

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

C 11-20

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

The door to Jason's bedroom was forced open.

The smell hit first.

Sweet.

Heavy.

Chemical.

Jason moved straight toward the walk-in closet. The door was locked from the outside.

One of the guards broke it open.

Alex was inside.

Unconscious.

Collapsed against the back wall.

There was blood at his temple, dried against his hairline as if he'd fallen and struck the edge of the shelving.

"Call the doctor. Now," Jason ordered.

I stepped forward carefully, scanning the room. On the bedside console sat a small ceramic burner-still warm.

Not incense.

Not fragrance.

An aphrodisiac compound. Vapor-based.

Strong enough to disorient. Dangerous in high concentration.

“Ventilate the room,” I said sharply. “Open everything.”

Alex was carried out immediately.

Alison clung to me as paramedics rushed in.

Behind us, Nicole tried to run.

She didn’t make it three steps. 1

The guards restrained her.

Anton stood frozen.

“I didn’t know,” he muttered. “I swear I didn’t know.”

Jason didn’t even look at him.

“Take her to the basement,” he said quietly.

No shouting

No theatrics.

Just authority

An hour later, the Sun family gathered in the main living room.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

The estate's internal security system streamed live footage from the basement.

No one spoke.

Nicole sat in a chair across from Jason.

Her composure was gone.

Mascara streaked.

Hands shaking.

Jason leaned forward, elbows on his knees.

“Who hired you?”

“I don't know what you're talking about,” she whispered.

Jason didn't blink.

"You were placed here one month ago. You integrated quickly. Too quickly. You pushed proximity to multiple male heirs. You encouraged rivalry between branches."

Silence.

"You attempted to drug my son."

Tears spilled down her face.

"I didn't mean to hurt him," she cried. "I just needed leverage."

"Leverage for who?"

She hesitated.

The room upstairs went deadly still.

“For someone in this family,” she finally said.

Murmurs erupted in the living room.

Jason’s voice didn’t rise.

“Name.”

Nicole squeezed her eyes shut.

“I was hired to get close to the heirs,” she admitted. “All of them. Whichever one secured the strongest position... I was supposed to attach myself. Seduce, influence, create division if necessary.”

Anton’s face drained of blood.

“This is insane,” he snapped from the living room. “She’s lying.”

Nicole shook her head violently.

“They told me to create scandals. Break alliances. Keep the branches fighting. If the heirs are unstable, the main seat stays weak.”

“And who,” Jason repeated, “gave you those instructions?”

Nicole’s lips trembled.

+15 Bonus

“Someone who doesn’t want you consolidating power,” she whispered.

Upstairs, every Sun relative looked at each other.

Trust fractured in real time.

Jason leaned back slowly.

“Send the recording to the family council,” he said calmly.

Then his eyes hardened.

The silence stretched.

Then he stood.

Cold. Controlled.

Decisive.

“Lock down the estate,” he said evenly.

His gaze never left Nicole.

“And Nicole does not leave the basement.”

I was alone in the main family house.

Jason had long since left, following the doctor who lived on the far edge of the estate to check on Alex's condition personally.

Alison was asleep beside me on the sofa, her small fingers wrapped tightly around my arm-as if she feared I might disappear the moment she let go.

I didn't move.

I couldn't.

Because the silence was too loud.

And the past was louder.

Memories I had buried for years began to surface. 1

Nannies.

After my parents died, my grandfather had been consumed by business, by legacy, by survival of the Ash name. He provided

security. Structure. Resources.

But not presence.

So others raised me.

Or claimed to.

I remembered the whispers when they thought I wasn't listening.

The punishments for "improper behavior."

The times meals were withheld because I had "spoken out of turn."

The sharp grips on my wrists.

The locked rooms

FOURDOCM

The careful smiles they wore whenever my grandfather was near.

Screaming.

Scheming.

Hiding.

It all came rushing back.

And with it came something worse than pain.

Recognition.

The nannies responsible for “keeping me safe” had not just mistreated me.

They had created chaos around me.

Subtle manipulation.

Isolation.

Strategic emotional damage.

And I had tried to speak.

God, I had tried.

I remembered standing in my grandfather's office once, my hands shaking as I told him what was happening.

He had listened.

Quietly.

Then dismissed it.

“Adults do not lie about such things,” he had said.

And just like that, my voice had become smaller.

Because in a world ruled by power-

An adult’s word outweighed a child’s truth.

Alison stirred slightly, tightening her grip on me.

I looked down at her sleeping face.

No one had believed me.

But I believed her.

And this time-

Things would be different.

+15 Bonus

Modam Su

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

Footsteps approached from the corridor.

Measured. Urgent.

An older woman entered the living room.

Elegant. Impeccable. Authority woven into every line of her posture.

Ms. Sun.

Her eyes immediately found Alison curled beside me on the couch.

I watched the exact moment tension left her shoulders.

Relief.

Then calculation.

Then composure.

Our gazes met.

Neither of us spoke at first.

But something passed between us.

Assessment.

Recognition.

Understanding.

She stepped further into the room.

“Aella Asher,” she said evenly. “I must admit... out of all the women my grandson could have married, it had to be an Asher.” 3

A faint exhale through her nose.

“As if this family needed more drama at its doorstep. We already have more than enough within these walls.”

Her tone wasn't cruel.

But it wasn't welcoming either.

"Good evening, Madam Sun," I replied calmly.

I did not rise.

I did not lower my eyes.

"I must confess," I continued, "I did not see myself married to Jason."

A brief pause.

"But I cannot say I regret it."

Her gaze sharpened slightly at that.

“You speak boldly for someone who has just stepped into a battlefield,” she observed.

“I was born into one,” I replied quietly.

Mokkam Sun

+15 Bonus

That caught her attention.

For the first time, something like approval flickered behind her controlled expression.

She looked down at Alison again, at the way the child clung to me even in sleep.

“She trusts you,” Ms. Sun said.

“Yes.”

Another pause.

Then, softly-

“And that is not something children in powerful families give easily.”

The statement hung in the air.

Heavy with history.

Heavy with truth.

“Tell me, Madam Sun,” I said quietly, careful not to wake Alison, “has it been made public that if no one from this generation is elected as head of the family... Alison and Jason would be trained to take over?”

The room went still.

Ms. Sun’s gaze sharpened instantly.

Not offended.

Alert.

“What do you know, child?”

Her tone was no longer polite.

It was probing.

Measured.

I met her eyes evenly.

“Nothing concrete,” I admitted. “But I recognize patterns.”

A subtle shift in her posture.

I continued.

“I feel as though I have lived through this exact scenario before. Watching adults maneuver. Watching alliances fracture. Watching children positioned like future assets.”

