shifted color in the light, alive. 1

I placed his ring on his hand. 2

“By the authority vested in me,” the officiant said, smiling gently, “I now pronounce you legally married.”

Jason’s hand closed around mine.

And then-

The door slammed open.

“ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!”

Oscar stormed in, face flushed, breath ragged, fury barely contained. His tie was loosened, suit wrinkled-nothing like the composed groom he had been less than an hour ago.

Mandy froze.

The officiant stiffened.

Marcus lowered his phone-but the recording was already saved.

Oscar's gaze snapped to my hand. 1

The ring

+15 Bonus

Then Jason

"You planned this," Oscar sparied. "You waited for her to break things off—"

Jason didn't move.

Didn't flinch.

"You're a hypocrite," he said calmly.

Oscar barked out a laugh. "Excuse me?"

"You married first," Jason continued evenly. "This morning. To Amelie."

Oscar's expression cracked.

"I HAD TO!" Oscar shouted suddenly, voice echoing off the stone walls. "She needed health insurance! It was temporary-just paperwork. I was going to divorce her as soon as it was settled and marry Amber like we planned!" 1

Silencer

Thick. Heavy.

Every eye turned to me.

I stepped forward, my voice calm-almost gentle.

"So even if I hadn't broken off the engagement," I said, "you still would have married another woman instead of me."

Oscar opened his mouth.

Closed it.

I nodded once, understanding settling like stone.

“Thank you,” I said quietly. “For confirming I was never your priority. Just your backup plan.”

Jason stepped forward then, positioning himself slightly in front of me.

“You don’t get to frame this as sacrifice,” he said coolly. “You married one woman while stringing another along. That’s not loyalty. That’s cowardice.”

Security appeared at the doorway, summoned without drama.

Oscar’s anger collapsed into desperation. “Amber, please-this isn’t what it looks like-”

“It’s exactly what it looks like,” I replied. “And worse than I imagined.”

Jason looked at security. “Remove him.”

Oscar was escorted out, still staring at me, realization dawning far too late.

The doors closed.

The room exhaled.

Marcus checked his phone, then looked up. "Video's secure. Not posted."

"Good." Jason said. "Not yet."

Mandy slipped her arm through mine, squeezing gently. "Well," she murmured, "that answered a lot of questions."

Jason looked down at our joined hands.

C

+15 Bonus

Lets go home, you still have to meet the kids and i'm not sure how that is going to go, would you like me to ask mason to pack your things from Oscars house?" he said.

And for the first time, I didn't just, féel certain.

"From my house, Oscar never signed ownership of the house, it is under my name as well,"

I felt free. No longer trapped by a love that tried to bury me alive.

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Eviction

I didn't cry.

I didn't shake.

I didn't look back, or mourned the life and the years i will never get back, lost forever.

I just went home, time to pack and say goodbye to my old life.

The penthouse doors opened with biometric recognition the moment I stepped inside. Floor-to-ceiling glass. Marble under my heels. The skyline bending beneath me like something I owned.

Because I did.

Oscar liked to call it our penthouse.

He liked to imply he bought it.

He liked the way people assumed it was his.

I walked straight to the security panel by the entrance.

Access Control.

I entered my master code.

Changed the entry sequence.

Updated facial recognition. 11

Removed one name.

Oscar White – Access Revoked.

Then I opened the residents and visitor log.

Deleted his name entirely.

No hesitation.

No ceremony.

The intercom chimed.

“Yes?” I answered.

“Miss Ash,” security said carefully, “There is a lady requesting access under Mr. White, per your most recent instructions access was not granted, Mr. White called to approve her access, we told him he did not have authorization for that, what should we do?”

“Thank you Levi, I am sorry for the inconvenience, I will leave his belongings at the front desk,” I replied calmly. “On Black trash bags, be sure to deliver them to Mr. White only.”

There was a pause.

“Yes, ma’am.” 1

I hung up and turned to the house staff.

