

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

c 121-140

Borrowed textbooks 121

Casps.

Not subtle.

Not hidden.

Growth.

Immediate.

Measured.

“This is what controlled expansion looks like,” I said.

“This is what sustainability looks like.”

A pause.

“And this...”

I gestured slightly.

“Is what leadership looks like.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Because there was nothing to argue.

No projections.

No assumptions.

Just results.

By the time I finished-

The room wasn't just listening.

It had already begun to decide.

I stepped back.

And met Adrian's gaze.

He smiled faintly.

Not in challenge.

In acknowledgment.

Because he knew-

I hadn't just competed.

I had dominated.

ཁད།

+15 Bonus

6/17

A quiet contrast

Amber POV

"This is what leadership looks like."

Silence followed.

Not empty-

But decisive.

I let it settle.

Let them absorb it.

Let them understand-

I wasn't asking.

I was showing.

I stepped forward slightly.

"Thank you for your time."

Simple.

Controlled.

Final.

I stepped back.

The gold light dimmed as I moved away from center stage.

And for a moment-

No one spoke.

Then-

Grandfather stepped forward.

The authority in the room shifted instantly.

"Thank you, Amber."

His voice was calm.

Neutral.

But I caught it-

The smallest trace of approval.

He turned.

"Adrian Wyatt."

+15 8çnus

A pause.

You may take the stage.”

Adrian moved forward without hesitation.

Confident.

Composed.

But now-

Different.

Not reckless.

Calculated.

He glanced at me briefly as he passed.

Amber POV

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Confident.

Composed.

But now-

Different.

Not reckless.

Calculated.

He glanced at me briefly as he passed.

There was no hostility.

Only understanding.

The screen behind him lit up.

White Real Estate

And immediately-

The room reacted.

Numbers appeared.

Low.

Too low.

Margins shrinking.

Liquidity strained.

+15 Bonus

Barely holding.

Acompany on the edge.

Whispers spread instantly.

Adrian didn't react.

Didn't defend.

He let them see it.

“All of you are familiar with this company,” he began.

His tone steady.

“And you can clearly see its current condition.”

No excuses.

No embellishment.

Just truth.

That alone-

Made people listen.

“I acquired White Real Estate under less than ideal conditions,” he continued.

A glance toward me.

Subtle.

“But its current state is not failure.”

A pause.

“It is transition.”

The next slide appeared.

Restructuring plans.

Debt reallocation.

Asset recovery projections.

Now-

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No real numbers.

No confirmed revenue.

Only potential.

Only projection.

Adrian knew.

He knew I knew.

And yet-

He presented it anyway.

Because this wasn't about convincing me.

It was about convincing them.

"Foodiex represents a new direction," he continued.

"Fast scalability."

"Low operational overhead."

"High market adaptability."

The room responded.

Because it sounded good.

Very good.

¶

+15 Bonus

A quiet contrac

Then-

He shifted.

Subtly.

"Growth requires risk," he said.

“And leadership requires the willingness to take it.”

A quiet contrast.

Not direct.

But intentional.

He was positioning himself.

Against me.

“And while some may prefer controlled expansion...”

A brief glance in my direction.

“...others understand that opportunity does not wait.”

There it was.

The divide.

Stability vs speed.

Control vs risk.

He finished cleanly.

No stumble.

No hesitation.

And stepped back.

Silence followed.

Not as decisive as before-

But divided.

Exactly as he intended.

But before he could step back-

Grandfather spoke.

“Adrian.”

The room stilled again.

“What plans do you have...”

3155

+15 Bonus

A pause.

for the growth of the families within the Asher structure?”

Not the companies.

The people.

The room shifted.

Because that question-

Was everything.

Adrian paused.

Just for a moment.

Then answered.

“I don’t believe there is a need to change the current structure.”

Murmurs.

He continued calmly.

“The system in place...”

“...is what made Amber and me what we are today.”

A glance toward me.

Not challenging.

Acknowledging.

“It has produced capable leaders.”

“It has created strength.”

“And it has sustained this family for generations.”

He straightened slightly.

“Changing it introduces unnecessary risk.”

Silence.

Because his answer-

Was safe.

Familiar.

Comforting.

And completely opposite to mine.

I watched him return to his place.

+15 Bonus

NIT

And understood-

is was no longer just about who would lead.

But how.

Preserve the system.

Or change it.

Grandfather stepped forward again.

“The candidates have presented.”

A pause.

“We will now proceed to recommendations.’

And just like that-

The real battle began.

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U

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

Enemy

he candidates have presented.”

Grandfather’s voice carried across the ballroom.

“We will now proceed to recommendations.”

The head of the Becker family stood first.

“The Asher family structure,” he began smoothly,

“has stood the test of time.”

“It has made you valuable allies.”

“I support Adrian Wyatt.”

Predictable.

The Vinni head followed.

Echoing the same sentiment.

Tradition.

Continuity.

Control.

Mr. Sun stood.

“She offers structure,” he said.

Mrs. Sun followed.

“She protects what others overlook.”

Then-

Mr. Stuart stood.

And everything changed.

“If I had prepared my family...”

“...the way Amber suggests-”

“...perhaps my daughter would still be alive.”

Silence.

Absolute.

“And perhaps my granddaughter...”

My heart dropped.

Too much.

👉

+15 Bonus

My fingers tightened at my side.

canned the room-

The Becker representative had gone still.

The Vinni head leaned forward slightly.

Listening.

Calculating.

My mind raced.

Did they know?

Had they connected it?

Had they realized-

That Iris was no longer missing?

That she was with us?

“...would not have spent sixteen years erased from this world.”

Mr. Stuart’s voice cut through the silence.

And I knew-

We were walking a very thin line.

Then-

A shift.

Subtle.

But there.

The Becker head leaned back.

The tension in his shoulders easing.

The Vinni head exhaled slowly.

Relaxing.

They hadn’t understood.

Not fully.

Not yet.

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They took his words as grief.

As regret.

As a man unable to say the word death out loud.

+15 Bohus

normy

Not as truth.

t as a revelation.

Not as confirmation-

That she was alive.

I exhaled slowly.

Careful.

Measured.

Good.

We still had the advantage.

But it was fragile.

Because next time-

They might not misunderstand.

They might not hesitate.

And if they realized-

Iris would not just be a secret.

She would be a target.

Again.

My gaze shifted briefly toward Jason.

He had noticed too.

Of course he had.

His posture changed almost imperceptibly.

More alert.

More guarded.

Already preparing.

1 Good.

Because if they moved-

We would be ready.

“This is about ensuring that what happened to my family...”

“...never happens again.”

“I support Amber Asher.”

+15 Bonus

The room erupted.

But I barely heard it.

Because my mind was already moving ahead.

Security.

Control.

Containment.

No mistakes.

Because this-

This had just escalated everything.

I stood still.

Unmoving.

Composed.

But inside-

The war had just changed.

And for now-

We were still ahead.

The room had barely settled-

When the head of the Vinni family stood.

Smooth.

Controlled.

But there was nothing subtle about him.

“I believe,” he began,

“we must look at this from a position of strength.”

A pause.

“Not sentiment.”

His gaze shifted-

Briefly-

Toward the Sun family.

Barely disguised disdain.

“Some families,” he continued,

+15 Bonus

“have allowed themselves to become... distracted.”

A quiet insult.—

Wrapped in polished words.

Mr. Sun didn't react.

Of course he didn't.

"That is not the case for the Ashers," the Vinni head continued.

Now his tone changed.

Warmer.

Calculated.

"Their structure has remained solid."

"Reliable."

"And under Adrian Wyatt..."

He gestured toward him.

"I see leadership that understands what it takes to maintain that strength.

A pause.

"Not by changing what works..."

"...but by reinforcing it."

There it was again.

Tradition.

Control.

Fear of change.

"I support Adrian Wyatt."

He sat.

Satisfied.

Grandfather stepped forward once more.

Calm.

Unshaken.

“Our alies have spoken.”

A pause.

“And now...”

+15 Bonus

His gaze swept across the room.

We will cast the votes.”

Silence.

A chair moved.

Soft.

But unmistakable.

All eyes turned.

Ms. Wyatt stood.

Adrian’s grandmother.

No one had expected her to speak.

Not here.

Not now.

She looked at Adrian first.

And her expression softened.

“Family,” she began.

Her voice steady.

“Adrian is my grandson.”

A pause.

“And I love him with all my heart.”

Adrian straightened slightly.

Then-

She turned.

Toward me.

“And yet...”

The room stilled.

“When I look at him...”

Her gaze shifted between us.

“...and when I look at Amber...”

A pause.

“I see a difference.”

+15 Bonus

“A difference in how they were raised.”

difference in how they carry themselves.”

“A difference in how they respond to the world.”

Silence deepened.

“And I wonder...”

“How many more of our children...”

