

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

C 111-120

Borrowed textbooks

ke everything that breaks does.

Less food.

More work.

Less rest.

More silence.

I learned quickly.

Don't complain.

Don't ask questions.

Don't expect anything.

And names-

Names weren't important there.

"Boy."

"Kid."

"Hey, you."

That's what I became.

Not Jason.

Not a son.

Not anything that mattered.

Just...

Useful.

The days blurred together.

I don't remember how long it lasted.

Only how it felt.

Like shrinking.

Like disappearing.

Like if I stayed quiet enough-

I might not exist at all.

Until they came.

Mr. and Mrs. Sun.

+15 Bonus

27/11

I didn't know why.

Didn't understand how.

Only that one day-

They were there.

And everything stopped.

I remember my grandmother's face.

The way it changed when she saw me.

The way her hands trembled.

The way she knelt in front of me like I was something precious.

Something worth seeing.

“Jason,” she said.

Jason.

I hadn’t heard it in so long...

It didn’t feel like mine anymore.

She said it again.

Softer.

Stronger.

Like she was giving it back to me.

“Jason.”

And just like that-1

I existed again.

I was seven.

They took me with them that same day.

No questions.

No hesitation.

No permission.

And from that moment on-

I was theirs.

Safe.

Protected.

+15 Bonus

Seen.

But something had already changed.

Something had already broken.

You don't come back from that completely.

You don't forget what it feels like-

To not exist.

My gaze shifted back to Rose.

She clung to her name like I once had.

Like it was the only thing keeping her here.

Grounding her.

Making her real.

Amber had given her that.

Without hesitation.

Without doubt.

Without asking permission.

She didn't just save her.

She gave her existence.

My jaw tightened.

Because I knew-

Exactly what that meant.

I had spent years building power.

Control.

Influence.

A world where no one could take anything from me again.

Where no one could erase me.

Where no one could touch what was mine.

But Amber-

She didn't build control.

She built meaning.

And somehow-

| +15 @gnus

9/11

That was stronger.

exhaled slowly.

Trying to steady something inside me.

Something that had been shifting more and more lately.

Because this-

This wasn't just about rescuing a girl anymore.

This was about making sure-

No one like her-

No one like me-

Ever lost themselves like that again.

My gaze hardened slightly.

Focus returning.

Cold.

Precise.

Familiar.

The Becker family.

The Vinni family.

Anyone involved.

Anyone who knew.

Anyone who allowed it.

They weren't just enemies anymore.

They were a mistake.

And I would correct it.

Slowly.

Thoroughly.

Completely.

I glanced at Amber.

Still beside Rose.

Still steady.

Still... her.

!

ॐ

+15 Bonus

10/11

And for the first time since this started-

understood something clearly.

This wasn't just my war.

It was ours.

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

11/11

anger

room shifted again.

From urgency-

To assessment.

To truth.

Both girls were moved carefully.

Side by side.

The doctors worked around them with quiet efficiency.

No sudden movements.

No loud voices.

Just focus.

Just care.

“Full physical exams,” one of them said.

“We need everything.”

Bloodwork.

Scans.

Vitals.

Damage reports.

Not guesses.

Facts.

I stood back this time.

Close enough to see.

Far enough not to overwhelm them.

Jason stayed near Rose.

Unmoving.

Watching.

The results came faster than I expected.

And they hit harder than anything we had seen so far.

“Severe malnutrition.”

“Extended deprivation.”

+15 Bonus

1/12

“Vitamin deficiencies at critical levels.”

Each word-

A confirmation.

Not suspicion.

Not possibility.

Fact.

Then-

Rose.

“Three fractured ribs.”

My breath caught.

“recent.”

The doctor’s tone was controlled.

“Poorly healed, we have done what we could, now we wait.”

My stomach twisted.

“And...”

A pause.

Longer this time.

“Multiple fractures in upper and lower limbs.”

The screen shifted.

X-rays.

Lines.

Breaks.

Old damage layered over older damage.

“Repeated over time.”

I closed my eyes briefly.

Just for a second.

Because if I didn’t-

I was going to lose control. 1

Jason didn’t move.

Not even when the words landed.

+15 Bonus

2/12

But I saw it.

Me shift.

The tightening of his shoulders.

The way his jaw locked.

Dangerous.

Iris was next.

“Also malnourished.”

“Signs of chronic stress.”

“Physical strain.”

But-

Not like Rose.

No repeated fractures.

No long-term bone damage.

Different treatment.

Different purpose.

I looked at her.

At Iris.

Sitting quietly.

Watching everything.

Understanding more than she said.

Of course.

She had been kept.

Preserved.

Not for kindness.

For use.

Grandfather stepped forward.

His gaze moving between both girls.

Careful.

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c 112

As eyes settling on Iris.

Longer this time.

Studying.

Recognizing.

"...You look familiar," he said slowly.

I turned toward him.

"What do you mean?"

He didn't answer immediately.

Still watching her.

"...A friend of mine."

His voice quieter now.

"From years ago."

Iris shifted slightly under his gaze.

Not afraid-

Just unsure.

Grandfather exhaled slowly.

Then looked at me.

Then at Jason.

“I want to run a DNA test.”

The room went still for a second.

He turned back to the girls.

His voice softer now.

“Only if you both agree.”

Rose didn’t fully understand.

That much was clear.

But Iris did.

She looked at me.

Searching.

Asking.

+15 Bonus

4/12

I nodded once.

t’s your choice.”

A’pause.

Then-

Iris nodded.

Small.

But certain.

Rose followed.

More instinct than understanding.

But still-

Agreement.

Grandfather gave a short nod.

“I’ll handle it.”

And just like that-

He left.

Already moving.

Already thinking ahead.

The doctors continued.

Careful.

Precise.

They administered medication.

Slowly.

Measured doses.

Nothing too strong.

Nothing that could overwhelm already fragile systems.

Food came next.

Simple.

Bland.

Easy to process.

Small portions.

C

+15 Bonus

5/12

Water.

Hydration first.

Always.

Rose struggled at first.

Her body unsure of what to do.

