

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

C 141-150

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Her tone softened.

“What actions did Amber Asher take...”

A pause. 1

“...that led to her being removed from the company?”

Oscar inhaled.

Then spoke.

“She was using outside resources...”

His voice steady-

+15 Bonus

1/11

But rehearsed.

purchase properties.”

A’pause. 1

“And those properties did not belong to White Real Estate.”

Murmurs.

Immediate.

“We lost money because of it.”

There it was.

The accusation.

Clean.

Simple.

Wrong.

I didn't react.

Didn't interrupt.

Because this-

This was exactly what I needed.

Victoria nodded.

Satisfied.

"As a result-"

"She was removed from her position."

Oscar nodded once.

"Yes."

Victoria turned slightly.

"Your witness."

I stood slowly.

Not rushed.

Not pressured.

Certain.

I approached the stand.

Stopping just a few steps away.

+15 Bcnus

2/11

down!

And finally-

Oscar looked at me.

For the first time. 1

“Mr. White.”

My voice was calm.

Almost polite.

“Let’s clarify your statement.”

A pause. 1

“You said...”

I tilted my head slightly.

“...that the properties I acquired...”

“...did not belong to White Real Estate.”

He nodded.

“Yes.”

I smiled.

Small.

“Good.”

A flicker of confusion crossed his face.

“Then let me ask you something simple.”

I stepped closer.

“Who paid for those properties?”

Silence.

Oscar hesitated.

Just for a second.

“...The company-”

I cut him off.

“No.”

Calm.

Firm.

“Answer carefully.”

+15 Bonus

3/11

A beat.

“Did White Real Estate fund those acquisitions?”

The room leaned in.

Oscar’s jaw tightened,

“...No.”

There it was.

I nodded.

As if confirming something already known.

“So the company did not invest in those properties.”

A pause. 1

“And yet you claim the company lost money because of them.”

Silence.

Heavy.

I let it settle.

Then-

Delivered the strike.

“Tell me, Mr. White...”

My voice softened.

Dangerously precise.

“How does a company lose money...”

A beat.

“...on assets it never owned?”

The courtroom went still.

Because now-

The lie wasn't just exposed.

It was impossible.

I didn't move.

Didn't react.

Didn't even blink.

“Mr. White,” I said calmly.

+15 8çnus

4/11

“Who procured the external assets used to acquire those properties?”

Oscar answered immediately.

“She did.”

A pause. 1

Then-

His mistake.

“But as my fiancée-”

He continued.

“She was supposed to leave those properties to me when she left.”

The room shifted.

Subtly.

Dangerously.

“I was entitled...”

He added.

“To half of what she had.”

Silence.

Not confusion.

Shock.

I tilted my head slightly.

Studying him.

“You were entitled?”

I repeated.

Soft.

Almost curious.

Oscar straightened.

“Yes.”

I nodded slowly.

“Let’s clarify that.”

I took one step closer.

“We were engaged.”

+15 Bonus

+15871

5/11

A pause. 1

Not married.”

He didn’t answer.

Because he couldn’t.

“And there was no legal agreement-”

I continued.

“No contract-”

“No shared ownership structure-”

“-stating that you had any claim...”

A beat.

...over my personal assets.”

Oscar’s jaw tightened.

“...No.”

There it was.

I nodded once.

“So your claim-”

My voice remained calm.

Precise.

“Is not based on law.”

A pause. 1

“Not based on contract.”

Another step closer.

“Not based on investment.”

I held his gaze.

“But on expectation.”

Silence.

And then-

The final cut.

“Tell me, Mr. White...”

A slight tilt of my head.

+15 Bonus

6/11

“Since when does expectation...”

A beat.

“...equal ownership?”

The courtroom went completely still.

Because now-

He wasn't just wrong.

He sounded absurd.

And worse-

Entitled.

I didn't step back.

Didn't give him space to recover.

"Mr. White."

My voice was calm.

Steady.

"Why did your company issue that public statement?"

A pause. 1

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Then-

He spoke.

"So she wouldn't be allowed to work for a similar company."

A ripple went through the courtroom.

Immediate.

My gaze sharpened.

"And?"

He swallowed.

Jaw tightening.

“Jason was supposed to get her...”

A pause.

+15 Bonus

7/11

“...to sign away her rights to the buildings.”

Sdence.

Absolute.

“And instead...”

His voice dropped slightly.

“...he married her.”

That-

That was it.

The room didn't just react.

It shifted.

Because now-

This wasn't a misunderstanding.

It was intent.

I let the silence stretch.

Let every word sink in.

Then-

I spoke.

“So to summarize-”

My tone remained composed.

Precise.

“You publicly accused me of financial misconduct...”

A step closer.

“...not because it was true-”

A pause. 1

“But because you wanted to prevent me from working.”

Oscar didn’t answer.

He didn’t need to.

“And you expected-”

I continued.

“...my now husband...”

+15 8çnus

8/11

A faint emphasis.

to manipulate me into signing away my assets.”

A beat.

“And when that failed-”

I tilted my head slightly.

“You chose defamation.”

Silence.

Heavy.

I straightened.

“Thank you, Mr. White.”

I turned.

Walking back to my place.

Because now-

There was nothing left to prove.

They had done it themselves.

The courtroom didn't erupt this time.

It didn't need to.

Because everyone knew.

The judge leaned forward slightly.

His expression-

No longer neutral.

Disappointed.

He looked at Oscar.

Then at Amelie.

"This court has heard enough."

Silence.

Immediate.

"What has been presented here..."

A pause. 1

"...is not a misunderstanding."

нул

+15 Bonus

9/11

His gaze hardened.

is a deliberate attempt to mislead the public-”

“to damage reputation-”

“and to manipulate ownership through false claims.”

Oscar went pale.

Amelie looked like she might break.

The judge didn’t stop.

“I am shutting this case down.”

A collective inhale filled the room.

“And I am ordering both Oscar White and Amelie White...”

His voice sharpened-

“...to issue a public statement of apology.”