“All of Mr. White’s personal items are to be packed immediately,” I instructed. “Clothes, shoes, documents, watches. Everything Nothing stays.”

The head maid Silvana nodded. She had always known who signed her paycheck.

ection.

+15 Bonus

“And Silvana, from this moment forward,” I added, “no one enters this residence without my written authorization, not for forgotten items, or to say hello.”

“Yes, Miss Ash.”

I didn’t rush.

I walked to the bedroom that used to be ours.

Opened the closet.

Looked at the half that was never mine to begin with.

Seven years.

Reduced to black bags, my mind screaming at me when i realized this was just a magazine house, it lacked the personal touches, just like our relationship.

When I reached the lobby twenty minutes later, I could hear the screaming before the elevator doors opened. 1

“Do you know who I am?!” Amelie shrieked at the security desk. “I am Mrs. Oscar White, wife of Mr. White, when he hears about this you will be fired, i will make sure of that, let me go, let me pass!” 2

The guards didn’t move.

“Ma’am, you are not on the approved entry list.”

She turned just as I stepped out of the elevator.

Her eyes locked onto me. 1

Recognition.

Hatred.

Triumph-quickly replaced by confusion.

“This is your fault!” she screamed, pointing at me. “You’re poisoning everyone against me, you are the one who should leave, not me, this is mine now!”

I adjusted my coat slowly.

“Yes,” I said smoothly. “It is my fault.”

She blinked

“It is my fault for not correcting Oscar publicly when he claimed this was his penthouse,” I continued. “I allowed the illusion to continue. That was generous of me, don’t worry, he should be able to purchase another property with ease, just not mine.”

Her face went red.

“This is my home,” I said calmly. “Purchased with my funds. Registered under my name. I have full control over who enters it.”

I stepped closer

Security straightened

“You are not on the list,” I finished. “You never were, and you never will be.”

Amelie sputtered “Oscar said

I

“Oscar

Tuderrupted gently, “no longer lives here”

Evictions

+15 Bonus

The front desk attendant discreetly slid a luggage cart into view. 1

Black trash bags.

Neatly tied.

Amelie's expression cracked.

"You can't-"

"I can," I said.

And then I walked past her.

No rush.

No backward glance. 1

The lobby doors opened for me like I was stepping onto a stage.

Outside, waiting beneath the covered drive, was my car.

Custom build.

Designed by me.

Modified suspension. Reinforced frame. Interior engineered for performance and comfort. Matte obsidian exterior with subtle emerald trim. My signature touch.

I slid into the driver's seat.

The engine purred to life like it recognized me.

I entered the destination into the GPS.

Sun Family Estate.

Private road access authorized.

As I pulled away from the curb, I caught one last glimpse of Amelie through the glass doors, still shouting at security.

I didn't feel anger.

I felt alignment

Oscar took me for granted, and got married to someone else before we Even ended the relationship.. 1

Amelie had married for position.

I had walked away with everything that mattered.

The city lights blurred behind me as I drove toward the Sun family lands—acres of private territory, guarded gates, old money

woven into the soil.

Jason wasn't just powerful.

He was rooted

And for the first time in seven years, I wasn't driving toward someone else's life.

I was driving toward my own.

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

P

Support

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+15 Bonus

GET IT

VNTOTING

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Unmarried

I was already halfway to the Sun estate when my phone rang.

Grandfather.

I considered letting it go.

I didn't.

"Reporters are outside your parents' house," he said immediately, his voice sharp and controlled, "They're circling it like vultures."

My grip on the steering wheel tightened.

The house.

Not my penthouse.

Not my office.

The house my parents left me.

"They've connected you to the White family statement," he continued. "They're digging. Fast."

“Let them dig,” I replied calmly.

“You are being careless.”

“No,” I said. “I’m being deliberate.”

A pause.

Heavy. Measuring.

“You were seen leaving your penthouse,” he added. “Where are you going?”

“I handled the White family,” I said evenly. “I won’t be associated with Oscar again.”

