# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 301

it wasn’t fair.

Amber POV

After what was probably the most necessary crying session of my life, I finally managed to calm down.

I washed my face with cold water and stared at my reflection.

“This isn’t about me,” I whispered to myself.

No.

This was a problem with Jason.

Not only had he ignored me...

He had ignored the children too.

That was what worried me the most.

Jason had a terrible habit of locking away his emotions whenever something overwhelmed him. He didn’t yell. He didn’t cry. He didn’t argue.

He simply... shut everyone out.

And it wasn’t fair.

Not to me.

Not to the children.

Not to the people who loved him.

I took a deep breath.

There was no point chasing after him while he was like this.

I’d let him come to me when he was ready.

Until then…

I had other priorities.

The children had just survived an attempted kidnapping.

Grandfather still needed support.

The companies still needed direction.

And now… 1

There were two tiny lives growing inside me.

They deserved a calm mother.

Not one constantly wondering why her husband wouldn’t even look at her.

I turned my phone back on.

Almost immediately, dozens of notifications appeared.

The family group was full of cheerful messages. 1

Alice had sent a picture of a dragon plushie she wanted to buy for the twins.

Rose had proudly informed everyone that the treasure mission was “still active.”

Alex had sent a detailed report explaining why the bathroom escape plan had worked.

I smiled.

There was also a message from Pamela.

Good morning. Are you okay? If you want to talk, I’m here.

I smiled sadly.

Then I looked for the one message I had secretly been hoping to find.

Nothing.

Not a single text from Jason.

Not even…

Where are you?

Or…

Did you sleep well?

Nothing.

I stared at the empty screen.

So…

He really didn’t care where I had spent the night.

I sighed and put the phone away.

I still couldn’t understand what had happened.

Yesterday morning everything had been fine.

By evening…

It felt as though I had somehow lost my husband without even knowing why.

Fortunately, my tower had its own bedroom and dressing room.

After taking a long shower, I opened the wardrobe and chose a comfortable dress.

As I fastened the last button, I happened to glance sideways into the mirror.

I froze.

There it was.

The smallest curve.

Barely noticeable.

Atiny baby bump.

I instinctively rested my hand against it.

“Hi…”

My voice cracked.

Fresh tears filled my eyes.

Hormones really were unfair.

One second I was getting dressed.

The next...

I was crying because our babies were finally beginning to show.

I smiled through the tears.

“We’re going to be okay.”

I wasn’t sure whether I was talking to them...

Or to myself.

By the time I reached the dining room, everyone was already seated.

Grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Sun.

Marcus.

Pamela.

The children.

And Jason.

The moment Alice saw me, she jumped up..

“Good morning!”

Rose followed immediately.

“Good morning, Amber!”

Alex smiled.

“Morning.”

Even Iris looked relieved to see me.

“Did you sleep well?”

“I did.”

+15 Bcnus

I smiled warmly at all of them.

Men I looked toward Jason.

He didn’t.

He continued talking to Marcus as though I hadn’t entered the room.

Something inside my chest tightened.

I silently looked around the table.

Jason was seated between Alice and Marcus.

There wasn’t an empty chair beside him.

I simply walked to the other side of the table and sat beside Iris.

No one commented.

Breakfast was served.

I tried.

I really did.

But the moment the smell of scrambled eggs reached me....

My stomach revolted. 1

I covered my mouth.

“I’m sorry...”

I stood so quickly my chair nearly fell over.

Pamela immediately rose with me.

“Amber-”

I shook my head.

“No.”

“You eat.”

“I’m okay.”

“I just…”

I forced a weak smile.

“…need some fresh air.”

Without waiting for anyone to answer, I walked outside.

The cool morning breeze felt wonderful.

I closed my eyes and took several slow breaths.

+15 Brus

One problem at a time.

One step at a time.

I could do this.

I had to.

Jason POV

She hadn’t come back.

Again.

I woke up alone.

Our bed was cold.

I didn’t even know where she had spent the night.

She hadn’t told me.

She hadn’t left a note.

Nothing.

When she walked into breakfast…

She acted as though everything was perfectly normal.

No explanation.

No apology.

Nothing.

She simply smiled at everyone else.

And sat as far away from me as possible.

Maybe…

Monica had been right.

The thought made my stomach twist.

Maybe Amber had never really loved me.

Maybe she had only gone along with everything because it was convenient.

After all…

The evidence was sitting inside my desk drawer.

The fertility results.

The real fertility results.

At least…

That was what Monica had called them.

Monica worked at Amber’s friend’s fertility clinic.

We had known each other for years.

A week after our appointment, she had contacted me privately.

She had sounded nervous.

She told me she had accidentally overheard Amber and the doctor discussing my results.

She claimed something hadn’t felt right.

So…

She had secretly printed another copy before the records were supposedly “corrected.”

She had handed it to me herself.

Same date.

Same laboratory.

Same sample number.

Same identification code.

Everything matched.

Except…

The conclusion.

Instead of declaring me healthy…

It stated that I had an almost zero chance of fathering children naturally.

Monica had looked genuinely worried.

“I thought you deserved to know.”

At first, I hadn’t believed her.

Then I compared both reports.

They were identical.

Except for those final lines.

One of them had to be fake.

And if Monica was telling the truth…

Then Amber...

Amber had lied to me.

The twins...

I squeezed my eyes shut.

I couldn’t think about that.

Not yet.

Not until I knew the truth.

D

Shpre

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 302

believe the worst

Jason POV

Breakfast ended far too quietly.

One by one, everyone excused themselves.

Marcus stepped outside to make a phone call.

Before long, only Pamela and I remained in the dining room.

She slowly placed her coffee cup on the table and walked toward me.

Her expression wasn’t angry.

It was disappointed.

“What the hell is your problem?”

I looked at her.

“What?”

“You heard me.’

She folded her arms.

“What is wrong with you?”

“You’ve been ignoring Amber for days.”

“You barely looked at her.”

“And this morning…”

Her voice hardened.

“…you were downright rude to the mother of your children.”

Something inside me snapped.

I let out a bitter laugh.

“The mother of my children?”

The words left my mouth before I could stop them.

“Are we even sure they’re mine?”

The silence that followed was deafening.

Then…

A soft gasp.

Pamela’s eyes widened.

My blood ran cold.

à Bonus

Slowly…

slowly…

I turned around.

Amber stood in the doorway.

She had heard everything.

For one endless second, neither of us moved.

Her face had gone completely pale.

Her eyes searched mine, not with anger...

But with disbelief.

Pain.

A kind of heartbreak I had never wanted to be responsible for.

Before I could say a single word-

Slap. 2

Pamela's hand connected with my face so hard my head turned sideways.

"What is wrong with you?"

She didn't wait for an answer.

She ran after Amber.

By the time I reached the hallway...

They were both gone.

I stood there, unable to move.

A few moments later, Marcus walked in through the front entrance.

He looked around.

"Where's Amber?"

No one answered.

Then he looked at my face.

Then toward the open front door.

His expression darkened immediately.

“What happened?”

I swallowed.

“...She heard.”

Marcus frowned.

Heard what?”

te

I repeated my own words.

Every single one.

For several long seconds, Marcus simply stared at me.

Then...

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

His voice echoed through the hall.

“After everything that woman has done for you.”

“After everything she’s sacrificed.”

“You say that?”

I rubbed my face.

“I had my reasons.”

Marcus crossed his arms.

“Then explain.”

So I did.

I told him about Monica.

About the second fertility report.

About her telling me she had overheard Amber and the doctor changing my results.

About the report that claimed I was almost infertile.

When I finally finished speaking…

Marcus laughed.

It wasn’t a happy laugh.

It was the kind of laugh people made when they couldn’t believe what they had just heard.

“I never thought I’d see the day.”

I frowned.

“What?”

“I never thought you could be fooled so easily.”

My stomach tightened.

“What do you mean?”

+15 8çnus

by the mont

Marcus looked genuinely disappointed.

ason.”

“Everyone knew Monica had the biggest crush on you.”

I blinked.

“…What?”

He stared at me. 1

“You didn’t know?”

I slowly shook my head.

Marcus sighed.

“Of course you didn’t.”

“You were too busy being oblivious.”

He walked closer.

“Did you ask a doctor which report was real?”

“No.” 1

“Did you verify whether Monica’s report had been altered?”

“No.” 1

“Did you contact the fertility clinic?”

“No.” 1

“Did you do anything…”

“…other than believe the worst about your wife?”

I couldn’t answer.

Because I hadn’t.

Monica had approached me while Amber and Pamela were shopping.

Everything had happened so quickly.

I’d spent the last several days trapped inside my own head.

Marcus looked at me sadly.

“You may have just lost your wife.”

The words hit harder than Pamela’s slap.

“Not because Amber lied.”

“But because you were willing to believe she did.”

Deve the wont

He turned and walked away.

Deaving me completely alone.

For the first time since Motrica had handed me those papers...

I began to wonder.

What if Marcus was right?

Without wasting another second, I picked up my phone and called the Mayor of Sum..

He answered almost immediately.

“Mr. Sun?”

“I need a favor.”

“Anything.”

“I need the contact information for the best fertility specialist you know.”

There was a brief pause before he replied.

“I’ll send it now.”

Less than a minute later, I received the number.

I called immediately.

To my surprise, the doctor answered.

After briefly explaining the situation, I held both reports up to the camera.

“They’re from the same date.”

“The same patient.”

“The same sample.”

“But the conclusions are different.”

“I need to know...”

“...which one is real.”

The doctor adjusted his glasses and carefully examined both reports.

Several agonizing minutes passed.

Finally...

He looked directly into the camera.

“Mr. Sun.”

“The report stating you have normal fertility is the authentic one.”

He enlarged one section of the second report.

worst

“This document has been altered.”

The formatting is almost identical...”

“But the conclusion was inserted afterward.”

He looked at me sympathetically.

“Someone doctored this report.”

Everything inside me seemed to stop.

The room spun.

Amber...

She hadn’t lied to me.

She had been telling the truth all along.

And I...

I had just accused the woman I loved...

Of carrying another man’s children.

+15 8chus

58chus

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 303

Jason POV

I didn’t know how long I retnained standing in the hallway after the doctor’s call ended.

Minutes.

Hours.

Time had stopped making sense.

The words kept replaying in my mind.