A pause. 1

“Failure to comply-”

He let the words hang.

-will result in criminal charges.”

The message was clear.

This wasn’t a warning.

It was a countdown.

Oscar clenched his fists.

But said nothing.

Amelie looked down.

Completely defeated.

Then-

The judge turned.

To Victoria.

His gaze steady.

Unforgiving.

“Counsel.”

Her posture straightened instinctively.

+15 Bonus

10/11

“You would do well...”

pause. 1

“...to be more selective with the cases you choose to represent.”

That landed.

Not loud.

But precise.

A professional warning.

A public reprimand.

Victoria’s lips pressed into a thin line.

She nodded-

Once.

But the damage was done.

I remained still.

Watching.

Because this-

This was what they built.

And now-

They were standing in its collapse.

The judge raised his hand.

“This court is adjourned.”

The gavel struck.

And just like that-

It was over.

Not just the case.

But their narrative.

D

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

11/11

Shielding

The courthouse doors opened-

And the noise hit us instantly.

Cameras.

Voices.

Questions overlapping one another.

“Ms. Asher!”

“Over here!”

“Do you have a statement-”

Jason’s hand found mine.

Firm.

Steady.

Grounding.

He moved slightly in front of me-

Shielding.

Not controlling.

Never that.

Just...

Protecting.

We kept walking.

Until-

“Ms. Asher!”

One voice cut through the rest.

Clear.

Confident.

We both paused.

The reporter stepped forward.

Smiling.

Less aggressive than the others.

“I just have one question.”

@

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Jason glanced at me.

Checking.

I nodded.

The reporter's grin widened.

"My favorite moment..."

He said.

"...was when you asked the lawyer if she took the case out of revenge for you marrying Mr. Sun."

A few nearby reporters chuckled.

"Brutal," he added.

"Absolutely brutal."

I smiled.

"And I was wondering..."

He leaned forward slightly.

"What was your favorite moment?"

A pause.

I could feel Jason's gaze on me.

Warm.

Curious.

I smiled.

Soft.

Simple.

“The end.”

The reporter blinked-

Then laughed.

“Fair enough.”

To them-

It was obvious.

Relief.

Closure.

But Jason-

+15 Bonus

29

Jason knew better.

Because my favorite moment-

Wasn't the end.

It was the shift.

The exact second-

When control changed hands.

When the judge looked at Victoria—

And she realized-

She had already lost.

A soft sound broke my thoughts.

Jason chuckled.

Low.

Knowing.

I turned slightly-

Meeting his eyes.

And without a word-

He leaned in-

And kissed me.

Not rushed.

Not for the cameras.

Just...

Certain.

The world around us blurred.

Because for a moment-

There was no court.

No media.

No chaos.

Just us.

And the quiet understanding-

We had won. At least today's battle.

+15 Bonus

We didn't stay.

Not for the cameras.

Not for the noise.

Jason guided me to the car-

And we left.

Straight to the Asher estate.

It should have felt like relief.

Like closure.

But something-

Felt wrong.

Jason was quiet.

Too quiet.

And when we arrived-

I understood why.

Police cars.

Officers.

Security everywhere.

Jason's hand tightened around mine as we walked inside.

Grandfather was waiting.

Mr. Sun beside him.

But this time-

Grandfather didn't speak.

He looked at me.

Longer than usual.

Almost...

Hesitant.

“Grandpa?”

He exhaled slowly.

Then gestured toward the sitting area.

“Sit down, darling.”

+15 Bonus

7

That-

That wasn't normal.

My chest tightened.

“I'm fine, just tell me-”

“No.”

His voice wasn't loud.

But it was firm.

“Sit.”

I froze for a second.

Then slowly sat.

“Breathe first.”

He added softly.

That made it worse.

Much worse.

I inhaled.

Once.

Twice.

Jason stayed standing beside me-

But Grandfather turned to him.

“Jason.”

His tone shifted.

More serious.

“Hold her.”

Jason didn’t question it.

Jason didn’t question it.

His arm wrapped around me instantly.

Pulling me closer to him.

Firm.

Secure.

Protective.

+15 Bonus

7

My heart started pounding.

What is it?” I whispered.

Grandfather didn’t answer.

He nodded toward an officer.

“Show her.”

A tablet was placed in my hands.

The moment the screen lit up-

My breath caught.

A room.

Small.

Windowless.

And the walls-

Covered.

Pictures.

Of me.

Thousands.

Different places.

Different years.

Different moments.

My fingers tightened around the tablet.

“...What is this?” I whispered.

“This was found in the Becker estate.”

Grandfather said quietly.

The images kept moving.

Me at nineteen.

Campus.

Laughing.

Living-

Unaware.

Always unaware.

+15 Bcnus

Then-

The next image appeared.

And I froze.

The ball.

That night.

I was sitting beside Jason.

Leaning toward him.

Smiling.

Drunk.

But-

Jason's face-

Had been crossed out.

Over and over again.

Violently.

Erased.

My breath hitched.

"They knew you were there..."

I whispered.

"No."

Jason's voice came low.

Cold.

“They didn’t like that I was.”

Silence filled the room.

The screen shifted again.

Clothes.

My clothes.

From years ago.

Folded.

Kept.

A chill ran through me.

+15 Bonus

ukang

“He’s been watching you...”

Sun said quietly.

“For years.”

Jason’s arm tightened around me.

“Where is he?”

“...We don’t know.”

That-

That was worse.

Much worse.

I leaned slightly into Jason-

Without realizing it.

And for the first time-

I understood why Grandfather had made me sit.

Why he told Jason to hold me.

Because this-

Wasn't just information.

It was something you had to survive.

Grandfather nodded toward one of the officers.

The man stepped forward.

"Detective Daniels."

He introduced himself.

Voice calm.

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"I'm leading the investigation on this matter."

Matter.

That word felt too small.

"I need to clarify something."

My stomach dropped.

"We are not yet certain which member of the Becker family the room belongs to."

