

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

C 101-110

Borrowed textbooks 101

58gnus

Terra

Amber POV

I walked toward our shared room.

I could feel the tension behind me.

Jason was walking a few steps back, his presence heavy and silent.

Cold.

Closed up.

Not like my Jason.

But the version of him I had seen before.

Before the marriage.

Before the chaos of the last few months.

For a moment it felt like we were back at square one.

I stopped in front of the door and took a deep breath before turning around.

The expression on his face made me pause.

His brows were crunched together.

His gaze was fixed on the floor.

He wasn't even looking at me.

Was he worried?

I walked toward him slowly.

R

For someone who could control entire companies, track kidnappers across cities and dismantle empires, he suddenly looked... unsure.

Almost lost.

So I did the simplest thing I could think of.

I hugged him.

Just like that.

No speeches.

No accusations.

Just warmth.

His body went still for a moment before his arms slowly wrapped around me.

I pressed my cheek against his chest.

"Hey," I murmured softly.

+15 Bçnus

"I'm okay."

Men I leaned back slightly so I could look up at him.

"Are you okay?"

Jason POV

I took a deep breath.

My chest felt tight, like every word I was about to say could shatter something fragile between us.

“Amber... I’m not who you think I am.”

She opened her mouth immediately.

“Jason-”

I raised a hand.

“Please... let me finish.”

My voice sounded rough.

“If you say anything before I finish this, I won’t be able to do it.”

She froze.

Watching me.

Waiting.

So I forced the truth out.

“I’m Cronos.”

The name hung in the air.

“The information broker. The one who buys secrets. The one who destroys companies quietly before anyone even knows what happened.”

Her expression didn’t change.

That made me nervous.

“I’ve been watching you for years,” I continued.

“Long before we got married. Long before Oscar.”

My throat tightened.

“I dismantled entire companies. Some deserved it. Some... maybe didn’t.”

I laughed bitterly. 1

“Half my businesses are practically stolen assets. Companies stripped apart and rebuilt under different names.”

I rubbed my hand over my face.

“My reach goes further than most people imagine.”

Silence filled the room.

Norced myself to meet her eyes.

“I’m not a good man, Amber.”

The words felt heavy.

“Far from it.”

I paused.

“If you want to walk away... I’ll understand.”

My voice dropped.

“But please... before you decide anything... give me the chance to explain.”

Amber’s eyes widened.

For a moment I thought she would cry.

Instead-

She exploded.

“Jason!”

Her voice echoed in the room.

“Just who did you think was giving you half the intel you receive?!”

I blinked.

“I know you’re Cronos.”

My stomach dropped.

“I’m Terra.”

She crossed her arms.

“I thought you knew that already.”

Amber POV

Jason didn't answer.

He just kept staring at me.

Not blinking.

Not moving.

Like I had just turned into a ghost in front of him.

I waved my hand slightly in front of his face.

“Jason?”

+15 Bonus

Nothing.

eyes were wide, his expression completely stunned.

I tilted my head.

“Are you okay?”

Still nothing.

Then it clicked.

My eyes widened.

“Oh.”

I took a step back and crossed my arms.

“Oh.”

My voice dropped, slow and dangerous.

“You didn't know.”

Jason blinked once.

Twice.

His mouth opened slightly.

And that was all the confirmation I needed.

My irritation exploded instantly.

“So you’re telling me-”

I pointed a finger at his chest.

“-that you have been keeping tabs on me for years...’

I took another step closer.

“Watching me.”

“Tracking me.”

“Investigating everyone around me.”

My voice rose with every word.

“And at the same time-”

I threw my hands in the air.

“-you were taking intel from someone you thought was another woman!”

Jason opened his mouth.

“Amber-”

+15 Bonus

I cut him off immediately.

Not just another woman,” I continued sharply.

“One who was clearly flirting with you while helping you out!”

His eyes widened in panic.

“And you didn’t know it was me?”

I leaned forward, glaring at him.

“And you still kept responding?!”

The room fell silent.

Jason looked like a man realizing he had just stepped on a landmine.

I stared at him.

Waiting.

D

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

c 102

married the thief

Jason POV

“Terra... never flirted.”

Amber stared at me like I had just insulted her intelligence.

Slowly she pulled out her phone.

“Oh really?”

She turned the screen toward me.

Terra:

Hey handsome, You looked really good on that blue suit today. looking forward to spending time with you this

afternoon

Amber raised an eyebrow.

“Still think that wasn’t flirting?”

I cleared my throat.

“That was clearly tactical misdirection.”

Amber’s jaw dropped.

“Jason.”

She tapped the phone.

“I sent you that message.”

“Yes.”

“As Terra.”

“And you still think it wasn’t flirting?”

I rubbed my face.

“I thought Terra was being sarcastic.”

Amber stared at me.

Then she burst out laughing.

“You are unbelievable.”

“I was testing you.”

“To see if you would flirt back.”

“And?”

“You didn’t.”

“That was the correct response.”

1/12

Amber poked my chest.

That was the boring response.”

Then she narrowed her eyes.

“Actually...”

“If you’re such a good hacker...”

“How is it that you never knew who I was?”

I blinked.

She continued casually.

“Well... where did you think I got so much money from?”

“Enough money to own several properties.”

“Enough to never touch my inheritance.”

“Enough to financially support White Real Estate when we were starting.”

She smiled.

“Did you think I was just lucky?”

Then she added-

“I was the one who invested in you at the start.”

I froze. 1

“Just enough to give you a jumpstart.”

She laughed.

“And my investment really paid off.”

“Hey, Marcus knew I was Terra.”

I stared at her.

“Marcus knew?”

She frowned slightly.

My brain stalled again.