My fingers brushed gently through Alison’s hair.

“Looking through her eyes tonight felt familiar.”

Ms. Sun studied me in silence.

“You are suggesting,” she said slowly, “that Nicole’s placement was not about seduction... but destabilization.”

“I’m suggesting,” I replied calmly, “that when a family’s succession is uncertain, the fastest way to control the outcome is to

control the heirs.”

Akun SWY

The words lingered.

Heavy.

Ms. Sun's expression did not change.

But the air shifted.

"You speak as if you understand internal family warfare."

"I understand what happens," I said quietly, "when the next generation becomes leverage."

A long pause.

Then-

“You believe someone in this house would endanger a child to secure power?”

“I believe,” I answered, “that powerful families do not fall from outside attacks.”

I held her gaze.

“They collapse from within.”

For the first time since she entered, Ms. Sun looked at me not as an inconvenience... 1

But as a variable.

Dangerous.

Intelligent.

Useful.

“And you see yourself where in this equation, Aella Asher?” she asked softly.

“On the side of the children.”

No hesitation.

No politics.

Just truth.

Ms. Sun’s eyes flicked down to Alison again.

Then back to me.

“If what you suspect is correct,” she said carefully, “then tonight was not an isolated incident.”

“No,” I agreed.

“It was a test.” 1

Silence wrapped around us.

And in that silence-

An unspoken alliance began to form.

Madam Sun straightened slightly.

The air between us cooled.

+15 Bonus

Mackay Sun

“Very well,” she said. “Let us speak plainly.”

Her gaze did not waver.

“What are your intentions with my grandson, Aella Asher?” 2

The use of my full name was deliberate.

“And under what guise,” she continued smoothly, “did you manage to trap him into marriage?”

There it was.

Not accusation.

Assessment.

I didn’t flinch.

“Jason approached me,” I replied calmly. “Not the other way around.”

A slight arch of her brow.

“He pursued the merger,” I added evenly. “Personal and otherwise.”

“And you simply accepted?” she asked.

“No,” I said. “I evaluated.”

That seemed to interest her.

“I did not need to trap your grandson, Madam Sun. If anything, he cornered me.”

A faint silence followed that.

Then I allowed myself the smallest breath of honesty.

“If my first day married into the Sun family is any indication of what my life will look like from now on...”

My eyes flicked briefly toward the corridor where Jason had disappeared earlier.

“...then I would say I was not marrying into comfort.”

I met her gaze again.

“I was marrying into a storm.”

A subtle pause.

“And I am prepared for some drama.”

That earned the faintest hint of something- almost amusement – at the corner of her mouth.

“Confidence,” she murmured. “Or recklessness.”

“Experience,” I corrected gently.

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

“Speaking of experience,” she continued, tone shifting once more, “what of your engagement to Oscar White?”

There it was.

Direct

+15 Bonus

Maxam Sur

“And the public statement released by his company accusing you of financial misconduct.”

Her voice remained perfectly neutral.

“But I assume you are aware how that appears.”

I did not look away. 1

“I am aware how it appears,” I said.

“And is it true?”

“No.”

Not defensive.

Not rushed.

Just certain.

Madam Sun studied my face carefully.

“Then explain why a powerful company would risk legal repercussions to publicly discredit you.”

“Because,” I replied quietly, “they believed I had no leverage.”

A slight tilt of her head.

“They believed I was alone. Unprotected. Disposable.”

My hand rested lightly over Alison’s small fingers.

“They miscalculated.”

Silence stretched between us,

Heavy.

Then Madam Sun asked the real question.

“Does your marriage to Jason solve that problem... or create a larger one?”

I held her gaze.

“That depends,” I said softly, “on whether the Sun family prefers an ally... or another internal war.”

The room fell still.

For the first time, Madam Sun did not look at me as a girl who married into power.

She looked at me as someone who already understood it.

□

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

+15 Bonus

Compromise

By the time Jason returned with the doctor, Madam Sun and I had already reached an understanding.

Not friendship.

Not trust.

A truce.

The terms were clear.

The online rumors surrounding me would be handled by the Sun family's media division immediately. The slander from the White Group would not be allowed to circulate unchecked-not because of me alone, but because any stain on Jason's wife would inevitably reflect on the Sun name.

"If no one responds," Madam Sun had said evenly, "it will appear as an admission."

I had agreed.

“I will hold a press conference tomorrow evening,” I told her. “I intend to clear my name publicly.”

She studied me for a long moment before nodding once.

“It will be organized properly,” she replied. “Under our oversight.”

Professional.

Controlled.

Strategic.

In exchange, she would make her own announcement.

Tomorrow, in front of the full Sun family council.

She would publicly recognize me as Jason's lawful wife.

And if anyone objected-

"They may take it up with me," Madam Sun had said, her tone turning razor sharp.

That had been the moment I understood something important.

The Sun family was divided.

But its matriarch was not weak.

When Jason entered the living room, the doctor following behind him, he immediately sensed the shift in atmosphere.

His eyes moved between us.

"What did I miss?" he asked carefully.

“Progress,” Madam Sun replied before I could speak.

Jason looked at me.

Questioning

I met his gaze calmly.

“The rumors will be handled,” I said. “And tomorrow evening, I’ll be addressing the media.”

Comprimer

+15 Bonus

His law tightened slightly. “That’s soon.”

“Yes,” Madam Sun interjected smoothly. “Which is precisely why it must be done quickly, besides your wife has it all handled, it’s quite impressive dear, how, doctor, please, how is my great grandson.” ↑

The doctor cleared his throat.

“Alex is stable,” he reported. “Mild concussion, na poisoning from the incense. He’ll need observation, but he’s going to be fine.”

Relief washed through the room, subtle but undeniable.

Jason exhaled quietly.

Alison stirred in her sleep, tightening her hold on me again.

Madam Sun observed the gesture.

Then she looked at Jason.

“You chose boldly,” she said to her grandson.

A pause.

“Let us hope it proves wise.”

Her gaze flicked back to me.

“The weak do not survive in this family.”

I held her stare.

“Neither in mine.”

For a brief second-

There was mutual understanding.

Tomorrow, the press would see a scandal.

But inside these walls- 1

A new alliance had just been forged.

Jason stepped toward us and gently lifted Alison into his arms.

She didn't wake.

He kissed his grandmother's cheek in gratitude, murmuring a quiet thank you before turning to me.

With a small gesture of his hand, he signaled for me to follow him upstairs.

I did. 1

The upper floor was quieter. Softer lighting. Thicker carpets that swallowed sound.

He pushed open the first door.

Alison's room.