The healthy report is the authentic one.

Someone doctored the other report.

Amber hadn’t lied.

She had never lied.

I had.

I had accused her. i

I had doubted our children.

I had looked the woman I loved in the eyes and believed the worst of her.

I stumbled outside, barely aware of where my feet were taking me.

Eventually, I reached the castle gardens.

The familiar stone bench overlooked the mountains, but I couldn’t bring myself to appreciate the view.

I simply sat.

My thoughts no longer felt like my own.

Fragments of conversations circled endlessly inside my head.

Monica’s voice.

Amber’s smile.

The doctor’s words.

Then…

Other conversations.

Conversations that had never happened.

Or…

Had they?

I couldn’t tell anymore.

I frowned, trying to remember.

Amber really looked guilty?

Had she actually avoided my questions?

Or had I imagined all of it?

My memories refused to stay still.

One moment I was certain.

The next, everything shifted.

I pressed both hands against my temples.

It hurt.

It felt as though someone had poured fog directly into my mind.

Breathing became difficult.

No matter how deeply I inhaled…

There wasn’t enough air.

The world blurred.

Voices echoed in the distance.

Someone was calling my name.

I couldn’t answer.

Marcus POV

Something was wrong.

Terribly wrong.

After Amber left the dining room that morning, Jason had disappeared.

No one had seen him for hours.

I finally found him sitting alone in the castle gardens.

At first, I thought he had simply fallen asleep.

Then I saw his eyes.

They weren’t focused.

He was staring straight ahead, whispering to himself.

“…she changed them…”

“…red…”

“…the sky…”

N

+15 Behus

Bnut

“…she lied…”

“…did she…”

His words made no sense.

“Jason.”

No response.

I knelt in front of him.

His pupils were enormous.

Far too large.

Even in the daylight.

A chill ran down my spine.

Drugged.

Could he have been drugged?

The thought hit me so suddenly that I immediately reached for my phone.

I called Amber first.

Then Pamela.

They arrived less than ten minutes later.

Amber stepped into the garden with an expression colder than I had ever seen.

She stopped several feet away from Jason.

For one long moment…

She didn’t move.

Then she saw his face.

Everything changed.

The anger disappeared.

She slowly approached him.

“Jason…”

The moment she reached toward him…

He flinched.

Actually flinched.

As though he didn’t know whether she was real.

He continued muttering incoherently.

Amber’s face lost all color.

I hated admitting it…

But relief washed over me.

This…

This wasn’t Jason.

Not the Jason I knew.

He would never willingly hurt Amber.

He would never blindly believe another person over her.

Not without something being terribly wrong.

Amber immediately pulled out her phone.

“I need Dr. Watson.”

The call lasted less than a minute.

Half an hour later, a military vehicle stopped outside the castle.

A tall man carrying a medical case stepped out.

“I’m Dr. Emory Watson.”

He shook my hand before walking straight toward Jason.

Amber quickly explained everything.

The false report.

Monica. 1

The sudden personality change.

The doctor’s confirmation.

Emory listened without interrupting.

Then he crouched beside Jason.

“Jason.”

“We need to take a blood sample.”

Jason didn’t even question it.

He simply extended his arm.

No resistance.

No hesitation.

+15 8çnus

Almost…

To compliant.

Emory’s expression grew darker.

After collecting several samples, he stood.

“I’ll run the tests immediately.”

He looked at Amber.

“Get him somewhere quiet.”

“We’ll use your room.”

Amber nodded silently.

Together, we carefully helped Jason upstairs.

He never argued.

Never asked where we were taking him.

He simply followed every instruction.

That frightened me more than anything else.

Amber stayed beside him while he drifted in and out of confused murmurs.

Three hours later...

Emory returned.

The moment he entered the room, everyone stood.

His expression told us the answer before he even spoke.

“The blood test is positive.”

Silence filled the room.

Amber’s fingers slowly tightened around the edge of the bed.

Emory took a slow breath.

“Jason has been drugged.”

He placed several laboratory reports on the table.

“The substance is classified as a suggestive psychoactive compound.”

“I’ve only encountered it before while treating victims rescued from the Vinny trafficking investigation.”

Marcus and I exchanged a glance.

Emory continued.

“The drug doesn’t erase memories.”

“It doesn’t create hallucinations in the traditional sense.”

lowers a person’s psychological defenses.”

“It makes suggestions feel like undeniable truths.”

He looked directly at Amber.

“If someone under its effects is repeatedly told something...”

“...their brain begins accepting it as reality.”

He paused before giving an example.

“You could tell the victim the sky is deep red.”

“Even while they’re standing beneath a perfectly blue sky...”

“...their brain will convince them they’re looking at red.”

A heavy silence settled over the room.

“It becomes extraordinarily difficult for the victim to question those implanted beliefs.”

Amber’s face had become unreadable.

“So Monica...”

Emory nodded.

“If she administered the drug...”

“...and repeatedly reinforced the false fertility report...”

“...Jason’s own mind would have done the rest.”

I looked toward Jason.

He lay asleep on the bed, his face pale and exhausted.

Emory wasn’t finished.

“There is one more problem.”

He slid another report across the table.

“The concentration in his bloodstream.”

Amber looked down.

Then slowly raised her eyes.

“What does it mean?”

Emory’s voice became grave.

“Every previous victim we’ve treated carried trace amounts.”

He tapped the report once.

“Jason’s blood contains…”

He paused.

“…ten times that dose.”

The room fell completely silent.

Someone hadn’t simply wanted to deceive Jason.

They had wanted complete control over his mind.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 304

The moment I saw Jason’s blood test, I knew I had made the right decision by calling Emory.

A few hours later, Mr. Stait arrived at the castle as well. Between him, Emory, Marcus, Grandfather, and the Suns,. we finally had everyone we trusted gathered in one place.

We agreed not to tell the children the truth.

Not yet.

Mrs. Sun gently explained to Alice, Alex, Rose, and Iris that Jason wasn’t feeling well and needed plenty of rest. They accepted the explanation, although Alex kept looking toward the second floor with obvious concern.

Once the children had gone to bed, we gathered in Jason’s office.

Emory rested both hands on the table before speaking.

“I’m sorry.”

“There still isn’t a counteragent for this drug.”

The room became painfully quiet.

“We’ve managed to help previous victims recover naturally, but Jason’s case is... different.”

He slid another report toward me.

“The concentration in his bloodstream is unlike anything we’ve documented before.”

“I don’t know what long-term effects such a high dose may have.”

I slowly closed my eyes.

This had the Vinnys written all over it.

Either Monica was working for them...

Or she had somehow stumbled onto Jason after he had already been drugged.

Neither possibility made me feel any better.

Marcus quietly repeated everything Jason had confessed before collapsing into that confused state.

When he finished, Emory leaned back in his chair.

“The timeline actually tells us something important.”

We all looked at him.

“The drug generally takes about thirty minutes before the suggestive effects begin.”

He looked directly at me.

“Jason wasn’t drugged after Monica arrived.”

“He was drugged before.”

I frowned.

Which means...

Emory nodded.

“He was drugged while you were out shopping with Pamela.”

A wave of guilt crashed into me.

If I hadn't left... 1

If I had stayed with him...

Would this have happened?

As though reading my thoughts, Emory shook his head.

"No."

"This wasn't your fault."

"They planned this."

"They waited until they knew he'd be alone."

I nodded slowly, although the guilt refused to disappear.

Marcus then repeated something else Jason had told him.

How he hadn't immediately believed Monica.

How he had questioned her.

How he had hesitated.

Emory looked genuinely surprised.

"That's... remarkable."

"Why?"

I asked.

He folded his arms.

"Most victims exposed to this drug don't question the suggestion."

"They accept it almost immediately."

He looked toward the bedroom where Jason was sleeping.

"For Jason to hesitate..."

“For him to resist…”

“…even briefly…”

Emory smiled faintly.

+15 Bcnus

“It means part of him was fighting.”

he drug wasn’t enough to completely overcome his trust in you.”

Tears immediately filled my eyes.

Even drugged…

Jason had still tried to believe me.

I took a deep breath and opened my laptop.

“If we’re going to find who did this…”

“We start at the beginning.”

I accessed Sun Corporation’s security system.

Every office.

Every hallway.

Every entrance.

I selected the recordings from the moment Pamela and I had left the building.

It didn’t even take ten minutes.

“There.”

I froze the image.

A young woman walked calmly into Jason’s office carrying a cup of coffee.

I recognized her immediately.

“The receptionist.”

One of Sun Corporation’s receptionists.

Jason barely looked up from his paperwork.

“Thank you,” he said before taking a small sip.

The woman smiled politely and walked away.

I immediately switched cameras.

Following her through the building.

She never returned to her desk.

Instead, she calmly exited the building.

Crossed the street.

Entered a black sedan waiting nearby.

Five minutes later…

She stepped out again.

ly now…

She was carrying an expensive designer handbag she hadn’t been carrying before.

The car drove away.

I contacted Human Resources.

“Where is receptionist Emily Zhao?”

The HR manager sounded confused.

“She never came back after lunch.”

“What?”

“We thought she’d resigned.”

“No resignation letter?”

“No.”

“No contact since that afternoon.”

She had vanished.

Completely.

I returned to the footage.

Jason continued working as though nothing had happened.

Department heads entered one after another, asking him to approve documents.

Each time he simply replied,

“Leave them on my desk.”

Nothing seemed unusual.

Then...

Almost exactly two hours later...

Monica entered.

The room fell silent as everyone watched the recording.

She placed a file on Jason’s desk.

Even without audio, I could read part of her lips.

“You’re infertile.”

Jason frowned immediately.

He shook his head.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 305

Monica continued talking.

leaned closer.

She looked almost sympathetic.

Emory quietly translated what he could make out.

“She’s reinforcing the suggestion.”

I turned the volume up.

Monica’s voice filled the office.

“I saw Amber with other men.”

“I overheard them talking.”

“The babies aren’t yours.”

“But she needs you to believe they are.

I watched Jason’s face.

He looked confused.

Then angry.

He stood.

“Leave.”

Even under the drug’s influence…

He was rejecting her.

Monica didn’t argue.

Instead, she calmly slid the report closer.

Then she spoke one final time.

“When you ask her…”

“…she won’t answer.”