“Marcus knew.”

“Yes.”

“And he never told me?”

Amber frowned slightly, clearly confused.

“I never told him to keep it from you.”

+15 Bonus

2/12

I stared at her.

You didn’t?”

“No.”

She crossed her arms, thinking for a moment.

“I always assumed you knew.”

My confusion deepened.

“Why would I know?”

Amber sighed lightly.

“Jason... Marcus is the reason you got your father’s legacy back.

“Yes.”

“You think that was a coincidence i just had his card with me when i spoke with you?”

I blinked again.

Amber nodded.

“I gave you Marcus’s contact.”

“Back in college.”

The memory surfaced instantly.

The card.

The number.

The night she told me to call him.

Amber continued calmly.

“That was the reason I introduced you to him.”

“And why Marcus helped you.”

She paused.

Then shrugged.

“He probably thought you knew I was Terra too.”

Silence filled the room again.

My brain finally caught up with the realization.

Marcus.

Amber.

Terra.

+15 Bohus

3/12

Me that

Cronos.

Wars of operations.

All connected.

And I had somehow been the only one who didn't know.

I looked at her slowly.

“You're telling me...”

My voice came out almost incredulous.

“That my entire empire started because of you.”

Amber smiled slightly.

“I prefer to call it a very successful early investment.”

Jason was quiet for a moment, clearly processing everything she had said.

Then something seemed to click in his mind.

“Was Oscar the reason?”

Amber frowned slightly.

“The reason for what?”

“For you disappearing.”

He looked at her carefully.

“For the last few years... Terra slowed down.”

“You were still there, but not like before.”

His voice softened.

“You stopped getting involved directly.”

Amber’s shoulders stiffened slightly.

She looked away for a moment before answering.

“...Mostly.”

Jason’s brows pulled together.

“Mostly?”

Amber sighed.

“Yes.”

She leaned back slightly against the desk behind her.

“I was overworked.”



Cedella

Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Borrowed textbooks 103

She rolled her eyes lightly, clearly annoyed with the memory.

“You remember how White Real Estate suddenly started growing?”

“Yes.”

“That was me.”

Jason blinked.

“All of it?, not just the properties?”

Amber nodded.

“I spent most of those years negotiating properties.”

“Buildings.”

“Commercial spaces.

“Prime locations.”

She crossed her arms.

“And getting them for ridiculously low prices.”

Jason watched her quietly.

“I used most of my time and skills for that.”

She gave a small shrug.

“Data analysis.”

“Market predictions.”

“Corporate pressure points.”

She glanced back at him.

“You’d be surprised how easy it is to convince someone to sell a building when you know exactly which skeletons are hiding in their financial closet.”

Jason couldn’t help the small smile that formed.

“That sounds familiar.”

Amber snorted.

“Yeah, well, you dismantle companies.”

“I collect their buildings.”

She paused.

Then added a little more quietly.

“And yes... Oscar was part of the reason.”

5/12

Jason’s expression hardened slightly.

Araber sighed again.

“He kept piling work on me.”

“More projects.”

“More deals.”

“More ‘urgent opportunities.’”

She made air quotes with her fingers.

“And because I thought we were building something together...”

She shook her head.

“I focused everything on the company.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“So while I was watching you...”

Amber nodded.

“You were carrying White Real Estate on your back, this means Oscar was only the face of the company.”

She looked at him again.

“Pretty much.”

Then she added with a dry smile-

“So no, Jason.”

“I didn’t disappear.”

“I was just busy building half the empire we are now going to dismantle.”

Suddenly, something clicked in my mind.

“You won that deal... didn’t you?”

Amber blinked.

“What deal?” 1

“The oceanfront property.”

She froze slightly.

“Fifteen bedrooms.”

“Private coastline.”

“Serafines Manor.”

“I had been waiting months to buy that estate.”

+15 Bonus

6/12

My voice lowered.

‘s the only manor I ever considered living in.”

“Maybe even starting a family there with the kids.”

“And you bought it.”

“For Oscar’s company, well it was basically your company really.”

Amber stared at me.

Then burst out laughing.

“Oh!”

“The Serafines Manor?”

“Yes.”

“Well that’s awkward.”

“Why?”

Amber grinned.

“I didn’t buy it for Oscar.”

My heart skipped.

“You didn’t?”

“No.”

She leaned casually against the desk.

“I bought it for me.”

I blinked.

“You bought Serafines Manor... for yourself?”

Amber shrugged.

“Prime location.”

“Incredible structure.”

“Ridiculously undervalued.”

Then she smiled.

“Well...”

“I guess it’s ours now, isn’t it?”

Jason blinked again.

Amber finished with a playful grin.

+15 8gnus

+15 aqu

7/12

“After all... we are married.”

son stared at her for a long moment.

Then he ran a hand through his hair.

“Amber...”

“Do you realize you stole the house I planned my entire future around?”

Amber met his gaze without blinking.

“You know... most people would feel guilty about stealing someone’s dream house.”

Amber tilted her head.

“Most people didn’t spend years building the money to buy it.”

Jason smirked.

“Fair point.”

She smiled again.

“And besides...”

“You didn’t lose it.”

Jason raised an eyebrow.

“No?”

Amber leaned closer.

“You just married the owner.”

Amber POV

Jason didn’t answer right away.

He was still holding me by the waist, but his expression had changed.

The playful disbelief was gone.

Now he looked... thoughtful.

Dangerously thoughtful.

His eyes moved past me for a moment, unfocused, like he was replaying something in his head.

Then he looked back at me.

“Amber.”

The way he said my name made me tilt my head slightly.

“Yes?”

“You bought Serafines Manor three years ago.”

+15 Bonus

8/12

mcted the trint

It wasn’t a question.