But Jason stayed close.

Not touching.

Just there.

Grounding.

Iris ate quietly.

Carefully.

Watching everything.

Learning.

When it was done-

The room softened again.

Lights dimmed slightly.

Voices lowered.

“They need rest,” one of the doctors said.

“Real rest.”

“Recovery will take time.”

Time.

That was something they had never been given.

Now-

They would have it.

We stepped back.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Not rushing.

Not overwhelming.

I adjusted the blanket around Rose gently.

C

+15 Bonus

6/12

She stirred.

But didn't wake.

Iris lay down beside her.

Not touching at first.

Then-

Slowly-

Her hand moved.

Resting just close enough.

Together.

I looked at them.

At Rose.

At Iris.

And something inside me settled.

Not calm.

Not peace.

Purpose.

I turned slightly.

Jason was still there.

Still watching.

Still... holding back.

“This isn’t over,” I said quietly.

He didn’t look at me.

But his answer came immediately.

Cold.

Certain.

“I know.”

Jason and I stepped out of the room together.

Quietly.

Carefully.

Closing the door behind us.

+15 Bonus

7/12

Leaving Rose and Iris-

Together.

The hallway felt too still.

Too clean.

Too normal.

After everything.

I didn't stop walking.

Not yet.

My feet carried me forward instinctively.

Toward the part of the house that mattered most.

Alice's room.

I pushed the door open slowly.

Careful not to make noise.

She was asleep.

Peaceful.

One arm thrown over her blanket.

Hair spread across the pillow.

Unbothered.

Unaware.

Safe.

My chest tightened.

Not in pain.

In something sharper.

Something more dangerous.

I stepped closer.

Adjusted her blanket slightly.

Just enough.

Just because I could.

Then I turned.

+15 Bonus

8/12

And walked out.

Alex's room.

The same.

Sleeping.

Safe.

I stood there longer.

Watching him.

Making sure.

Making sure.

And then-

I closed the door.

Silence followed us into the hallway again.

But this time-

It wasn't quiet.

It was loud.

Inside me.

My hands curled slightly at my sides.

My thoughts racing.

Images I couldn't shake.

Rose.

Her ribs.

Her bones.

Her fear.

If something like that-

Even remotely close-

Had happened to Alice.

To Alex.

I would burn everything.

The thought came so naturally-

So clearly-

+15 8cnus

9/12

angor

It didn't even feel like anger.

felt like truth.

A hand settled at my waist.

Warm.

Steady. 1

Jason.

I didn't pull away.

But I didn't lean in either.

Because I felt it.

Immediately.

The tension.

Not surface.

Not visible to anyone else.

But there.

Sharp.

Controlled.

Too controlled.

He was holding something back.

Something big.

Something dangerous.

I turned slightly toward him.

Studying him.

"You're tense," I said quietly.

He didn't deny it.

Didn't explain.

Of course he didn't.

I exhaled slowly.

Then made a decision.

“Come with me,” I said.

He looked at me.

+15 Bonus

10/12

Finally.

The garden.”

A’small pause.

Then-

A nod.

We walked in silence.

Through the halls.

Out into the open air.

The night was calm.

Cool.

The kind of quiet that should have been peaceful.

It wasn’t.

I stopped.

Turned toward him.

“Talk to me,” I said softly.

Jason looked at me for a moment.

Longer than usual.

Like he was deciding something.

Then-

He stepped closer.

His hand still resting at my waist.

Grounding.

Anchoring.

And finally-

He spoke.

“Have I ever told you...”

A small pause.

“...how I came to live with my grandparents?”

C

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

ason didn’t answer immediately.

He looked ahead.

Not at me.

Like whatever he was about to say-

Wasn't easy.

Then-

He exhaled.

Slow.

Measured.

“My father discarded me.”

The words were simple.

But they hit harder than anything else.

I didn't interrupt.

Didn't move.

Just listened.

"It happened when Oscar was born," he continued.

"And when he remarried."

A pause.

"My existence became... inconvenient."

My chest tightened.

"I was five."

His voice didn't shake.

But there was something under it.

Something controlled.

Too controlled.

"He sent me to live with a relative."

"At first, it was temporary," he said.

"Or at least that's what I was told."

A humorless breath escaped him.

Wi

+15 Bonus

Ha

+15 Bonus

TE

“It never is.”

stayed there for two years.”

“I learned quickly.”

His tone sharpened slightly.

“Not to expect anything.”

“Not to complain.”

“Not to exist unless needed.”

“They didn’t use my name.”

“Boy.”

“Kid.”

“Hey, you.”

I felt something inside me burn.

“I became useful,” he said.

“Because that’s the only way to survive in a place like that.”

“I was seven when my grandparents found me.

“They went looking for me.”

“They didn’t ask permission.”

“They took me back.”

Finally-

He looked at me.

“And from that moment on...”

A pause.

“I was never going to let that happen again.”

Jason stepped closer.

His hand tightening slightly at my waist.

“I will destroy the Vinni family for this.”

No hesitation.

No doubt.

Only certainty.

“Children are not tools.”

His voice dropped.

Colder.

Sharper.

“They are not leverage.”

“They are not servants.’

“They are not... disposable.”

“And that,” he continued,

“is also why I adopted Alice and Alex.”

“My cousin died.”

“And there were options.”

His jaw tightened.

“People willing to take them in.”

“I refused.”

His eyes locked onto mine.

“I wasn’t going to let them end up in a house where they would have to earn the right to exist.”

“They deserved better.”

A beat.

“I made sure they got it.”

Silence followed.

Heavy.

Full. 1

I stepped closer.

Closing the distance between us.

“You did,” I said softly.

“You didn’t just give them better...”

A small breath.

“You became it.”

Something shifted in his expression.

Subtle.

But real.

+15 Bonus

I took his hand.

Holding it firmly.

“And for the record...”

My voice didn’t waver.

Didn’t soften.

“I will not only stand by the fire with you...”

I stepped closer.

Meeting him fully.

“I will help you burn it all down.”

Silence.

For a moment-

The world felt still.

Jason exhaled slowly.

Something in him easing.