“...could have been just as successful...”

“...if they had been raised the same way?”

A ripple moved through the room.

“Perhaps one of my sons could have led this family.”

“Or one of the Simons...”

“Perhaps...”

Her voice trembled slightly now.

“...I would have another granddaughter...”

“...I could actually know.”

The room held its breath.

Then-

She straightened.

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gaze swept across the room.

“...is not change for the sake of change.”

A pause.

“It is opportunity.”

Another.

“For every child here...”

“And every child yet to come.”

Her voice gained strength.

“To learn.”

+15 Bonus

“To grow.”

To reach their full potential.”

Silence.

Deep.

Unavoidable.

She turned back toward Grandfather.

And then-

Spoke clearly.

“I am publicly voting...”

A pause.

“For Amber Asher.”

The room shifted.

Not subtly.

Decisively.

Because this-

This was not just a vote.

This was influence.

Legacy.

Validation.

I glanced at Adrian.

And for a moment-

He didn't look defeated.

He looked...

Relieved.

A chair scraped loudly against the floor.

Sharp.

Angry.

Adrian's father stood.

His face flushed.

Eyes blazing.

+15 Bonus

Themy

"Mother, have you lost your mind?" he snapped.

As voice echoed across the ballroom.

"You are choosing the enemy over your own grandson?"

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Support

Share

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+15 Bohus

get it

Landslide

The word echoed.

Enemy.

It lingered in the air-

Ugly.

Misplaced.

Before anyone else could respond-

A chair moved.

Deliberate.

Mrs. Simmons stood.

The head of the third Asher family.

Elegant.

Composed.

And unmistakably displeased.

“Enemy?” she repeated.

Her tone wasn’t loud.

But it carried.

Sharp enough to cut through the tension.

“You dare call an enemy...”

A pause.

“...someone who is offering our families the opportunity to step forward?”

Silence fell.

Her gaze swept across the room.

“...to advance into the future?”

She took a step forward.

Measured.

Certain.

“She is the one leading us toward success.”

No hesitation.

No doubt.

+15 Bohus

“The Heir trials have never been about which family is better.”

A faint smile touched her lips-

As her gaze shifted briefly toward Grandfather.

“I would know.”

A quiet breath.

“I lost to my brother.’

Not shame.

Acceptance.

Wisdom.

“And yet...”

Her voice steadied again.

“...the question has always been the same.”

She turned slightly-

Facing the entire room.

“Who is the better option...”

“...to lead us forward?”

A pause.

“To lead us into a better future.”

The words settled.

Heavy.

Unavoidable.

Then-

She looked directly at Adrian's father.

And her expression hardened.

"And if you are willing to treat your own family as an enemy..."

A beat.

"...then perhaps you should reconsider your place within it."

The room went still.

"I would formally request..."

Her voice was calm.

+15 Bonus

Lond m

But absolute.

that you step down from any rights you currently hold..."

"...as your mother's heir."

Gasps rippled through the ballroom.

Because that-

That wasn't just criticism.

That was a challenge.

A public one.

Adrian's father froze.

For once-

Speechless.

I stood still.

Watching.

Understanding.

This was no longer about me.

Not fully.

This was about the system itself-

Correcting.

Shifting.

Breaking.

Grandfather stepped forward.

Reclaiming control of the room.

“The candidates have been presented.”

A pause.

“The recommendations have been made.”

His gaze swept across the crowd.

“And now...”

The slightest pause.

“We vote.”

That-

+15 Bonus

That was it.

final step.

Assistants moved quickly.

Silent.

Efficient.

Tablets were placed in front of every eligible member.

Sleek.

Minimal.

Cold.

Each screen lit up at the same time.

Two names.

Amber Asher

Adrian Wyatt

Simple.

Final.

“The system has a delay,” Grandfather explained calmly.

“To ensure all votes are cast before results begin to display.”

Smart.

No influence. 1

No last-minute pressure.

Just choice.

The room fell into near silence.

Only the faint sound of taps against glass.

Decisions being made.

Quietly.

Irrevocably.

I didn't move.

Didn't look around.

Didn't try to count.

Because this-

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+15 Bonus

Was no longer in my hands.

Jason's presence at my side was steady.

Grounding.

But even he was still.

Waiting.

A soft chime echoed through the room.

Voting closed.

The screens dimmed for a moment.

Then-

They lit up again.

Numbers began to appear.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

As if the room itself was holding its breath.

At first-

Balanced.

Close.

Then-

A shift.

My number climbed.

And didn't stop.

Murmurs began.

Quiet at first.

Then louder.

Because the difference-

Was growing.

Fast.

I felt it before I fully saw it.

The room leaning.

Turning.

+15 Bonus

Choosing.

Adrian didn't move.

Didn't react.

Just watched.

Calm.

Almost-

Accepting.

The final numbers locked into place.

Amber Asher – 82%

Adrian Wyatt – 18%

Silence.

Complete.

Because no one had expected that margin.

Not even me.

I stared at the screen. 1

At the number.

At the reality of it.

82%.

Not a win.

A landslide.

A breath escaped me.

Slow.

Measured.

And then-

Understanding settled in.

Ms. Wyatt.

Her words.

Her honesty.

Her courage to stand against her own—

It had shifted the room.

+15 Bonus

Not just politically.

Emotionally.

Because people didn't just vote for strategy.

They voted for truth.

I glanced toward her.

She was already looking at me.

A small nod.

Not proud.

Certain.

And in that moment-

I knew.

This wasn't just my victory.

It was a change. 1

A fracture in the old system.

Grandfather stepped forward.

His presence grounding the room once more.

"The votes have been cast."

A pause.

"And the result is clear."

I didn't smile.

Didn't celebrate.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

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silence after the results hadn’t even settled-

When a chair moved.

Sharp.

Deliberate.

Mr. Becker stood.

Slowly.

Every eye turned.

Because this-

This was not over.

He adjusted his jacket.

Composed.

Controlled.

But his eyes-

Cold.

“With Amber Asher as the head of the Asher family...”

A pause.

“The Becker family will dissolve all agreements...”

His voice carried.

“...that have been in place for generations.”

A ripple moved through the room.

Not shock.

Calculation.

“...we will publicly disband our alliance.”

There it was.

The threat.

Dressed as a decision.

Before the room could fully react-

Another figure stood.

The head of the Vinni family.

+15 Bonus

pped on and offic

Of course.

Predictable.

“We stand with the Becker family.”

His tone firm.

“We will also withdraw all agreements and partnerships.”

Murmurs grew louder now.

Because this-

This wasn't just politics.

This was pressure.

Economic.

Strategic.

A warning to the room.

Choose her-

And you lose us.

For a moment-

The tension stretched.

Tight.

Waiting.

And then-

Grandfather chuckled.

Soft.

Amused.

The sound cut through the room like a blade.

Because it didn't match the moment.

Didn't match the threat.

His microphone-

Still on.

"Oh, Robert..."

He said casually.

"...don't tell me."

+15 8gnus

A pause.

Almost playful.

“Hasn’t your son told you?”

The room stilled.

Mr. Becker’s expression faltered-

Just slightly.

“That our alliance...”

Grandfather continued.

...was already ended.”

Silence.

Absolute.

“By us.”

The words landed clean.

Final.

Controlled.

“You should contact him.”

A faint smile.

“Just to confirm.”

A pause.

Then-

His gaze shifted.

“To you as well, Martin.”

The Vinni head stiffened.

“Best of luck out there.”

No anger.

No tension.

Just certainty.

And that-

Was far more devastating.

Because in that moment-

+15 Bonus

They weren't leaving.

They had already been removed.

Martin Vinni stepped forward.

"Adrian."

His tone sharp.

"It's time to leave."

An order.

Adrian didn't move.

Didn't even look at him.

That alone-

Was enough to unsettle the room.

Then-

His "wife" stood abruptly.

Fury clear on her face.

"Did you not hear him?" she snapped-

And slapped him.

The sound echoed.

Sharp.

Gasps followed.

But Adrian-

Smiled.

Slow.

Amused.

He turned his head back into place as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Becker stepped forward.

“Remember yourself, Adrian.”

A pause.

“We still control what you want.”

Adrian looked at him.

And this time-

|

+15 Bonus

The amusement was unmistakable.

Do you?” he asked lightly.

The room stilled.

“I wouldn’t be so sure, Robert.”

A pause.

“My sister is safe.”

Silence.

Immediate.

Absolute.

Then-

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Murmurs spread across the Asher family.

Low at first-

Then rising.

Confused.

Sharp.

“His sister?”

“Since when-?”

“What does he mean safe?”

Heads turned.

Whispers layered over one another.

Because this-

This was new.

This was hidden.

This was dangerous.

I could feel the shift instantly.

Not just curiosity-

Suspicion.

Understanding.