Modded.

“Yes.”

Jason inhaled slowly.

“You were still with Oscar.”

“Technically.”

I corrected him.

“But yes.”

Jason’s brow furrowed.

“You were engaged.”

“For seven years.”

His eyes flickered slightly.

“And you still bought that house.”

“Yes.”

He was quiet for a moment before asking the question that clearly had been bothering him.

“Did you imagine Oscar living there with you?”

I blinked.

Then I laughed softly.

“No.”

Jason looked surprised.

“No?”

I shook my head.

“By that time... Oscar and I weren’t really emotionally connected anymore.”

The words came out more calmly than I expected.

“It had been years.”

“Our engagement had stopped feeling like a relationship.”

I shrugged slightly.

“It felt more like a chore.”

“Something I had to do because I had already committed.”

Jason watched me carefully.

+15 Bonus

9/12

“Oscar didn’t know about the house?”

His eyebrows lifted.

“He never even knew I bought it.”

Jason looked genuinely stunned.

“You hid a fifteen-bedroom oceanfront manor from your fiancé?”

“Yes.”

I smiled slightly.

“Not intentionally.”

“But I also didn’t feel the need to tell him.”

Jason studied my face again.

“So when you bought it...”

“You didn’t picture him there?”

I shook my head.

“No.”

I hesitated for a moment.

Then admitted quietly,

“I imagined children there.”

Jason’s expression softened.

“The gardens.”

“The beach.”

“The ridiculous number of rooms.”

I laughed lightly.

“I imagined kids running everywhere.”

“Climbing trees.”

“Fighting over bedrooms.”

“Making a mess of the kitchen.”

I looked back at him.

“But I never imagined Oscar in that vision.”

Jason was very still now.

yl

+15 Bonus

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Borrowed textbooks 104

“And now?”

As voice was quiet.

I looked around the room for a moment before meeting his eyes again.

“Now it seems the right person showed up.’

Jason smiled slowly.

“Well...”

“That works out perfectly.”

“Because you unknowingly bought the house I imagined building a life with you in.”

I froze. 1

“What?”

Jason nodded.

“Yes.”

I stared at him.

“You imagined living there... with me?”

He shrugged slightly.

“You were still with Oscar at the time.”

“So it felt ridiculous.”

“But that was the life I pictured.”

Silence settled between us.

Then he pulled me slightly closer.

“So yes.”

“You stole my dream house.”

I exhaled slowly.

“Well.”

I looked him straight in the eyes.

“You married the thief.”

Jason smiled again.

And this time the smile was softer.

Almost relieved.

“Good.”

+15 Bonus

11/12

He kissed my forehead.

Because I wasn't planning on giving it back anyway."

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

12/12

Nameless

Alice and Alex?"

Jason didn't hesitate.

"They're okay."

The tightness in my chest loosened just enough for me to breathe.

"Good."

I nodded once.

Relief settled-but only for a second.

Because the moment passed.

And reality rushed back in.

"We need to talk about Adrian."

Jason's attention sharpened instantly.

"What about him?"

I stepped closer.

"He told me something before we left."

Jason's expression grew serious.

"What?"

I held his gaze.

"He has a half-sister."

Jason frowned slightly.

"I know his family situation is messy, but—"

"No."

I cut him off.

"You don't understand."

I took a breath.

"He said the Becker and Vinni families are using her."

Jason went completely still.

"Using her how?"

"They have her."

The words felt heavy in my mouth.

✍

+15 Bonus

"As leverage."

Jason's jaw tightened.

"How old?"

"Thirteen."

That was enough.

His entire demeanor shifted.

Cold.

Focused.

Dangerous.

“What exactly did he say?” Jason asked.

“He said she’s being held.”

I swallowed.

“That she’s not being treated well.”

Jason’s eyes darkened.

“Define ‘not well.’”

“I don’t know,” I admitted.

“He didn’t go into detail.”

“But he was scared.”

Jason nodded once.

“That’s enough.”

He pulled out his phone immediately.

“Marcus.”

A pause. 1

“I need everything on the Becker estate.”

“Internal layout. Security. Staff movement.”

Another pause.

“And I want visual confirmation of any restricted areas.”

He ended the call and looked at me.

“I’ll verify it.”

I nodded.

+15 Bonus

“I want to see it myself.”

Jason’s gaze softened slightly.

“You will.”

It didn’t take long.

It never did when Jason was involved.

An hour later, we were standing in front of a large screen.

Multiple feeds.

Different camera angles.

Security overlays.

Jason moved through everything with precision.

Fast.

Clean.

Efficient.

I watched him work.

And for a moment... I forgot everything else.

This was why he collected information.

Not just power.

Not control. 1

Precision.

Every move he made was deliberate.

Calculated.

Elegant. 2

It was like watching a dance.

A beautiful, controlled dance where every step had a purpose and nothing was wasted.

He slipped in and out of systems like he belonged there.

No noise.

No trace.

No damage unless he chose it.

I almost smiled.

Because I was nothing like that.

+15 Bonus

When I moved online...

wasn't a dance.

It was a bomb.

Loud.

Decisive.

Irreversible.

Jason could enter a system, take what he needed, and leave without anyone ever knowing he was there.

When I entered...

Everything burned.

Systems collapsed.

Data vanished.

There was no subtlety.

No elegance.

Just destruction.

And for the first time, I understood why we worked so well together.

He was precision.

I was impact.

Together-

We were unstoppable.

Jason stopped.

My focus snapped back instantly.

My stomach tightened.

“What is it?”

He didn’t answer.

Instead, he tapped the screen.

A new feed appeared.

A small room.

Dark.

Bare.

No windows.

+15 Bonus

My breath caught.