Just a fraction.

“Good,” he said.

And this time-

+15 Bohus

There was no tension in his voice.

Only decision, pain and a need for justice.

“Jason?, was Oscars mom okay with you going away? i can imagine I would not stop you or you ever dared to send Alex and Alice away,” 1

Jason sighed, it was a heavy sound. 1

“That’s because you are an amazing woman Love, my stepmother not so much, it has been years since she left this world and I still think her evil aura remains, she was like a Disney villain, the only one that saw through her was me, and I was treated as vermin by her, my presence a constant reminder that there was an heir to my father’s fortune” 1

My heart broke at the idea of a 5 year old Jason having to deal with an older woman’s tantrums.

Jason spoke about her using a monotone voice, no inflection, emotion or intent presence, as if this was a recording, a speech he had memorized over the years.

“Do you want me to send your dad away? he should know what it feels like to be discarded”

I felt furious.

But Jason chuckled as he moved his head saying no.

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P

Support

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+15 Bonus

get it

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Status: Ongoing

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Alive

Amber POV

Jason moved first.

Pulling me into him.

Hard.

Tight.

Like if he didn't-

I might disappear.

The hug was not gentle.

It was desperate.

Grounding.

Possessive.

I didn't hesitate.

I wrapped my arms around him just as fiercely.

Holding on.

Matching him.

For a moment- 1

There was nothing else.

No families.

No war.

No past.

Just us.

Then Jason exhaled slowly against my hair.

And I felt it-

That shift again. 1

From emotion-

To strategy.

“The first step...” he murmured.

I pulled back slightly, just enough to look at him.

“...is for you to win the Heir position.”

+15 Bonus

I blinked.

That was already the plan.”

His gaze sharpened.

“Yes.”

A pause.

“But now it’s critical.”

“They’re not just attacking us,” he continued.

“They’re positioning themselves.”

His jaw tightened.

“They want control.”

“The Asher family,” I finished quietly.

He nodded.

“Once you’re officially Heir,” he said,

“They lose that path.”

I held his gaze.

Steady.

Certain.

“I’m not losing,” I said.

A small shift in his expression.

Not surprise.

Not doubt.

Approval.

“I know,” he replied.

And just like that-

The war had its first move.

The Next Day

For the first time in what felt like forever-

The house was... calm.

Not silent.

Not tense.

३३१

+15 Bonus

2.8

Calm.

Alice sat cross-legged on the floor.

Already talking.

Already smiling.

Already curious.

Alex stood beside her.

More reserved.

More observant.

But just as present.

Rose sat close to me.

Still quiet.

Still unsure.

But watching everything.

Iris sat beside her.

Not touching-

But close enough.

Protective.

Even now.

“This is Alice,” I said gently.

“And Alex.”

Alice didn’t wait.

“Hi!”

She scooted closer.

Bright.

Warm.

Unfiltered.

Rose flinched slightly.

But didn’t pull away.

Alex stepped forward more slowly.

Offering a small nod.

+15 Bchus

“Hey.”

Is watched them carefully.

Assessing.

Measuring.

Then-

Slowly-

She nodded back.

It wasn't loud.

It wasn't dramatic.

But it was something.

And for now-

That was enough.

The moment stretched.

Soft.

Unexpected. 1

Alice began talking about something random.

Something about her toys.

Or the garden.

Or both.

Rose listened.

Wide-eyed.

And for the first time-

She didn't look afraid.

I leaned back slightly.

Letting it happen.

Letting them have this.

A moment.

A family moment.

Rare.

Fragile.

+15 8chus

4.8

Sovi

Real.

Amber.”

Grandfather’s voice cut through it.

Not harsh.

But firm.

I turned.

He stood at the doorway.

Serious.

My stomach dropped.

“I need to speak with you.”

I stood slowly.

Glancing once at the children.

At Jason.

Then followed him out.

The hallway felt colder.

Quieter.

“What is it?” I asked.

He didn’t answer immediately.

Instead-

He handed me a folder.

“The DNA results are back.”

My fingers tightened around it.

“And?” 1

He looked at me.

His expression unreadable.

“...The Becker family has committed unforgivable sins.”

My chest tightened.

I opened the folder.

Scanning.

Reading.

+15 Bohus

598

Understanding.

And then-

I froze.

“Iris...”

My voice barely came out.

Grandfather nodded slowly.

“She is not just anyone.”

A pause.

“She is the only surviving heir...”

My heart began to pound.

“...to the Stuart family.”

The name hit like a shockwave.

“No,” I whispered.

Grandfather’s voice remained steady. 1

“Their heir and his daughter were reported dead sixteen years ago.”

“But they weren’t.”

A pause.

Heavy.

“The Beckers had her the entire time.”

Silence.

The world shifted.

Again.

This wasn’t just abuse anymore.

This was theft.

A stolen identity.

A stolen legacy.

A stolen life.

And suddenly-

Everything became bigger.

Much bigger.

ཁ་ཕྱིར་

+15 Bonus

6.8

I looked back toward the room.

Where Iris sat.

Quiet.

Watching.

Unaware.

Not just a survivor.

An heir.

And now-

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

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I closed the folder slowly.

“They didn’t just hurt her,” I said quietly.

Grandfather’s gaze hardened.

“They erased her.”

I lifted my head.

“Not anymore.”

Grandfather nodded once.

Then reached for his phone.

“I’m calling them.”

I frowned slightly.

“Calling who?”

He looked at me, already dialing.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sun.”

That made sense.

But then he added-

“Mr. Stuart was one of their closest friends.”

My breath caught.

“Everyone knew what losing his family did to him,” Grandfather continued.

“Destroyed doesn’t even begin to describe it.”

The call connected.

His tone shifted.

+15 Bonus

More formal.

More urgent.

“We need you to come to the estate.”

A pause.

“Yes... it’s about the Stuart family.”

Another pause.

Longer.

“They need to know.”

He ended the call slowly.

The silence that followed-

Was heavier than anything before.

Because this wasn't just about us anymore.

This was about a man-

Who had mourned his family for sixteen years.