It looked like something out of a storybook-soft pinks and deep greens, a forest mural stretching across one wall, tiny golden lights woven into artificial branches overhead. A canopy bed shaped like a woodland princess's retreat stood in the center.

214

Compre

+15 Bonus

Jason laid her down carefully.

She stirred only long enough to curl onto her side.

I stepped forward and brushed for hair away from her face before pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead.

"Goodnight, Alison," I whispered.

Strange.

How easily the heart can attach to someone you've barely met.

But maybe it wasn't attachment.

Maybe it was recognition.

Jason watched me for a moment before turning toward the hallway again.

The next room was entirely different.

The door opened to what looked like a dream built from adrenaline.

A sports stadium theme-dark walls, spotlight-style ceiling lights, framed jerseys. Mini lockers lined one side of the room. A large custom bed sat in the center like the center field of a private arena.

Alex lay in the middle of it, asleep.

A nurse sat quietly nearby. Two guards stood at opposite ends of the room.

Protection layered over vulnerability.

Jason stepped closer, his expression softening in a way I hadn't seen before.

He brushed his fingers lightly through Alex's hair.

Then he straightened.

Without a word, he moved again.

Down the corridor.

Toward a larger set of double doors. 1

He opened them.

The master bedroom.

It was understated compared to the children's rooms—dark wood, expansive windows, neutral tones, restrained luxury.

Power without excess.

I paused at the threshold.

A quiet, unexpected thought slipped into my mind.

Where exactly was I supposed to sleep?

We were married.

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

+15 Bonus

I stepped into the room but remained near the door.

Jason removed his jacket, placing it carefully over the back of a chair. His movements were precise, as if control over small things kept the larger chaos at bay.

“Jason,” I said quietly.

He glanced at me.

“Yes?”

I hesitated for only a second.

“Why did you marry me?”

He didn’t respond immediately.

So I continued.

“You’re a Sun. You have power, options, alliances waiting to be signed with a ring. Surely there were women better suited.

Easier choices.”

He studied me now.

“Is that what you think?” he asked.

“I think,” I said evenly, “that men in your position rarely marry for unpredictability.”

A faint shadow of a smile touched his mouth.

“And you consider yourself unpredictable?”

“I consider myself inconvenient.”

That earned a low breath of something almost like amusement.

He walked toward me slowly, stopping a few feet away.

“You want the strategic answer,” he said. “Or the honest one?”

“Start with the strategic.”

“All right.” His tone shifted slightly. “You’re intelligent. You don’t panic under pressure. You understand power structures. You don’t chase status. And you don’t try to impress me.”

A pause.

“That makes you rare.”

“And the honest answer?” I asked quietly.

His gaze held mine.

“You looked at me,” he said, “like I wasn’t the Sun heir.”

The room went very still.

“You challenged me. You disagreed with me. You walked away from me.”

His voice lowered slightly.

Why ming

+15 Bonus

“No one walks away from itre.”

I raised an eyebrow faintly. “That’s hardly romantic.

“It wasn’t meant to be.”

Silence stretched between us.

Then his expression shifted-less calculated now.

“And when I realized you were willing to lose everything rather than bend,” he continued, “I understood something.”

“What?”

“That if I stood beside you, I wouldn’t have to question whether you were there for power.”

A small pause.

“You don’t need mine.”

That landed deeper than I expected.

“And you?” I asked. “Do you need mine?”

He held my gaze.

“Not yet,” he said honestly. “But I suspect I will.”

That answer surprised me.

“You’re very certain of that.”

He tilted his head slightly.

“You didn’t deny it.”

A faint tension coiled between us.

I exhaled slowly.

“This family is a battlefield, Jason.”

“I know.”

“And my presence will make it worse before it makes it better.”

“I know that too.”

A beat of silence.

“So I’ll ask again,” I said softly. “Why me?”

This time he didn’t hesitate.

“Because when everything burns,” he said quietly, “I’d rather stand next to someone who knows how to survive the fire.”

The words settled between us. 1

Heavy.

Honest

Outside the windows, the estate lights glowed softly in the dark.

Why 'THE?

+15 Bonus

Insule the rouin-

For the first time that day-

There was no war.

Only two people standing on the edge of something neither of them fully understood yet.

I held his gaze.

“I wouldn’t mind standing next to someone who stays when everything burns, Jason.”

His expression shifted-subtle, but real.

“But you have to understand something,” I continued. “The only relationship I’ve ever had, was with your brother.”

The air changed. 1

“That alone makes this strange. For most people, it makes it wrong. Hard to understand.”

Jason didn’t flinch. But something in his jaw tightened.

“I’m aware,” he said calmly.

“Are you?” I asked softly, “Because I lived it. I loved him. Or at least... I believed I did.” 1

There. It was out.

The truth wasn't dramatic. It was heavier than that.

"I didn't walk away from him because I stopped caring," I continued. "I walked away because I realized I would always come second. To ambition. To ego. To himself."

Jason's eyes darkened slightly, but he didn't interrupt.

"So when people look at us," I said, "they don't see strategy. They don't see partnership."

"They see betrayal," he finished evenly.

"Yes."

A quiet beat passed between us.

"I didn't marry you to hurt him," I added. "And I didn't marry you to prove anything."

"Good," Jason said.

“Good?” I echoed.

His voice lowered.

“Because I didn’t marry you to compete with him.”

That landed.

He stepped closer-not invading, just closing the space enough that the distance felt intentional.

“I am not my brother,” he said quietly.

“I know.”

“Do you?” His tone wasn’t angry. It was searching.

“You chose him once.”

“And he didn’t choose me back,” Treplied steadily.

Silence. 1

That truth hung sharp between us.

Jason exhaled slowly.

“I don’t care that you were with him,” he said finally.

“That’s impossible.”

“No,” he corrected. “What I care about... is whether you’re still there.”

The question wasn’t jealous. It was precise.

I didn’t look away.

“I’m not.”

He studied me carefully, as if weighing the architecture of my honesty.

“What we’re building,” he continued, “has nothing to do with him.”

“And everything to do with survival?” I asked lightly.

A faint edge of something warmer touched his expression.

“No,” he said.

“With choice.”

The word settled differently.

“You’re not a consolation,” he added. “And I won’t be one either.”

Something inside my chest tightened at that.

“You’re asking for certainty in a situation that isn’t simple,” I said.

“I’m asking for clarity.”

Another long pause.

“Then here’s clarity,” I replied. “I don’t regret marrying you.

His gaze sharpened.

“But I need time,” I continued. “Not to forget. Just to untangle.”

Jason nodded once.

“That’s reasonable.”

“And you?” I asked. “Can you live with the whispers? With the comparisons?”