The pieces beginning to connect.

o

81

+15 8gnus

Adrian didn't stop.

And if she's safe..."

He tilted his head slightly.

"...then you have nothing to threaten me with."

The murmurs grew louder.

Because now-

They understood what that meant.

Leverage.

Blackmail.

Control.

And more importantly-

Who had just lost it.

Mr. Becker's expression darkened.

Adrian turned.

Toward Martin Vinni.

"And you-"

A faint smirk.

"Your daughter makes for a lousy wife."

Gasps.

“But good luck finding her another husband.”

“You don’t get to decide that,” she snapped.

“I won’t divorce you.”

Adrian chuckled softly.

“That would require our marriage to be official.”

“Next time...”

A pause.

“...make sure the wedding papers are signed.”

Another.

“Sent.”

His gaze sharpened.

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+15 8çnus

“And official.”

Sdence.

Because that-

That was exposure.

Public.

Final.

Heavy.

Crushing.

The murmurs stopped completely now.

Because this-

This wasn't just scandal.

This was exposure.

He brushed his sleeve lightly.

Then turned.

Facing the room.

"I think I'll stay."

A pause.

"With my real family."

The room shifted.

Not in whispers now-

But in understanding.

Because Adrian hadn't just spoken.

He had revealed everything.

And in doing so-

He had changed his place in the room.

The Asher family no longer whispered in confusion.

They whispered in realization.

"Security."

Grandfather's voice.

Calm.

|

+15 Bonus

Tot and off of

Final.

doors opened almost instantly.

Guards stepped in.

Efficient.

Unyielding.

They moved toward the Becker and Vinni representatives.

“You can’t be serious-” Mr. Becker started-

But he was already being escorted.

Firmly.

Martin Vinni’s expression turned sharp.

“This isn’t over,” he said coldly, glancing at Adrian.

The woman beside him struggled slightly against the guards.

“You will regret this,” she snapped.

Her eyes locked on Adrian.

“This isn’t finished.”

Mr. Becker leaned closer as they were guided toward the exit-

His voice low.

Threatening.

“We always collect what we are owed.”

A pause.

A promise.

Not empty.

Not light.

Adrian didn't react.

Didn't flinch.

Didn't respond.

He just watched them go-

With that same calm.

Amused expression.

The doors closed behind them.

+15 Bonus

And just like that-

he room exhaled.

But the tension didn't leave.

It shifted.

Settled.

Deepened.

Because this-

Was no longer a rivalry.

It was a war.

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Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

your way at one's net

your daughter does exist

The doors had barely closed behind them-

And yet-

The room still felt heavy.

Charged.

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For me.

I took a slow breath.

Then stepped forward.

Each step toward the stage felt deliberate.

Measured.

Claimed.

I turned-

Facing them all.

"My family," I began.

The word lingered.

Not soft.

Not distant.

Intentional.

"I want to thank all of you for being here today."

My gaze moved across the room.

Calm.

Steady.

“And for taking the time to witness what this family can become.’

A pause.

Then-

“I also want to thank Adrian.”

That shifted attention instantly.

✂

+15 Bonus

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you asapte dons st

I turned slightly toward him.

For standing here today.”

“For presenting his vision.’

A faint smile.

“And for giving this family the opportunity to move forward.”

Not defeat.

Not humiliation.

Acknowledgment.

Respect.

Power.

I turned back to the crowd.

“What we build from today onward...”

“...cannot be divided.”

Silence.

Focused.

“So I propose this-” “So I

My voice sharpened slightly.

“The first, second, and third families will form a united council.”

Murmurs.

Not shocked.

Interested.

“We will not compete against each other.”

“We will build together.”

The words settled.

Structured.

Deliberate.

“And more importantly-”

I paused.

Letting the next words carry weight.

“We will invest in our future properly.”

¶

+15 Bonus

2/10

Now-

Everyone was listening.

“Starting next year, the Asher estate will host a summer program.”

A few exchanged looks..

“For all children of the family.”

I softened slightly.

“Training.”

“Education.”

“Protection.”

My gaze sharpened again.

“And awareness.”

Because now-

They understood.

This wasn't just a program.

It was prevention.

“I invite every parent here-”

“To send your children.”

A pause.

“So that what has happened...”

“...never happens again.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Real.

Then-

I turned.

“Adrian.”

My voice steady.

“Join me.”

The room shifted again as he stepped forward.

Relaxed.

¶

+15 Bonus

3/10

Unbothered.

Still... amused.

He took his place beside me.

Looked at the crowd.

Then spoke.

“Since we’re sharing truths today...”

A faint smirk.

“I might as well finish the story.”

The room stilled.

“The Becker and Vinni families...”

“...have been using leverage.”

“Children.”

Gasps.

Immediate.

“They took my sister.”

A pause.

“They used her to control me.”

The words landed harder this time.

Because now-

There was no doubt.

No ambiguity.

Adrian’s gaze shifted.

Landed directly-

On his father.

“And my father...”

The amusement faded.

Just slightly.

“...allowed it.”

Silence.

Crushing.

+15 Bonus

4/10

“You knew,” Adrian said

Not loud.

Not emotional.

Just truth.

“And you did nothing.”

Every eye turned.

His father stood frozen.

Color drained.

Caught.

Before he could speak-

Grandfather stood.

Slow.

Controlled.

But furious.

“You allowed this?” he demanded.

His voice-

Cold.

Cedella

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“You allowed a child to be used as a bargaining tool?”

No answer.

Because there wasn’t one.

Grandfather turned to the room.

“To those who still think this is politics-”

“It is not.”

His voice rose slightly.

“It is failure.”

A beat.

Then-

“It is abuse.”

The words hit like a blow.

“

+15 8cnus

5/10

“And if that was not enough...”

He looked at them all.

Sharp.

“We rescued that child.”

A pause.

“And another.”

The room held its breath.

“When she was brought to us-”

His voice tightened.

Barely.

“She was malnourished.”

“Multiple fractures.”

“Terrified of doorways.”

A flicker of something raw crossed his expression.

“And screaming...”

“...because she thought she was being returned.”

Silence.

Absolute.

Grandfather turned back-

Locking eyes with Adrian’s father.

“What is wrong with you?”

No one moved.

No one spoke. 1

The silence after Grandfather’s question-

Didn’t just linger.

It pressed.

Demanded.

And finally-

Adrian’s father moved.

Slowly.

↗

+15 Bonus

6/10

Like a man carrying something heavy-

Too heavy.

“1...” he started.

His voice was rough.

Unsteady.

“They told me she was safe.”

Murmurs.

Confused.

“They said she was being kept away... for her protection.”

A bitter laugh escaped him.

“At first... I believed them.

He swallowed.

“They wouldn’t let me see her.”

The room stilled again.

“They said it was temporary.”

A pause.

“Then longer.”

“Then...”

His voice broke slightly.

“They stopped mentioning her at all.”

A heavy breath.

“And I began to think-”

His eyes flickered.

Almost desperate.

“That she didn’t exist.”

Gasps.

Low.

Disbelieving.

“That she was just...”

“A lie.”

“

+15 Bonus

7/10

“A story to control me.”

s voice dropped.

“I didn’t know...”

He looked at Adrian.

“...that they were doing the same to him.”

Silence.

Not sympathy.

Not understanding.

Just-

Judgment.

Because even now-

It sounded like an excuse.

Grandfather moved.

Rising-

Slow.

Dangerous.

But he didn’t get far.

Because someone else moved first.

Fast.

Decisive.

Jason.

The sound of the punch-

Cracked through the room.

Sharp.

Final.

Adrian's father staggered back-

Hand flying to his face.

Shock replacing every trace of control.

Gasps erupted.

But Jason didn't step back.

+15 Bonus

8/10

Didn't hesitate.

stood over him-

Eyes cold.

Voice even colder.

"I can assure you..."

A pause.

Each word deliberate.

"...your daughter does exist."

Silence.

Absolute.

“And she suffered.”

The air shifted.

Dangerously.

“So don’t-”

His gaze hardened.

...use your ignorance as an excuse for your failure.”

The words didn’t rise.

They didn’t need to.

They cut clean.

Precise.

Final.

No one moved.

No one dared.

Because in that moment-

Jason wasn’t just defending a child.

He was delivering judgment.

And everyone in that room-

Felt it.

+15 Bonus

9/10

Fears

The room hadn't recovered from the punch.

From Jason's words.

From the truth.

And then-

Grandfather stepped forward.

Calm.

Composed.

But final.

"I believe that is enough."

His voice didn't rise.

It didn't need to.

"I have already reported everything to the authorities."

Silence.

Immediate.

"Both the Becker and Vinni estates are being secured as we speak."

A ripple went through the room.

Confusion.

Shock.

"A military unit has been deployed."

That-

That changed everything.

Because this was no longer a family matter.

This was criminal.

Severe.