A man who believed-

He had buried his legacy.

And now-

We were about to tell him-

She had been alive all along.

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Support

Share

+15 Bohus

get it

1771005

+15 Bchus

Furious

How do you look at a man who has spent years fueled by hope and tell him that hope is a jagged blade? There was no way to deliver the truth without breaking him. Iris was alive—the last of his blood, the sole heir to his legacy- but she had been forged in a fire set by his own allies.

While he searched, they traded. They stripped her of her name and prepared to sell her off to the highest bidder like a piece of property, even while she was a child. It was a betrayal of the highest order, a business deal written in his granddaughter's blood. The Beckers and the Vinnys didn't just want the inheritance; they wanted to erase her until there was nothing left to claim.

My heart went numb as the weight of it settled. It was strange-Jason seemed to find his rhythm with Rose, connecting with her in a way I couldn't reach. But Iris? Iris was the one left in the wreckage, and she was mine to fight for.

How do you look at a girl who has barely turned sixteen and tell her that her entire life was a lie designed to keep her small? It wasn't just a kidnapping; it was a systematic theft. They didn't just steal her name; they stole every advantage, every comfort, and every scrap of knowledge that should have been her birthright. They traded her potential for their profit.

The hardest part wouldn't be explaining the cruelty of her captors, but the depth of the love she had missed. Somewhere, a man had spent years shouting her name into the silence, refusing to believe the evidence of her death. She had a grandfather who had never stopped looking-a man whose heart had been waiting for her while she was being broken by strangers.

My own heart broke for her then, mourning the ghost of the girl she should have been. But as the grief settled, it hardened into something else. Something sharper. I looked at the wreckage they had left of her and found my resolve. They had stolen her past, but I would burn the world to bring back her happiness.

Jason found me at the edge of the stairs, a shadow in the dim hallway. Grandfather had already retreated, his voice a low, strained murmur as he spoke with the Suns on the phone.

When Jason reached for me, I didn't pull away. He held me as the first sob finally broke through. ¹

"She is the Stuart heir, Jason," I whispered against his shoulder, my head throbbing with a dull, rhythmic ache. "She is Iris Stuart. They took everything from her-the years she should have spent playing, singing, just being. They stole her innocence, and she's never going to get that time back. It's just... gone."

I could feel the hot trail of tears on my cheeks, the salt stinging my skin. Jason's grip tightened, his embrace turning from a comfort into a shield.

“Then we bring it back,” he murmured, his voice vibrating with a dark, simmering promise of anger. “We bring back her happiness-for her and for Rose. We make sure they are cared for, that they are safe, and that they never have to want for anything ever again.”

He pulled back just enough to look at me, his eyes hard with resolve. “We make them whole again.”

Jason took my face between his hands, his palms warm against my tear-stained skin. He forced me to look up, anchoring me until my eyes met his. The comfort was gone, replaced by a terrifying, quiet clarity.

“And we destroy them,” he said, his voice dropping to a low, jagged edge. “We dismantle the Beckers and the Vinnys. Every brick, every bit of influence-we tear it all down.”

I searched his face, seeing the same numbness in him that had settled in my own heart.

“The Vinnys might slip through,” he continued, his thumb tracing a slow, deliberate line over my cheekbone.”

+15 Bonus

They played it too close to the vest; there isn't enough evidence to bury them yet. But the Beckers?" A cold, dark smile touched his lips, one that didn't reach his eyes. "The Beckers are done. By the time we're finished, they won't even have a name left to hide behind."

Support

Share

Luis Stuart

Amber POV

The garden felt different that afternoon.

Not heavy.

Not tense.

But... watchful.

We sat together.

Grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Sun.

Jason.

And me.

The table between us untouched.

Conversations low.

Measured.

Careful.

In front of us-

The children.

Alice laughed as she ran across the grass.

Alex followed, pretending not to enjoy it as much as he clearly did.

And Rose-

She was sitting on the ground.

Watching.

Smiling.

Small.

Fragile.

But real.

A few steps away—

Iris.

She wasn't playing.

Not yet.

+15 Bonus

1/11

Stock

She stood slightly apart

Watching everything.

Watching Rose.

Always Rose.

Protective.

Even now.

Jason's hand rested lightly over mine.

Steady.

Grounding.

“We need to decide how to tell him,” Grandfather said quietly.

Mr. Sun nodded.

“Carefully.”

Mrs. Sun’s gaze softened as she looked at Iris.

“He lost everything.”

“Sixteen years,” Grandfather added.

“Sixteen years believing they were gone.”

Silence followed.

Because there was no easy way to undo that kind of grief.

I exhaled slowly.

Then stood.

“I’ll talk to her first.”

Jason’s fingers tightened slightly before letting go.

I walked toward Iris.

Slowly. 1

Carefully.

“Hey,” I said softly.

She turned immediately.

Alert.

Attentive.

“Come sit with us.”

+15 Bonus

2/11

She hesitated.

Her eyes flicking toward Rose.

Then back to me.

“It’s okay,” I added gently.

“She’ll be right there.”

A small pause.

Then-

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c 116

She walked with me.

Careful steps.

Measured.

Still unsure of every space she entered.

We sat.

She stayed close to me.

Not touching-

But near enough.

I met her gaze.

Soft.

Steady.

“There’s something we need to talk to you about.”

She tensed immediately.

Jason leaned forward slightly.

“Nothing bad,” he said.

Her shoulders relaxed just a fraction.

I nodded.

“Something important.”

A pause.

Then I chose my words carefully.

“You’re not just anyone, Iris.”

Her brows furrowed slightly.

+15 Bonus

3/11

“You’re the heir to a very powerful family.”

Sdence.

Her expression didn’t change immediately.

Like the words didn’t quite land.

“The only heir,” I added softly.

Her breathing shifted.

Just slightly.

“And...”

I held her gaze.

“...your grandfather believes you’ve been gone for sixteen years.’

That’s when it hit.

Her lips parted.

Her eyes widened. i

“What...?” she whispered.

Mr. Sun leaned forward slightly.

Gentle.

Measured.