Silence.

ул

+15 Bonus

“So at this moment-”

A pause.

“We cannot confirm that the head of the Becker family is directly responsible.”

Jason’s arm tightened.

“But-”

Daniels added.

“We are currently analyzing fingerprints recovered from the scene.”

That made it worse.

Because that meant-

Someone real.

Someone traceable.

“And for your safety-”

He continued.

“A patrol unit will remain stationed nearby.”

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

from Poy thour

Jason POV 1 hour

Jason POV

It hadn't even been an hour.

Not even an hour.

I stood there-

Amber still in my arms-

And all I could think was-

How much more?

She couldn't even breathe.

Not for a second.

Kidnapped.

Rescued herself.

Found a girl-

Broken.

Abused.

Rescued two of them.

Won the Heir trial.

Made enemies.

Walked into a courtroom-

And dismantled everyone in her path.

Won not one-

But two cases.

And now-

This.

A stalker.

A free one.

My jaw tightened.

Hard enough it hurt.

Because this-

This wasn't coincidence anymore.

+15 8gnus

This was a pattern.

And patterns?

Patterns could be broken.

I looked down at the tablet again.

At the walls.

At the pictures.

At the one-

Where my face had been crossed out.

Something dark shifted inside me.

"They didn't like that I was."

My words echoed.

Good.

Let them not like it.

Because now-

They were going to learn exactly why.

My arm tightened around Amber instinctively.

Not enough to hurt her.

But enough to anchor her, keep her at my side.

To remind myself-

She was here.

Safe.

With me.

Detective Daniels was still talking.

Something about fingerprints.

Patrol units.

Procedure.

I wasn't listening anymore.

Because procedure-

Was too slow.

And whoever did this-

"||

+15 8çnus

+15 Bonus

Had years.

Years.

To watch her.

To collect pieces of her life.

To build-

That.

And whatever else they were not showing us, because a unit like that was not just dispatched for some clothes and pictures. 1

My fingers curled slightly.

They thought they were careful.

Hidden.

Untouchable.

They weren't.

They just hadn't been found yet.

I exhaled slowly.

Forcing the anger down.

Layer by layer.

Because rage-

Uncontrolled-

Was useless.

But focused?

That was something else entirely.

I looked at Grandfather.

Then at Mr. Asher.

They knew.

They could see it.

The shift.

"Jason."

Grandfather's voice was calm.

Measured.

A warning and a request.

I met his gaze.

Il handle it.”

Simple.

Clear.

Not a question.

Not a request.

A promise.

Detective Daniels stepped forward slightly.

“We will handle it-”

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Won.

And someone-

Somewhere-

Thought they could touch her?

A humorless smile tugged at my lips.

٢١

+15 8çnus

They had no idea.

Because if they thought crossing my face out of a picture-

Would remove me-

They were wrong.

It just made me more visible.

And once I was visible-

It gave me a motive, a way to move.

I was about to move.

About to stand.

To leave.

To start.

Her hand stopped me.

Firm.

Unyielding.

I looked down.

Amber.

She didn't let go.

Not even a little.

For a moment-

I just stared at her.

Then-

I exhaled.

Slow.

And instead of leaving-

I pulled her closer.

Lifted her effortlessly-

Out of the chair-

And settled her in my lap.

My arms wrapped around her instinctively.

Holding her there.

C

НЯ

+15 Bonus

Grounding.

‘m not going anywhere.”

I murmured against her hair.

She laughed.

Soft.

But it wasn't real.

It was strained.

Tight.

And that-

That made something twist in my chest.

Because she wasn't afraid.

Amber didn't do fear.

But she knew.

She understood what this was.

Her hand moved slightly-

Still holding mine.

Then she leaned in.

Closer.

Her lips brushing near my ear.

And whispered-

“I know you’re going to hunt.”

I went still.

Completely still.

Of course she did.

Of course she saw it.

She always did.

“And I refuse...”

She continued softly.

“...to be someone’s prey.”

My grip tightened.

+15 Bcnus

mon Poy thour

Not on her-

But around her.

Because that word-

Prey-

No.

Never.

Not her.

Not ever.

Then-

She said it.

“Take me with you.”

A pause.

Her voice didn't shake.

Didn't hesitate.

"Take me hunting."

Silence.

The room faded.

The officers.

Grandfather.

Everything.

Gone.

Because now-

It was just her.

And me.

I leaned back slightly-

Just enough to look at her.

Really look.

She wasn't scared.

She was angry.

Focused.

нул

+15 Bonus

ason Poy 1 hour

Alive.

And in that inoment-

I understood something.

If I tried to protect her by leaving her behind-

I would lose her.

Not physically.

But something worse.

Her trust.

Her choice.

Her fire.

And that-

That I would never risk.

My hand came up-

Brushing a strand of hair away from her face.

“You’re not prey.”

I said quietly.

A beat.

“You never were.”

My thumb traced lightly along her jaw.

“And if you come with me...”

A pause.

“There’s no turning back.”

Because this-

Wasn’t business.

This wasn't strategy.

This was war.

And once it started-

It wouldn't stop.

I held her gaze.

Waiting.

+15 Bonus

mon Roy Thour

Because even now-

Even after everything-

The choice-

Was still hers.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

+15 Bonus

Three

Amber POV

I didn't hesitate. Not when he warned me, not when he asked, not even when I understood exactly what this meant. There was no turning back-and there hadn't been for a long time.

We moved naturally, without needing to say much, as if this wasn't new to us. As if we had done this before. And in a way... we had.

Jason pulled a tablet toward us, his movements precise and controlled, while I was already pulling data before he even finished opening the files.

"Becker estate layout," I said.

"Already mapped," he replied without missing a beat.

I glanced at him, a small smile forming on my lips. Of course it was.

He zoomed into the structure, highlighting entry points, exits, and blind spots. At the same time, I overlaid financial logs, movement patterns, and irregular transactions.

“They’ve been funding something off-books,” I murmured.