There was a girl.

Too thin.

Curled into herself on the floor.

No bed.

No blanket.

Nothing.

I stepped closer without realizing it.

“That’s her.”

Jason nodded.

“Most likely.”

My throat tightened.

“she is supposed to be thirteen?, she looks at most 7 or 8 years old”

“This is bad, worst than i imagined.”

My hands clenched into fists.

“She’s malnourished.”

Jason zoomed in.

Bruises.

Too many.

Too deliberate.

I felt something inside me snap.

“That’s not containment.”

My voice dropped.

“That’s abuse.”

Jason’s expression turned lethal.

“And it’s worse than Adrian described.”

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

Then I turned away and grabbed my phone.

I dialed immediately.

“Grandfather.” 1

+15 Bonus

He answered quickly.

Amber?”

“I have confirmation.”

A pause. 1

“I already passed the information to my sister.”

Adrian’s grandmother.

Of course he had.

I inhaled slowly.

“What’s the girl’s name?”

There was a pause.

Longer this time.

Then-

“...She doesn’t have one.”

My grip tightened on the phone.

“What do you mean she doesn’t have one?”

My grandfather’s voice lowered.

“They never named her.”

Silence rang in my ears.

“And there is no birth certificate.”

The words hit harder than anything else.

“As far as the records go...”

“She doesn’t exist.” 1

I closed my eyes.

For a moment, I couldn’t breathe.

“And her response?” I asked quietly.

“She said the child is illegitimate.”

My jaw tightened.

“And that her son does not care for her.”

I swallowed the anger rising in my throat.

“And?”

+15 Bohus

“That it does not concern her.”

Mat did it.

Something inside me went completely still.

Cold.

Clear.

Decided.

“Understood.”

I ended the call.

Jason was watching me carefully.

“What did he say?”

“They won’t help her.”

Jason’s expression darkened.

“Not surprised.”

My phone rang again.

Grandfather.

I answered immediately.

“Yes?”

This time his voice was firm.

Unwavering.

“Amber.”

A pause. 1

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

c 105

escue her, bring her home.”

The words settled between us.

Not a request.

Not a suggestion.

An order.

I didn’t hesitate.

“Yes.”

I ended the call.

+15 Bonus

Jason stepped closer.

I met his gaze.

“We’re getting her out, with permission.”

Jason didn’t blink.

“Good.”

He turned back to the screens.

“Then we plan it properly.”

His voice dropped.

“No mistakes.”

I stepped beside him, my eyes returning to the screen.

To the girl.

To the room.

To the fact that no one had even given her a name.

“No.”

I said quietly.

“Not this time.”

ENJOYING THE BOOK?

Give it a rating to show your support!.

P

U

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

Go

Amber POV

Jason didn't waste a second.

The moment the decision was made, everything shifted.

The room transformed from quiet planning to controlled chaos.

Phones.

Screens.

Orders.

Movements.

Jason was in his element.

Cold.

Precise.

Relentless.

"Send me the Becker estate rotations," he said, already moving between screens.

"I want guard shifts, blind spots, patrol gaps."

A pause.

"And I want it clean. No traces."

He ended the call and moved to the next.

I watched him for a second.

This was Cronos.

Not the man who held me a few hours ago.

Not the man who laughed when I called myself a thief.

This was something else.

Something sharper.

And somehow...

It didn't scare me.

It made sense.

I stepped away and pulled out my phone.

"Pamela."

She answered immediately.

кул

+15 Bonus

1/10

"Tell me you're calling with something interesting."

need you."

A pause.

Then-

"Where?"

I smiled slightly.

"Already on your way."

We met just outside the estate grounds.

Pamela was already there.

But she wasn't relaxed.

She wasn't joking. 1

She was pacing.

The moment she saw me-

She stopped.

Then marched straight toward me.

“You disappeared.”

Her voice was low.

Controlled.

Too controlled.

“I thought you were-”

She cut herself off, jaw tightening.

“You got kidnapped, Amber.”

I opened my mouth-

“I was fine-”

“Oh no,” she snapped.

“You don’t get to do that.”

Her eyes were sharp now.

Angry.

Worried.

+15 8gnus

“you vanish, no call, no message-nothing, You let them take you, i know you, you could have sent me a signal you were still alive and well.”

2/10

She stepped closer. 1

Do you have any idea what that looked like?”

I exhaled slowly.

“I handled it.”

Her expression didn’t soften.

“That’s not the point.”

A beat.

“You don’t disappear like that and expect me to just... wait.”

The anger cracked slightly.

And underneath-

Fear. 1

I stepped forward and pulled her into a quick hug.

“I’m okay.”

She stayed stiff for a second.

Then exhaled.

„You better be.”

.

She pulled back, pointing at me.

“Next time, you call me.”

I nodded.

“Next time, I drag you with me.”

That got a small huff out of her.

“Good.”

She crossed her arms again.

“What are we doing?”

“A rescue,” I said.

Her expression didn’t change this time.

She just nodded.

“Of course it is.”

She turned toward the car.

“I’m driving.”

+15 Bonus

3/10

Jason nodded once.

Getaway.”

Pamela smirked faintly.

“My favorite role.”

Headlights cut through the darkness.

Another car approached.

Marcus stepped out before the engine even fully stopped.

“I have eyes on the entire perimeter,” he said, already handing Jason a device.

“Internal feeds, external cameras, heat signatures.”

Jason nodded.

“You’re staying here.”

Marcus raised an eyebrow.

“You’re not taking me in?”

“No.”

Jason’s tone was firm.

“I need someone watching everything.”

Marcus smirked slightly.

“You just don’t want me stealing your spotlight.”

Jason didn’t react.