“Your name,” he said softly,

“is Iris Stuart.”

The words settled into the air.

Heavy.

Unavoidable.

Mrs. Sun added quietly-

“A coincidence... or perhaps the universe correcting something that was taken from you.”

Iris didn’t move.

Didn’t speak.

She just sat there.

Processing.

Her eyes shifted between us.

Searching.

нул

+15 8chus

4/11

Trying to understand.

Nying to believe.

“I... was supposed to be...” she whispered.

I nodded.

“Yes.”

Her breathing became uneven.

“I had a family?” she asked.

My chest tightened.

“You still do.”

That was it.

The moment it broke.

She turned suddenly-

And grabbed onto me.

Hard.

Desperate.

Her body shaking as the first sob tore through her.

“I lost everything,” she cried.

Her fingers clenched into my clothes.

“My life...”

“My future...” 1

“They took it-”

Her voice broke completely.

“They took everything...”

I held her.

Tight.

Steady.

“They don’t get to keep it,” I said softly.

She cried harder.

“I could have had-”

She couldn’t finish.

+15 Bonus

5/11

“I could have been-”

Her voice dissolved into sobs.

Sixteen years.

Of pain.

Of silence.

Of survival.

All crashing down at once.

“I want it back...” she whispered.

I tightened my hold on her.

“And you will,” I said.

My voice steady.

Certain.

“Every single piece of it.”

Behind me-

The garden had gone silent.

No laughter.

No movement.

Just the weight of truth.

Jason stood.

Slowly. 1

Not interrupting.

Not stepping in.

But present.

Watching.

And deciding.

Because this-

Was no longer just a rescue.

This-

Was a reckoning.

The garden had gone silent.

+15 Bonus

6/11

Even Alice had stopped laughing.

Alex had gone still.

Rose had a blank look on her face.

Jason stood. 1

Slowly. 1

Watching.

Not interrupting.

But I could feel it-

That shift again.

That decision forming.

And then-

Footsteps.

Fast.

Unmeasured.

Not announced.

All of us turned at once.

A man was walking toward us.

No-

Not walking.

Moving with purpose.

Like nothing could stop him.

The guards behind him looked unsure.

Like they had tried-

And failed-

To hold him back.

Grandfather stood immediately.

“Luis-”

Mr. Stuart didn’t even look at him.

His eyes were locked.

On Iris.

+15 Bonus

7/11

From the moment he stepped into the garden-

He saw her.

And something in his expression-

Broke.

Years.

Sixteen years of grief.

Of loss.

Of burying something that had never truly been gone.

“I knew it...” he whispered.

No greeting.

No question.

No hesitation.

“I knew it.”

His voice trembled.

His steps slowed now.

Like he was afraid-

That if he moved too fast-

She might disappear.

Iris stiffened in my arms.

Her crying stopped.

Abruptly.

She turned slowly.

Following his voice.

Their eyes met.

And the world-

Stopped.

No one spoke.

No one moved.

Mr. Stuart's hands trembled at his sides.

...my granddaughter..." he said, barely audible.

+15 Bonus

8/11

Iris blinked.

Confused.

Overwhelmed.

Still crying.

Still breaking.

She looked at me.

Searching.

Asking.

I didn't speak.

I didn't interrupt.

Because this moment-

Didn't belong to me.

It belonged to them.

Mr. Stuart took another step forward.

Slow.

Careful.

"I looked for you," he said.

His voice cracking.

"I never stopped looking."

Iris's fingers tightened around me.

"I buried you," he whispered.

The words shattered in the air.

"I buried both of you..."

His voice broke completely.

"But I knew something was wrong..."

Cedella

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Like she didn't understand.

Like she didn't know what to do with this.

+158chus

9/11

"I don't..." she whispered.

Stuart stopped.

Right in front of her now.

Not touching.

Not yet.

Like he was waiting.

For permission.

For acceptance.

For something.

His eyes scanned her face.

Every feature.

Every detail.

Like he was memorizing her all over again.

“...you have her eyes,” he said softly.

Silence.

“You have my daughter’s eyes.”

Iris broke again.

Not loud this time.

Not desperate.

Just-

Tears.

Quiet.

Endless.

“I don’t know you...” she whispered.

Mr. Stuart nodded.

His expression shattered-

But accepting.

“I know,” he said.

A pause.

“But I know you.”

+15 Bonus

10/11

His hand lifted slightly.

Men stopped.

Mid-air.

As if asking.

As if afraid.

Iris hesitated.

Her breathing uneven.

Her body still tense.

Still unsure.

Then-

Slowly-

She let go of me.

And reached out.

Just a little.

Their hands met.

And everything-

Changed.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

71/11

Not brakan

Not broken

They will answer for this.”

The words didn’t echo.

They settled.

Heavy.

Final.

Mr. Stuart didn't sit.

Didn't hesitate.

He turned to us.

To all of us.

"What have you done so far?"

His voice was steady now.

Focused.

“And how can I help?”

This wasn't grief anymore.

This was war.

Grandfather gestured toward the table.

“Sit.”

Mr. Stuart hesitated only a second-

Then obeyed.

I glanced at Jason.

He gave me a small nod.

So I spoke.

“We didn’t find Iris first.”

His eyes snapped to me.

“We found Rose.”

I explained everything.

“Adrian told me,” I continued.

“He suspected something was wrong.”

Jason shifted slightly beside me.

+15 8cnus

1/10

Not Brskap

+15 Bohus

Listening.

Measuring.

“He said his half-sister, the one he was just being told existed, was being held by the Becker family, they told her that whatever happened to her was up to him, they ordered him to ask for an Heir trial, they intended for him to win” I added.

Mr. Stuart’s expression darkened.

“But he didn’t know the full extent” I said.

I looked at Iris briefly.

Then back at him.

“None of us did.”

Silence.

“We went in to get Rose,” I continued.

“And found Iris there.”

Mr. Stuart exhaled slowly.

Processing.

Connecting.

“Adrian...” he muttered.

Grandfather nodded.

“He’s being controlled, we have not told him Rose is with us yet”

That didn’t surprise him.