Jason didn’t even look surprised. “Of course they have.”

Our hands moved almost at the same time, reaching, adjusting, refining. His strategy was clean and silent. Mine was faster, more aggressive. And yet, they fit perfectly.

Then-

Jason’s tablet vibrated.

A message.

He glanced down, his expression sharpening.

“Marcus,” he said quietly.

I shifted closer as he opened it.

Profiles filled the screen.

Names.

Connections.

“According to the family profiles,” Jason read, his voice turning colder, more focused, “the most likely suspects are three.”

He tapped once.

“The head of the Becker family.”

Again.

“His son.”

And then-

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“His grandson.”

Sdence settled between us.

Jason leaned back slightly, eyes narrowing as something clicked.

“They were there,” he murmured.

I looked at him.

“At every event.”

He pulled up the images from the room, cross-referencing dates and locations.

My college years.

The conferences.

“The Beckers attended all of them,” he said, his voice tightening. “Every single one.”

He zoomed into the background of one image.

Then another.

Then another.

“They weren’t just present...”

His jaw clenched.

“They were following a pattern.”

A chill ran through me.

Not random.

Not coincidence.

Deliberate.

I turned back to my screen, fingers already moving.

“If they were tracking me back then...”

I murmured.

“They needed a base.”

Jason's gaze snapped to me.

I was already filtering assets.

Cutting through layers.

Removing legitimate holdings.

Leaving only what didn't belong.

"Ghost properties," I said.

+15 Bonus

K

He leaned in instantly.

solated one cluster.

“They’ve been moving funds through shell companies tied to these.”

Then I stopped.

Highlighted one location.

“This one.”

Jason’s voice dropped. “Why?”

I zoomed in.

“No activity. No tenants. No profit.”

I looked at him.

“That’s not an investment.”

His eyes darkened.

“That’s a holding space.

Silence fell again.

Heavy.

Focused.

Because now-

This was real.

This was close.

Jason's hand came over mine-

Firm.

Grounding.

Then suddenly-

He pulled me toward him.

Hard.

Urgent.

And kissed me.

Not soft.

Not gentle.

Desperate.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

I felt it instantly.

s anger.

His fear.

His restraint-

Breaking at the edges.

His hand slid behind my neck, holding me in place, keeping me close as if letting go wasn't an option anymore

And I didn't pull away.

Because I understood.

This wasn't just about the hunt.

This was about losing control.

About almost losing me-

Too many times.

When he finally pulled back, his forehead rested against mine.

His breathing uneven.

Controlled-

But barely.

“You don’t leave my side.

It wasn’t a command.

It was a need.

I smiled slightly, brushing my nose against his.

“Not planning to.”

His arm stayed around me.

Tight.

Unrelenting.

As if the distance of even a step-

Was too much.

Then-

He exhaled slowly.

And when he spoke again-

His voice was steady.

Cold.

Pocused.

“Then that’s where we start.”

I leaned back just enough to look at the screen again.

At the location.

At the plan.

And I smiled.

Sharp.

Certain.

“Good,” I said.

“Because I just found the entrance.”

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

Sanders

Jason didn't let go of me, not even after we had a plan. His arm stayed firmly around my waist, grounding me, as if letting go was not an option anymore.

Then his tone shifted.

"Think," he said quietly.

I looked up at him, noticing the sharp focus in his eyes.

“Was there ever a time you were alone with any of the Becker men?”

I frowned, my mind going back years, searching through memories I had long forgotten. For a moment, there was nothing... and then something surfaced.

“When I was a child,” I said slowly. “The four families used to get together so the kids could spend time together.”

Jason nodded slightly. “I remember those. I used to try to get out of them.”

I huffed softly. “That sounds about right.”

But then I continued, my brows furrowing as the memory became clearer.

“I remember you being there... but there was also a boy. Older than me. I can’t remember his face clearly, but he was always there... following you.”

Jason frowned. "I don't remember him."

That didn't sit right with me. I was sure of it.

I reached for my phone. "Let's ask someone who would."

Jason didn't stop me.

Grandfather answered almost immediately.

"Amber, darling."

"Grandpa," I said, getting straight to the point. "Do you remember the gatherings between the families when we were kids?"

He chuckled softly. "Of course I do."

"There's something I need to ask. Was there ever any intention behind those meetings?"

He laughed again, this time more knowingly. “Of course there was. Those gatherings were meant to observe compatibility between the children.”

I blinked. “Compatibility?”

“They were considering future alliances,” he clarified. “Marriage, in simpler terms.”

I exchanged a look with Jason.

“You were actually considered for a match,” Grandfather continued.

“With who?” I asked.

+15 8çnus

“Rodney Becker. He was one of the strongest candidates for heir at the time.”

Jason went still beside me.

“But,

you.”

“Grandfather added, “the head of the Becker family mentioned that his youngest son was also interested in

My grip tightened slightly on the phone. “Who?”

“Emilian Becker.”

The name hit something deep in my memory.

“And if I remember correctly,” Grandfather continued, “Emilian used to follow Jason around quite a bit during those gatherings.”

I slowly turned to look at Jason.

“That’s him,” I said quietly. “The boy I remember.”

Jason frowned. “I don’t remember him.”

I wasn’t surprised. Jason had never been the type to look back.

But someone had clearly been watching.

“Thank you, Grandpa,” I said before ending the call.

Silence settled between us.

Jason’s arm tightened slightly around me.

“Emilian Becker,” he said, his voice calm but cold.

This wasn’t just a guess anymore.

It was a direction.

I looked back at the screen, at the property we had just identified.

A chill ran through me.

This wasn't random.

This wasn't recent.

This had been building for years.

And now, for the first time...

We were about to walk straight into it.

Jason didn't waste a second.

The moment we had a name, he shifted completely-his posture straightening, his expression going cold and unreadable.

Cronos.

I watched it happen in real time.

+15 Bonus

His fingers moved across the keyboard with precision, fast but controlled, like every command had already been calculated before he even touched the screen.