A slight, dangerous curve touched his mouth.

“I’ve lived my entire life being compared to him.”

That told me more than he intended.

+15 Bonus

—

LA

“This time,” he said quietly, “I intend to win.”

I raised an eyebrow faintly.

“I’m not a prize, Jason.”

“No,” he agreed.

“You’re a partner.”

The word didn’t feel political this time.

It felt deliberate.

Outside, the estate was silent.

Inside-

The tension had shifted.

Less sharp. 1

More real.

Support

Cedella

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

c 15

Partner

The word lingered between

Partner.

I let it sit there for a second... then tilted my head slightly.

“Well then,” I said calmly, folding my arms. “Partner”

His brow lifted faintly.

“Yes?”

“Where am I supposed to sleep tonight?”

The question was practical.

The silence that followed was not.

Jason didn’t answer immediately.

He studied me instead, as if assessing whether this was a challenge, a trap, or something else entirely.

“You have a suite prepared,” he said finally. “The east wing.”

“Separate wing?” I asked lightly.

“For now.”

“For my comfort,” I assumed.

“For your reputation,” he corrected.

I gave a soft huff. “A little late for that.”

A flicker of amusement crossed his face.

“The family is already unsettled,” he continued. “If you move into my room tonight, it becomes a declaration.”

“And if I don’t?”

“It becomes distance.”

I considered that.

“So either way, it’s political.”

“Everything here is.”

I stepped closer-not dramatically, just enough that the air between us shifted again.

“And what do you want, Jason?”

That caught him.

Not what was strategic.

What he wanted.

His gaze dropped briefly to my mouth before returning to my eyes.

“I want,” he said slowly, “to avoid giving them the satisfaction of thinking this marriage is fragile.”

+15 Bonu

146

PODNET

+15 Bonus

A pause.

“But I also don’t want you to feel cornered.”

Honest.

I appreciated that more than I expected.

“And if I said I didn’t want to sleep alone tonight?” I asked quietly.

That did something to him.

His composure remained-but it tightened.

“Is that fear?” he asked.

“No.”

I held his gaze steadily.

“It’s awareness.”

The house was unfamiliar. The alliances were shifting. The press conference was tomorrow. His family had just barely accepted

1.

Everything felt like dry timber waiting for a spark.

Jason understood that without me explaining it.

“If you stay in my room,” he said carefully, “there will be assumptions.” 1

“There are already assumptions.’

“And boundaries,” he added.

I raised an eyebrow faintly. “You’re worried about my boundaries?”

“I’m making sure they’re respected.”

That softened something in me.

“I’m not asking you to prove anything,” I said quietly. “I’m asking where your wife sleeps.” 1

The word wife changed the atmosphere.

Jason stepped closer.

Close enough now that I could feel the warmth of him, the steadiness.

“You sleep wherever you feel safest,” he said.

“And where is that?”

His voice lowered.

“Tonight?”

A beat.

“Probably next to me.”

The honesty wasn't seductive.

It was protective.

Controlled.

Deliberate.

I studied him carefully.

"And what happens if I do?"

"Nothing," he said. 1

A slight pause.

"Unless you want something to happen."

The air thickened-but it wasn't rushed.

It was measured.

I exhaled slowly.

“You’re very composed for a newly married man.”

“I’m exercising discipline.”

“That must be exhausting.”

A faint, almost dangerous smile appeared.

“You have no idea.”

For a long moment, neither of us moved.

Then he extended his hand-not possessive.

Inviting.

“Come,” he said quietly. “Let’s show them we’re not divided.”

Not lovers.

Not yet.

But united.

And in this house-

Unity was power.

I looked at his hand.

Steady. Open. Certain.

And for a second- just a second- I let myself imagine what it would feel like to lean into that certainty.

Then reality struck.

“Oh.”

Jason’s fingers paused mid-air.

“Oh?” he repeated.

+15 Bonu:

Peptor

+15 Bonus

I blluked.

“I never took my luggage out of the car.”

The moment shattered in the most mundane way possible.

His expression didn’t change immediately... then a faint crease appeared between his brows.

“You’re joking.”

“I wish I were.”

A beat.

“You came to the Sun estate,” he said slowly, “to move in as my wife... and you left your luggage in the trunk?”

“In my defense,” I replied evenly, “I wasn’t exactly welcomed with confetti, i saw Alice with Nicole before i Even had time to take out my bags.” 1

A flicker of reluctant amusement crossed his face.

“You walked in like you owned the place.”

“That doesn’t mean I unpacked.”

For the first time that night, he almost smiled fully.

Almost.

“How many bags?” he asked.

“Two.”

He stared at me.

“Define two.”

“Two... substantial ones.”

“Amber...” 1

“I like options.”

He exhaled through his nose not irritated.

Trying not to laugh.

The tension between us shifted again. Lighter now.

Human.

“I’ll have someone retrieve them,” he said.

“No.”

He paused.

“I’ll get them,” I clarified.

“That’s unnecessary”

“So is half the drama in this house, and yet here we are.”

His eyes sharpened slightly at that.

“It’s late.”

“I’m aware.”

“And the press conference is tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

“And you still want to walk across the estate grounds alone?”

I crossed my arms.

“I drove here alone.”

“This is different.”

The protectiveness wasn't controlling.

It was instinctive.

And that did something to my pulse.

“I'm not fragile, Jason.”

“I know.”

“Then let me get my own luggage.”

A pause.

Then, calmly.

“I’ll walk with you.”

I opened my mouth to argue.

He raised a brow.

“Not because you can’t,” he said evenly. “Because you shouldn’t have to.”

Silence.

That landed differently.

Not dominance.

Partnership.

I studied him for a moment.

“Fine,” I said finally. “But if anyone sees us dragging suitcases through the courtyard, this will ruin your intimidating reputation.”

“I think I’ll survive.”

He stepped closer and this time, instead of offering his hand for symbolism—

He took it casually.

Naturally

+15 Bonus

Like it had already been decided.

“Come on, partner.”

And as we walked toward the main doors together, the estate quiet around us, the night air cool and watchful—

It didn't feel like strategy.

It felt like the beginning of something dangerously real.

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

目

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

GET IT

Cedella

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Madam Sun

+15 Bonus

Madam Sun

High above them, the balcony doors remained slightly open.

Madam Sun stood in the shadows, one hand resting lightly against the carved stone railing.

She had not meant to watch.

And yet –

There they were.

Jason, bare-chested, having clearly abandoned formality the moment he stepped upstairs.
No jacket. No heir. No armor.

Just her grandson.

Walking across the courtyard under the low amber lights.

And beside him—

Amber.

Not quite matching his stride.

Not quite steady in her belonging yet.