“That was never the concern,” he snapped. “The concern is your position. You are still unmarried. Vulnerable. And I will not have the Ash name dragged through public mud.” 1

“I’m not unmarried.”

Silence.

“What did you say?”

“I got married today.”

The temperature of the call dropped instantly.

“To whom?”

“A Sun.”

The reaction was immediate.

“Which Sun?” he demanded. “There are multiple branches. Which one, Amber?”

“You’ll know soon enough.”

“You will not play games with me. I had negotiations in place. A strategic alliance prepared. Do you understand what you’ve

+15 Bonu!

risked?”

“I understand exactly what secured.”

“Name him.”

I looked ahead as the distant outline of the Sun estate came into view.

“No.”

And I ended the call.

The Sun estate stood ahead of me like a fortress carved from wealth and history.

My phone rang, this time it was Jason.

I answered through the car speakers.

“Amber,” he said without greeting. “Oscar White released the statement. He’s accusing you of wrongful use of funds and investment mismanagement. I’m already doing damage control.”

Of course he was.

Efficient. Protective. Strategic.

“Don’t,” I said calmly.

There was a beat of silence. “Don’t?”

“I’ll take care of it.”

“Amber, this isn’t social gossip. It’s a formal corporate accusation. Investors are calling. The media picked it up within minutes.”

“Good,” I replied.

“Good?” His tone sharpened.

“Yes. Let it circulate. I’ll respond publicly.”

A pause.

“You’re planning something.”

“I’ll give an interview in two days. Prime platform. Maximum reach.”

“You’re going to turn this around.”

“I’m going to end it.”

He exhaled slowly. "We'll handle it together."

"I know. But let me open this one."

Another brief silence.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"On my way to the estate."

"You're coming here now?" There was a subtle shift in his voice-protective, almost warning.

"Yes, I can see the gates now, five minutes away at most."

Unmanned

All right." A lower tone now. "We'll talk when you arrive."

“My grandfather called,”added.

“What did he want?”

“He said reporters are outside my parents house. Circling like vultures.”

Jason went quiet.

“And?” he asked carefully.

“And he demanded to know who I married.”

A dangerous pause.

“What did you tell him?”

“That I married a Sun.”

His voice softened just slightly. “And when he asked which one?”

“I hung up.”

A low breath-almost a laugh, almost admiration.

“Amber...”

The line disconnected.

I had never been here before.

Not once.

As I approached the gates, security was already waiting.

One guard stepped forward.

“Identification.”

I handed it over without hesitation.

His eyes scanned my name. Then lifted to my face.

A brief pause.

A quiet exchange over his earpiece.

He returned the card.

“You may enter, Mrs. Sun.”

The title settled over me like armor.

The gates opened.

I parked near the main entrance.

And that's when I saw her.

A little girl being dragged toward the side of the estate by a sharply dressed woman in a tailored beige suit.

The woman's posture was composed. Elegant.

+15 Bonus

314

+15 Bonus

Her grip was not

The little girl struggled to keep up, her small shoes scraping against the stone.

I froze.

I recognized her instantly.

From the framed photograph in Jason's office.

Alison.

Jason's daughter.

I stepped out of the car without thinking, leaving my belongings behind, and followed them along the curved side of the house.

They stopped near a quiet garden wall, partially shielded from view.

The woman spun Alison around sharply.

"How many times do I have to tell you?" she hissed. "When we are with the other Sun mothers, you call me Mama."

Alison's small voice trembled. "But... you're not my-"

The slap came fast.

Clean. Controlled.

Alison stumbled, tears spilling instantly.

“You will not embarrass me again,” the woman snapped. “Do you understand? If you want to stay here, you will behave.”

She shoved the child.

Alison hit the ground.

And something inside me shifted from calm... to cold.

Very cold.

P

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Borrowed textbooks 9

My feet moved before my mind could catch up.

In two strides, I reached them.

My hand shot out, gripping the woman's forearm mid-motion.

“Just what do you think you're doing?”

She stiffened.