“I’m pulling everything on Emilian Becker,” he said.

I nodded, leaning closer as the data began to populate.

At first, it was exactly what we expected.

Family records.

Business affiliations.

Public appearances.

Nothing useful.

Nothing personal.

Nothing that connected him to me.

Jason's eyes narrowed.

"He's not in the suspect pool," he muttered.

"That doesn't make sense," I replied.

"It doesn't," he agreed.

Then his approach changed.

Instead of searching for Emilian Becker-

He erased the name entirely.

“People don’t disappear,” Jason said quietly. “They change labels.”

He began digging deeper, cross-referencing maternal records, dormant identities, and educational databases.

Minutes passed.

Then-

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A new file opened.

I leaned in.

Emilian Sanders

Same age.

Same timeline.

Same university.

My stomach dropped.

“No way...” I whispered.

Sonants

Jason opened the profile fully.

Enrollment.

Housing.

Records.

Then-

A photo.

Clear.

+15 Bonus

Undeniable.

“It’s him,” I said.

Jason zoomed in slightly.

“He enrolled under his mother’s surname,” he said.

“Sanders...”

The name felt too familiar.

Then it clicked.

I turned to Jason.

“Oscar’s roommate.”

Jason was already looking at me.

Silence fell.

Heavy.

Because this meant-

He had been there.

Inside our lives.

Inside our circle.

Watching.

Learning.

Waiting.

Jason leaned back slightly, jaw tight.

“He broke contact after college,” he said.

“He didn’t disappear,” I replied quietly. “He stepped back.”

Jason’s gaze darkened. “After getting close enough.”

A chill ran down my spine.

Ten-

Jason reached for his phone.

“I’m calling Oscar.”

I raised a brow but said nothing.

He dialed.

To my surprise-

Oscar answered almost immediately.

“Jason,” Oscar said, sounding oddly calm. “I was actually planning to call you.”

Jason’s expression didn’t change. “Why?”

A pause.

Then-

“Amelie is pregnant.”

I blinked.

Oscar continued, his tone shifting slightly. “And after the trial... I need money. My father cut me off.”

Jason didn’t react.

“Congratulations,” he said flatly. “I can give you something better than money.”

Oscar hesitated, “What?”

“One of my properties. The red house.”

Even I turned to look at him.

Oscar went quiet.

Then-

“What do you want?”

“Information,” Jason said. “On Emilian Sanders.”

Silence.

Then Oscar exhaled.

“...I figured this would come up someday.”

My attention sharpened.

“What do you know?” Jason asked.

Oscar huffed lightly. “Not much that seemed important at the time.”

+15 Bonus

“Say it anyway.”

Emilian was... Weird. Smart. Quiet. Kept to himself.”

Jason’s tone sharpened. “Why did he room with you?”

Oscar scoffed. "Because I was popular. Or so I thought."

I rolled my eyes slightly.

"He transferred into my room after I started dating Amber," Oscar continued.

Jason's grip tightened slightly on the phone.

"And?" he pressed.

"He used to ask about her."

My stomach tightened.

"Everything," Oscar added. "What she liked, where she went, who she talked to..."

Jason's voice dropped. "And you answered?"

"I didn't think anything of it," Oscar snapped. "He said it was research."

Jason went still. "Research for what?"

Oscar let out a humorless laugh. "He said for the future."

Silence.

Cold.

Heavy.

"I assumed he meant a future relationship."

Something inside me shifted.

Not fear.

Recognition.

"Why did he disappear?" Jason asked.

"Graduation," Oscar said. "No goodbye. No contact. Just gone."

Jason ended the call without another word.

Silence settled between us.

I exhaled slowly, my eyes still on the screen.

“He always creeped me out.”

Jason turned to me immediately.

I crossed my arms slightly, thinking back.

+15 Bonus

“He never spoke to me,” I said. “Not once.”

Jason frowned.

“He only ever talked to Oscar,” I continued. “But he was always there.”

Watching.

Always watching.

My stomach tightened.

“The way he looked at people...” I added quietly. “It wasn’t normal.”

Jason didn’t interrupt.

“He didn’t interact,” I said. “He observed.”

I met Jason’s eyes.

“Like we were...” 1

I hesitated for a second.

“...ants in an ant farm.”

Silence.

Jason’s jaw clenched.

Because now-

This wasn’t obsession.

This was detachment.

Calculation.

Control.

I looked back at the screen.

At his face.

At the name he chose.

Emilian Sanders.

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D

Share

Support

+15 Bonus

get it

717

Control

Jason stepped closer, his hand settling firmly on my waist.

Possessive.

Grounding.

Protective.

“He studied you.”

I nodded.

“For years.”

His voice dropped.

Cold.

“Then it’s time we return the favor.”

I turned to him fully.

A small, sharp smile forming.

“Good,” I said.

“Because I’m done being observed.”

Jason turned to me again.

There was something different in his expression this time.

Less control.

More... concern.

“Stay behind,” he said quietly.

I didn’t respond immediately.

His hand tightened slightly on my waist.

“For my peace of mind,” he added. “This could be a trap.”

I met his gaze.

Steady.

Unmoving.

“I know,” I said.

A pause.

“But I’m not staying behind.”

His jaw clenched.

+15 Bonus

“Amber-”

“I cut in, my tone calm but firm. “I’m not letting fear dictate my life.”

Silence stretched between us.

I softened slightly, but didn't step back.

"We go together," I added. "Or not at all."

Jason studied me for a long second.

Then exhaled slowly.

"...Together," he agreed.

We shifted back into motion.

Jason returned to his screens, digging deeper into the Becker family.

Not just Emilian-

But the meaning behind the name change.

Sanders.

Maternal line. 1

Why hide?

Why separate?

His fingers moved quickly, tracing financial patterns, legal records, old filings.

Looking for intent.

For structure.

Prev

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Meanwhile-

I pulled up the building we had identified.

The so-called ghost property.

I zoomed into the layout.

Floor plans.

Structural modifications.