There was a hesitation in her posture. A subtle uncertainty in the way she glanced around the estate grounds. This house was not

hers. Not yet.

But she smiled at him.

Small. Real.

And Jason—who rarely allowed anyone to see beyond calculation—tilted slightly toward her as they walked, guiding her path with a hand at the small of her back. Not possessive.

Protective.

Madam Sun's gaze sharpened.

He wasn't performing.

There were no cameras in the courtyard at this hour. No family members lingering nearby. No political advantage to be gained from escorting his wife to through their property, acting more like teenagers than the adults they were, Jason has never behaved like this.

Barefoot on stone.

Unbothered.

Confident.

She noticed something else.

Amber did not cling.

She did not drape herself over him to assert territory.

She walked beside him.

Uncertain, yes

But upright

Madam Sun

+15 Bonus

When she nearly missed a step along the lower terrace, Jason steadied her without comment. Amber huffed something-likely teasing him-and tre replied with a look that would have silenced most people.

She didn't look silenced.

She looked amused.

Madam Sun's lips curved.

A small smile.

Rare.

Interesting, she thought.

Very interesting.

Because what she saw was not scandal.

Not betrayal.

Not weakness.

She saw balance.

Jason's intensity softened by Amber's humanity.

Amber's uncertainty steadied by Jason's resolve.

Power, when properly matched, does not consume.

It fortifies.

As they reached the sleek black car parked beneath the lantern trees, Jason opened the trunk himself.

Amber protested-of course she did.

He ignored her- of course he did.

Madam Sun's smile deepened by a fraction.

Yes.

Let them whisper.

Let them speculate.

Let them compare brothers and count past mistakes.

She had lived long enough to recognize something rare when she saw it.

Those two were not walking like a scandal.

They were walking like a decision.

And for the first time since the marriage announcement—

Madam Sun felt no need to interfere.

From the balcony, Madam Sun lifted her phone.

The camera zoomed slightly.

+15 Bonu!

Below, the courtyard lanterns cast warm gold across stone and shadow. Jason, shirtless, steady, guiding. Amber, uncertain but smiling at him as though she hadn't yet decided whether to trust the ground beneath her feet.

Click.

The image froze them in that quiet moment.

A reminder.

Sometimes... things can go right.

She lowered the phone and turned.

“Ann Marie.”

Her assistant appeared almost instantly from the sitting room doorway.

“Yes, Madam.”

“I need to know everything there is to know about Amber Asher.” 1

A slight pause.

“I have the dossier the private investigator delivered,” Ann Marie replied carefully.

Madam Sun’s expression did not soften.

“I am certain it is not the full truth.”

Silence. 1

“You have until tomorrow morning.”

Her gaze sharpened just enough to cut.

“Do not fail me.”

“Yes, Madam.”

Without another word, Madam Sun dismissed her and began walking toward her private wing.

The estate was quiet at this hour. Controlled. Disciplined.

As she entered her bedroom, the lamps already dimmed to their preferred evening glow, she found Mr. Sun waiting.

He rose from his armchair, crossed the room, and greeted her with a familiar kiss to her temple.

“You were watching,” he observed.

“I was.”

He studied her face.

“What of the scandal?” he asked. “Nicole. The child. Alice.”

Madam Sun removed her earrings slowly, placing them on the marble vanity.

“Amber believes Nicole acted out of tear,” she replied calmly. “Not malice.” 1

Mr. Sun frowned.

“Fear of what?”

MXXXT

+15 Bonus

Exposure

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“And the girl?”

“Amber stayed with her,” Madam Sun said. “Long enough to forget her own luggage.”

That earned a faint shift in his posture.

He waited.

Madam Sun hesitated – just briefly – then added, almost casually:

“Jason married her.”

Silence. 1

Then-

“What?” Mr. Sun’s voice sharpened instantly. “Married?”

His temper rose with precision.

“I had an intended bride arranged. The Huang alliance would have strengthened our shipping interests in Singapore. Does he think this family is a playground?”

Madam Sun did not interrupt.

She let him pace.

Let him vent.

“He cannot simply-”

“Her name is Amber Asher,” she said evenly.

The words cut through his rant.

Mr. Sun stopped mid-step.

“Asher?” he repeated.

Madam Sun watched him carefully.

“Yes.”

A slow, ironic smile formed at the corner of his mouth.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

He walked back toward her, temper cooling as quickly as it had ignited.

“Well,” he said at last, voice lower now. “Sometimes life has its own plans.”

Madam Sun’s gaze sharpened.

“You recognize the name.”

He did not answer directly.

Madora

+15 Bonu:

“Does he know?” he asked instead.

“I doubt it.”

A quiet understanding passed between them.

“So,” he continued mildly, “our grandson has either made the most reckless decision of his life... or the most inevitable one.”

Madam Sun picked up her phone again, glancing briefly at the photo she had taken.

Jason’s hand at Amber’s back.

Amber looking at him as though she was trying to believe something good could last..

“She is not ordinary,” Madam Sun said softly.

“No,” Mr. Sun agreed.

“And Jason does not choose randomly.”

The smile on his lips deepened slightly.

“No,” he said again.

He leaned closer, brushing a kiss against her hair.

“Let us see,” he murmured, “what the past has decided for them.”

Outside, in the courtyard-

Amber’s trunk closed.

Inside the estate-

Old secrets had just begun to stir. 1

□

Support

Share

man

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

I married a man

The room felt different once the doors closed.

Quieter.

Less like a battlefield.

I watched Jason move through the space. The dark wood, the tall windows, the controlled minimalism. Everything about this

room spoke of restraint.

Control.

“I’ll shower first,” I heard myself say.

I needed the water. Needed something steady and predictable against my skin after a day that had been anything but.

The marble bathroom was warm, the steam rising quickly as I stepped beneath the spray. I closed my eyes and let it fall over me.

Today, I married a man who had once been my almost-brother-in-law. 1

Today, I stepped into a dynasty that could crush me if it chose to.

Today, I held a little girl who looked like she had already learned too much about fear.

And somehow... I wasn't shaking.

When I returned to the bedroom, wrapped in a thick robe, Jason looked up. His gaze wasn't assessing. It wasn't territorial.

It was aware. T

That felt safer than it should have.

After he disappeared into the bathroom, I changed into something simple. Soft. Familiar. Mine.

The bed was larger than any I had ever slept in. Too large for one person. Almost too large for two.

I slipped beneath the covers carefully, unsure of the unspoken rules in a marriage that had begun in fire.

When Jason returned, he turned off the last lamp, and darkness settled around us.

He lay down beside me.

Not touching.

Close enough to feel his presence.