“We have reason to believe there may be more children involved.”

A pause.

“And that this situation is far larger than any of us anticipated.”

Heavy.

Unavoidable.

+15 Bonus

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Stow.

Controlled.

But there was nothing calm about him.

“They had my granddaughter.”

His voice was quiet.

Deadly.

“I thought she was gone.”

A breath.

“They kept her.”

The room froze.

“And for that-”

His gaze darkened.

“I intend to end them.”

No one mistook his meaning.

The shift in the room was immediate.

Clear.

The Asher family began to understand-

This wasn't rivalry.

This wasn't politics.

This was rot.

Deep.

Dangerous.

And suddenly-

My proposal wasn't ambitious.

It was necessary.

Voices rose.

Not in argument-

But in urgency.

"If this is true—"

+15 Bonus

"What protections will be in place?"

What about the children?"

One voice-

Stronger.

"Will there be safety training?"

Another-

More direct.

“Self-defense?”

“Martial training?”

All eyes turned to me.

I smiled.

Not softly.

Not gently.

Confident.

Certain.

“There will be all of that.”

A pause.

“And more.”

The room quieted.

Focused.

“There will be escape scenarios.”

Murmurs.

Confused.

Concerned.

“For the children to practice.”

A beat.

“Running away.”

Silence.

Heavy.

“From kidnappers.”

+15 Bonus

The word landed like a blow.

Shock spread instantly.

Because now-

This wasn't theoretical.

It was real.

I held their gaze.

Unflinching.

“These are not fears.”

“These are realities.”

A pause.

“And they are realities I have faced.”

A flicker of reaction.

Recognition.

“And survived.”

I turned slightly.

Toward Adrian.

“He has as well.”

That-

That shook them.

More than anything else.

Because it meant-

This wasn't isolated.

It wasn't rare.

It was happening.

The room fell into silence again.

But this time-

It wasn't disbelief.

It was acceptance.

Slow.

Unsettling.

21

+15 8gnus

Necessary.

And just like that-

The Asher family stopped resisting the future.

They began preparing for it.

The weight of it settled.

The room was still processing everything.

The revelations.

The plans.

The war that had just been set in motion.

Voices murmured.

Alliances shifted.

But I wasn't listening anymore.

Because I saw him.

Jason.

Stepping away from the main area.

Quietly.

Deliberately.

Toward the hallway.

Without a word.

My chest tightened.

I excused myself-

Softly.

Politely.

And followed.

The moment I turned the corner-

I saw him.

Phone pressed to his ear.

Posture tense.

Controlled.

"Handle it," he was saying.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

Low.

Sharp.

Then-

He noticed me.

And everything softened.

Just slightly.

He extended his hand.

Without hesitation-

I took it.

And he pulled me to his side.

Close.

Grounding.

Then-

He placed the call on speaker.

Marcus's voice filled the space immediately.

-I'm telling you, this is coordinated. Amelie and Oscar both filed. Same claim, same structure- this is not coincidence."

My eyes narrowed slightly.

"Court date's tomorrow," Marcus continued. "We'll need to-"

"Marcus," I interrupted calmly.

Silence on the other end.

Then-

"Amber?"

I smiled.

"Let me handle it."

A pause.

"What?" Marcus sounded caught off guard.

“I’ll defend myself.”

Another pause.

Longer this time.

“...you’re serious.”

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“...fine. But I’m still preparing backup.’

Of course he was.

Jason didn’t say goodbye.

He simply ended the call.

And the moment the line went dead-

Everything shifted.

His hand tightened around mine-

And suddenly-

I was pressed against the wall.

A soft gasp escaped me.

Not from fear.

From the intensity.

He caged me in.

Both arms braced on either side of me.

Close.

Too close.

His forehead rested against mine.

His breath steady-

But heavy.

“Are you planning to do everything on your own?” he asked.

His voice-

Low.

Controlled.

But beneath it-

Something else.

Something raw.

“I’m here, Amber.”

+15 Bonus

A pause.

want to be useful to you.”

My heart stuttered.

Because that wasn’t frustration.

That was fear.

“I feel like...” he continued quietly,

“...sometimes I’m not enough.”

My breath caught.

“And now-”

A faint, almost bitter exhale.

“Knowing you’re Terra...”

His gaze lifted-

Meeting mine fully.

“I’m even more sure of it.”

Something in me snapped.

Sharp.

Immediate.

I grabbed his shirt-

Pulled him down-

And bit his lip.

Hard.

He froze.

Completely.

Shock flashing through his eyes.

I pulled back just enough to look at him.

Angry.

Fierce.

“Don’t you dare say that again.”

My voice was low-

But burning.

+15 Bonus

“You are more than enough.”

Each word deliberate.

“You hear me?”

His eyes didn't move from mine.

"I need you."

That made him go still.

Not breathing.

Not blinking.

"I need you to ground me," I continued.

"To keep me sane."

My hand slid to his chest.

Right over his heart.

"To remind me..."

A softer breath.

"...that I'm allowed to choose."

A pause.

"To be happy."

Silence.

Thick.

Charged.

Real.

Jason didn't look uncertain.

He looked... steady.

Anchored.

And this time-

He didn't pull away.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

D

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

X

Dreams

When we returned–

The room felt... different.

Not tense.

Not divided.

Settled.

Grandfather stood at the center.

Tablet in hand.

Calm.

Certain.

“I have made an announcement.”

That alone was enough to silence the remaining murmurs.

He turned the screen toward the family–

Then toward the press still lingering outside the main hall.

“I have publicly declared that Amber will be taking over the Asher family upon my retirement.”

A pause.

“And effective immediately-”

His gaze shifted to me.

“She will begin assuming responsibilities.’

The weight of it landed.

Clear.

Final.

“Starting with the education and funding of the children.”

That-

That wasn’t symbolic.

That was power.

Transfer.

Trust.

I met his gaze.

And nodded.

+15 8chus

1/10

No hesitation.

Because I was ready.

The evening ended shortly after.

Quietly.

Not with celebration-

But with understanding.

With acceptance.

With change.

Jason and I left together.

The night air was cool.

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Grounding.

I turned to him as we reached the car.

“Drive me somewhere?”

He didn't question it.

Just nodded.

The city lights faded behind us.

The road curved.

Climbed.

Until finally-

We stopped.

It looked like something out of a dream.

A small boutique hotel-

Perched right beside a cliff.

Overlooking the ocean.

Soft lights glowing like stars scattered across its structure.

Elegant.

Whimsical.

Almost unreal.

“It looks like a fairytale,” Jason murmured.

٢٧

+15 8chus

2/10

I smiled.

I stepped out of the car.

Breathing it in.

“This is my favorite property.”

He glanced at me-

Surprised.

“I had it built.”

A small laugh escaped me.

“Since I was little, I always dreamed of living like a princess... even just for a while.”

His gaze softened.

The place was quiet.

Empty.

But perfectly maintained.

Not abandoned-

Protected.

“It’s not open to the public,” I added.

“It’s just... mine.’

A pause.

“My escape.”

I led him inside.

Through soft-lit corridors.

Warm wood.

Gentle colors.

Until we reached-

A small kitchen.

Cozy.

Inviting.

Lived-in.

I moved instinctively.

+15 Bonus

3/10

Filling a kettle.

Setting things out.

Jason leaned against the counter-

Watching.

Quiet.

Present.

“Hungry?” I asked.

He huffed a small laugh.

“...a little.”

I made tea.

Simple.

Familiar.

Then-

Pancakes.

The scent filled the space quickly.

Warm.

Comforting.

We ate at the small table.

No titles.

No expectations.

Just us.

I watched him for a moment.

Really watched him.

Then-

Spoke.

“I feel different here.”

He looked up.

“How?”

I hesitated-

Then smiled softly.

+15 Bonus

4/10

“I feel like I can be myself.”

A pause.

“Less guarded.”

My fingers traced the rim of my cup.

“More carefree.”

I met his eyes.

“Happy.”

Silence followed.

But it wasn't empty.

It was full.

Of something steady.

Something real.

I wasn't thinking about the future.

Or the past.

Or the war waiting for us.

I was just there.

With him.

And that-

Felt like peace.

The quiet wrapped around us.

Soft.

Safe.

For a moment-

I forgot everything else.

Until Jason spoke.

“We should stay.”

I looked up at him.

“Tonight.”

There was no hesitation in his voice.

Just certainty.

३३

+15 Bonus

5/10

“Like it’s something only a child would like?”

The words felt strange-

Even as I said them.

Jason laughed.

Warm.

Genuine.

And before I could react-

He pulled me into him.

Strong arms wrapping around me.

Grounding.

Comforting.

“Amber,” he murmured.

“Anyone would love this place.

His chin rested lightly over my head.

“I love this place.” 1

That made me look up.

Really look at him.

His expression-

Soft.