“She’ll stay silent.”

“And don’t be surprised if she sleeps somewhere else for a while.”

My breath caught.

She had planted every expectation.

Every misunderstanding.

Every painful moment that followed.

Minutes later, another notification appeared on the recording.

+15 Borus

Mrs. Sun.

Jason answered immediately.

The kidnapping.

His entire expression changed.

Bonus

Without another thought, he grabbed every document that had accumulated on his desk, called Mr. Stait requesting a helicopter, and rushed out of the building.

The recording ended.

Nobody spoke.

I stared at the frozen image of Jason sitting alone in his office.

Drugged.

Manipulated.

Lied to.

And yet…

Even after everything Monica had told him….

Even after that drug had been pumped into his body…

His first response had been to tell her she was wrong.

I smiled through my tears.

“Even with ten times the normal dose…”

I whispered.

“He still tried to believe me.”

For the first time since this nightmare had begun…

I knew one thing with absolute certainty.

They hadn’t destroyed our marriage.

They had only shown me just how hard Jason had fought not to let them.

Starplant

Amber POV

Something about the footage kept bothering me.

I replayed it again.

And again.

Every person who entered Jason’s office during those two hours had done the exact same thing.

They had all asked him to sign something.

When he refused, they all looked… alarmed.

Not disappointed.

Alarmed.

As though they had been instructed to obtain his signature no matter what.

I frowned.

“They weren’t there by coincidence.”

Marcus looked up from his laptop.

“What do you mean?”

“They all reacted the same way.”

“They expected him to sign.”

“And when he didn’t, every single one of them panicked.”

Emory nodded thoughtfully.

“So someone sent them.”

“Exactly.”

I walked toward Jason’s briefcase.

When we had brought him back to the castle, no one had bothered looking through it.

He had simply carried it with him from River City.

I carefully opened it.

Inside were dozens of ordinary company documents.

Reports.

Contracts.

Meeting notes.

Then…

NA

+15 Bcnus

Four folders.

ch one marked with a bright red signature tab.

“They wanted these signed.”

Marcus immediately stood beside me.

I opened the first folder.

My heart stopped.

A divorce petition.

Grounds for divorce:

Infidelity.

According to the document, I had repeatedly cheated on Jason, deceived him into marriage, and concealed the paternity of our unborn children.

I slowly closed my eyes.

“They planned everything.”

Marcus’s expression hardened.

“Open the next one.”

I did.

A transfer agreement.

Not a sale.

Not a merger.

A transfer.

Jason’s entire sixty-nine percent ownership of Sun Corporation...

Gifted directly to the Vincent family.

No compensation.

No payment.

Nothing.

If Jason had signed it...

There would have been almost no legal path to recover the company.

I looked at Marcus.

“This wasn’t about hurting us.”

“This was about taking everything.”

I opened the third folder.

A sworn statement.

Supposedly signed by Jason.

Declaring that he had lied during the Vinny investigation.

That he had never entered the warehouse.

That he had never witnessed the trafficking operation.

That Amber Asher and Mr. Stait had pressured him into giving false testimony.

That the Vinnys and the Beckers were innocent.

My hands began trembling.

If Jason had signed this...

Every conviction.

Every rescue.

Every investigation...

Could have collapsed.

The final folder felt heavier than the others.

I already knew I wasn't going to like it.

Property transfer.

Every piece of land Jason owned in Sum.

Transferred to...

The Vincents.

Silence filled the room.

Nobody spoke for several seconds.

Finally Marcus whispered,

“So Monica…”

I nodded.

“She wasn’t the plan.”

“She was the final push.”

They hadn’t only wanted Jason to distrust me.

They wanted him to lose everything.

His wife.

His children.

+158cnus

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 306

As land.

His reputation.

His testimony.

His entire life.

And if we hadn’t discovered those documents before…

Would he have signed them?

The thought made me sick.

He had carried those papers all the way back to Sum.

I closed the folders carefully.

“No.”

I refused to think about it.

“We’re stopping this now.”

Emory quietly cleared his throat.

“There may be one possibility.”

Every head turned toward him.

“It’s experimental.”

“I’ve never attempted it.”

“But we could investigate potential antidotes.”

He hesitated.

“The drug’s primary natural component is moonflower powder.”

“The rest consists of synthesized compounds.”

I immediately opened my laptop.

“If moonflower is the active ingredient…”

“There has to be a botanical counter.”

Hours passed.

Book after book.

Digital archive after digital archive.

Nothing.

Until…

A title caught my attention.

The Secrets of Botany.

It wasn’t digital.

Fortunately…

The castle library had been fully catalogued.

I requested the scan.

The ancient pages appeared on my screen.

I flipped through hundreds of handwritten botanical illustrations.

Then suddenly...

“There.”

My voice echoed through the room.

A passage described moonflower poisoning.

The note beneath it read:

The only known natural counter is extract from the root of the Starplant.

I immediately searched the internet.

Nothing.

Scientific databases.

Nothing.

Medical journals.

Nothing.

It was as though the plant didn’t exist.

Just then...

My phone rang.

The Mayor of Sum.

I answered.

“Mayor.”

“Mrs. Sun informed me Jason is ill.”

I smiled faintly.

“He was drugged.”

“He’s stable now.”

+15 8çnus

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

here was a brief silence.

“Is there anything Sum can do?”

I laughed softly.

“Unless you happen to have Starplant root extract…”

“…I think we’ve exhausted our options.”

The line went completely silent.

“…Starplant?”

“Yes.”

“I haven’t heard that name in years.”

I blinked.

“…You know it?”

“Of course.”

“It’s native to Sum.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“It grows…”

“…inside your castle gardens.”

For several seconds I couldn’t speak.

“…What?”

“I’ll come show you.”

“I’ll be there immediately.”

Less than an hour later, the Mayor arrived.

Emory accompanied us into the castle gardens.

We walked through rows of flowers until the Mayor suddenly crouched near what looked like an ordinary patch of

greenery.

He gently brushed aside several leaves.

“There.”

I frowned.

A tiny yellow, star-shaped leaf peeked out from the soil.

Completely unremarkable.

“You’ve walked past it hundreds of times.

“The plant grows almost entirely underground.’

nly these leaves remain visible.”

He smiled.

“It’s something of a national treasure.”

“Only Sum has naturally occurring Starplants.”

Emory stared in disbelief.

“I’ve never seen one.”

“I’ve never even heard of one.”

I handed him the ancient botanical book.

“This is where I found it.”

He carefully opened it.

Within seconds his eyes widened.

“…Amber.”

“This manuscript…”

His voice became almost reverent.

“I thought this had been lost centuries ago.”

He gently turned another page.

“This isn’t just a botanical guide.”

“This is a historical treasure.”

He looked at me.

“May I keep it?”

I laughed.

“I’ll make you a copy.”

He smiled.

“I’d appreciate that.”

I tilted my head.

“I wasn’t expecting the military to send you.”

Emory laughed quietly.

“I am a doctor.”

“I just happen to work with the military.”

He looked toward Jason’s room.

(ve personally been following every confirmed victim exposed to this drug, that actually how I first started working with the case.”

“The investigation became… personal.”

The Mayor’s expression darkened.

“I had no idea someone had poisoned Jason.”

“I’m sorry.”

“If Sum can help…”

“You only have to ask.”

I smiled sincerely.

“You already have.”

He looked confused.

“You showed us the Starplant.”

“That may save him.”

The Mayor nodded before quietly taking his leave.

Emory carefully harvested a single complete plant, deliberately leaving hundreds more untouched beneath the garden.

As we walked back toward the castle, he suddenly stopped.

“Amber.”

“Does the school have a laboratory?”

I looked toward Mrs. Sun.

She smiled immediately.

“Of course.”

“You can use it for as long as you need.”

Together we walked across the grounds toward the academy.

The state-of-the-art science laboratory had barely been used since the school opened.

It was perfect.

As Mrs. Sun unlocked the doors, Emory carefully placed the Starplant on one of the stainless-steel worktables.

He looked at me.

“It could take hours.”

He paused.

\ w, *

“...Or several days.”

don’t know yet.”

“But if there truly is a natural antidote...”

“...I’ll find it.”

I nodded.

“Thank you.”

Mrs. Sun remained behind to help him gather equipment while I returned to the castle.

Jason was still asleep. 1

The sedative Emory had given him kept him peaceful for the first time in days.

I quietly sat beside the bed.

Then reached out and gently took his hand.

“I’ll bring you back.”

No matter how long it took.

No matter what it cost.

I wasn’t going to lose him

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 307

cockroaches

Amber POV

The castle settled into an uneasy routine.

Every morning I visited Jason before the children woke up.

Every afternoon I sat beside him, reading reports aloud, hoping that somewhere beneath the confusion, he could still hear my voice.

Every night I held his hand until exhaustion forced me back to my room.

Some days he looked almost like himself.

Other days he barely recognized where he was.

It broke my heart every single time.

Meanwhile, Emory practically moved into the school's laboratory.

Mrs. Sun joked that she was going to assign him a classroom and make him part of the faculty.

None of us laughed very much.

The antidote described in The Secrets of Botany was far more complicated than any of us had expected.

The Starplant root had to be harvested at a precise stage of growth.

The extract had to be purified repeatedly.

One mistake...

One degree too hot...

One ingredient added a minute too early...

And the entire batch became useless.

I lost count of how many failed attempts lined the laboratory shelves.

Each one represented another day Jason remained trapped inside his own mind.

Emory refused to give up.

For two weeks, he barely slept.

The laboratory lights remained on almost every night.

Mrs. Sun personally made sure he ate, often carrying meals into the lab herself because otherwise he simply forgot.

Finally...

On the fourteenth day...

Emory knocked on my office door.

He looked exhausted.

His hair was a mess.

Mere were dark circles beneath his eyes.

But...

He was smiling.

“I did it.”

I stood so quickly my chair tipped backward.

“You made it?”

He carefully held up a small glass vial.

Inside was a pale golden liquid.

“It matches the composition described in the book.”

“It took twelve failed batches...”

“...but this one is stable.”

Hope flooded through me.

“So we can give it to Jason?”

Emory nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Then his smile faded.

“There is a problem.”

My heart sank.

“What?”

He looked down at the vial.

“This is enough…”

“…for one dose.”

Silence filled the room.