Far enough to respect distance.

The silence wasn't awkward.

It was... waiting.

I stared into the dim outline of the ceiling and felt the weight of everything pressing against my thoughts.

The whispers that would follow tomorrow.

The questions.

The comparisons.

Oscar

Nicole

Alice.

The Sun family.

And yet-

I wasn't afraid.

Not in this moment.

Jason shifted slightly, and warmth radiated from his side of the bed. Solid. Steady.

I surprised myself when I turned just a fraction toward him.

Not enough to bridge the space.

Just enough to feel that I wasn't alone in it.

"Goodnight, Jason," I murmured softly.

It came out more natural than I expected.

Sincere.

I heard him begin to answer.

But the day had taken everything from me.

Sleep pulled me under before he could finish.

There was no struggle.

No spiraling thoughts.

Just warmth.

And the quiet realization – right before darkness claimed me

That for the first time since this chaos began...

I didn't feel like I was standing alone in the fire.

The first thing I felt was warmth.

The second-

Impact.

A heavy pounding against the bedroom doors.

Not polite.

Not hesitant.

Demanding.

My body jerked before my mind caught up.

For half a second, I didn't know where I was.

+15 Bonus

214

immed4

+15 Bonus

The ceiling above me was unfamiliar. The sheets were softer than any I owned. The air carried a faint scent of sandalwood and something distinctly him.

Then-

The door again.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

Voices followed, muffled through thick wood.

I couldn't make out the words.

Only urgency.

Something stirred beside me.

Jason.

I became aware of how close we were.

Sometime during the night, the careful distance had disappeared. His arm was heavy across my waist, his body angled slightly toward mine, as if instinct had overruled intention. 1

The pounding didn't stop.

A voice broke through more clearly this time.

“Jason!”

Low. Male. Agitated.

Another strike against the door.

Jason shifted.

Not startled. 1

Not confused.

Just instantly awake.

It was unsettling how fast his body went from rest to readiness.

He tightened his arm briefly around me before lifting his head.

Then I felt it

His hand at my shoulder. 1

Firm.

Gentle.

“Amber.”

My name wasn't sharp.

It was steady.

I forced my eyes open fully.

His face hovered above mine, expression already composed, already calculating.

morada

“Stay calm,” tre murmured.

The pounding came again.

“Jason, open this door!”

That voice I recognized.

Oscar.

Of course.

I pushed myself upright slowly, heart beginning to race.

“What is it?” I whispered.

Jason's jaw tightened almost imperceptibly.

"I don't know yet."

He slid out of bed, movement controlled, efficient. No wasted energy. No visible irritation.

The pounding continued.

Whatever was happening-

It wasn't small.

I wrapped the sheet tighter around myself as the room shifted from night's safety into morning's confrontation.

Jason didn't rush.

He walked to the door with deliberate calm.

Because in this house-

The first person to lose composure lost power.

And I had a feeling-

Whatever was waiting outside-

Was meant to shake us.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

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

Private space

The door swung open.

Oscar didn't hesitate.

He shoved forward immediately, trying to push past Jason.

"Where is she?" he demanded.

Jason didn't move.

Didn't stumble.

He absorbed the force like it was expected and blocked him with one arm.

Oscar was furious.

Not irritated.

Furious.

His eyes were wild, jaw tight, hair disheveled as if he hadn't slept.

Behind him-

The hallway was packed.

Members of the Sun family lined the corridor in silk robes and tailored morning wear.
Cousins. Aunts. Uncles. Observers.

Watching.

Always watching.

Oscar held up his phone, shoving it toward Jason's face.

On the screen-

The photo.

Jason. Shirtless. Walking across the courtyard.

My hand in his. 1

My face turned toward him.

His hand at my back.

Intimate.

Unfiltered.

And beneath it-

Headlines.

Treason of the Century.

Sun Heir Marries Brother's Former Lover – Secret Night Revealed.

Estate Betrayal

I felt the weight of it before I even stood up.

+15 Bonus

Puvata sp

+15 Bonus

“They’re calling it the treason of the century,” Oscar spat. “You hurtliated me. You humiliated this family.”

Jason didn’t raise his voice.

“How did you get inside the estate?”

Oscar blinked, thrown off by the calm question

“That’s what you’re worried about?”

“You are not a member of this family,” Jason said evenly. “You do not have access to this wing.”

A beat.

Oscar’s jaw tightened.

“Your cousin let me in.”

Of course.

Murmurs rippled through the hallway.

Jason’s posture didn’t change.

But something in the air did.

Controlled anger.

Dangerous.

Behind him, I stretched.

Deliberately.

Unhurried.

The sheet slipped from my shoulder as I sat up, morning light cutting across the room. Every single person in that hallway had a

direct view inside now.

Let them look.

If they were going to scandalize me, they could at least be uncomfortable doing it.

I slid my legs over the side of the bed and stood.

There was a sharp intake of breath from somewhere in the hallway.

Oscar's eyes flicked past Jason to me. 1

That was a mistake.

I brushed my hair back casually and gave him a look that was far too calm for the chaos unfolding.

“Good morning,” I said lightly.

His face darkened.

Jason shifted slightly, blocking more of the doorway instinctively.

Possessive

Protective

Privat pa

Of both

I tilted my head.

“If you’re all done staging a public trial in my bedroom,” I said, voice steady but carrying easily down the corridor, “I’d appreciate a little privacy so I can get dressed.”

Silence.

No one moved.

I smiled faintly.

“Unless the Sun family has adopted communal mornings?”

A cousin coughed awkwardly.

An aunt looked away.

Jason didn’t look back at me, but I saw the subtle tightening of his shoulders.

He was holding the line.

Oscar took another step forward.

“This isn’t a joke, Amber.”

“I’m not laughing,” I replied evenly.

His grip tightened around his phone.

“You betrayed me.”

“No,” I said calmly. “You lost me.”

That hit.

The hallway went very, very quiet.

Jason’s voice cut through it.

“Leave.”

He didn’t shout.

He didn’t need to.

It wasn’t a request.

It was authority.

No one in the hallway mistook it.

One by one, family members began to step back.

Not because of the scandal.

Because of him.

Oscar stood there a second longer, rage warring with humiliation.

Then he leaned slightly to the side, trying to catch my eyes again.

+15 Bonus

PRVCTO SERVICE

+15 Bonu!

“This isn’t over.”

Jason stepped forward just enough to force Oscar back into the hallway.

“It is for this morning.”

And with that-

He closed the door.

The lock clicked.

Silence filled the room again.

I exhaled slowly.

“Well,” I muttered, walking toward my luggage, “that escalated quickly.”

Behind me, Jason didn’t laugh.