Entry points.

Emergency exits.

Ventilation shafts.

I overlaid nearby streets.

’

+15 8chus

Traffic patterns.

Camera placements.

Escape routes.

“This isn’t just a hideout,” I murmured.

Jason glanced at me.

“What do you see?”

I zoomed into a section of the building.

“Reinforced walls here... and here.”

Another layer appeared.

“Limited external access.”

Then-

A pause.

I leaned closer.

“This area...”

Jason stood and moved beside me.

“What?”

I highlighted the section.

“No windows.”

His expression darkened.

“Containment.”

I nodded slowly.

“This place was designed for control.”

Jason’s phone vibrated.

He picked it up immediately.

“Marcus.”

He didn’t put it on speaker this time.

Just listened.

Then-

His expression changed.

Sharp.

MK

+15 Bonus

Focused.

Send it,” he said.

A second later, his tablet lit up with a video file.

Jason opened it.

I stepped closer.

A robotics competition.

Younger.

Crowded room.

Students.

Judges.

Energy.

And then-

I saw him.

Emilian.

Younger.

But unmistakable.

Standing beside a partially assembled robot.

His hands moved quickly, adjusting components mid-competition.

Efficient.

Precise.

Controlled.

But that wasn’t what made my breath catch.

It was his eyes.

He wasn’t looking at the robot.

He was looking-

At me.

On the screen, a younger version of me moved between stations, focused on my own project.

Unaware.

But he wasn't.

He never looked away.

C

1

+15 Bonus

Jason's voice was low. "He's not even watching his own build."

Nidn't answer.

Because I was too focused on what came next.

The results were announced.

Second place.

Emilian.

For a moment-

He didn't react.

Then-

Everything snapped.

He grabbed the robot. 1

And smashed it.

Once.

Twice.

Again-

Metal bending.

Pieces breaking.

The room froze around him.

But he didn't care.

His breathing was uneven.

His hands shaking-

Not from weakness.

From fury.

Jason paused the video.

Silence filled the room.

"He lost control," Jason said.

I shook my head slowly.

"No."

Jason looked at me.

"That wasn't loss of control," I said quietly.

At

+15 Bonus

notro

"That was the result of control failing."

Jason's expression darkened.

I looked back at the frozen image.

At his face.

At his eyes.

“He needed to win,” I continued. “Not for the competition.”

Jason followed my gaze.

“For you,” he finished.

A chill ran through me.

Because this-

This wasn't admiration.

This wasn't interest.

This was fixation tied to performance.

To outcome.

To possession.

Jason closed the video.

“He doesn't tolerate losing,” he said.

“And he's been losing against me for years,” I replied.

Silence.

Heavy.

Then Jason stepped closer.

His hand returning to my waist.

Firm.

Grounding.

“This ends tonight.”

I nodded.

Because now-

This wasn't just a hunt.

It was a confrontation.

Years in the making.

'

+15 Bchus

617

We were walking into it

Polly aware.

P

Support

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717

Prev

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Emilian POV

Emilian stood in the center of a dark room, perfectly still, his hands relaxed at his sides. Only the tension in his jaw betrayed the storm building beneath the surface.

His family had interfered.

Again.

The Becker family had always followed the same tradition. The youngest son of the head of the family inherited the darker side of their empire-the part built in shadows, where power was maintained through control, information, and silence.

It was not something given freely. It had to be earned.

To inherit, one had to separate from the family name, build an identity, and prove superiority.

That was why he became Emilian Sanders.

Not to hide.

To qualify.

To take what was his.

Part of that process required a match. A bride. Someone chosen not for affection, but for comparison. Someone to surpass publicly, to demonstrate absolute dominance.

His father had chosen Amber Asher.

At first, she had been nothing more than a benchmark, a variable in a system he intended to master.

But over time, that changed.

Not into something emotional.

Into something certain.

Amber became his.

Not through love.

Through inevitability.

He had watched her for years. Studied her decisions, her movements, her growth. Every success she achieved, he analyzed. Every failure, he recorded. Every pattern, he learned.

He adapted to her.

Improved because of her.

Refined himself against her.

Until the moment would come when he could surpass her completely.

That was the design.

That was the purpose.

+15 8çnus

And his family had disrupted it.

relessly.

They had acted without precision. Without understanding. Kidnapping, noise, exposure-variables that should never have been introduced.

They had placed her in danger.

His fingers curled slightly.

That was unacceptable.

Amber was not theirs to touch.

She was part of the system.

And systems were meant to be perfected, not broken.

He turned toward the monitors, pulling up every feed, every access point, every known location.

Nothing.

For the first time in years, he could not find her.

Even if it had only been for a day, it was enough.

A disruption.

“I know your patterns,” he murmured, his voice calm but cold.

He brought up her properties, one by one. Buildings, investments, holdings-every space she controlled.

She was not in any of them.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“She went somewhere I can’t see.”

A pause.

Then-

“Jason.”

The name settled like a variable he had underestimated.

Jason Sun.

The anomaly.

The interference.

He began pulling Jason's known assets, cross-referencing locations, narrowing possibilities.

"She would go where I don't have access."

His expression darkened slightly.

"Where he does."

That meant something had shifted.

Someone else was watching.

His hand stilled.

Then he turned.

At the far end of the room, three figures sat restrained.

His father.

His older brother.

And his nephew.

All silent.

All contained.

His father lifted his head slightly. “Emilian...”

There was warning in his tone.

It didn’t matter.

“You interfered,” Emilian said calmly.

No anger.

No raised voice.

Which made it worse.

“You disrupted the process.”

His brother Marco shifted in his restraints. “You’ve gone too far.”

Emilian tilted his head slightly.

“Too far?” he repeated.

A brief pause.

“You acted without precision.”

His gaze moved between them, assessing, calculating.

“You introduced variables you didn’t understand.”

His nephew scoffed. “You’re insane.”

Emilian didn’t react.

Instead, he stepped closer.

“You put her at risk.”