Mr. Stuart leaned forward slightly.

“You said you’re in the middle of an Heir trial?”

I nodded.

“Yes.”

A pause.

Then-

“I’ll support you.”

Simple.

Direct.

But it meant everything.

Grandfather didn’t react outwardly-

2.10

Not Drakar

But I felt the shift.

Power.

Balance.

War just became... possible.

“Thank you,” I said quietly.

Mr. Stuart shook his head.

“This isn’t charity.”

His gaze moved to Iris.

“This is repayment.”

The air shifted again.

Mrs. Sun leaned forward.

“There’s something else,” she said.

I met her gaze.

She nodded slightly.

So I continued.

“I told her something the day we met.’

Mr. Stuart turned his attention fully to me.

“A theory.”

Jason’s hand brushed mine lightly.

Grounding.

“I think this isn’t isolated,” I said.

Silence.

“I think someone has been targeting heirs.”

Mr. Stuart’s expression sharpened.

“While they’re young,” I continued.

“Before they can take control.”

Mrs. Sun added softly-

“To weaken the next generation.”

“To manipulate succession,” I finished.

The implications landed.

+15 8chus

3/10

Not buka

Hard.

Grandfather didn’t interrupt.

He already knew.

Mr. Stuart leaned back slightly.

“And you have proof of this?”

I exhaled slowly.

“Not proof,” I admitted.

“But patterns.”

And then-

I gave them mine.

“My nannies,” I said.

Jason turned slightly toward me.

“They weren’t just negligent.”

My voice hardened.

“They were deliberate.”

Memories surfaced.

Sharp.

Unwelcome.

“They isolated me.”

“Undermined me.”

“Made sure I doubted myself.”

I swallowed.

“They didn’t want me strong.”

Silence.

Mrs. Sun nodded slowly.

“It wasn’t just you.”

Her voice softened-

But carried weight.

“Whith Alice and Alex...” 1

Jason’s jaw tightened.

+15 Bonus

4/10

*}_!_tj4Uv

“Their nanny was the same.”

My chest tightened.

“They were mistreated,” she continued.

“Subtly.”

“Carefully.”

“Enough to weaken them,” Jason added.

His voice was colder now.

“Not enough to raise suspicion immediately.”

Mr. Stuart’s gaze darkened.

“And you’re saying this was intentional?”

“Yes, i saw it happen and i made sure they we’re okay, Alex is still afraid of small spaces”
I said.

Jason spoke next.

Calm.

Controlled.

“It doesn’t stop there.”

All eyes turned to him.

He didn't hesitate.

"When I was five," he said,

"My father remarried."

Silence fell again.

"He sent me away."

No emotion.

Just fact.

"To a supposed relative, later i found out it was a hired nanny as well."

Jason's gaze didn't waver.

“They took my name.”

The words landed heavier than anything else.

“For two years...”

he continued,

Cedella

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

Borrowed textbooks 118

I felt my breath catch.

No identity.”

“No protection.”

“No one looking.”

Iris shifted slightly. 1

Closer.

Jason didn’t look at her-

But I knew he felt it.

“They used me,” he said.

A pause.

“Until my grandparents found out.”

Mrs. Sun reached for his hand.

“I was seven when they brought me back.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Connecting.

Pattern after pattern.

Victim after victim.

Heir after heir.

Mr. Stuart stood slowly.

Now-

There was no doubt left in his expression.

“This is organized.”

Not a question.

A conclusion.

Grandfather nodded.

“Yes.”

Mr. Stuart looked at each of us.

Then at Iris.

Then at Rose.

+15 Bonus

6/10

F! LZAA₃

Then back at us.

They didn't just steal from me."

His voice dropped.

"They tried to built something... by breaking our heirs." 1

Jason's gaze darkened.

"And now," he said quietly,

"we break them back."

No hesitation.

No mercy.

And this time-

We would not hold back.

Silence followed.

Not empty-

But full.

Of understanding.

Of rage.

Of purpose.

No one questioned it anymore.

No one doubted it.

This wasn't coincidence.

This wasn't misfortune.

This was planned.

And they had survived it.

Iris hadn't moved from where she stood.

Still close.

Still watching.

Still... learning how to exist in a world that was finally hers,

Slowly-

She turned to me.

"Amber..." she said.

+15 Bonus

7/10

Her voice was small.

Careful.

I crouched slightly to meet her eyes.

"Yes?"

She hesitated.

Her fingers twisting together. 1

"...am I broken?"

The question hit harder than anything else that had been said that day.

The garden felt too quiet.

Too still.

"I don't know how to read," she continued softly.

“...or write.”

Her eyes dropped.

“I won’t be able to be a good heir...”

Something inside me snapped.

Not in anger.

Not in pain.

In certainty.

I reached for her hands.

Firm.

Warm.

“Look at me.”

She hesitated-

Then did.

“You are not broken.”

My voice didn’t shake.

Not even a little.

“You are standing here.”

I squeezed her hands slightly.

“After everything they did to you-”

+15 8çnus

8/10

fox tvoran

“You’re still here.”

Her lips trembled.

“You protected Rose.”

I glanced toward the little girl playing quietly.

“You survived.”

Back to her.

“You endured.”

Her breathing grew uneven.

“They didn’t break you.”

A pause.

“They made you stronger.”

Her eyes filled with tears.

“...but I don’t know anything,” she whispered.

I smiled softly.

“You can learn anything.”

Simple.

True.

“Reading.”

“Writing.”

“Business.”

“Leadership.”

I tilted my head slightly.

“All of that is taught.”

My voice softened-

But only slightly.

“But what you have?”

I tapped lightly over her chest.

“That can’t be taught.”

She blinked.

“Resilience.”

+15 Bonus

9/10

A tear slipped down her cheek.

Strength.”

Another.

“Heart.”

She broke.

But not like before.

This time-

She didn’t fall apart.

She leaned forward.

And hugged me.

Tightly.

Like she was holding onto something real.

Something certain.

Something hers.

I wrapped my arms around her.

And for the first time-

I didn't see a victim.

I saw an heir.