But I could feel it-

The storm had just begun.

We dressed in silence.

Not awkward.

Not tender either.

Intentional.

Jason's movements were precise as he buttoned his shirt, fastened his cufflinks, adjusted his watch. But I could see it – the tension in his jaw, the slight rigidity in his shoulders.

The hallway intrusion had unsettled him.

Not because of Oscar.

Because they had crossed into his bedroom.

His space.

In this house, privacy was currency. And this morning, they had spent his without permission.

I finished fastening my earrings and watched him in the mirror.

“They won’t do it again,” I said quietly.

His eyes met mine in the reflection.

“I’ll make sure of it.”

That wasn’t anger.

It was promise. 1

We stepped into the hallway together.

This time, it was empty.

But at the end of the corridor stood Madam Sun.

+15 Bonus

Perfectly composed. Already dressed. Already informed.

Her gaze moved over us once assessing, not judging.

“What a fine way to wake up today, isn’t it?” she said mildly.

Jason didn’t respond.

I smiled politely.

“I’ve had worse mornings.”

That earned the faintest flicker of approval in her eyes.

She turned her attention fully to me.

“Amber, dear,” she said smoothly, “what is your plan for the conference today?”

There it was.

Not are you prepared?

Not can you handle this?

What is your plan?

I handed her my tablet.

“Everything is outlined,” I said.

She accepted it without hesitation.

Jason glanced at me- surprised, perhaps, that I had come prepared for war.

Madam Sun began scrolling.

“The video of our vows,” I explained calmly. “Timestamped. Dated. Private ceremony recorded before any public dissolution of my previous engagement.”

She scrolled further.

“The financial breakdown of Oscar’s company,” I continued. “Projected collapse within six months without my property

assets.”

Jason’s eyes shifted slightly at that.

I kept my voice even.

“The properties they relied on? They’re legally mine. Acquired before the engagement. Documented.”

Madam Sun's brow lifted a fraction.

"I have not received a single penny for their use," I added.

She kept reading.

"And," I continued, "the record of Oscar marrying Amelie that same morning – before publicly announcing the end of our engagement."

Jason's head turned sharply.

I didn't look at him.

"They attempted to fire me from the company," I went on. "However, I never signed an employee contract."

Madam Sun looked up at that

"I was never an employee," I finished calmly. "I was a partial owner."

Silence settled in the corridor.

Jason stared at me now – not with doubt.

With realization.

“You knew,” he said quietly.

“I suspected,” I corrected. “I verified.”

Madam Sun handed the tablet back slowly.

Her expression had changed.

Not softer.

Sharper.

“You intend to dismantle him publicly,” she observed.

“No,” I replied evenly.

“I intend to clarify.”

A faint pause.

“If the truth dismantles him, that is not my responsibility.”

Jason’s lips twitched slightly.

Madam Sun studied me carefully.

“And the photo?” she asked.

I shrugged lightly.

“It shows a married couple walking across private property.”

Jason's hand brushed lightly against my lower back.

Subtle.

Grounding.

Madam Sun noticed.

Of course she did.

"And the headlines?" she pressed.

"Will correct themselves once the timeline is undeniable."

A long, measuring silence followed.

Then

Madam Sun smiled.

+15 Bonus

607

Small

Satisfied.

“Very well,” she said. “I will ensure the media invited today includes those who prefer facts over spectacle.”

That was not a casual offer.

That was backing.

Jason finally spoke.

“You’re certain about this?”

I met his eyes fully.

“I didn’t marry into this family unprepared.”

The hallway felt different now.

Less like a tribunal.

More like a chessboard.

Madam Sun turned to leave, then paused.

“Oh,” she added lightly, “and Amber?”

“Yes?”

“If you are going to burn a man down... do it elegantly.”

I smiled.

“I always do.”

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

P

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

Jason’s hand found mine.

Not for show.

Not for strategy.

Just instinct.

“I’m going to check on Alex and Alice,” he said quietly. “Yesterday was... a lot.” 2

His jaw tightened slightly when he said Alice’s name.

Of course it had been a lot.

Scandal. Nicole. Raised voices. Cameras.

Children absorbed chaos differently.

“I’ll come with you,” I said immediately.

The words were out before I weighed them.

His thumb brushed once across my knuckles.

Then-

Another hand closed gently around mine.

Cool.

Steady.

Madam Sun.

“Amber, dear.”

Her voice was velvet over steel.

I turned.

She held my hand not to restrain-

But to redirect.

“Let us go get you ready for your first public introduction to the world as a married woman.”

There it was again.

Not press conference.

Not damage control.

Introduction.

I glanced at Jason.

He understood immediately.

This was choreography.

Optics

+15 Bonu

Contoned roos

+15 Bonus

Positioning.

“I can see the children,” he said evenly.

Madam Sun gave the slightest nod

“He can take care of the children.”

It wasn't dismissal.

It was division of roles.

Jason squeezed my hand once more before releasing it.

There was something unspoken in his eyes.

Trust me.

I gave him the smallest nod in return.

Take care of them.

He left down the opposite corridor, shoulders squared, already shifting into protector.

And just like that-

I was alone with her.

Madam Sun did not rush.

She began walking gracefully toward the private dressing wing, and I matched her pace.

“You handled yourself well this morning,” she said without looking at me.

“Thank you.”

“You did not flinch.”

“I’ve learned not to.”

A slight glance in my direction.

“Yes,” she said softly. “I imagine you have.”

We walked past tall windows overlooking the inner courtyard the same one from the photograph now circulating like wildfire.

Servants moved discreetly below.

Preparations were already underway.

“Today,” she continued, “they will look at you and decide whether you are temporary.”

I didn’t respond.

“Your posture,” she added calmly, “will decide whether they are correct.”

We reached a large private salon.

Inside, stylists were already waiting.

Garments hung prepared 1

Jewelry displayed.

20

Contoned Cras

Shoes aligned.

I paused at the threshold.

This wasn't about beauty.

This was about message.

Madam Sun turned to face me fully now.

“When you walk beside Jason today,” she said, “you are not defending yourself.”

Her gaze sharpened slightly.

“You are establishing permanence,”

The word settled heavily.

Permanent.

I lifted my chin slightly.

“And if they try to provoke me?”

“They will.”

A faint smile.

“You will not react.”

“And if they question my marriage?”

“You will not justify.”

Her hand rested lightly against my shoulder.

“You will speak facts.”

A pause.

“And let them drown in their own assumptions.”

I couldn't help the faint smile that touched my lips.

“I believe we will get along very well,” I said.

Her eyes glinted.

“Oh, I have no doubt.”

Behind us, the doors closed softly.