Almost boyish.

“For the first time in a long time...”

He glanced around.

“...I feel like I’m in a story.”

A small breath.

“Like I’m some knight in a fairy tale.”

My heart tightened.

In the best way.

He looked back at me.

Eyes warm.

Certain.

|

+15 Bonus

7/10

I blinked.

Yason... the kids.”

The words came out automatically.

Grounded.

Responsible.

“We left them with Grandfather.”

He tilted his head slightly-

Then shook it.

“No.”

A small smile formed.

“We should bring them here.”

I froze.

“Now?”

His eyes lit up slightly-

Not cold.

Not calculated.

Bright.

Alive.

“Yes.”

A pause.

“Today.”

I looked around instinctively.

At the soft lights.

At the dream I had built.

At the place I had kept hidden-

Protected.

Private.

“Won’t they feel like...” I started slowly,

“...this is too much?” 1

I gestured lightly around us.

+15 Bohus

6/10

Dreama

“Let’s bring them here.”

Mis time-

It wasn’t a suggestion.

It was something deeper.

A decision.

A vision.

Our vision.

I hesitated-

Then smiled.

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“Okay.”

His grin was immediate.

Bright.

“Good.”

He took my hand again-

Squeezing it lightly.

“Now show me everything.”

I laughed.

“You’re not even going to call them first?”

“We will,” he said easily.

“But first-”

He leaned slightly closer.

“Tour.”

I rolled my eyes-

But didn’t let go of his hand.

“Come on then.”

I led him through the space.

Room by room.

Each one carrying a piece of me.

+15 Bonus

8/10

A reading room filled with soft cushions and hidden shelves.

A balcony overlooking the ocean-

The waves crashing softly below.

A small indoor garden-

Lit like twilight.

“This was my favorite,” I admitted quietly.

He didn’t speak.

Just watched.

Taking everything in.

Carefully.

Like it mattered.

We stepped into the master suite last.

Large.

Open.

With glass walls facing the sea.

Moonlight spilling inside.

Silver.

Dreamlike.

Jason paused.

Slowly turning.

“This is...”

He exhaled.

“...perfect.”

Then he looked at me.

And smiled.

“They’re going to love it here, I love it here.”

And somehow-

That mattered more than anything else.

511

+15 Bonus

9/10

Home

Jason didn't waste time.

The moment we stepped out of the master suite-

He pulled out his phone..

"Mason."

His tone was calm.

Efficient.

But lighter than usual.

"I'm sending you coordinates."

A pause.

"Bring the kids."

He glanced at me-

Then added-

"All of them."

A beat.

"Iris and Rose too."

Another pause.

"And make sure they're comfortable."

He ended the call without another word.

I watched him.

Something in my chest softened.

“You’re serious about this,” I murmured.

He looked at me like it was obvious.

“Of course I am.”

It didn’t take long.

The sound of a car approaching broke the quiet.

Then another.

And another.

I stepped outside with Jason—

Just as they arrived.

+15 Bonus

7

1/11

From the entrance-

e property transformed.

Under daylight-

It truly looked like a fairytale castle.

Soft stone walls.

Elegant towers.

And surrounding it-

A small decorative moat.

Clear water reflecting the sky like glass.

The car doors opened.

Alice was first.

Eyes wide.

“Woah...” 1

Alex followed-

Already scanning everything.

Calculating.

Analyzing.

But even he paused.

“...this is insane.”

Iris stepped out more carefully.

Observant.

Protective.

Rose stayed close to her-

But even she looked around-

Wonder breaking through her usual caution.

And then-

Mrs. Sun stepped out. 1

She froze.

Completely.

Turning slowly-

“”

+15 Bonus

2/11

Taking everything in.

Her expression-

Pure delight.

“Oh my-”

She looked at me-

Then back at the property.

Then back at me again.

“You own this?”

I smiled.

“I do.”

She walked toward me-

Still looking around in disbelief.

Then suddenly-

She hugged me.

Warm.

Tight.

“My dear...”

She pulled back slightly-

Eyes shining.

“I have been looking for the owner of this place since it was built.”

I blinked.

Surprised.

“I wanted to buy it.”

I laughed.

Of course she did.

“It was so adorable, so unique,” she continued.

“I could never find who owned it.”

A small sigh.

“I had resigned myself to only ever seeing it from the outside.”

Her gaze softened.

+15 Bonus

3/11

“But I must say...”

e squeezed my hands lightly.

“I am very happy with how things turned out.”

I smiled wider this time.

“Good.”

Then I turned slightly-

Gesturing toward the entrance.

“Because now you get the full experience.”

A small pause.

I looked at all of them-

At the children.

At Jason.

At the family gathering in a place that had once been only mine.

And somehow-

Didn't feel like mine alone anymore.

"Who wants a tour?" I asked.

Alice's hand shot up immediately.

"ME!"

Alex just shook his head slightly-

But stepped forward anyway.

"I'm coming too."

Mrs. Sun laughed softly.

"I would be offended if you didn't include me."

I glanced at Jason.

He was already watching me.

That look in his eyes-

Warm.

Proud.

Certain.

And just like that-

+15 Bonus

4/11

My private world-

Became ours.

The moment I opened the doors-

Chaos.

Beautiful.

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Alice and Rose didn't even hesitate.

They ran.

Straight toward the grand staircase.

"WAIT—"I started-

Too late.

Their laughter echoed through the
space.

The staircase curved elegantly upward-

Its handles wrapped in crystal roses.

Each one catching the light-

Shining like frozen petals.

Soft cushions lined the steps.

Lanterns hung delicately above.

And tucked into the curve-

A small reading alcove.

Hidden.

Cozy.

Perfect. 2

"They're going to live there," Jason muttered beside me.

I smiled.

“They might.”

Alex didn’t run.

Of course he didn’t.

He walked.

+15 8çnus

5/11

Slow.

Observant.

Analytical.

Until-

He stopped in front of one of the decorative knight armors.

His hand moved.

Carefully gripping the sword-

And pulling.

A click.

Then-

The wall shifted.

A hidden door opening silently.

Alex froze.

Then-

“...no way.”

He stepped inside.

A second later-

A gasp.

Pure wonder.

“A LIBRARY?!”

Jason turned slowly toward me.

Very slowly.

Eyes narrowing.

“You didn’t show me that.”

I blinked.

“...I forgot.”

He stared at me.

Unimpressed.

“Amber.”

I shrugged slightly.

+15 8gnus

6/11

“There’s a lot.” 1.

Meanwhile-

Iris had wandered off quietly.

Drawn.

Gentle.

She stood at the entrance of the indoor garden-

Eyes wide.

Soft.

Rows of herbs.

Flowers blooming in careful harmony.

Sunlight filtering in through glass above.

Mrs. Sun stood beside her.

Equally enchanted.

“Oh, this is divine...”

Iris knelt slightly-

Touching a leaf with care.

Like it might disappear.

“This is beautiful,” she whispered.

Mrs. Sun looked at me-

Then smiled.

“My dear...”

A pause.

“I believe I will be staying the night.”

Jason huffed a quiet laugh.

“Oh?”

She waved a hand lightly.

“I will take care of the children.”

A knowing look.

“You two should rest.”

I rolled my eyes.

+15 Bonus

7/11

But smiled.

he rooms-

Each one told a story.

The first-

A woodland fantasy.

Two levels.

Soft green tones.

And flooring designed like a flowing river-

Separating the beds like a gentle stream.

Alice claimed it immediately.

“This one is mine!”

Rose nodded quickly.

Staying close to her.

Safe.

The second-

A castle battle arena.

Stone-textured walls.

Wooden beams.

Practice dummies.

And racks of fake swords.

Alex’s eyes lit up.

“I’m taking this one.”

Jason crossed his arms.

“Absolutely not.”

“It’s perfect.” 1

“It’s dangerous.”

“They’re fake.”

“They look real.”

“It builds character.”

“It builds injuries.”

+15 Bonus

8/11

Home

“You can’t keep it, i claimed it first.”

ighed, before Jason could respond.

“Jason...”

He looked at me.

“...let him have it, we have our own room.”

A pause.

Then he grumbled.

“...fine.”

Alex grinned.

Victory.

The third room-

A flower garden.

Soft colors.

Blooming patterns everywhere.

With a small turret-

Overlooking the ocean.

Mrs. Sun clasped her hands together.

“Oh, I adore this one.”

She turned to me.

“I will take this room.’

Of course she would.

The day passed-

In laughter.

In movement.

In something that felt...

Normal.

For once.

No politics.

No enemies.

No war.

+15 Bonus

9/11

Just family.

By the time evening came-

The kitchen filled with warmth again.

But this time-

It wasn't me.

It was Jason.

Cooking.

Focused.

Sleeves rolled up.

Completely at ease.

"Since when do you cook?" I asked. 2

He didn't look up.