His voice lowered slightly.

+15 Bonus

316

“And that is not something I tolerate.”

Sdence fell over the room.

Heavy.

Final.

He turned to his father.

“Cooper Becker,” Emilian continued, his voice precise, deliberate, “you were the one who selected Amber for me.”

Silence.

“You knew how this worked.”

No denial came.

No argument.

Because there was none.

Marco shifted in his bindings, a slow grin spreading across his face despite the situation.

A laugh escaped him.

Low.

Mocking.

“Well,” Marco said, adjusting himself as much as the restraints allowed, “he’s not wrong.”

His gaze flicked toward their father, then back to Emilian.

“Father should have never chosen Amber for you.”

Emilian didn’t react.

Marco's smile widened.

"Is she too much for you, brother?"

A pause.

Then-

"For the first time, the youngest son has failed to surpass his bride."

His tone turned almost amused.

"What a pity."

Silence stretched.

Heavy.

Deliberate.

Marco leaned back slightly, as much as he could.

PAR

“I do believe Rodney would have been a better match for her.”

at

Was the wrong thing to say.

For the first time-

Emilian moved without restraint.

A single step forward.

Then another.

Measured.

Controlled.

But sharper.

Closer.

He stopped directly in front of Marco.

His gaze lowered slightly.

Not emotional.

Not angry.

Worse.

Certain.

“You misunderstand the situation,” Emilian said quietly.

Marco’s smile faltered slightly.

“Amber is not a failure of the process.”

A pause.

“She is the process.”

Silence fell.

Cold.

Final.

Emilian straightened.

Turning away from them once more.

Because their opinions-

Their judgments-

Their interference-

+15 Bcnus

Were irrelevant.

The system had not failed.

It had evolved.

This was no longer about proving superiority.

This was about reclaiming control.

And correcting the disruption.

His voice was barely above a whisper.

“I will find you.”

Not a threat.

Not a promise.

A certainty.

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Support

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+15 Bonus

Cedella

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Not alone

Amber POV

We didn't move immediately.

Even with everything we knew.

Even with where he might be.

Q"

+15 Bonus

We waited.

Jason was the one who made that call.

I watched him as he stepped slightly away, phone already in hand, his posture shifting back into that controlled dangerous calm I had come to recognize.

Not Jason.

Cronos.

“Scott,” he said when the line connected.

A pause.

Then his tone lowered, precise and direct.

“I need backup.”

I leaned against the table, arms crossed, watching him as he listened.

“No,” he added after a second. “Not a full team. Just coverage.”

Another pause.

His jaw tightened slightly.

“How long?”

Silence stretched.

Then-

“Two days?”

His voice didn’t rise, but I could hear the restraint in it.

I pushed myself off the table, walking closer.

Jason ran a hand through his hair, exhaling slowly.

“... Fine,” he said finally. “Two days.”

He ended the call without another word.

For a moment, he just stood there.

Still.

Thinking.

Calculating.

+15 8gnus

|

Scott Highins?I asked softly.

He nodded once.

“Military contact,” he said. “He wants time to set up properly.”

I tilted my head slightly. “And you agreed.”

Reluctantly.

I could see it in the way his shoulders were set.

In the tension in his hands.

In the silence that followed.

“Yes,” he admitted.

Because he didn’t want to wait.

Because every second-

Was a second Emilian had.

I stepped closer.

“You did the right thing,” I said quietly.

Jason looked at me.

Something flickered in his eyes.

Not doubt.

Not exactly.

Something heavier.

Then suddenly-

He pulled me into him.

Firm.

Strong.

His arms wrapped around me like a shield, like he could block everything out just by holding me close enough.

I didn't resist.

Didn't move.

I just let myself settle into him.

Because for once-

I didn't need to be the strong one.

His hand pressed against my back, holding me there, his chin resting lightly against my head.

don't like this," he murmured.

I smiled faintly against his chest.

"I know."

But I didn't pull away.

Because the truth was-

I could do this alone.

I had done things like this alone.

For years.

But this-

This was different.

Because now-

I didn't have to.

And that...

That mattered more than I expected.

I closed my eyes briefly, letting myself enjoy the moment.

The warmth.

The strength.

The certainty of him.

He didn't need me to ask.

Didn't need me to explain.

He was just there.

Beside me.

With me.

For me.

I exhaled softly.

"Two days," I said.

Jason tightened his hold slightly.

“Two days,” he repeated.

And when he pulled back just enough to look at me-

+15 8çnus

+15 Bonus

His gaze was steady.

Pocused.

Dangerous.

“We go in together.”

I smiled.

“Always.”

Jason didn’t let go.

Instead, he stepped back slowly, guiding me with him.

One step.

Then another.

Until the back of his legs hit the sofa.

He sat down-and pulled me with him.

I didn’t resist.

I settled into his lap naturally, like it was where I was meant to be.

His arms wrapped around me instantly, firm and unyielding, like if he let go even slightly, something might take me away again.

I could feel it.

The tension.

The fear he wasn't saying out loud.

So I didn't give him words.

I lifted my hands and cupped his face.

He stilled.

For just a second.

| Then I leaned in —

And kissed him.

Hard.

Not hesitant.

Not soft.

Real.

Everything I couldn't put into words poured into that moment.

Relief.

1

+15 Bonus

Anger.

Pear.

Gratitude.

Because there was no better feeling than this.

Than realizing-

I wasn't alone anymore.

That someone understood.

That someone saw me-

All of me.

And stayed.

Jason's grip tightened instantly, one hand pressing against my back, the other coming up to hold me closer, like he was anchoring himself just as much as he was anchoring me.

The kiss deepened, not rushed, not desperate-

But intense.

Certain.

Like a promise.

Like something neither of us was willing to lose.

I pulled back slightly, just enough to breathe, my forehead resting against his.

His eyes were still closed for a second longer.

Then they opened.

Dark.

Focused.

On me.

“You’re not doing this alone,” he murmured.

I smiled softly, brushing my thumb against his cheek.