“How many does he need?”

Emory sighed.

“I won’t know for certain until we see how he responds.”

He paused.

“But judging by the concentration of the drug in his blood…”

“I estimate…”

+15 Agnus

“…at least ten doses.”

tared at the tiny vial.

Two weeks…

For one dose.

At that pace…

+15 8chus

It would take months.

Emory seemed to read my thoughts.

“I’m already looking for ways to speed up the process.”

“We’ll get there.”

I nodded.

“We don’t have another choice.”

While Emory continued refining the antidote, I turned my attention back to the people responsible for putting Jason in this situation.

The Vincents hadn’t acted alone.

They had help.

Someone inside Sun Corporation.

Maybe more than one person. 1

And if they had infiltrated one company…

Who was to say they hadn’t infiltrated all of them?

Phoenix Ashes.

Asher Corporation.

Sun Corporation.

The thought made my stomach twist.

How many people were secretly working for Alexander Vincent?

How many smiling faces around us actually reported to him?

They were like cockroaches.

You never found just one.

So…

I decided to flush them out.

I contacted Jason’s secretary.

“Good morning.”

“Mrs. Sun!”

be sounded relieved to hear from me.

“I need you to help me with something.”

“Of course.”

I smiled to myself.

“Please inform every department that Mr. Sun accidentally left several urgent documents unsigned before returning to Sum.”

I paused deliberately.

“Tell them he insisted those documents required his signature immediately.”

There was a brief silence.

“... But there aren’t any documents, are there?”

“No.”

“There aren’t.”

Understanding slowly entered her voice.

“You want to see who asks about them.”

“Exactly.”

“If someone already knows which documents I’m talking about...”

“...then they shouldn’t.”

She laughed softly.

“I understand.”

“I’ll spread the message.”

Within an hour...

The bait was set.

Now...

All we had to do...

Was wait for the rats to come looking for the trap.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 308

He is back

Amber POV

Watching Emory administer the first dose felt strangely terrifying.

The small vial that had taken two weeks to create disappeared into Jason's IV in less than a minute.

Then...

We waited.

Emory monitored Jason for hours, checking his pulse, blood pressure, pupils, and drawing fresh blood samples.

Late that evening, he finally smiled.

"The concentration is dropping."

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding.

"It worked?"

He nodded.

"It worked."

"It isn't curing him yet..."

"But the drug is leaving his bloodstream."

Hope.

Real hope.

It had been weeks since I had allowed myself to feel it.

Emory studied the newest blood results.

“If everything continues like this…”

“I estimate somewhere between four and six doses before Jason fully regains consciousness.”

I smiled.

“So we keep going.”

“We keep going.”

He nodded.

“There is still something we don’t know.”

“What?”

“The long-term effects.”

He looked toward Jason.

“This concentration was unlike anything we’ve ever documented.”

“I honestly don’t know if he’ll experience memory gaps…”

Changes in behavior…”

“Or no lasting effects at all.”

I accepted that uncertainty.

As long as I had Jason back…

We would face the rest together.

Life refused to stop simply because tragedy had visited us.

The school continued operating. 1

The children still deserved normal lives.

So did I.

Mrs. Sun insisted I continue teaching my programming classes.

“The children need consistency.”

She was right.

So I walked into Alice’s classroom that Monday pretending everything was normal.

The lesson had barely begun before one little boy raised his hand.

“Miss Amber…”

“Is your tummy bigger?”

Twenty pairs of little eyes immediately turned toward me.

Before I could answer…

Alice proudly stood up.

“It is!”

She looked as though she had been waiting for someone to notice.

“I’m going to be a big sister!”

The entire classroom gasped.

“Really?”

Alice nodded enthusiastically.

“There are two babies!”

She held up two tiny fingers.

“I’m not going to be the youngest anymore.”

One little girl asked,

“What are you going to teach them?”

Alice answered without even thinking.

“Computers.”

Everyone laughed.

“I’m going to teach them coding.”

She started counting on her fingers.

“Then cameras.”

“Then games.

“And how to escape bad guys.”

I covered my face with one hand.

“We might start with the alphabet.”

Alice looked genuinely confused.

“…That too.”

The children burst into laughter again.

Watching them…

Hearing Alice so excited…

Made me forget everything else, if only for a little while.

The days passed quickly.

Emory became faster with every batch he produced.

The first antidote had taken two weeks.

The next three doses took only five days.

By then, he had perfected the extraction process.

When he carried the finished vials into Jason’s room, everyone gathered silently.

“Ready?”

I nodded.

Jason received the second dose.

Then the third.

By the fourth...

Something changed.

His eyes followed us.

Really followed us. 1

Not the empty stáre we'd grown used to.

Recognition.

Awareness.

Life.

Emory POV

I waited until everyone had left the room before returning.

It wasn't that I wanted to keep Jason isolated.

I simply thought he deserved a quiet moment before facing everyone he loved.

The castle had finally settled into silence.

Mrs. Sun was at the school.

Marcus had gone back to work.

Amber was teaching one of her programming classes, stubborn as always. Even with everything happening, she insisted the children deserved normalcy.

That only left the two of us.

Jason was still asleep when I entered.

His breathing had become steadier over the past few days, and his blood work showed that the concentration of the drug had dropped significantly. The first three doses had done exactly what I had hoped.

Now came the fourth.

I checked the IV line one last time before picking up the small vial.

Two weeks of trial and error for the first successful antidote.

Hundreds of Starplants harvested one root at a time.

Dozens of failed batches.

I honestly wasn't sure this one would work.

I slowly injected the medicine into the line.

"There you go," I muttered.

"Let's see if that ancient book was right."

Then...

I waited.

Five minutes.

Ten.

Twenty.

Nothing.

I was beginning to think this dose wouldn't be enough either when Jason's fingers twitched.

A small movement.

Then another.

His breathing changed.

A deep breath escaped his lips before his eyebrows furrowed.

Slowly...

Very slowly...

His eyes opened.

For several seconds he simply stared at the ceiling.

Confused.

Disoriented.

His gaze wandered across the room until it landed on me.

“...Emory?”

I couldn’t stop myself from smiling.

“Welcome back.”

He blinked several times.

“My head...”

“It feels like someone hit me with a truck.”

“I’ll take that as a good sign.”

He let out a weak laugh before trying to sit up.

I helped him adjust the pillows behind his back.

“What happened?”

I handed him a glass of water first.

“Drink.”

He emptied the glass almost immediately.

Only then did I explain everything.

The poisoned coffee.

The receptionist who disappeared.

Monica.

The altered fertility report.

The suggestive drug.

The antidote.

I didn’t rush.

I wanted him to understand everything before seeing Amber.

He listened without interrupting me once.

When I finished…

He remained silent.

Finally, he whispered,

“…I remember.”

I waited.

“I remember all of it.”

His voice sounded broken.

“It was like…”

He struggled to explain.

“…I was trapped inside my own head.”

“I could hear myself thinking.”

“I knew things weren’t right.”

“I knew Monica was lying.”

“I remember trying to stand up.”

“I remember wanting to throw those papers away.”

He clenched the blanket in his hands.

“But my body…”

“…wouldn’t listen.”

I nodded slowly.

“That matches what we’ve seen in previous victims.”

He looked at me.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 309

“I knew some of those thoughts weren’t mine.”

But every time Ttried to fight them…”

“…it was like something pushed me back.”

His eyes filled with tears.

“I watched myself hurt Amber.”

There it was.

The real wound.

Not the drug.

Not the manipulation.

Amber.

He lowered his head.

“I don’t know how to face her.”

I sighed.

“Amber blamed herself.”

His head snapped up.

“What?”

“She thought that if she hadn’t gone shopping that day, none of this would have happened.”

His expression shattered.

“She postponed her pregnancy appointments because you promised to go with her.”

“She visited you every single day.”

“She sat beside you for hours.”

“She never stopped believing you would come back.”

Jason covered his face with both hands.

“I accused her…”

“I questioned our babies…”

“I remember saying those things.”

“I couldn’t stop.”

His shoulders shook.

“I don’t deserve her.”

I reached over and smacked the back of his head.

+158cnus

Not hard.

Just enough to interrupt his spiral.

He looked up, completely confused.

“…Why did you do that?”

“Because you’re being an idiot.”

He stared at me. ↑

“Listen carefully.”

“You were drugged.”

“You were manipulated.”

“You fought that drug harder than any patient I’ve ever treated.”

I folded my arms.

“Do you know what impressed me the most?”

He slowly shook his head.

“You didn’t believe Monica.”

“Not completely.”

“Even after everything she told you…”

“You still told her she was wrong.”

His eyes widened.

“The security cameras recorded everything.”

“You fought.”

“The drug eventually won.”

“But you fought.”

He looked away, tears silently falling.

“Now stop thinking about the perfect apology.”

“Stop trying to prepare some dramatic speech.”

“When Amber walks through that door…”

“Just be honest.”

He nodded.

Very slowly.

“…Can you call her?”

I smiled.

was going to.”

I stepped into the hallway and pulled out my phone.

She answered before the first ring had finished.

“Emory?”

“You should come back to the castle.”

There was immediate concern in her voice.

“Is everything alright?”

I looked back through the half-open bedroom door.

Jason was sitting upright.

For the first time in weeks...

He looked like himself.

I couldn’t help smiling.

“He’s awake.”

Silence.

Then I added softly,

“Amber...”

“Jason is back.”

Trouble

Amber POV

The moment Emory said those three words-

“Jason is back.”

-I forgot everything else.

“I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

I ended the call before he could say anything more.

The children were still finishing their lesson, so I quickly asked another teacher to take over the last twenty

minutes.

“I’m sorry, everyone.”

“I have an important family matter.”

Alice looked at me suspiciously.

“Is Dad awake?”

I blinked.

“Why would you think that?”

She grinned.

“You smiled.”

Children really did notice everything.

I laughed softly.

“Finish your lesson, Princess.”

“I’ll tell you everything later.”

I hurried toward the parking lot, climbed into my car, and started driving back to the castle.

It wasn’t far.

Ten minutes, maybe fifteen.

I couldn’t stop smiling.

Jason was awake.

He was really awake.

For the first time in weeks, I let myself imagine him smiling at me again.

Maybe everything would finally be alright.

Halfway there...

The engine coughed.

Then again.