Support

Share

+15 8çnus

10/10

Family

That night-

No one slept easily.

Not after everything we had uncovered.

Not after everything we now knew.

"They stay here," Grandfather said firmly.

No debate.

No hesitation.

"At the Asher estate."

Mr. Stuart nodded immediately.

"It's the safest place."

Jason agreed.

"They won't expect it."

Mrs. Sun added quietly-

"And it avoids attention."

Because that was the real danger now.

Not just what we knew-

But what others might realize we knew.

I looked toward the girls.

Rose had fallen asleep curled into the cushions.

Iris sat beside her.

Awake.

Watching.

Still guarding.

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

c 119

“They stay,” I confirmed.

And just like that-

They were part of us.

The next morning came too fast.

The Heir trial.

+15 8gnus

The air in the estate felt different.

Charged.

Focused.

I stood in front of the mirror.

Dressed.

Ready.

Not nervous.

Not uncertain.

Ready to take over the world.

Jason stood behind me.

Adjusting the cuff of his sleeve.

“You’re going to win,” he said simply.

I met his gaze in the reflection.

“I know.”

And I did.

Because this wasn’t just about me anymore.

This was about them.

About every child that had been broken-

And every one that survived.

Before we left-

Grandfather called us into his office.

Mr. Stuart was already there.

Along with a lawyer.

And a notary.

Everything was ready.

“This needs to be done now,” Grandfather said.

Quiet.

Urgent.

“No delays.”

Mr. Stuart stepped forward.

+15 Bcnus

amily

His hand resting briefly on Iris's shoulder.

This is your name," he said softly.

"Your real one."

Iris looked at the documents like they might disappear.

Like this wasn't real.

But it was.

The lawyer spoke calmly.

Explaining each line.

Each clause.

And then-

"Iris Stuart."

The name settled into the room.

Heavy.

Powerful.

Real.

Her hand trembled slightly as she signed.

Slow.

Careful.

Following the lines as they showed her how to write her name.

Like she was writing herself into existence.

Mr. Stuart closed his eyes briefly.

Sixteen years.

Given back in one moment.

Then came Rose.

She stood beside me.

Small.

Unsure.

“She’ll be registered as your sister,” the lawyer explained.

I nodded.

“We can’t risk anything else right now.”

+15 Bonus

317

Mr. Stuart agreed.

We don’t expose connections until we control the board.”

Grandfather added-

“My sister would need to sign otherwise.”

And that-

Was not an option. 1

Not yet.

Rose looked up at me.

“...sister?” she asked quietly.

I crouched in front of her.

“If that’s okay with you, i have always wanted a little sister.”

She hesitated.

Then nodded.

A small smile.

And just like that-

She wasn't alone anymore.

By the time we finished-

The documents were sealed.

Filed.

Protected.

Two lives-

Restored.

I was about to leave-

When I noticed something unexpected.

Alex.

He stood in the doorway.

Watching.

Thoughtful.

"I can teach them," he said suddenly.

We all turned.

+15 Bonus

"What?" I asked.

Reading," he clarified.

"Writing."

Silence.

Mrs. Sun frowned slightly.

“They need proper tutors.”

Grandfather nodded.

“Structured education.”

Jason added-

“They’ve been through enough.”

Alex didn’t move.

“They don’t need pressure,” he said quietly.

His gaze moved to Iris.

Then to Rose.

“They need someone who understands.”

The room stilled.

“No,” Grandfather said gently.

But firmly.

“They need professionals.”

And then-

Alice stepped forward.

Hands on her hips.

Determined.

“He taught me.”

Everyone froze.

“What?” I asked.

Alice nodded proudly.

“When I didn’t know how to read.”

She looked at Alex.

“He helped me.”

+15 Bonus

577

Silence.

Realization settling slowly.

“You know how to read and write?”

Jason looked at his son.

Really looked.

“You did?” he asked.

Alex shrugged slightly.

“She was frustrated, the nanny would not read her the stories she asked for.”

A pause.

“So I helped.”

Alice beamed.

“He’s a really good teacher.”

I looked at Iris.

Then at Rose.

They were watching him now.

Curious.

Hopeful.

“...would you like that?” I asked gently.

Iris hesitated.

Then nodded.

“...yes.”

Rose nodded quickly.

“Yes.”

And just like that-

It was decided.

Not by power.

Not by strategy.

But by something much simpler.

Understanding.

As we stepped out-

+15 Bonus

Ready to face the trial-

Nooked back once more.

At the children.

At Iris.

At Rose.

At Alex explaining something with quiet patience.

And Alice nodding enthusiastically.

And I smiled.

Because no matter what happened today-

We had already won something far more important.

Family.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

717

The D

The choice

ballroom felt different this time.

Not curious.

Not watchful.

Predatory.

But what made it worse-

Was how beautiful it looked.

The entire venue had been transformed.

Gold and silver dominated every corner.

Gold draped across the stage.

Silver lining the walls.

Two opposing colors.

Two opposing futures.

Even the chandeliers reflected it-

Half warm.

Half cold.

Gold for me.

Silver for Adrian.

A silent declaration of what this night truly was.

Not a presentation.

A divide.

A choice.

Every table followed the same theme.

Centerpieces split in two-

Gold arrangements intertwined with silver branches.

Elegant.

Calculated.

A reminder-

That only one would stand at the center by the end of the night.

Every eye followed us as we entered.

PAR

+15 8cnus

Jason at my side.

Steady.

Unshaken. 1

Adrian was already there.

Surrounded.

Prepared.

I didn't see an enemy.

I saw someone cornered.

Someone forced into a role he didn't choose.

For all his faults-

Adrian was bold.

Everything he had done...

Every reckless move...

Every public gamble...

Had not been for power.

It had been for survival.

For her.

His sister.

He had burned his own reputation.

Stood beside enemies.

Played the villain-

Just to keep her alive.

My expression softened for a fraction of a second.

Then I smiled.

And winked.

A flicker of relief crossed his face.

Good.

His supposed wife at his side.

His father behind him.

His grandmother watching everything.

+15 Bonus

216

And near them-

A Becker heir.