“Stay sharp.”

Marcus gave a short nod.

“Always,”

The Becker estate loomed ahead of us.

Large.

Silent. 1

Controlled.

Lights glowing softly through tall windows.

A place that looked perfect from the outside.

And rotten at its core.

Jason handed me a small comm device.

+15 8gnus

4/10

“Stay on channel.”

Modded.

We were both dressed in black.

No unnecessary weight.

No unnecessary risk.

Just movement.

Just purpose.

“Two guards, east wing,” Marcus’s voice came through.

“Rotating every four minutes.”

Jason moved first.

I followed.

We slipped through the shadows like we belonged there.

No hesitation.

No wasted movement.

Jason avoided detection like breathing.

Effortless.

Controlled.

A dance.

I followed his rhythm, but I knew-

If it came down to it-

I would burn the place down.

“Servants’ quarters, south side,” Marcus guided.

“Camera blind spot for twenty seconds.’

We moved.

Fast.

Silent. 1

Inside.

The air changed immediately.

Heavier.

Cedella

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

5/10

+15 Bonus

Wrong

servants' quarters were nothing like the rest of the estate.

No polished marble.

No warm lighting.

No elegance.

The hallway was narrow, the walls painted in a dull, peeling beige that looked like it hadn't been touched in years. The lights above flickered faintly, casting uneven shadows that made the space feel even smaller.

The smell hit next.

Damp.

Closed air. 1

A faint mix of detergent and something older... like neglect.

Doors lined both sides of the corridor.

Identical.

Unmarked.

Each one slightly worn, edges chipped, handles dull from overuse.

No decorations.

No signs of life.

Not a home.

A holding space.

I pushed one of the doors open slowly.

And saw her.

The room was worse.

Small.

| Bare.

A single dim bulb hung from the ceiling, casting a weak yellow light that barely reached the corners.

No windows.

No ventilation.

Just a small metal shelf with a dented cup and nothing else.

Cold.

Empty.

Cruel.

6/10

She was curled on the floor.

Too small.

Too still.

Her body folded into itself like she was trying to disappear.

My chest tightened.

I stepped closer.

“Hey...”

Her eyes snapped open.

Fear. 1

Pure, raw fear.

Then confusion.

Then hope.

Behind her-

Another girl, dresses as a maid.

Hovering. 1

Watching.

The girl dropped to her knees the moment she saw me.

“Please,” she whispered urgently.

“Please take us.”

My eyes flicked to her.

“Us?”

She nodded quickly.

“They’ll kill her.”

Her voice trembled.

“And me if I speak.”

I didn’t hesitate.

I nodded once.

“Both of you.”

The mission just got harder.

I didn't care.

+15 Bonus

7/10

"Amber, you have thirty seconds," Marcus warned.

Jason stepped in beside me.

He crouched down carefully besides the younger girl.

"It's okay," he murmured softly.

The girl flinched.

Hard.

Her body trembling violently.

Jason didn't touch her immediately.

"Hey... we're getting you out."

Slowly.

Carefully.

He lifted her.

She let out a small, broken sound.

Like moving hurt.

Like everything hurt.

My jaw clenched.

“Movement-west corridor,” Marcus said sharply.

“We need to move,” Jason said.

We moved.

Fast.

The older girl stayed close behind me.

Barefoot.

Silent. 1

Terrified.

“Two guards incoming,” Marcus warned.

“Three seconds.”

Too close.

Too close.

My heart pounded.

Jason didn’t even flinch.

+15 Bonus

“Creating diversion,” Marcus said suddenly.

A second later

An alarm blared from the far end of the estate.

Loud.

Urgent.

Chaotic.

Guards shifted direction instantly.

“Go. Now.”

We ran.

No more stealth.

No more waiting.

Jason held the girl securely, her small body trembling against him.

She whimpered softly.

Each sound cutting deeper than the last.

We reached the entrance.

Burst through the doors.

Cold night air hit us.

“Left,” Marcus guided.

Pamela was already there.

Engine running.

Door open.

“Get in!”

We didn’t hesitate.

Jason climbed in with the girl.

I pulled the maid in after me.

Door slammed.

“Go!”

Pamela didn't even look back.

The car shot forward.

Fast.

+15 8gnus

9/10

Clean.

Gone.

ENJOYING THE BOOK?

Give it a rating to show your support!

+15 8gnus

D

Support

Share

D

10/10

return

Silence filled the car.

Heavy.

Shaking.

The younger girl, my cousin, was still trembling in Jason's arms.

Her breathing uneven.

Painful.

Each small sound she made felt wrong.

Too fragile.

Too broken.

The older one sat beside me.

Hands shaking.

Eyes wide.

Still in shock.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

I looked at her more closely now.

She looked older than the girl-but not by much.

Too thin.

Too tired.

Too... used to this.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

She froze.

Then slowly lowered her gaze.

“...I don’t have one, they call me girl.”

The words settled heavily between us.

I swallowed.

“How old are you?”

She hesitated.

“...Seventeen.”

Seventeen.

+15 Bonus

1/11

A child.

Just like my newfound cousin.

“What were you doing there?” I asked softly.

Her hands clenched together.

“I... lived there.”

My chest tightened.

“And worked.”

Not worked.

Forced.

Her voice trembled.

“They said I owed them.”

“For food... for a place to stay...for destroying her body”

She let out a shaky breath.

“But it was never enough.”

Of course it wasn't.

It never is.

I leaned slightly closer.

“And her?” I asked, nodding toward the girl in Jason’s arms.

Her eyes softened immediately.

“She’s been there since birth, they dropped her off with a maid.”

She kept glancing at the girl.

Then at me.

Like she was deciding something.

Like she didn’t know if she was allowed to speak.