My smile disappeared.

“No.”

15 8chus

The dashboard lit up with warning lights.

The car slowed before rolling to a complete stop beside the entrance to the Ember Mine.

I tried the ignition again.

Nothing.

“Come on…” 1

Silence.

I grabbed my phone.

No signal.

Of course.

The mountains always interfered with reception around the mines.

I stepped outside and looked toward the castle.

The direct road curved around the mountain.

It would take another twenty minutes on foot.

Then I looked toward the old mine entrance.

The restored tourist route connected to tunnels beneath the mountain.

One of those exits emerged much closer to the castle.

It would be faster.

I hesitated for exactly three seconds.

Then curiosity won.

“I’ll cut through the mine.”

I locked the car and walked inside.

The air immediately became cooler.

Soft lights illuminated the restored pathways, making it easy to navigate.

Even after seeing them countless times, the glowing gemstones embedded throughout the walls still stole my breath away.

Tiny veins of crystal shimmered beneath the stone, reflecting golden, blue and violet light across the tunnel.

It almost felt magical.

I walked slowly, admiring the walls as I passed.

Trouty

Then...

Something caught my eye.

A narrow opening between two large rock formations.

I frowned.

That hadn’t been on any of the architectural plans.

I walked closer.

The opening was almost completely hidden by naturally fallen stone.

Anyone walking normally would never notice it.

Behind the rocks...

A weathered metal door.

Old.

Very old.

No markings.

No lock visible from the outside.

I should have turned around.

I knew that.

Instead...

I smiled. 1

“Just one quick look.”

Curiosity had defeated common sense once again.

I pushed against the door.

With a long metallic groan...

It slowly opened.

Beyond it...

Only darkness waited.

Jason POV

One hour.

Amber had been gone for one hour.

At first, I wasn’t worried.

Traffic happened.

+15 8chus

Meetings ran late.

had probably stopped to talk to someone.

But after sixty minutes...

Something felt wrong.

I called her.

No answer.

Again.

Straight to voicemail.

A cold knot formed in my stomach.

I immediately called the school.

Mrs. Sun answered.

“Jason?”

“When did Amber leave?”

She sounded surprised by the question.

“Almost immediately after Emory called.”

“She barely stayed long enough to tell the children she’d be back.”

My grip tightened around the phone.

“She never arrived.”

Silence.

Then Mrs. Sun’s voice became sharp.

“What?”

I ended the call and looked toward Emory.

“She left over an hour ago.”

“And she never made it here.”

Neither of us wasted another second.

I changed clothes as quickly as I could, ignoring Emory’s protests that I still needed rest.

“I’m coming.”

“Jason-”

“I’m coming.”

He looked at me for several seconds before sighing.

+15 8cnus

“...Fine.”

But I’m driving if you feel dizzy.”

“Deal.”

Five minutes later, we were already speeding toward the school.

Every minute that passed made the knot in my chest grow tighter.

Amber always answered.

Always.

Unless...

No.

I refused to finish that thought.

I gripped the dashboard.

“Please...”

“Be okay.”

The mountains came into view.

Then...

Emory suddenly pointed toward the side of the road.

“Jason.”

I slammed on the brakes.

There...

Parked beside the entrance to the Ember Mine...

Was Amber’s car.

Empty.

My blood ran cold.

Without waiting for the engine to stop, I threw the door open and started running toward the mine entrance.

Only one thought echoed inside my mind.

Amber… please don’t let your curiosity get you into trouble again.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 310

Not going anywhere

Amber POV

It was supposed to be a quick look.

Just one glance inside.

Then I would run back to the castle.

Instead…

The moment I stepped through the doorway, the heavy stone door slammed shut behind me.

I spun around.

“No…”

I pushed against it.

Nothing.

I searched for a handle.

A latch.

A lever.

Anything.

There wasn’t one.

“Seriously?”

I sighed.

“Of course.”

I pulled out my phone and switched on the flashlight.

The narrow beam barely pierced the darkness.

The air inside felt stale, humid, and impossibly old.

The first breath made me cough.

Dust.

Everywhere.

I pulled the collar of my shirt over my mouth and nose before taking another cautious step.

Each footfall sent another cloud of dust swirling into the air.

Whatever this place was...

No one had entered it for a very long time.

The further I walked...

+158chus

Not go to wher

The more my flashlight revealed.

Then I stopped.

My eyes widened.

“...No way.”

Jewelry.

Everywhere.

Gold necklaces draped across ancient wooden tables.

Bracelets spilling out of broken chests.

Rings scattered across the floor like pebbles.

Pearls.

Gemstones.

Crowns.

Tiaras.

Silver cups.

Golden plates.

The walls themselves seemed decorated with precious metals. 1

It looked exactly how every story described a dragon’s hoard. 1

I slowly turned in a circle.

How...

How had no one found this?

The entrance hadn’t even been locked.

I had simply pushed the door open.

It made no sense.

Curiosity completely took over.

“Oh...”

I picked up an old golden crown and carefully placed it on my head.

I laughed quietly.

“It actually fits.”

Immediately I thought of the children.

Alice would love one.

Rose too.

Alex would pretend he didn’t care before secretly trying it on.

And Jason…

He’d probably roll his eyes.

I smiled.

I opened my bag.

One small crown.

Two delicate tiaras.

A tiny circlet that looked perfect for Iris.

Another simple crown that would probably fit Jason.

Bracelets.

Necklaces.

Earrings.

A handful of rings.

I filled my bag until it became surprisingly heavy. 1

Then I looked around.

It didn’t even seem like I had taken anything.

There was simply…

Too much treasure. 1

I carefully picked up one last bracelet.

Balanced everything in my arms.

Then walked back toward the entrance.

“...Now.”

“The difficult part.”

I leaned backward against the stone door.

The instant my weight touched it...

The door swung open.

I yelped.

My feet slipped.

The bag flew from my hands.

I braced for the floor.

mstead...

Strong arms caught me.

Before I could even open my eyes, a familiar voice reached my ears.

“There you are.”

His voice cracked with relief.

“I was worried sick.”

I looked up.

Jason.

Without thinking, I threw my arms around his neck.

The crown was still sitting crookedly on my head.

I didn’t care.

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“I wasn’t planning to stay.”

“My car broke down.”

“I thought it would be a shortcut.”

“I found the door.”

“I just wanted one look.”

Jason hugged me even tighter.

“No.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I should never have let you leave alone.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m so, so sorry.”

We kept apologizing over each other until neither of us knew who was apologizing anymore.

Finally…

Someone loudly cleared his throat.

Emory.

He looked between us before shaking his head dramatically.

Not gone any stan

“So…”

He pointed toward my bag overflowing with treasure.

“Amber became so obsessed with making Jason healthy…”

“…that the moment he recovered, she decided to celebrate with a shopping spree?”

I looked down at the jewels scattered around us.

“...It does look bad.”

Emory grinned.

“It looks expensive.”

I smiled sheepishly.

Without saying a word, I reached into my bag and pulled out a beautifully crafted silver-and-gold bracelet.

I held it out toward him.

Emory blinked.

“For me?”

I nodded.

He accepted it carefully before pretending to look offended.

“I want the record to show...”

“...that I am deeply offended by this obvious attempt at bribery.”

He admired the bracelet in the light.

“...I’ll keep it.”

“I don’t think I’m offended enough to give it back.”

Jason actually laughed.

The sound filled the tunnel.

I had missed that laugh.

More than I realized.

Once we’d gathered everything that had fallen onto the ground, the three of us turned back toward the hidden chamber.

Jason pushed against the stone door.

Nothing.

Emory tried.

Still nothing.

Even together, the three of us couldn't move it.

Not going anywhere

The door refused to budge.

was as though...

It had never opened at all.

Jason frowned.

"Interesting."

I looked at the ancient stone thoughtfully.

"So..."

"It only opens from the inside." 1

None of us had an answer.

After one last look at the mysterious doorway, we left the mine together.

Whatever secrets the hidden treasure chamber still held...

They weren't going anywhere.

And for the first time in weeks...

Neither was Jason.

+158gnus

A teenage girl's jealousy

Amber POV

By the time the three of us reached the castle, the sun had already begun to set.

I was still carrying the bag from the hidden chamber, now considerably heavier than when I had entered the mine..

Jason refused to let go of my hand the entire Walk back.

Not that I minded.

After everything that had happened over the last few weeks, I wasn't planning on letting go either.

The moment we entered the great hall, Mrs. Sun and Pamela were already waiting for us.

Mrs. Sun rushed straight to Jason.

Without saying a word, she cupped his face with both hands before pulling him into a tight hug.

"My boy..."

"You scared all of us."

Jason hugged her back.

"I'm sorry, Grandma.'

"I'll make it up to everyone."

She smacked his shoulder lightly.

"You certainly will."

Pamela wasn't nearly as gentle.

She walked up to him, crossed her arms, and stared.

Jason sighed.

"I deserve it."

"You do."

She nodded.

"But you're forgiven."

Then, before anyone could react, she hugged him.

“We’re just happy you’re back.”

For a few precious moments, the castle felt peaceful again.

Then Pamela ruined it.

“…Unfortunately.”

She lifted her tablet.

“The internet didn’t get the memo.”

Jason groaned.

“Now what?”

Pamela handed the tablet to me.

A headline filled the screen.

CLOSE FRIEND OF THE SUN COUPLE CONFIRMS SECRET DIVORCE.

I frowned and began reading aloud.

“”‘According to a close friend of Amber Asher and Jason Sun, the couple has already begun divorce proceedings after Amber’s repeated infidelities.””

Jason rolled his eyes.

I continued. 1

“The couple allegedly agreed to keep the separation secret until the twins are born to avoid damaging Phoenix Ashes, Asher Corporation, and Sun Corporation.””

I snorted.

“Creative.”

Mrs. Sun looked offended.

“It gets worse.”

Pamela pointed lower.

There it was.

A picture.

Monica leaving Jason's office on the day everything had happened.

The caption read:

JASON'S SECRET MISTRESS?

Jason looked horrified.

"I met her for less than ten minutes."

"They make it sound like we were dating."

I kept reading.

"Sources close to the family also confirm that Jason's infertility was the real reason the marriage failed.""

Jason reached for his phone.

"I'm ending this."

"I'm releasing the security footage."