Slowly, she turned her head and gave me a once-over-from my heels to my face-clearly unimpressed.

“And who are you?” she asked coolly. “Do you have any idea who I am?”

Her chin lifted.

“I am the future Mrs. Sun. I don’t know who you think you are, but my fiancé will make sure you regret touchifig me.”

Future Mrs. Sun?

I laughed.

Soft. Unbothered.

Then I stepped forward, placing myself fully in front of Alison, shielding her small shaking body.

“Lady,” I said calmly, “I don’t know who you think you are...”

I raised my left hand.

“...but you are not Mrs. Sun.”

The diamond caught the low garden lights, flashing sharply between us.

Her expression faltered.

Just slightly.

Footsteps echoed across the stone path behind us.

Several pairs.

The woman’s face changed instantly. 1

Her posture softened. Her eyes glossed over. Tears gathered as if summoned on command.

Professional.

Alison was still on the ground behind me.

Jason appeared first.

His presence alone shifted the air.

“What’s going on?” His voice was controlled-but dangerous.

The woman turned toward him immediately, trembling.

“Jason... Alison fell,” she said, voice breaking perfectly. “She’s been so clumsy lately. And now this woman grabbed me and started accusing me of hurting her. I would never hurt the children. Never.”

Alaise Missu

+15 Bonus

Ghildren.

Interesting choice of word.

Jason's eyes moved to Alison.

Then to me.

He didn't ask who I was.

He knew.

"What happened?" he asked quietly.

I didn't raise my voice.

"I saw her drag Alison here. I heard her demand that Alison call her 'Mama' in front of the other Sun mothers. When Alison refused, she slapped her. Then she pushed her to the ground." 1

Silence.

Heavy.

The woman gasped dramatically. “That’s a lie!”

I didn’t look at her.

I looked at Jason.

“If I were lying,” I said evenly, “you’d see hesitation.”

I stepped aside slightly.

Alison’s tear-streaked face was visible now. A faint red mark was forming on her cheek.

Jason’s jaw tightened.

The air shifted.

Completely.

And even if i had just arrived to the Sun estate for the first time, I wasn't the outsider.

She was.

A man stepped forward from the gathering crowd.

Shorter than Jason. Dirty blond hair. Brown eyes so dull they almost looked lifeless.

He looked at me like I was something stuck to his shoe.

"Just who do you think you are," he said coldly, "entering the Sun estate and accusing Nicole—who is part of this family—or something so hideous?"

Before I could respond, Jason moved.

He stepped in front of me, one arm subtly pushing me behind him. Protective. Territorial.

“Part of the family, Anton?” Jason’s voice was calm. Too calm. “That’s interesting. She’s been the children’s caretaker for one month. I didn’t realize you felt so strongly about her.” 2

A flicker of irritation crossed Anton’s face.

A folso Mra St

Jason didn’t give him time to recover. 1

He turned slightly, enough foreveryone present-staff, relatives, security-to hear him clearly.

“Since we seem to have an audience,” he continued smoothly, “allow me to clarify something.”

He reached back and took my hand, pulling me to stand beside him this time-not behind him.

“Everyone, please allow me to introduce my wife.”

The word landed like a bomb.

“Amber Ash.”

A murmur rippled through the courtyard.

Anton blinked.

Then he laughed.

It wasn't amused.

It was sharp. Cynical.

“Oh, this is rich,” he sneered. “So you married your brother's fiancée? That's low-even for you, cousin.”

The insult hung in the air.

Jason's expression didn't change.

But his grip on my hand tightened slightly.

Not possessive.

Grounded.

"Careful, Anton," Jason said quietly. "You're confusing White family scandals with Sun family affairs." ¹

A deliberate pause.

"Amber was never engaged to my brother. That was a rumor fabricated for leverage."

His eyes darkened.

“And if you’re implying otherwise, I suggest you choose your next words wisely.”

Anton’s smirk faltered.

Behind me, I felt Alison shift closer.

Closer to me.

And that small movement did not go unnoticed.