“Tell me,” I said softly.

Her eyes snapped to mine.

A pause.

Then she swallowed.

“They treated her worse.”

My chest tightened.

+15 Bonus

2/11

Cedella

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Borrowed textbooks 107

Her voice trembled.

“They... only needed her.”

The way she said it made my stomach turn.

“As leverage.”

I felt something cold settle inside me.

“And you?” I asked quietly.

She looked down.

“They said I carried their blood.”

Her lips pressed together.

“So they kept me... alive.”

A bitter, broken sound escaped her.

“They were planning to marry me off.”

My grip tightened.

“To who?”

She shook her head.

“I don’t know.”

“They never told me.”

Of course they didn’t.

“You were a substitute,” I said.

She nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Her voice dropped even lower.

“But her...”

Her eyes moved toward the girl again.

“...she was never meant to leave.”

Silence filled the car.

Heavy.

Suffocating.

I turned my head slightly.

+15 Bonus

3/11

Looking at the girl in Jason’s arms.

Small.

Fragile.

Used as nothing more than a bargaining piece.

Something disposable.

Something unnamed.

My jaw tightened.

That cold feeling inside me-

It sharpened.

Focused

Jason was tense.

The girl whimpered softly in his arms.

His grip tightened.

Careful.

Protective.

Dangerous.

I could see it in his eyes.

He had already decided.

So had I.

o

I leaned forward again, making sure the maid could hear me clearly.

“That’s over now.”

My voice was calm.

Certain.

Final.

“You don’t owe them anything.”

Her lips trembled.

She didn’t respond.

Like she didn’t believe it yet.

I didn’t expect her to.

Not after that.

+15 Bonus

4/11

Plum

I looked back at the girl.

Still curled.

Still shaking.

Still nameless.

“Hey...” I said softly.

She didn’t respond.

But her breathing hitched slightly.

I didn’t push.

Not yet.

Instead, I said it anyway.

“You’re safe now.”

My voice didn’t waver.

“Both of you.”

Pamela was silent.

Jason too.

But I could feel it.

The tension.

The anger.

The restraint.

It filled the car like pressure waiting to break.

No one said it out loud-

But we were all thinking the same thing.

This wasn’t over.

Not even close.

I pulled out my phone.

“Grandfather.”

He answered immediately.

“Amber?”

“We’re on our way back.”

A pause.

+15 Bonus

5/11

“I need a medical team ready.’

Another pause.

Then his tone sharpened. `

“...Understood.”

“And grandfather,” I added, my voice steady.

“We rescued two.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Then-

“I’ll be ready.”

The rest of the drive passed in silence.

Only the sound of the engine.

And the girl’s uneven breathing.

Jason hadn’t moved.

Hadn’t spoken.

He held her carefully, like she might break if he did.

Like she already had.

The gates of the Asher estate opened the moment we approached.

Lights.

Movement.

People already waiting.

Prepared.

Efficient.

Grandfather stood at the entrance.

Straight.

Composed.

The car stopped. 1

Doors opened immediately.

The medical team moved forward-

But Jason stepped out first.

+15 Bonus

6/11

Still holding her.

Still careful.

Still... controlled.

I stepped out behind him, helping the older girl.

Pamela followed, already scanning the surroundings like she expected the world to attack again.

“Inside,” Grandfather said.

His voice calm.

But firm.

Commanding.

The medical team moved with purpose.

“Let us take her, sir-”

Jason didn’t let go.

“Jason,” I said softly.

He didn’t look at me.

“She needs help.”

A beat.

Then slowly-

Carefully-

He nodded.

And passed her over.

And that’s when it happened.

The moment they crossed the threshold of the house-

The girl’s body snapped awake.

Like a switch had been flipped.

“No-!”

Her scream cut through the air.

Sharp.

Raw.

Terrified.

She started thrashing.

+15 Bonus

7/11

Wild.

Anicked.

“No-no-no-!”

Her voice broke into sobs.

“I don’t want to-!”

Her small body fought against the medical team.

Kicking.

Scratching.

Trying to escape.

“Please-!”

“I’ll be good-!”

“I won’t say anything-!”

“I promise-!”

The words hit like knives.

Like rehearsed fear.

Like something she had learned.

Everyone froze for a second.

Just a second.

But it was enough.

Jason moved.

Fast.

Too fast.

“Stop.”

His voice was low.

Deadly.

The medical team hesitated instantly.

He stepped closer.

Slow this time.

Careful.

Controlled.

+15 Bonus

8/11

NOT

But I saw it.

The crack.

The break.

The rage.

The guilt.

The helplessness.

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

c 108

ouched in front of her.

“Hey...”

His voice was softer now.

Gentle.

Unfamiliar.

“Hey... look at me.”

She didn’t.

She kept shaking.

Trying to pull away.

“Please... no...”

Jason inhaled slowly.

Like he was forcing himself to stay calm.

Forcing himself not to break.

“You’re not going back there,” he said quietly.

Firm.

Certain.

“No one is taking you back.”

She froze.

Just for a second.

Her breathing still uneven.

Still panicked.

Jason didn’t move.

+15 Bonus

9/11

Teturn

Didn’t touch her.

st stayed there.

At her level.

“You’re safe.”

The words were simple.

But they carried weight.

Finality.

Truth.

I watched him.

And something inside my chest tightened.

Because I could see it clearly now.

He wasn’t just angry.

He wasn’t just protective.

He was... hurting.

Deeply.

Like this had hit something personal.

Something buried.

Something old.

The girl’s movements slowed.

Just slightly.

Her eyes flickered toward him.

Uncertain.

Afraid.

But listening.

Jason held her gaze.

Steady.

Unwavering.