I gently stopped him.

+15 Bcnus

He looked at me.

"But-"

"They think you're still under the effects of the drug."

I smiled.

"Let's keep it that way."

Marcus had always said one of the greatest advantages in a fight was letting your opponent believe they were

winning.

Right now...

The Vincents thought Jason was broken.

I wanted to keep it that way.

Just a little longer.

Jason slowly nodded.

“…You’re right.”

“We’ll wait.”

Pamela cleared her throat.

“I wish that was the only thing.”

She opened another article.

This time…

All of us simply stared.

The headline read:

STANLEY HEIRESS PREGNANT?

“…What?”

Mrs. Sun took the tablet from Pamela.

She blinked several times.

Then looked back at the screen.

“What?”

I took it back.

The article claimed Iris and Francis Owens had secretly become engaged.

That much wasn’t entirely impossible.

After all, everyone knew an old engagement contract existed.

But then…

The article took a spectacular leap.

It claimed Iris was actually pregnant.

And that I...

Already visibly pregnant with twins...

Was pretending to be the expectant mother to protect Iris's reputation.

Silence.

Complete silence.

Then...

Jason laughed.

Not politely.

Not quietly.

He actually laughed until he had to lean against the sofa.

Mrs. Sun looked scandalized.

"What's so funny?"

Jason wiped a tear from his eye.

"I'm trying to imagine how anyone thought Amber could fake being pregnant..."

"...for someone who isn't even showing."

Even Emory chuckled.

"It's certainly... imaginative."

Is

I still frowned.

"No."

Everyone looked at me.

“This doesn’t feel like Alexander Vincent.”

Jason stopped laughing.

“What do you mean?”

“He spreads lies strategically.”

“He wants money.”

“Power.”

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 311

“Influence.”

This…”

I held up the article.

“…is childish.”

“It’s emotional.”

“It feels personal.”

I opened my laptop.

“If I’m right…”

“It won’t take long.”

I traced the original upload.

Then the reposts.

Then the anonymous account.

Finally…

A real profile.

I opened it.

A seventeen-year-old girl.

Same school.

Same grade.

Same classroom...

As Iris.

I looked up.

“It wasn’t the Vincents.”

Mrs. Sun frowned.

“Who was it?”

I turned the screen toward everyone.

“This girl.”

I quickly read through months of public posts.

Pictures.

Comments.

Private screenshots.

A tears or pay

Everything painted the same story.

had openly liked Francis Owens for nearly a year.

Then Iris arrived. 1

Within weeks, Francis had been seen walking with Iris around campus.

Jealousy.

Pure jealousy.

The girl's messages became increasingly bitter.

"She thinks she's special."

"She's probably dating three boys already."

"Just wait until everyone finds out who she really is."

I closed the laptop.

"There it is.

Pamela sighed.

"So she wanted to ruin Iris's reputation."

I nodded.

"She couldn't have Francis."

"So she decided no one should."

Jason rubbed his forehead.

"I honestly don't know whether to laugh or cry anymore."

Mrs. Sun smiled gently.

"At least this one isn't an international conspiracy."

I laughed.

"Small victories."

For the first time that evening...

The room felt lighter.

Not every enemy was Alexander Vincent.

Sometimes...

A teenage girl's jealousy could create just as much chaos as a criminal empire.

And somehow...

That thought was both comforting...

And terrifying.

P

5 Bgm

+15 8chus

Thank you

Amber POV

Dinner that evening felt different.

For the first time in weeks, everyone was together.

Jason was sitting beside me again.

Every now and then, our hands brushed beneath the table, as if both of us needed to reassure ourselves that the other was really there.

Before dinner began, I remembered the bag I had carried back from the mine.

“Oh!”

Everyone looked at me as I placed it on the table.

“I almost forgot.”

Jason smiled knowingly.

“The shopping spree.”

Mrs. Sun looked confused.

“What shopping spree?”

I opened the bag.

One by one, I began taking out crowns, bracelets, necklaces, rings, and tiaras.

The room fell completely silent.

Mrs. Sun’s mouth slowly fell open.

“Amber…”

She picked up one of the crowns with both hands.

“…these belong in a museum.”

She looked around the room.

“You don’t carry something like this around in a handbag!”

I laughed.

“It wasn’t even noticeable.”

Jason chuckled.

“I can confirm.”

“It looked like she’d barely taken anything.”

Everyone stared at him.

“What?”

He shrugged.

There was enough treasure in there to decorate three castles.”

Grandfather carefully examined one of the bracelets.

“The craftsmanship…”

His eyes widened.

“I’ve only seen work like this in history books.”

Mrs. Sun finally looked back at me.

“Tell us everything.”

So I did.

I explained how my car had broken down near the mine.

How I had decided to take the shortcut through the tunnels.

How I had discovered the hidden door concealed between the rocks.

“And the strange part,” I finished, “is that there wasn’t any lock.”

“I simply pushed.”

“The door opened.”

“But when Jason and Emory tried opening it afterward…”

“It wouldn’t move.”

Mrs. Sun frowned thoughtfully.

“The children…”

“They’ve been spending every afternoon inside the secret room beneath the kitchen.”

Everyone looked at her. 1

“They’re still trying to open the second door they found.”

A thought suddenly occurred to me.

I slowly turned toward Jason.

“What if…”

“The two doors are connected?”

Silence.

I stood and walked toward one of the castle sketches hanging on the wall.

“The secret room beneath the kitchen.”

“The hidden chamber inside the mine.”

+15 Bonus 158gnus

“They’re on opposite sides of the mountain.”

Nooked back at everyone.

“What if opening one…”

“…unlocks the other?”

Jason immediately understood.

“A mechanical system.”

“Hidden inside the mountain.”

I nodded.

“Exactly.”

Grandfather smiled.

“The Ember family always did enjoy complicated engineering.”

Mrs. Sun suddenly became unusually quiet.

Then she looked at the ring on my finger.

“The alexandrite…”

I glanced down at my engagement ring.

“What about it?”

She smiled softly.

“That ring belonged to Jason’s mother.”

Jason looked surprised.

“I didn’t know that.”

Mrs. Sun nodded.

“It was mined in Sum.”

She looked toward the mountain visible through the windows.

“It may have come from your mine.”

For a long moment, nobody spoke.

The possibility felt strangely fitting.

Before anyone could say anything else, laughter echoed through the hallway.

The children had returned.

Alice ran into the room first.

Rose followed.

T

Alex walked more calmly behind them.

Ts entered last...

Accompanied by Francis Owens.

The moment Alice saw the treasure spread across the table, her eyes grew enormous.

“You found the treasure!”

“I found... some of it.”

She immediately ran toward me.

“Did you bring anything back?”

I smiled.

“I might have.”

One by one, I handed everyone their gifts.

A small crown for Alice.

A delicate silver circlet for Rose.

A simple but elegant crown for Iris.

A handsome gold crown for Alex.

Then I turned toward Francis.

He looked completely out of place.

Almost embarrassed to be standing there.

I smiled and handed him a small velvet box.

“For you.”

He blinked.

“…For me?”

Inside was an antique pocket watch.

Beautifully engraved.

Then I handed him another package.

“And this.”

He opened it carefully.

A simple ceremonial crown.

His eyes widened.

“I can’t accept this.”

“You can.”

And one more thing.”

I handed him a smaller crown.

“This one’s for your younger brother.”

Francis looked genuinely speechless.

“You… thought about him?”

“Of course.”

“Family matters.”

He lowered his head.

“Thank you.”

The younger children had already placed their crowns on their heads.

They looked delighted.

Mrs. Sun laughed.

“They look like they’re playing fantasy.”

Jason smiled.

“They should be careful.”

Everyone turned toward him.

“They aren’t replicas.”

“They’re real.”

The room instantly became much quieter.

Alice slowly removed her crown.

“…Real?”

Jason nodded.

“Very real.”

Mrs. Sun nearly snatched it out of her hands.

“We are definitely making display cases.”

I laughed before reaching back into the bag.

“Not so fast.”

I walked toward Mrs. Sun first.

She immediately stepped backward.

“No.”

Amber.”

“No.”

“You are not putting priceless jewelry on me.”

I ignored her.

A beautiful emerald necklace rested around her neck moments later.

“It suits you.”

She sighed dramatically.

“I’ve created a monster.”

Mr. Sun received an ornate signet ring.

Grandfather received an antique watch chain.

Mr. Stanley arrived just in time to receive a heavy ceremonial bracelet.

Then I turned back toward Francis.

“And these.”

I handed him another small box.

He opened it.

A pair of sapphire earrings.

And a matching bracelet.

“For your mother.”

His eyes widened again.

“Mrs. Sun…”

“I really can’t…”

“You can.”

“Please.”

“Consider it a thank-you.”

He looked overwhelmed.

Jason suddenly picked up his tablet.

“Before you leave…”

He grinned.

“Perhaps you two should explain something.”

+15 8cnus

He turned the screen toward Iris and Francis.

The article.

STANLEY HEIRESS PREGNANT?

Both teenagers turned bright red.

“We’re not!”

Francis blurted.

“We’re not even dating!”

Iris nodded so quickly I thought her neck might hurt.

“Much less… that!” 1

Alice tilted her head.

“What does ‘much less that’ mean?”

Alex answered before any adult could.

“It obviously means they’re not married.”

The adults burst into laughter.

Even Francis laughed nervously.

Eventually, after much insisting from him and much refusing from me, Francis was forced to accept the gifts for himself and his family.

His bodyguards arrived shortly after dinner to escort him home.

As he reached the door, he turned back.

“Thank you,..”

“No one has ever included my family like this before.”

I smiled.

“Tell your mother she’s welcome.”

After he left, Iris quietly looked toward Mrs. Sun.

“Should I respond to the article?”

Mrs. Sun shook her head.

“One article means nothing.”

“Only answer if you feel you’ve been wronged.”

Iris nodded thoughtfully.

Not ten minutes later, my phone rang.

Unknown number.

I answered.

Hello?”

A gentle woman’s voice came through the speaker.

“Mrs. Sun?”

“This is Margaret Owens.”

I smiled immediately.

“Good evening.”

“I... I’m calling about the gifts.”

She sounded genuinely flustered.

“We can’t possibly accept something so valuable.”

I looked around at everyone smiling in the living room.