"Since I got tired of bad food."

I laughed.

Pasta.

Simple.

Perfect. 2

We ate together-

The kids talking over each other.

Mrs. Sun laughing.

Iris quieter-

But present.

Rose smiling more than I had ever seen.

And for a moment-

Everything felt right.

Later-

As the house settled-

Jason took my hand.

Guiding me away.

Upstairs.

+15 Bonus

10/11

To our room.

didn't feel like my escape anymore.

It felt like home.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

D

Support

Share

+15 8chus

ge it

17/11

X

Sanctuary

Me room was quiet.

Soft.

Still.

The kind of silence that didn't feel empty-

But full.

The distant sound of the ocean reached us through the glass walls.

Gentle.

Steady. 1

Alive.

Jason stood near the bed-

Watching me.

Not speaking.

Just... there.

Present.

I smiled slightly.

“Wait.”

I walked toward the side panel-

Running my fingers along the smooth surface until I found it.

A small button.

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The lights dimmed instantly.

Soft shadows stretching across the room.

And then-

The ceiling shifted.

Panels sliding silently-

Revealing glass.

Clear.

Open.

C

+15 Bonus

The night sky unfolded above us.

Endless.

The stars scattered like diamonds-

The moon glowing softly-

Watching over us.

I tilted my head back-

Breathing it in.

“I used to come here alone,” I murmured.

“To remind myself there was something bigger than everything I was dealing with.”

A pause.

“That I wasn’t trapped.”

Warmth surrounded me.

Jason.

His arms wrapping around me from behind-

Pulling me gently into him.

Secure.

Steady. 1

His chin rested lightly against my temple.

And for a moment-

He didn't speak.

Just held me.

Like he didn't want to break the moment.

Then-

"I love you."

Soft.

Low.

Certain.

My breath caught.

Not because it was unexpected-

But because of the way he said it.

+15 Bonus

217

Like a truth he had accepted long ago.

And was only now allowing himself to say.

"It's moments like this..."

His arms tightened slightly.

"...when I get to see you like this."

A pause.

"Excited." 1

"Happy."

“Free.”

His voice softened even more.

“That make me feel like the luckiest man alive.”

I turned slowly in his arms.

Looking up at him.

Really looking.

The man who had fought.

Hidden.

Protected.

Waited.

And somehow-

Still chose me.

Every time.

My hand rose to his cheek.

Gentle.

“You are lucky, i am lucky as well,” I whispered.

A small smile.

“Because I chose you.”

A pause.

“And I Will keep choosing you.”

The world outside-

The war waiting-

+15 8cnus

The chaos that would come-

None of it mattered.

Not right now.

Because under that sky-

With the stars above us-

And his arms around me-

I wasn't Amber Asher.

Not the heir.

Not the strategist.

Not the woman everyone expected something from.

I was just-

His.

And he was mine.

I pulled away slightly-

Still wrapped in him-

But suddenly remembering something.

"Wait."

Jason frowned lightly.

"What?"

I sat up-

A spark of excitement returning.

"I have to show you something."

That alone made him smile.

“Of course you do.”

I grabbed his hand-

Pulling him toward the bathroom.

The moment we stepped inside-

He stopped.

Completely.

The space didn't feel like a bathroom.

+15 Bonus

It felt like something out of a dream.

a story.

The walls were carved like natural stone-

Soft water cascading from above-

A waterfall.

Gentle.

Constant.

The sound filling the room with a soothing rhythm.

At the center-

A natural pool.

Wide.

Deep enough-

Large enough for four adults.

The water glowed softly under hidden lights—

Reflecting against the stone-

Against the glass.

Because beyond it-

The ocean stretched endlessly.

The night sky mirrored over the surface-

Blending water and stars into one.

Jason let out a slow breath.

“...Amber.”

I smiled.

“I know.”

He walked closer-

Watching the water.

The way it flowed.

Then looked out toward the ocean-

Then back at me.

“This looks like it belongs in a fantasy book.”

+15 Bonus

π

517

Sanctuary

I laughed softly.

That was the idea.”

He stepped closer to the edge-

Studying the glass.

Then glanced at me.

“Still going to tell me this isn’t dangerous?”

I raised an eyebrow.

“How so?”

He gestured toward the open view.

“Anyone could-”

I cut him off with a small smile.

“I designed the glass.”

That got his attention.

Immediately.

“We can see everything outside.”

“But from the outside-”

I walked closer-

Running my fingers along the surface.

“It looks like solid stone.”

“Like the rest of the structure.”

He frowned slightly-

Leaning in.

“...no way.”

I nodded.

“And even if someone tried to bypass that-”

I crossed my arms lightly.

“The entire property is protected.”

“A signal jammer.”

His expression shifted.

Recognition.

+15 Bonus

Interest.

Nothing gets in or out electronically unless it’s authorized.” “Specific internal access.”

Jason let out a quiet laugh.

Of course.

Of course I had built something like this.

He turned toward me slowly-

Eyes softer now.

“You didn’t build a bathroom.”

A step closer.

“You built a sanctuary.”

I didn’t deny it.

Because that’s exactly what it was.

And standing there-

With the sound of water around us-

The ocean stretching endlessly beyond-

And him looking at me like that-

It didn’t feel like something I had built to hide.

It felt like something I had built-

Waiting to be shared.

Share

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Defense.

Morning came too fast.

Soft light filtered through the glass ceiling-

The ocean calmer.

The world quieter.

For a moment-

It felt like nothing had changed.

Until reality arrived.

The sound of cars.

Voices.

Movement outside.

I stepped out onto the balcony with Jason-

Just as Pamela and Marcus arrived.

Pamela didn't even wait.

The moment she saw me-

She walked straight up-

And pulled me into a tight hug.

"You scared me."

Her voice was low.

Not angry.

Relieved.

“I’m okay,” I murmured.

“I know.”

She pulled back-

Looking me over like she didn’t quite believe it.

Marcus stood nearby-

Hands in his pockets-

Watching.

Assessing.

“You disappear into a castle and don’t tell anyone?” he muttered.

+15 8gnus

Alex’s voice cut in from behind-

‘s not a castle.”

A pause.

“It’s the fairy house.”

Everyone turned.

Alex stood there-

Arms crossed.

Certain.

Jason chuckled.

“Fairy house, huh?”

Alex nodded.

“It fits.”

I smiled.

It did.

Mrs. Sun approached us next.

Warm.

Gentle.

She cupped my face lightly-

Then leaned in-

Kissing my cheek.

Then Jason’s.

“My dears.”

Her voice softened.

“I will stay with the children.”

Jason nodded immediately.

A guard stepped forward-

Positioning himself discreetly nearby.

Silent.

Watchful.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

+15 Bonus

She smiled.

Your grandfather, Mr. Sun, and Mr. Stuart have already agreed.”

A pause. 1

“If I couldn’t find who owned this place before...”

Her eyes sparkled slightly.

“...then no one else will.”

That-

That was true.

“And right now,” she added more seriously,

“There is no safer place.”

The weight of her words settled.

Because we all knew why.

Marcus stepped forward slightly-

His expression shifting.

Professional now.

Focused.

“The military raid-”

That got everyone’s attention.

“They recovered more victims.”

My chest tightened.

“How many?”

“Three women.”

A pause. 1

“Adults.”

But that didn’t make it better.

“They were being held at the Vinni estate.”

Pamela's hand clenched slightly beside me.

"What do you mean held?" she asked sharply.

Marcus exhaled.

"They confirmed the pattern."

+15 Bonus

Silence.

Heavy.

"The Becker family isolated them first."

"Just like Iris."

"Then—"

He hesitated.

"They were forcibly married into the Vinni family."

Shock rippled through us.

Cold.

Violent.

"To take control of their inheritance."

Jason went still beside me.

Dangerously still.

"They were heirs," Marcus continued.

"From smaller families."

"Not as powerful—"

"But financially significant."

A system.

A strategy.

A network.

My stomach turned.

“They’re talking now,” Marcus added.

“And what they’re saying...”

A pause.

“...this goes deeper than we thought.”

Silence.

Again.

But this time-

It wasn’t shock.

It was understanding.

+15 8çnus

This wasn’t over.

Not even close.

“And the heads of the families?” Jason asked.

His voice was calm.

Too calm.

Marcus’s expression darkened.

“They weren’t arrested.”

A beat.

“They’re out on bail.”

Something in me snapped cold.

“They’re free?” Pamela said, disbelief clear.

Marcus nodded once.

“They’re awaiting trial.”

Danger.

Immediate.

Real.

I glanced toward the house.

Toward the children.

Toward Iris.

Toward Rose.

This place wasn’t just a dream anymore.

It was a shield.

And outside of it-

The world was still very much at war.

The courthouse was already overflowing.

Cameras.

Flashes.