“No one here is going to hurt you.”

A pause.

Then softer-

+15 Bonus

10/11

Tetum

“I won’t let them.”

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

11/11

TASTER

Rose

The medical team had set themselves up in one of the guest rooms.

Clean.

Bright.

Warm.

Everything the Becker estate had not been.

And yet-

It didn’t feel safe.

Not to them.

We walked in silence.

Only the soft shuffle of movement.

The quiet urgency of professionals trying not to alarm their patients.

But I could hear it.

Even in whispers.

Even when they tried to hide it.

“Sickly thin...”

“Severe malnutrition...”

“Possible psychotic break...”

“Erratic pulse...”

Each word landed heavier than the last.

My chest tightened.

The younger girl lay on the bed now.

Small.

Fragile.

Surrounded.

Doctors moving carefully around her.

Like she might shatter if they moved too fast.

Jason stood close.

Too close.

Watching everything.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

1/10

Not interfering-

But not stepping away either.

I stayed near the door.

The older girl beside me.

Still holding onto me.

Her grip tight.

Too tight.

It hurt.

I was certain it would bruise.

But I didn't pull away.

I turned slightly toward her.

Lowering my voice.

"Hey..."

She flinched.

Then slowly looked at me.

"Do you know what that was about?"

I nodded subtly toward the bed.

Toward the panic.

The screaming.

She hesitated.

Then nodded.

But she wouldn't meet my eyes.

Her fingers tightened around my arm.

"...Sometimes..."

Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"...the sir would say..."

She swallowed hard.

"That if we didn't behave..."

"If we didn't perform well..."

Her voice broke.

~\

+15 Bonus

2/10

"...we would be sold."

My stomach dropped.

"To who?" I asked quietly.

She shook her head.

"...his friends." 1

The way she said it-

Like it was normal.

Like it was expected.

Like it had almost happened.

More than once.

My hand moved before I thought about it.

Covering hers.

Steady.

Grounding.

“That’s not happening,” I said softly.

She didn’t respond.

Didn’t look convinced.

Of course she didn’t.

Words didn’t mean anything in the world she came from.

Only actions did.

A sharp movement pulled my attention back.

The younger girl.

Her body tensed suddenly.

A weak, broken sound escaping her.

Jason stepped closer instantly.

“What is it?” his voice was tight.

Controlled.

Barely.

“Her pulse is unstable,” one of the doctors said quickly.

“We need to stabilize her-now.”

+15 8cnus

Cedella

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Jason didn't move.

Didn't blink.

"Do it."

Two simple words.

But they carried weight.

Authority.

Threat.

A promise.

I watched him.

And there it was again.

That crack.

That moment where control slipped.

Just slightly.

But enough.

His hands were clenched at his sides.

His shoulders tense.

Like he was holding himself back from something.

From breaking.

From reacting.

From destroying something-or someone.

I turned back to the girl beside me.

"She's going to be okay," I said quietly.

This time-

My voice wasn't just for her.

It was for me too.

She finally looked at me.

Really looked.

Fear still there.

But something else now.

Hope.

+15 Bonus

4/10

Small.

Pragile.

But there.

"...You won't send us back?" she whispered.

I shook my head.

"No."

My voice didn't waver.

"Never."

Across the room-

Jason closed his eyes briefly.

Just for a second.

Like those words meant something to him too.

Like he was making the same promise.

In his own way.

And in that moment-

I understood something clearly.

This wasn't just about rescuing them anymore.

This wasn't just about revenge.

Or justice.

Or power.

This-

Was about making sure no one ever put them back in that position again.

We ended up setting the room for both girls.

Side by side.

Close enough to see each other.

To hear each other.

To know- 1

They weren't alone anymore.

The doctors moved between them carefully.

Quieter now.

+15 Bonus

5/10

More focused.

But still speaking in low tones that carried more weight than they probably intended.

"We'll need full panels."

"Blood work, imaging..."

"Long-term monitoring..."

“Trauma response evaluation...”

They weren’t just treating injuries.

They were trying to understand damage.

Damage that had been building for years.

Grandfather didn’t hesitate.

“Do whatever is necessary.”

His voice was calm.

But firm.

Final.

The older girl sat on the edge of the second bed now.

Still watching everything.

Still holding onto me when she could.

But no longer shaking.

Not as much.

The younger girl-

She was awake.

Barely.

But awake.

Her eyes moved slowly.

Taking in the room.

The people.

The light.

Like everything was too much.

I approached carefully.

Slow. 1

+15 Bonus

6/10

Measured.

Nidn't get too close.

Didn't reach out.

Not yet.

But I made sure she could see me.

And I smiled.

Soft.

Gentle.

Safe.

"Hey..."

Her eyes flickered toward me.

Uncertain.

Tired.

"Do you know who you are?"

She blinked slowly.

Confused.

No answer.

I nodded slightly.

"That's okay."

I crouched a little, lowering myself to her level.

“Then I’ll tell you.”

I kept my voice light.

Almost playful.

Like this was normal.

Like this wasn’t the first time she had ever been asked that question.

“You’re my cousin.”

Her brows furrowed slightly.

Processing.

Holding onto the word.

Cousin

+15 Bonus

10

Something safe.

Something belonging.

“And cousins,” I continued softly, “get to choose things.”

A small pause.

Then-1

“What’s your favorite thing in the world?”

Her lips parted slightly.

For a moment, I thought she wouldn’t answer.

Then-1

“...flowers.”

The word was fragile.

Like it hadn't been used in a long time.

But it was there.

Real.

I smiled wider.

"Flowers?"

She nodded faintly.

A small spark lighting behind her eyes.

"I really like roses..."

A breath.

"...red roses."