Then answered softly,

“Mrs. Owens...”

“Please think of them as a token of appreciation.”

There was a brief silence.

“For what?”

“For raising such a good young man.”

The line remained quiet for several long seconds.

When Mrs. Owens finally spoke again...

Her voice trembled.

“Thank you.”

It was the first time in many years...

Someone had complimented her son instead of trying to use him.

K

Into the light

Amber POV

The peace lasted exactly one morning.

I was halfway through reviewing company reports when Pamela rushed into my office without knocking.

“Amber.”

I looked up immediately.

“What happened?”

She placed her tablet on my

desk.

“I think we have another leak.”

I frowned and looked at the screen.

It was a photograph.

A single page.

The first page of the divorce agreement.

The very same document Jason had refused to sign while under the influence of the drug.

The headline above it read:

JASON SUN SECRETLY FILED FOR DIVORCE!

My expression remained calm, but inside my mind something suddenly clicked.

I enlarged the image.

Then the signatures section.

Blank.

Jason’s name was printed.

His signature wasn’t.

I slowly leaned back in my chair.

“…Of course.”

Pamela looked at me.

“What?”

“They really believed he would sign.”

She frowned.

“I don’t understand.”

I looked toward the window.

+158cnus

“Think about it.”

they poisoned him.”

“They manipulated him.”

“They planted false memories.”

“They prepared four different documents.”

“The divorce.”

“The transfer of Sun Corporation.”

“The confession clearing the Vinnys.”

“The transfer of his land.”

I shook my head slowly.

“They never intended those papers to come back unsigned.”

Silence filled the office.

The realization settled over both of us.

Even under the strongest dose Emory had ever seen...

Jason hadn’t signed a single one.

Not one.

I smiled despite myself.

“... You really are incredible.”

Pamela tilted her head.

“What?”

“I finally understand.”

“He wasn’t simply resisting Monica.”

“He was resisting everything.”

“Even drugged...”

“...he still refused to destroy us.’

A strange warmth spread through my chest.

For weeks I had focused on everything Jason had said.

I had forgotten to look at everything he hadn’t done.

He hadn’t signed.

Not one document.

+15 Bçnus

to the lept

Not even when his own mind had been turned against him.

opened my social media account.

“If they want to play...”

“We’ll play.”

Pamela smiled.

“What are you going to say?”

“Very little.”

Sometimes silence carried more weight than long explanations.

I uploaded the leaked photograph myself.

Then wrote only a few lines.

“Interesting piece of paper.

Fortunately, anyone with a printer can produce documents.

The only thing that gives a contract legal value is the signature of the parties involved.

As everyone can clearly see...

This document does not bear Jason Sun’s signature.”

I pressed Post.

Within minutes the internet exploded.

Thousands of comments appeared.

She’s right.

Unsigned means nothing.

Who leaked this?

If it’s real, why wasn’t it signed?

Something feels off.

Pamela smiled.

“They weren’t expecting that.”

Neither was I.

Because less than ten minutes later…

A new notification appeared.

My smile disappeared.

The reply wasn’t anonymous.

NK

into the Sight

It came from a verified account.

Monica Hayes.

She hadn’t even bothered hiding.

Her comment read:

“The divorce is real.

As Jason’s childhood friend, I can confirm those papers were personally presented to him.

Besides, everyone knows Jason always defended Amber publicly.

The fact that he has remained silent says everything.”

The office became completely quiet.

Pamela slowly looked at me.

“...Did she really just do that?”

I read the comment again.

Then a third time.

Finally...

I smiled.

“No.”

Pamela blinked.

“No?”

“She just made the biggest mistake of her life.”

I turned my laptop toward Pamela.

“Until now, she could claim she knew things through rumors.”

I pointed at Monica’s own words.

“But she didn’t say she heard about the papers.”

“She said...”

I highlighted the sentence.

I can confirm those papers were personally presented to Jason.

Pamela’s eyes widened.

“Those documents never left Jason’s office.”

I nodded.

“And they were never registered.”

to the light

“Only a handful of people knew they even existed.”

Aslow grin spread across my face.

“So tell me…”

I looked back at Monica’s comment.

“How exactly does a childhood friend…”

“…know which unsigned documents were placed on my husband’s desk…”

“…unless she was part of the plan?”

For the first time since the poisoning…

I felt as though we had finally forced one of the people behind it…

To step into the light.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 312

W

13 agnus

They’re all calling

Amber POV

I looked over at Jason, who was sitting on the couch with a blanket over his legs, looking much healthier than he had only a few days before.

He caught me staring and smiled.

“What?”

I held up my phone.

“I think it’s time we answer.”

He already knew what I meant.

“The rumors?”

I nodded.

“They’re using your silence against you.”

“They’re saying you haven’t defended me because the divorce is real.”

Jason let out a tired sigh.

“Would it help if you posted a picture of me?”

“I don’t want to invade your privacy.”

He didn’t even hesitate.

“Amber.” 1

I looked at him.

“You never have to ask permission to defend us.”

He reached for my hand.

“Go ahead.”

He smiled softly.

“But…”

“I do have one request.”

“What is it?”

He gently intertwined our fingers.

“Take a picture of this.”

I looked down.

Our wedding rings rested side by side.

“I want them to see that.”

I couldn’t help smiling.

You really are sentimental.”

“Only with you.”

I leaned over and kissed his forehead before taking two pictures.

The first showed Jason resting comfortably in bed with the medical equipment still visible beside him.

The second was much simpler.

Just our hands.

His wedding ring.

Mine.

Our fingers tightly intertwined.

I uploaded both photographs.

Then I began typing.

“The last few weeks have been difficult for our family.

Jason was involved in a serious medical emergency and has remained under continuous observation.

Before accusing someone of remaining silent, perhaps remember that sometimes a person is simply not awake enough to answer.

We kindly ask everyone to respect his recovery.”

I pressed Post.

Within minutes, the comments flooded in.

Most people wished Jason a speedy recovery.

Others apologized for assuming the worst.

Then...

Monica appeared again.

Using her real account.

“Amber had no right to post Jason during such a vulnerable moment.

As Jason’s childhood friend, I will be taking care of him from now on.

Please disclose which hospital he is in so I can come pick him up.”

The room became completely silent.

Mrs. Sun blinked.

“...She actually wrote that?”

I nodded slowly.

Jason looked as confused as the rest of us.

haven’t spoken to her in years.”

I smiled.

“My turn.”

Without hesitation, I replied publicly.

“I’m curious.

If you are truly one of Jason’s closest childhood friends...

Where were you at our wedding?

Surely someone so important would have been invited.

Oddly enough, I don’t remember meeting you.

And in all the years I’ve known my husband...

He has never once mentioned you.”

The internet exploded.

Thousands of users immediately began asking the same question.

Where were the wedding photos?

Was she invited?

Does anyone remember seeing her?

A few minutes later, Monica answered.

“Jason told me about the wedding.

Unfortunately, I couldn’t attend because I was working.

Amber should stop embarrassing herself, accept reality, and sign the divorce papers.”

I looked over at Jason.

He frowned.

“I didn’t tell her.”

“I hadn’t spoken to her.”

I smiled.

“I know.”

Then I typed my final reply.

“Interesting.

Jason never requested a divorce.

Jason has his own legal team.

e unsigned divorce agreement was never filed, registered, or made public.

Only a handful of people even knew it existed.

Since you appear to know so much...

Could you please tell us the name of the lawyer who prepared those papers?”

I pressed Send.

Nothing.

Five minutes passed.

Ten.

Suddenly…

Monica’s comments disappeared.

Then her entire account vanished from my view.

“…She blocked me.”

Jason laughed despite everything.

“That’s one way to answer.”

Mrs. Sun smiled triumphantly.

“I’d say that question hit its mark.”

Mr. Sun was about to comment when all four of our phones began vibrating almost simultaneously.

Then Jason’s phone.

Then Marcus’s. 1

Then Grandfather’s.

The castle suddenly filled with ringing phones.

Mr. Sun looked down at his screen and frowned.

“That’s strange.”

Mrs. Sun checked hers.

“So am I.”

Jason looked confused.

“What happened?”

Mr. Sun turned his phone around.

“The board.”

“They’re all calling.”

Mrs. Sun held up hers as well.

“So are the senior executives.”

“The entire company wants to know the same thing.”

Jason frowned.

“What?”

Mr. Sun answered quietly.

“They’re asking for the documents.”

“The ones they left on your desk before you came back to Sum.”

The room fell silent.

Jason slowly looked toward the briefcase still resting beside the sofa.

Every document those executives had desperately wanted him to sign...

Was still inside it.

And apparently...

Someone was becoming very nervous that he still had them.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 313

an example

Amber POV

The phones simply would not stop ringing.

Jason looked at me. “Should we answer them?”

I smiled.

“I’ll do it.”

Whoever wanted those documents was desperate enough to expose themselves.

I accepted the first call.

“Mrs. Sun, thank goodness,” one of the investors said hurriedly. “We were hoping Mr. Sun had already signed the documents.”

I frowned as though I had no idea what he was talking about.

“Unfortunately, Jason was involved in a car accident shortly after leaving the office.”

The line immediately went quiet.

“He was admitted to the hospital unconscious.”

I sighed dramatically.

“The police informed us that several personal belongings disappeared during the accident. His suitcase was among them.”

Silence.

Long silence.

“So…” I continued, “if those documents are important, simply send me another copy. I’ll make sure Jason signs them once he’s recovered.”

The man’s tone changed instantly.

“I’m… afraid that won’t be possible.”

“Oh?”

“They’re confidential corporate documents.”

“Company policy doesn’t allow outsiders to receive them.”

I smiled.

“I understand.”

“Then send them to Mr. Sun or Mrs. Sun. They’re members of the Sun family and directors of the company. Surely they aren’t outsiders.”

Another long pause.

“…We’ll… discuss it internally.”

The call ended.

e next three conversations were almost identical.

Each person wanted the documents.

None of them was willing to send another copy.

By the fifth call, I no longer had any doubts.

“They know exactly which documents we’re talking about.”

Jason nodded grimly.

“And they’re terrified we still have them.”

Before anyone could say another word, Jason’s phone rang.

Unknown number.

He answered.

“Jason Sun.”

A familiar voice echoed through the speaker.

Alexander Vincent.