Blatant.

Unapologetic.

I met Adrian's gaze.

And smiled.

Then-

I winked.

A flicker of relief crossed his face. 1

Good.

Grandfather stepped onto the stage.

The room quieted immediately.

Not out of courtesy-

But respect.

Authority.

Mr. Asher stood tall.

Calm.

Unshakable.

His gaze swept across the room.

Taking in every face.

Every alliance.

Every hidden intention.

“This trial,” he began,

“is not a formality.”

Silence deepened.

“It determines the future of the Asher family.”

A pause.

“And with that comes responsibility.”

His voice remained even.

Measured.

+15 Bonus

Cedella

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

chole

“I will not vote.”

Murmurs spread instantly.

He raised a hand.

“And I will not influence your decision.”

The murmurs stopped.

Then-

A subtle shift.

His gaze sharpened.

“But I will intervene...”

A pause.

“...if anything is not fair.”

The room stilled completely.

No one missed the meaning.

This was not just a warning.

It was a boundary.

Clear.

Unmovable.

“And before we begin...”

A faint pause.

“I expect all of you...”

His eyes moved slowly across the room.

Lingering just a second longer-

On certain tables.

“...to play nice.”

Soft words.

But the tension that followed-

Was anything but.

Because everyone understood-

This would not be nice.

“I expect integrity,” he continued.

+15 8cnus

+15 Bonus

“Transparency.”

s gaze flicked briefly-

To the Becker representative.

Then the Vinni head.

“And I expect this decision to reflect the strength of this family...”

“...not manipulation.”

“...not alliances.”

“...but its future, let me remind our external friends, that while you have been given the privilege of attendance anything that happens inside the Asher familys events will be kept private, you can voice your support, you just won’t be able to vote for them as well.”

Silence followed.

Heavy.

Because everyone understood-

He was watching.

And he would not allow this to be stolen.

Grandfather stepped back.

“Amber Asher,” he said calmly.

“You may begin.”

I stepped forward.

The gold light caught the stage as I moved.

And for a moment-

It felt like the room had already chosen its side. “My presentation will go first.”

I stepped forward.

The lights dimmed slightly.

The screen behind me came alive.

I didn't rush.

I built.

"Power," I began, 1

"is not measured by what we have today."

A pause.

"But by what we can sustain tomorrow."

The same

Silence.

Attention.

“The Asher family has survived generations not because we were the strongest...”

“...but because we adapted.”

I walked slowly across the stage.

“And today, adaptation is no longer optional.”

The first slide appeared.

Next Generation Development Plan

Murmurs spread across the room.

“We invest billions into assets,” I continued calmly.

“Into properties. Into expansion.”

I stopped.

Turned.

“But we do not invest enough in the people who will inherit it.”

That landed.

“So I propose this-”

The next slide appeared.

Equal Support Structure for All Heirs

“Every child within the first, second, and third branches of the Asher family...”

“...will receive the same level of education.”

Whispers grew louder.

“No more selective grooming.”

“No more chosen successors.”

My gaze swept across the room.

“We raise them all to lead.”

A pause.

“And let merit decide.” 2

Silence.

Real silence.

+15 Bonus

The

Then-

e next slide.

Mandatory Psychological Evaluations

That-

That caused a reaction.

“Every child,” I continued,

“will undergo routine psychological evaluations.”

The room shifted.

Uncomfortable.

“Because strength is not only financial.”

My voice hardened.

“And we cannot pretend that external influence does not exist.”

A beat. 1

“Or that it has not already affected our families.”

Now they were listening.

Really listening.

“We cannot always see when harm is being done.”

“But we can prevent it from taking root.”

Mrs. Sun leaned forward slightly.

Understanding.

Agreement.

Next slide.

Unified Heir Training Program

“At age fourteen...”

I continued,

“...all heirs will spend their summers at the Asher estate.”

Murmurs again.

“They will learn the business.”

“Understand operations.”

“Build relationships across branches.”

ИЛ

+15 Bonus

he

I paused.

Wo heir will grow up isolated.”

That line hit.

Hard.

“No heir will grow up unaware.”

Another.

“And no heir will grow up unprepared.’

Silence.

Because they understood.

What I was really saying. 1

No more weak heirs.

No more manipulated children.

No more easy targets.

I stepped forward slightly.

“This is not just about leadership.”

My gaze sharpened.

“This is about protection.”

A pause.

“Because if we fail to protect our children...”

“...we fail as a family.”

The room went still.

Completely still.

I let it settle.

Then finished.

“This is how we secure the future of the Asher family.”

No flourish.

No theatrics.

Just truth.

I stepped back.

Silence followed.

Ha

+15 Bonus

But not doubt.

Recognition.

Because this-

Was bigger than profit.

This-

Was power that could not be stolen.

The screen behind me shifted.

Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate

My company.

Fully displayed.

Not an idea.

Not a concept.

A reality.

Murmurs spread instantly.

“I won’t ask you to trust projections,” I said calmly.

“I will show you results.”

The next slide appeared.

Numbers.

Real numbers.

Revenue streams.

Asset valuations.

Acquisitions.

Clean.

Organized.

Undeniable.

“In the past weeks alone...”

I continued,

“...we have acquired and stabilized multiple properties.”

Another slide.

Oceanfront Luxury Venue – Fully Renovated & Operational

+15 Bonus

Transportation Company – Joint Acquisition

Supply Chain Integration – Three Companies Under Contract

Whispers grew louder. 1

Because they understood what they were seeing.

Speed.

Execution.

Control.

“This is not a single company,” I said.

I turned slightly.

“This is an ecosystem.”

The next slide expanded outward.

Branches.

Connected.

Real estate.

Transportation.

Supply.

Hospitality.

“All under one structure.”

My voice remained calm.

“My command.”

No arrogance.

Just fact.

“Each company strengthens the other.”

“No dependency on external instability.”

“No vulnerability to supply disruption.”

Jason’s lips curved slightly behind me.

Because he knew-

This was the answer to Adrian’s move.

“And within the first week of full integration...”

The next slide appeared.

+15 Bonus

Cedella

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