In another wing of the estate, Jason was comforting children shaken by scandal.

Here

I was being armored for war.

And somehow

It didn't feel like I was being shaped.

It felt like I was being unveiled.

+15 Bonus

3072

Cantonest endo

+15 Bonus

The salen transformed me piece by piece. t

Not into someone else.

Into a version of myself that could survive cameras.

The stylist circled slowly, assessing.

“As a newly married woman,” she murmured, adjusting the fall of the fabric at my shoulders, “you should look soft.”

Another pin.

“Regal.”

A brush through my hair.

“Touched by the lies being spread about you.”

Not broken.

Not defensive.

Wounded-but dignified.

They chose ivory. Not white.

Structured, but fluid. Long sleeves. Clean neckline. No excess.

My hair was left mostly down, softened into controlled waves. Minimal jewelry. A single pair of pearl drops.

I studied my reflection.

I did look softer.

But my eyes hadn't changed.

The salon doors opened quietly.

I turned.

Jason stood there.

Dressed in charcoal. Impeccable. Controlled.

But it wasn't him that pulled my attention.

It was the two children beside him.

Alex looked... better.

Color had returned to his face. The bandage that had wrapped around his head yesterday was now hidden beneath a navy cap pulled low. He stood straight, but close to Jason's side.

Alice, however-

Alice was pure motion.

The moment she saw me, she broke into a run.

"Amber!"

Before I could fully brace myself, she collided into my legs, arms wrapping tightly around me.

Contained eriaños

Trust doesn't care about titles.

It cares about experience.

I kept my voice calm.

"You don't have to talk to me today," I told him. "We can just... start with a nod."

A long pause.

Then-

Barely perceptible.

He nodded once.

Small.

But intentional. (1)

I smiled gently.

“That works.”

Alice was still attached to my legs like a determined vine.

Jason’s gaze shifted to me again.

Approval.

Relief.

Something deeper.

“They were worried,” he said quietly.

“I was too,” I admitted.

The stylist stepped back, satisfied.

“Perfect,” she whispered.

I rose carefully, Alice finally releasing me but grabbing my hand instead.

Jason looked at the three of us.

His son. 1

His niece. 1

His wife.

The word still felt new.

“You don’t have to come downstairs,” he told the children.

Alice shook her head fiercely.

“I want to.”

Alex hesitated.

Then stepped closer to his father.

+15 Bonus

Contoned enant

“I’ll go,” he said quietly.

Jason’s hand rested briefly on the back of his son’s neck.

Grounding.

Protective. 1

I realized then-

Today wasn't just about scandal.

It was about visibility.

About showing the world that chaos hadn't fractured this house.

And perhaps-

About showing these children that stability was still possible.

Alice tugged my hand.

“You look like a queen,” she whispered.

I leaned closer.

“Queens still have to answer questions,” I replied softly.

Jason’s eyes met mine.

And for the first time since the door had been pounded that morning-

The chaos felt contained.

Not gone.

Contained.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

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

I won't be changing My surname

I won't be changing My surname

The lights were warmer than expected.

Not harsh. Not accusatory.

Almost intimate.

I sat alone on the cream sofa, hands resting calmly over my knees, posture straight but unthreatening. The room had been rearranged to look conversational – soft lamps, neutral tones, careful staging.

It was still a battlefield.

“Mrs. Sun-”

I smiled gently and lifted my hand slightly.

“I’m sorry,” I interrupted, voice light, almost embarrassed. “Before we begin... I won’t be changing my surname.”

A flicker of surprise passed through the room.

“I will remain Amber Asher.” 1

Pens paused.

Cameras adjusted.

“I married Jason,” I clarified softly, “not his last name.”

There was no rebellion in my tone. No defiance.

Just quiet certainty.

The moderator nodded, slightly thrown, and motioned for the first question.

“Miss Asher, the public is calling this ‘the treason of the century.’ Did you begin a relationship with Jason Sun while still engaged to his brother?”

“No,” I said gently.

“My relationship with Oscar ended months before any relationship with Jason began.”

A low murmur.

“It continued publicly,” I explained, “because there were business matters still intertwined. Properties under my name were being used for company operations, and the transition required cooperation.’

“So the engagement was maintained for appearances?” someone pressed.

I hesitated – just enough to look vulnerable, not calculating.

“I believed we could end things respectfully,” I said quietly. “I did not want unnecessary instability.”

“Were you still part of the company at that time?”

“I had already been asked to step away from active decision-making,” I answered. “I was no longer involved in daily operations.”

“And yet your properties were still in use?”

“Yes.”

The screen behind me illuminated with legal documentation ownership deeds, incorporation filings, dates.

wont be chtiging My surname

+15 Bonus

“They were never company property,” I said calmly. “They remain legally mine.’

A reporter leaned forward.

“If the company has integrated those properties into its operational structure, what are you going to do to reclaim ownership?”

I gave a small, almost saddened smile.

“They were never theirs to reclaim.”

Silence.

“I allowed their use because I cared about what we were building,” I continued. “But care does not equal transfer of ownership.”

“Are you saying you were manipulated?”

I shook my head gently.

“I’m saying I confused loyalty with obligation.”

That was more powerful.

“And now?”

“Now I will pursue appropriate legal channels to ensure proper compensation and clear separation.”

Another reporter jumped in.

“The company claims you were fired for misusing funds.”

My hands folded more tightly for just a second.

“I formally requested compensation for the continued commercial use of my buildings,” I said evenly. “Shortly after that request, I was informed my services were no longer required.”

“You never signed an employment contract, correct?”

“Correct. I was a partial owner, not an employee.”

The narrative shifted again.

“And Jason Sun?” someone asked. “When did that begin?”

For the first time, warmth reached my eyes.

“Jason did not pursue me while I was engaged,” I said softly. “In fact, he maintained distance.”

A small pause.

“He only stepped forward once everything had already ended.”

“Would you describe him as your rescuer?”

I let out a quiet breath that almost sounded like a laugh.

“I don’t think I needed rescuing.”

A beat.

“But he stood beside me when standing beside me came with consequences.”

That felt truer

Twont be eging My sumame

+15 Bonus

“He offered clarity when things were confusing Strength when things became loud.”

“And you’re confident in this marriage?”

“Yes,” I answered without hesitation.

“Because this time, I am choosing openly.”

No hidden agreements.

No withheld contracts.

No blurred lines.

“I will remain Amber Asher,” I added gently, almost as an afterthought. “But I am very proud to be Jason’s wife.”

The room softened.

Not defeated.

Disarmed.

There was no fury in my voice. No revenge.

Just boundaries.

COIN BUNDLE: get more free bonus

P

□

Support

Share

Cedella

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