Nicole still teary eyed-looked between Anton and Jason, calculating.

The balance of power had just shifted.

And everyone knew it

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

While Anton fanted, I let my gaze drift.

I wasn't looking at him.

I was scanning.

The estate was old money-but recently upgraded. Discreet security. Integrated systems.

And there.

A small dome camera mounted beneath the archway.

Pointed directly at us.

Interesting.

Anton grabbed Nicole's hands dramatically and pulled her behind him like a shield.

"She is my fiancée," he announced loudly. "And we will be married as soon as our license is processed."

Murmurs spread again.

"This," Anton continued, pointing at Jason, "is obviously a plot to discredit me. First you steal your brother's woman, now you attempt to sabotage my marriage? Is there no line you won't cross, cousin?"

Jason's posture remained relaxed.

Deadly relaxed.

I, however, had already taken my phone out.

The Sun estate ran on a private internal network. Exclusive. Encrypted.

Not impossible.

My fingers moved quickly across the screen. A quick scan. Device mapping. Security access point located.

Old firmware.

Disappointing.

Within seconds, I accessed the external feed directory. Camera 04. Live recording.

D*****d.

Nicole was still speaking when the file finished transferring.

I locked my phone and stepped forward.

“Nice to meet you all,” I said evenly, addressing the small crowd that had formed. “I wish it were under better terms.”

Anton’s expression hardened.

I held up my phone slightly.

“I have the camera footage,” I continued calmly. “If someone would be so kind as to show me where to send it, I’ll be more than happy to provide evidence of exactly what happened here.”

Silence

Complete

Nicole’s face drained of color.

Her fingers tightened around Anton's sleeve. >

"That's impossible," she whispered.

I tilted my head slightly. "Is it?"

Jason looked at me now-not surprised.

Not confused.

Proud.

Anton's jaw clenched. "You're bluffing.

"Am I?"

I turned the screen slightly so he could see the paused frame.

Nicole's hand mid-swing.

Alison's face turned to the side.

Timestamp visible.

Nicole staggered back a step.

Before anyone could speak again, Alison moved.

She ran forward and clutched my leg, burying her small hands into the fabric of my dress.¹

"Mommy... you believe me, right?"

The word hit the courtyard like a shockwave.

Mommy.

Jason went completely still.

Alison's voice trembled as she looked up at me, tears streaking her flushed cheeks.

"She always hits me. She's mean to me and my brother. She says we're bad children."

A murmur rippled through the onlookers.

Nicole's composure cracked.

"That's not true!" she snapped. "She's lying-"

Alison shook her head violently. "She has him locked up!"

Everything stopped.

The air.

The whispers.

Even Anton's smug expression vanished.

I crouched down in front of Alison, steadying her shoulders gently.

"Darling," I said softly, keeping my voice calm despite the ice forming in my veins, "where is your brother?"

+15 Bonus

274

"HL Daddy's room," she whispered. "They told us nobody but Momitry and Daddy should go in... but she did."

Jason's face drained of color

+15 Bonus

Alison's small hands tightened my dress.

"She put something there," Alison continued, her words tumbling over each other.
"Something that was burning. And Alex screamed at her to get out. But she locked him in the closet."

For a split second-

No one breathed.

Jason moved first.

Not fast.

Not loud.

Just lethal.

He turned toward the house.

“Security,” he said quietly.

And every guard snapped to attention.

“If that child is locked in a closet,” Jason continued, his voice colder than anything I had heard before, “this estate will not be the only thing burning tonight.”

Nicole stumbled backward. “She’s making it up! She’s just jealous”

“Enough,” I said, rising slowly.

I didn’t raise my voice.

I didn’t need to.

“If what she said is true,” I added calmly, looking directly at Nicole, “you won’t need to worry about marriage licenses.”

Anton looked between us, uncertainty finally replacing arrogance.

Jason's eyes found mine.

And in them—

Rage.

Fear.

And something else.

Trust.

Then he turned and strode toward the house.

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