Something in my chest softened.

Just a little.

Enough.

This time-

I reached out.

Slowly.

Gently.

Giving her time to pull away if she wanted to.

She didn't.

+15 Bonus

9.10

Her small hand rested in mine.

cold.

Light.

But there.

“Okay,” I said softly.

“What do you say...”

I squeezed her hand just slightly.

“...to being named Rose?”

Silence. 1

Just for a second.

Her eyes widened.

Not in fear.

Not in panic.

But something else.

Something new.

“...Rose?” she repeated quietly.

Like she was testing it.

Like she didn’t know if she was allowed to have it.

I nodded. 1

“Rose.”

My voice steady.

Certain.

“That’s your name.”

Her lips trembled.

And for the first time—

She smiled.

Small.

Uncertain.

But real.

Across the room—

+15 Bonus

1

910

Everything went quiet.

Even the doctors.

Even the movement.

Even the whispers.

Jason was watching.

Cedella

Cedella's storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Borrowed textbooks 110

Focused.

But not on the monitors.

Not on the doctors.

On her.

On Rose.

His expression shifted.

Subtle.

But unmistakable.

Something in him—

Softened.

I looked back at her.

At Rose.

At the girl who, just hours ago-

Didn't exist.

"You're safe now," I said quietly.

"And now..."

I brushed my thumb gently over her hand.

"You exist."

D

Share

Support

+15 8çnus

10 10

+15 Bonus

Iris

Amber POV

The room had settled.

Not calm-

But quieter.

More contained.

Rose rested on the bed, her small hand still loosely wrapped around mine, like letting go might make everything disappear again.

I stayed there a moment longer.

Just enough to make sure she felt it.

That she wasn't alone.

Then I turned.

The older girl was still watching.

From the edge of the second bed.

Still tense.

Still unsure.

But no longer frozen.

I walked toward her slowly.

Careful not to startle her.

"Hey..."

She looked up at me immediately this time.

Still cautious.

But present.

I sat down beside her.

Not too close.

Giving her space.

"You said you didn't have a name."

She nodded faintly.

I tilted my head slightly.

“So...”

A small pause.

1/11

“If you could choose one..”

miled gently.

“What would you like to be called?”

She blinked.

Like the question itself was unfamiliar.

Like no one had ever asked her that before.

“...I don’t know,” she whispered.

Her fingers twisted together in her lap.

“I’ve never...”

She trailed off.

“That’s okay,” I said softly.

“We can figure it out.”

I studied her for a moment.

There was something steady about her.

Even through the fear.

Something that had endured.

That hadn’t broken completely.

“Do you know who your family is?” I asked gently.

She froze.

Her body going still again.

But not in fear this time.

In uncertainty.

“...No,” she said quietly.

“I was just... there.”

I nodded slowly.

“Then we’ll fix that too.”

Her eyes flickered toward me.

Confused.

Hopeful.

Afraid to believe it.

¶

+15 Bohus

2/11

I smiled softly.

You don’t have to decide right now.”

A’small pause.

“Names aren’t something you’re given anymore.”

“They’re something you choose.”

She swallowed.

Nodded slightly.

Still holding onto every word like it mattered.

Because to her-

It did.

I glanced briefly toward Rose.

Then back at her.

“Rose chose something soft,” I said gently.

“Something beautiful.”

I tilted my head slightly, meeting her eyes.

“But you...”

A small pause.

“You feel different.”

I let the silence sit for a moment.

Then said it.

Softly.

Carefully.

Like offering-not deciding.

“What about... Iris?”

She blinked.

“Iris?” she repeated.

I nodded.

“It’s a flower too.”

A faint smile touched my lips.

“But it also means something more.’

+15 Bonus

\

3/11

I held her gaze.

t's the part of the eye that lets you see."

A beat.

"To understand."

"To choose."

Her breathing slowed slightly.

"Iris..." she said again.

Quieter this time.

Like she was trying it on.

I didn't rush her.

Didn't push.

Just waited.

And then-

A small nod.

Barely there.

But real.

"...I like it."

Something in my chest eased.

Just a little.

I smiled.

"Then Iris it is." 1

For the first time-

She smiled.

Small.

Careful.

But hers.

And just like that-1

She wasn't just surviving anymore.

She was becoming.

Jason POV

Ha

+15 Bonus

4/11

I didn't move.

Wouldn't.

Not when I heard it.

Not when I saw it.

Not when she said it.

"Rose."

The room felt... different after that.

Quieter.

Softer.

Like something fragile had just been placed in the center of it.

Something important.

Something irreversible.

I watched the girl-

No.

Rose.

I forced myself to say it.

Rose.

Her fingers curled weakly around Amber's hand.

Like she was afraid it would disappear.

Like names could be taken away if she didn't hold on tight enough.

My chest tightened.

Because I knew that feeling.

Too well.

I turned away slightly.

Just enough so no one would see.

But Amber always noticed.

She always did.

I had no name once.

Before everything changed.

Before I became-

+15 Bonus

5/11

Convenient.

Replaceable.

Disposable.

I was five.

That's when it started.

When my father remarried.

A new family.

A new life.

And suddenly-

There wasn't space for me anymore.

I wasn't told I was being sent away.

Not really.

It was presented as something temporary. 1

A visit.

A stay.

"Just for a little while."

I believed him.

I was five.

The relative's house was large.

Quiet.

Cold.

Not the kind of quiet that felt peaceful.

The kind that felt watched.

At first, it was small things.

Tasks.

Chores.

“Help here.”

“Do this.”

“Be useful.”

Then it changed.

+15 Bonus

6/11

Cedella’s storytelling style is immersive and addictive—perfect for fans of heated romances and heart-pounding twists.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.