Voices shouting over one another-

“Ms. Asher!”

“Is your marriage real?”

+15 8çnus

“Did you cheat on Mr. White?”

Are the allegations true?”

The noise hit like a wave.

Relentless.

Sharp.

Jason's hand tightened around mine.

Then-

He stepped slightly ahead-

Shielding me.

His

presence alone enough to force space-

To push the chaos back.

Cold.

Controlled.

Untouchable.

"Stay close," he murmured.

I didn't answer.

I didn't need to.

Behind us-

Marcus and Pamela followed.

Silent.

Focused.

Watching everything.

Pamela leaned slightly closer to me as we walked.

"They called the press."

Her voice low.

Certain.

I didn't look back.

"I know."

A pause. 1

"If Adrian hadn't pushed for the Heir trial to happen early..."

✂

+15 Bonus

She exhaled softly.

He could've had the advantage."

That made me glance at her.

"And yet he didn't take it."

Pamela nodded slightly.

"I think that's why he did it."

A beat.

"He never really wanted to win."

Her gaze softened just a fraction.

"He just wanted to keep his sister safe."

My chest tightened.

Because now-

Everything he had done made sense.

Every move.

Every risk.

Pamela added quietly-

“After this...”

Cedella

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A small pause.

“...I think it’s time he meets Rose.”

I nodded.

Once.

Firm.

We reached the entrance.

The doors opened-

And just like that-

The noise was gone.

Replaced by something heavier.

Quieter.

More dangerous.

The courtroom.

15 8cnus

I stepped inside-

And immediately-

I saw her.

Jason's ex.

Seated confidently.

A smile on her lips-

Sharp.

Victorious.

As if the outcome was already decided.

My expression didn't change.

But I felt Jason beside me-

Still.

Cold.

We walked forward.

Toward the front.

Toward our place.

And that's when-

Something shifted.

Marcus didn't follow.

I turned slightly-

Just enough to see.

He walked past us.

Not toward the defense table.

But toward the audience.

And sat.

The room reacted instantly.

Murmurs rising.

Confused.

Sharp.

Jason's gaze flickered.

C

“

+15 Bonus

Brief.

lculating.

Pamela didn't react.

Didn't question, she knew i would defend myself.

This was planned.

I slowly faced forward again.

A small smile forming.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

Support

Share

—

+15 Bonus

get it

One down 1

The courtroom Settled.

Heavy.

Expectant.

The judge entered-

Authority filling the room instantly.

“Court is now in session.”

We stood.

Then sat.

And just like that-

It began.

The judge adjusted his glasses-

Looking directly at me.

“Ms. Asher.”

A pause.

“Where is your legal representation?”

Murmurs spread immediately.

Curious.

Judging.

Waiting.

I didn’t hesitate.

“I will be representing myself, Your Honor.”

Silence.

Sharp.

Immediate.

Then-

The reaction.

Whispers.

Surprise.

Disbelief.

+15 Bonus

1/12

Across the room-

Victoria smiled.

Slow.

Satisfied.

She leaned forward slightly.

“Of course she is.”

Her voice carried just enough to be heard.

“Only someone guilty would be unable to secure a lawyer.”

A few nods.

Some agreement.

Exactly what she wanted.

I turned my head-

Meeting her gaze.

Unmoved.

“Or,” I replied calmly,

“someone innocent who has nothing to fear.”

Silence.

Again.

But this time-

Different.

Not dismissive.

Curious.

Victoria's smile faltered-

Just slightly.

The judge cleared his throat.

"Proceed."

Victoria stood.

Confident.

Prepared.

Her heels echoed softly against the floor as she moved.

+15 8çnus

212

"Your Honor," she began smoothly,

This case is quite simple."

A pause.

"Ms. Amber Asher abused her position of power."

Murmurs.

Again.

"She created a hostile work environment-"

Her gaze flicked toward Amelie.

Positioning her.

Using her.

“Specifically targeting my client, Ms. Amelie White.”

Amelie lowered her gaze-

Perfectly.

Fragile.

Controlled.

Victoria continued.

“Ms. Asher, acting as a superior, repeatedly humiliated Ms. Vinni.”

“Ordered her around excessively.”

“Created unrealistic expectations-”

A slight tilt of her head.

“-and then publicly exposed her when she inevitably failed.”

Gasps.

Soft.

Sympathetic.

Exactly as intended.

“She didn’t just fail her professionally,” Victoria added.

“She destroyed her reputation.”

A pause.

“With calculated cruelty.”

I watched her.

+15 Bonus

3/12

Carefully.

Because this

This wasn't truth.

It was a performance.

A narrative.

Crafted.

Manipulated.

Designed to make me look like a villain.

Victoria turned toward the judge again.

"My client was left with no choice but to endure-"

"Until the damage became irreversible."

A beat.

"And now, Ms. Asher stands here-"

She glanced at me.

Cold.

"Attempting to dismiss it all as nothing."

Silence filled the room.

Heavy.

Waiting.

But I didn't react.

Didn't interrupt.

Didn't defend myself.

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Because if Victoria wanted to paint me as the villain—

Then I would let her finish the picture.

Before I burned it.

Victoria didn't hesitate.

"Your Honor," she said smoothly,

"I would like to call my client to the stand."

The judge nodded.

+15 Bonus

4/12

"Proceed."

Amelie stood slowly.

Carefully.

Measured.

Every movement controlled-

Fragile.

Deliberate.

She walked to the stand-

Sat down-

And folded her hands neatly in her lap.

The perfect victim.

Victoria approached her.

Gentle now.

Soft.

“Ms. White,” she began,

“can you tell the court about your experience working under Ms. Asher?”

Amelie hesitated.

Just enough.

Then nodded.

“Yes...”

Her voice was quiet.

Shaky.

“I... I tried my best.”

A pause.

“But it was never enough.”

Murmurs spread.

Sympathy building.

Victoria leaned in slightly.

“Can you clarify that?”

Amelie swallowed.

٢٧

+15 Bcnus

5/12

“Ms. Asher... told me multiple times that my work was not good enough.”

fingers tightened slightly.

“That it was poorly done.”

A breath.

“That I didn’t understand how things were supposed to be handled.”

Victoria nodded slowly.

Encouraging.

“And how did that make you feel?”

Amelie’s eyes lowered.

“Like a failure.”

The word landed softly-

But heavily.

Victoria turned slightly-

Addressing the room.

“And did this happen once?”

Amelie shook her head.

“No.”

A pause.

“It happened... many times.”

Victoria let the silence stretch-

Then asked the question.

“And did Ms. Asher ever make these criticisms public?”

That-

That was the pivot.

Amelie hesitated again.

Longer this time.

Then nodded.

“Yes.”

Gasps.

Soft.

+15 Bcnus

6/12

1 down 2

Turned back toward Amelie.

Calm.

Precise.

“Ms. White.”

Her shoulders tensed again.

“You stated earlier that your work was your own.”

A pause.

“That you were unfairly criticized.”

She nodded.

“Yes.”

I tilted my head slightly.

“Let’s clarify something.”

The room quieted again.

Sensing it.

Feeling it.

“Was the work you presented to Mr. White-”

A deliberate pause.

“as your own...”

“...entirely written by you?”

Silence.

Amelie hesitated.

Longer this time.

Then-

“No.”

Murmurs.

Immediate.

Sharp.

I didn't react.

Just continued.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

“And what part of that work did you complete?”

Se straightened slightly-

Trying to recover.

“I made the grammatical corrections.”

A pause.

“And everyone knows-”

She added quickly.

“That the last person correcting the work is the true owner of it.

That-

That did it.

The courtroom reacted instantly.

Confusion.

Disbelief.

Even a few quiet scoffs.

I let the silence stretch.

Just enough.

Then-

I stepped closer.

Slow.

Controlled.

“Let me make sure I understand your statement.”

My voice calm.

Almost curious.

“You are claiming-”

“That correcting grammar...”

“A document you did not write...”

“Gives you ownership of its content.”

Amelie didn't answer.

Because there was no good answer.

I nodded slightly.

C

As if accepting it.

en-

Delivered the cut.

“So by that logic...”

A pause.

“The person who drafts a contract-”

“doesn’t own it.”

“But the editor does?”

A few quiet laughs broke through.

Quickly silenced-

But too late.

The damage was done.

I took a step back.

Letting the weight of her statement settle.

Letting it collapse on its own.

Victoria moved.

Fast.

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“Objection-”

“Counsel,” the judge interrupted sharply.

“It is not your time with the witness.”

Silence.

Immediate.

Victoria froze-

Then slowly sat back down.

Jaw tight.

Frustrated.

I didn’t look at her.

Didn’t need to.

My attention remained on Amelie.

“Ms. White.”

’2/1”

+15 8çnus

Her hands were no longer steady.

et’s talk about the public statements.”

A pause.