“I know.”

And for the first time-

I didn’t just believe it.

I felt it.

Control

he next two days passed in a blur.

A'constant shift between two worlds that shouldn't have been able to coexist-but somehow did.

By day-

We were with the kids.

Laughter filled the halls of the fairy house.

Alice dragged us into games that had no rules.

Alex tried to turn everything into strategy.

Rose stayed close, her small hand often finding mine.

And Iris...

She watched.

Learned.

Adjusted.

But little by little-

She smiled more.

I let myself be present.

Carefree.

But it never fully left.

That awareness.

That tension beneath everything.

Because the moment the sun began to set-

Everything changed.

By night-

We worked.

Jason, Marcus, and I turned the lower level into a command center.

Screens lined the walls.

Data streamed constantly.

Maps.

Feeds.

Patterns.

-XII

+15 Bçnus

The Becker family.

Vinny family.

Their movements.

Their connections.

We pulled everything apart.

Piece by piece.

I focused on the building.

The ghost property.

Floor plans.

Structural reinforcements.

Hidden access points.

Escape routes.

“This wasn’t built randomly,” I said, zooming into another section.

Jason leaned over my shoulder.

“No,” he said. “It was designed.”

For control.

For containment.

Marcus worked the external feeds.

“I’ve got partial access to surrounding cameras,” he said. “Nothing inside yet.”

Jason didn’t look up.

“I don’t need inside.”

Marcus smirked.

“Of course you don’t.”

Jason switched the screen.

Thermal imaging.

Heat signatures appeared.

Blurry at first.

Then clearer.

Movement.

Stillness.

+15 Bonus

Patterns.

They're there, "Marcus said quietly.

I leaned closer, studying the shapes.

Four signatures.

But something felt off.

I narrowed my eyes slightly.

"They're not moving much," I said.

Jason nodded.

“They’re waiting.”

I kept looking.

Something didn’t sit right.

Three of them-

Almost completely still.

Too still.

I straightened slightly.

“That’s weird.”

Jason glanced at me.

“What is?”

I pointed at the screen.

“Three out of the four... they’re barely moving.”

Marcus leaned in.

“...Could be resting,” he said.

I shook my head slowly.

“No.”

My eyes stayed on the screen.

“That’s not rest.”

A pause.

Silence fell.

Jason's expression shifted.

Sharpened.

+15 Bonus

"You think they're restrained?"

exhaled slowly.

"...Or not there by choice."

Marcus frowned.

“Captives?”

I nodded slightly.

“It would explain the lack of movement.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“And it changes everything,” he said.

Because now-

This wasn’t just a trap.

There were variables inside.

Unknown ones.

People who might not be part of this.

Or worse-

People Emilian was controlling.

Jason leaned closer to the screen.

“He has prisoners.”

Not a question.

A conclusion.

I crossed my arms.

“Which means we can’t go in loud.”

Marcus nodded.

“I’ll refine the heat signatures. Try to isolate movement patterns.”

Jason reached for my hand under the table.

Instinct.

Grounding.

I intertwined my fingers with his.

Because now-

This wasn’t just about us.

+15 8çnus

This wasn't just about him.

There were others inside that building.

And whether they were enemies-

Or victims-

We would find out soon enough.

Jason's voice cut through the silence.

"We move tomorrow night."

I nodded.

Because now-

We weren't just walking into a trap.

We were walking into something much more complicated.

Marcus tapped his fingers against the desk.

"You know..." he said slowly, "Oscar might have more information on Emilian."

Jason didn't respond immediately.

Neither did I.

We both knew what that meant.

Trusting Oscar.

Even a little.

“We could call him,” Marcus added.

Jason exhaled sharply.

“I already got what he had.”

“Or what he thought he had,” Marcus corrected.

Silence.

We considered it.

Then-

My phone rang.

Pamela.

I answered immediately.

“Pam?”

Her voice was sharp.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

Alert.

Amber, something just popped up.”

I straightened slightly.

“What is it?”

“There’s a post on the university robotics forum,” she said.

My stomach tightened.

“What kind of post?”

“A challenge,” she replied. “Someone is offering a reward. A big one.”

“How big?”

“Life-changing,” she said. “They’re promising that anyone who beats the record you set... will be set for life.”

Silence.

Jason turned to me instantly.

“That’s not random,” I said.

“No,” Pamela agreed. “It’s targeted.”

I exhaled slowly.

“Pam... I need you to listen carefully.”

And then-1

I told her everything.

Emilian.

The name.

The identity.

The surveillance.

The building.

There was silence on the other end when I finished.

Then-

“...I knew it,” Pamela said.

I frowned slightly.

“What do you mean?”

“I was approached by him in college,” she said.

Jason’s attention sharpened instantly.

“When?” I asked.

During one of the competitions,” she replied. “He came up to me out of nowhere.”

My stomach dropped.

“What did he want?”

“You,” she said simply.

Silence.

“He asked questions,” she continued. “About your habits, your work, your routines.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“And?” I pressed.

“I didn’t answer much,” she said. “Something felt off.”

A pause.

“Amber...”

Her tone shifted.

“...I think he’s the one who broke into our room.”

My breath stilled.

“What?”

“The robotics project,” she said. “Remember how it disappeared before the final presentation?”

I did.

We had assumed it was sabotage.

Competition.

But this-

This was different.

“He didn’t just watch you,” Pamela continued.

“He interfered.”

Jason’s voice was low.

“Control.”

I closed my eyes briefly.

Of course.

Observation wasn't enough.

He needed influence.

Ha

+15 Bonus

718

Results.

Outcomes.

I opened my eyes again, staring at the screen.

At the building.

At the heat signatures.

At the trap waiting for us.

“This isn’t just about the past,” I said quietly.

Jason nodded.

“He’s still playing.”

I tightened my grip on the table.

“Then we end the game.”

Silence settled.

Heavy.

Certain.

Tomorrow night- 1

We walk in.

And this time-

We don't let him walk away.

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