“Do you know who made the first announcement regarding my departure from the White company?”

Amelie hesitated.

“I... don’t recall.”

Of course she didn't.

I nodded slightly.

Then answered for her.

"It was the White company."

The room stilled.

"And you were present."

A beat.

"You and Oscar."

Her breathing shifted.

Shallower.

Faster.

"The statement claimed that I was fired-"

My voice remained calm.

Even.

"For financial mismanagement."

Murmurs erupted.

Louder this time.

Because now-

They remembered.

"And that you-

I tilted my head slightly.

"-had taken over my position."

A pause.

“As you were the one doing the work.”

١٩٥٤

+15 8gnus

Amelie’s lips parted-

But nothing came out.

I didn’t stop.

“Let’s move forward.”

A step closer.

“Ms. White, when is your anniversary with Mr. White?”

That caught her off guard.

Completely.

“In... two weeks.”

I smiled.

Soft.

Almost amused.

“That’s interesting.”

A pause.

“Because it has been less than six months...”

My gaze sharpened-

“...since I ended my engagement with him.”

The room exploded.

Gasps.

Whispers.

Rapid.

Uncontrolled.

Because now-

The timeline didn't match.

Didn't even come close.

Amelie looked panicked.

For the first time-

Truly panicked.

I leaned in slightly.

Not threatening.

+15 8chus

Not aggressive.

Precise.

"Tell me, Ms. White."

A pause.

"If telling the truth..."

My voice softened-

Dangerously so.

"...is considered lying..."

I held her gaze.

Unblinking.

"Then what would you call what you just said?"

Silence.

Total.

Absolute.

Because now-

There was no narrative left.

Only truth.

And it had just been exposed.

Victoria shot to her feet.

“Your Honor, she is leading the witness-”

“No.”

The judge didn’t even hesitate.

“Sit down, counsel.”

Victoria froze.

For just a second-

Before sitting back down.

Tight.

Controlled.

But losing.

+15 8gnu

I turned.

Not to her.

Not to Amelie.

To the jury.

This-

This was the moment that mattered.

I took a breath.

Letting the silence settle.

Letting them look at me.

Not as a headline.

Not as a scandal.

But as a person.

“When someone is merely responding...”

My voice was steady.

Clear.

.to false public allegations with the truth...”

“y.to:

A pause.

“It cannot be considered defamation.”

I let that sit.

Let them think.

“Especially...”

I continued softly.

“...when the party being accused...”

My gaze flickered briefly toward Amelie-

Then back to the jury.

“...was the one suffering from defamation in the first place.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Because now-

The narrative had shifted.

+15 8gnus

^

Completely.

Not attacker.

Not aggressor.

Victim.

Defender.

Truth teller.

I straightened slightly.

Calm.

Composed.

Certain.

“I did not destroy her reputation.”

A beat.

“I corrected the record.”

A murmur moved through the courtroom.

Different this time.

Not chaotic.

Not doubtful.

Understanding.

Because now-

They saw it.

Not a scandal.

A response.

Share

Support

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e courtroom had gone quiet again.

Not tense.

Not chaotic.

Certain.

The judge adjusted his glasses, looking down at me.

“Ms. Asher.”

But also something else.

Finality.

“Are you planning to file a countersuit?”

I didn’t hesitate.

“Yes, Your Honor.”

A murmur rippled through the room.

Low.

Anticipating.

The judge nodded once.

“As expected.”

A brief pause.

“Normally, a case of this nature would require additional time for deliberation.”

He turned toward the jury.

Another pause.

Measured.

“-I will ask the jury directly.”

My heartbeat slowed.

Not faster.

Slower.

“Members of the jury.”

The room held its breath.

“Have you reached a verdict?”

Just one.

“Yes, Your Honor.”

Every eye turned toward them.

Held.

The judge continued.

“How do you find the defendant?”

The foreperson didn’t hesitate.

“Not guilty.”

The courtroom erupted.

But in sound.

Relief.

Shock.

Vindication.

I closed my eyes.

Just for a second.

Not because I doubted.

It was over.

Victoria looked frozen.

Completely still.

Looked like everything had just collapsed around her.

And me?

I felt...

Light.

The judge raised his hand, restoring order.

His gaze shifted back to me.

“The court acknowledges Ms. Asher’s right to pursue legal action for damages.”

A pause.

“This court is adjourned.”

I didn’t move.

Not when the gavel struck.

Not when the courtroom began to stir.

Not when people started standing.

The judge looked at me.

“Ms. Asher.”

His tone was lighter now.

Less formal.

“You are free to leave.”

I smiled.

Small.

Calm.

And shook my head.

“I believe, Your Honor...”

A pause.

“...I’m your next case as well.”

That got his attention.

Immediately.

The room quieted again.

Curious.

Watching.

I stepped forward.

Pacing the documents on his desk.

Carefully.

Deliberately.

He picked them up.

Brows furrowing slightly as he read.

He stilled.

“Oscar White.”

The name alone shifted the atmosphere.

Again.

The judge leaned back slightly.

Exhaling through his nose.

Directly to Victoria.

Sharp.

Unimpressed.

“Counsel.”

His voice cut through the room.

Clean.

Final.

“I strongly advise you to dismiss this case.”

Victoria froze.

Completely caught off guard.

He didn’t let her continue.

“Or I will do it for you.”

Silence.

Heavy.

“I will not waste this court’s time...”

A pause.

tone colder now.

“... on this type of case.”

A ripple went through the courtroom.

Stronger than before.

It wasn't just Amber winning.

Rejecting them.

Victoria's composure cracked.

Just slightly.

But enough.

Amelie looked like she might collapse.

And me?

I simply stood there.

Watching.

This was what they tried to do to me.

They were the ones standing in it.

I tilted my head slightly.

Looking at Victoria.

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Because now-

She had no move left.

Victoria didn't sit down.

Not this time.

"We will not dismiss the case."

Her voice was firm—

+15 Bonus

But there was tension beneath it.

A crack.

Oscar stepped forward slightly.

"I want to proceed."

Of course he did.

Victoria inhaled slowly.

Then turned to me.

"Ms. Asher, please take a seat."

I didn't argue.

I sat.

Relaxed.

Almost amused.

"Let's begin," she said.

Her tone shifting—

Controlled again.

Strategic.

"When did you first meet Jason Sun?"

A flicker of movement from the judge.

“Counsel,” he interrupted.

“Mr. Sun has no direct relevance to this case.”

I spoke before she could.

“It’s alright, Your Honor.”

I turned back to Victoria.

“I’ll answer.”

Her lips pressed together-

But she nodded.

“I knew of Jason in college.”

I said calmly.

“He was...”

A faint smile.

+15 Bonus

“Hard to miss.”

Yew quiet chuckles rippled through the room.

“But we didn’t speak.”

A pause.

“Not until a ball.”

Victoria stepped forward.

Pouncing.

“So you admit it.”

Her voice sharpened.

“You used Oscar White to get closer to Jason-”

“Built a relationship with him-”

“Only to discard him when the opportunity to marry Jason presented itself.”

There it was.

The narrative.

Clean.

Simple.

Wrong.

I laughed.

Soft at first-

Then a little brighter.

Not offended.

Not defensive.

Amused.

“That’s an interesting version of events.”

I leaned back slightly.

Then looked at her-

Directly.

“But incorrect.”

A pause.

Then-

+15 Bonus

I delivered it.

was Oscar who used Jason to get close to me.”

Silence.

Immediate.

Victoria blinked.

Just once.

“He knew.”

I continued.

Calm.

“He knew I liked Jason.”

A ripple through the courtroom.

“And he used that.’

A slight tilt of my head.

“To position himself closer to me.”

Victoria opened her mouth-

But I didn’t stop.

“He wasn’t competing with Jason.”

A beat.

“He was leveraging him.”

That landed.

Hard.

Oscar’s expression shifted-

Subtly-

But enough.

And me?

I smiled.

Because now-

The narrative wasn't just broken.

It was reversed.

I leaned forward slightly.

y

+15 8çnus

Resting my hands on the table.

Men-

Casually.

Almost lightly.

"Tell me, Victoria."

Her name hung in the air.

"Is that why you took this case?"

A pause.

Sharp.

"Because you felt a sense of kinship?"

Her expression hardened.

"With him?"

I tilted my head slightly.

"After all..."

A faint smile.

"He's my ex-fiancé."

A beat.

“And you’re Jason’s.”

The room went still.

Because that–

That wasn’t just a question.

It was exposure.

D

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Victoria didn’t look at me again.

Not once.

“I’m done with this witness.”

Her voice was tight.

Controlled–

But barely.

“I call Oscar White to the stand.”

A shift in the room.

Subtle.

But heavy.

Oscar stood.

Straightened his jacket.

Walked forward like he still belonged there.

He didn't.

He took the oath.

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

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