“Jason.”

“I was beginning to think you’d forgotten about me.”

Jason remained silent.

Alexander chuckled.

“I’ll make this simple.”

“I need the location of those documents.”

Jason’s expression didn’t change.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You do.”

Alexander’s tone became colder.

“And while you’re at it…”

“I want you to make a public statement.”

Jason raised an eyebrow.

“What statement?”

“Tell the world you’re divorcing Amber.”

The room fell silent.

Alexander continued as though discussing the weather.

Kell everyone the twins aren’t yours.”

“They’re mine.”

“You’ll say Amber and I are the real parents.”

Jason’s grip tightened around the phone.

“You’ve lost your mind.”

Alexander laughed.

“No.”

“I’m simply giving you an opportunity.”

“When the public learns the babies are mine…”

“They’ll force Amber to be with me.”

“It’ll save her reputation.”

“And it’ll allow me to enter Sum without resistance.”

The call ended before Jason could reply.

Silence settled over the room.

Emory was the first to break the silence.

“He still believes the drug is working.”

I looked at Jason, then back at the phone resting on the table.

“You’re right.”

Everything suddenly made sense.

Alexander wasn’t trying to convince Jason anymore.

He genuinely believed Jason was still under the effects of the suggestive drug.

He expected Jason to obey eventually. 1

“He thinks I’m hiding Jason,” I said quietly, piecing everything together. “He believes I’m keeping him away from the public to protect him until the drug finishes doing its work.”

Jason nodded.

“Which means he has no idea I’m fully conscious again.”

“Exactly,” I replied. “As far as Alexander knows, you’re still trapped inside your own mind. That’s why he dared to call you directly and order you to announce the divorce and claim the twins are his.”

A slow smile spread across my face.

“If he believes you’re still compromised, then we have an advantage.”

Jason returned the smile.

For the first time since this started…”

“We know something he doesn’t.”

Marcus leaned back in his chair and laughed softly.

“Then let’s keep it that way.”

No one objected.

As long as Alexander Vincent believed Jason was still under the drug's control, he would continue making mistakes.

And every mistake brought us one step closer to exposing him completely.

Mrs. Sun spoke first.

"He wants access to Sum."

Mr. Sun nodded.

"The treasure."

Jason looked toward me.

"And you."

I slowly nodded.

"He knows something is hidden beneath the mountain."

"He just doesn't know where."

Unfortunately, Alexander wasn't finished.

That afternoon another story exploded across every news outlet.

This time...

The target wasn't me.

It was Iris.

According to the articles, Iris Stanley was pregnant.

The reports accused Jason and me of forcing her to raise our adopted children while hiding her own pregnancy.

Alexander even filed a formal complaint with Child Protective Services, claiming Iris was being neglected and exploited inside the castle.

The accusations were absurd.

But lies didn't have to be true.

They only had to spread.

Iris surprised all of us.

“I want to answer.”

Mrs. Sun looked at her.

“Are you sure?”

Iris nodded.

“I don’t want people believing that.”

She borrowed one of the media team’s cameras and began filming.

Not a statement.

Not an interview.

Just...

Her life.

She showed her room.

Her favorite reading corner.

The coding classes Amber taught.

The children’s game nights.

She laughed while filming Alice trying to teach the twins-still inside my stomach-how to become

programmers.

She recorded Rose chasing Alex through the gardens.

She even included Francis.

The two of them walked through the castle grounds laughing together.

“I know people have a lot of questions,” Iris said to the camera.

“But this is my real life.”

“I’m happy.”

She smiled.

“I’ve also seen rumors about the Brown family.”

“They’re simply rumors.”

“And yes…”

She looked toward Francis, who immediately turned bright red.

“I’m very happy spending time with Francis.”

He buried his face in his hands while everyone behind the camera laughed.

The video continued.

She recorded Grandfather Stanley visiting.

She showed herself studying with Grandfather Asher.

Ponally…

She entered Jason’s room.

He was still resting under Emory’s supervision.

“Jason is getting better every day,” Iris said softly.

“We’re all waiting for him to come back.”

The final clip showed all of us gathered around his bed.

Laughing.

Talking.

Simply being a family.

The video went viral within hours.

Child Protective Services arrived at the castle the following morning.

Instead of objecting, we welcomed them.

Mrs. Sun personally gave them a tour of the school.

Grandfather Asher explained the adoption process.

The children answered every question honestly.

By the end of the inspection, one of the senior investigators asked for permission to make a public statement.

Mrs. Sun agreed.

To everyone’s surprise...

The investigator began broadcasting live from the castle.

“We have completed our evaluation.”

She smiled warmly.

“We found no evidence of abuse, neglect, or exploitation.”

She turned the camera toward the family gathered behind her.

“In fact...”

“The environment these children have been given is exceptional.”

She gestured toward the school.

“The educational opportunities are extraordinary.”

She smiled at me.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sun should be viewed as an example of what adoptive parents can achieve with love, stability, and commitment.”

By evening...

e internet had changed completely.

The rumors disappeared beneath thousands of new comments.

I wish I’d grown up somewhere like that.

Those children are obviously loved.

Iris looks happier than ever.

Amber and Jason are setting the standard for adoptive families.

I watched the comments continue to flood in before finally closing my laptop.

Alexander Vincent had tried to destroy another child.

Instead...

He had reminded the entire world exactly why those children belonged with us.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 314

+158gnus

Divorce?

Amber POV

Just when we thought the situation couldn't become any more absurd, it did.

It started with a phone call from River City.

One of the Sun Corporation office buildings had been attacked.

An armed gang had broken into the building during the early hours of the morning, smashing computers, destroying furniture, vandalizing offices, and attempting to access confidential company files before security and the police arrived.

Fortunately, no employees had been seriously injured.

The relief lasted only a few seconds.

Because during the police interviews, every single member of the gang told the same story.

"We were hired by Amber Asher."

When Jason repeated those words, I simply stared at him.

"...Seriously?"

He nodded grimly.

“They’re all saying it.”

I couldn’t even be angry anymore.

It was becoming predictable.

“If I wanted to damage Sun Corporation,” I said, “I certainly wouldn’t hire criminals to announce my name before getting arrested.”

Marcus couldn’t help laughing.

“They’re not exactly criminal masterminds.”

Unfortunately, the police still had to investigate every lead.

That included me.

The following morning, I flew to River City with Marcus acting as my lawyer.

Jason wanted to come.

Absolutely insisted on it.

Emory sided with me for once.

“Jason is still recovering.”

“He stays in Sum.”

Jason was not happy about it.

Neither was I.

But I knew Emory was right.

the police headquarters, the questioning was professional.

The lead detective apologized before we even sat down.

“Mrs. Sun, we understand these allegations may be false.”

“But procedure requires us to speak with you.”

“I understand.”

For nearly two hours they questioned me.

Where had I been?

Who had I contacted?

Did I know any of the arrested men?

Had I transferred money to them?

Every answer was simple.

No.

No.

No.

And...

Definitely no.

Eventually the detective closed the file.

“As of this moment, we have found absolutely no evidence linking you to these individuals.”

Marcus smiled.

“Thank you.”

The detective nodded.

“I’m sorry you had to come.”

“So am I.”

I honestly thought that would be the end of it.

I was wrong.

As Marcus and I left the station, someone inside took a photograph.

Just one.

It showed me sitting across from two detectives inside the interview room.

Nothing more.

Within an hour…

Every tabloid had the image.

AMBER ASHER QUESTIONED BY POLICE.

The headlines became increasingly ridiculous.

REVENGE FOR HER SECRET DIVORCE?

DID AMBER ORDER THE ATTACK ON SUN CORPORATION?

POLICE INVESTIGATE JEALOUS WIFE.

I rubbed my temples.

“They’re not even trying anymore.”

Marcus was already scrolling through the comments.

Then he stopped.

“… You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“What?”

He turned the screen toward me.

A photograph.

It showed what appeared to be a signed divorce agreement.

Jason’s signature rested neatly at the bottom.

The headline proudly declared:

LEAKED! JASON FINALLY SIGNS THE DIVORCE PAPERS.

I looked at it for less than five seconds before handing it back.

“That’s fake.”

Marcus nodded.

“I know.”

He zoomed in on the image.

“The shadows don’t match.”

“The signature has compression artifacts.”

“The paper texture changes halfway down the page.”

He smiled.

“They used AI.”

Within an hour, Marcus held a press conference outside his law office.

Cameras crowded the entrance.

Reporters shouted questions before he even reached the podium.

Marcus calmly waited for silence.

“I represent both Mr. Jason Sun and Mrs. Amber Sun.”

He held up the circulating image.

“This document is fraudulent.”

Large screens behind him enlarged the photograph.

Marcus pointed toward several highlighted sections.

“The signature was artificially generated.”

“The lighting is inconsistent.”

“The document itself contains digital manipulation impossible to produce through normal scanning.”

He paused.

“Our forensic analysts have already confirmed that this image was created using artificial intelligence.”

The reporters immediately erupted into whispers.

Marcus continued.

“For the avoidance of doubt…”

“Mr. Jason Sun has never filed for divorce.”

“He has never instructed my office to prepare divorce proceedings against his wife.”

“And no legally valid divorce settlement exists.”

A reporter raised her hand.

“So the image is completely fabricated?”

Marcus nodded once.

“It is.”

Another reporter asked, “Will your clients pursue legal action?”

Marcus smiled, though there was no warmth in it.

“We intend to pursue every individual responsible for manufacturing and distributing false legal documents.”

He gathered his notes.

“And I sincerely hope whoever created this forgery understands the seriousness of fabricating legal evidence.”

By the time Marcus finished speaking, the narrative had already begun to shift.

The headlines changed.

FAKE DIVORCE DOCUMENT EXPOSED.

DAWYER CONFIRMS AI-GENERATED FORGERY.

WHO IS TRYING TO FRAME THE SUN FAMILY?

I watched the coverage from the castle later that evening.

This wasn’t over.

Not even close.

But for the first time...

The lies were beginning to collapse faster than they could be created.

D

taken

Amber POV

Marcus and I had barely stepped out of the airport terminal in River City when I realized something was wrong

There were far too many cameras.

Dozens of them.

The moment someone recognized me, the crowd surged forward.

“Mrs. Sun!”

“Mrs. Sun, are you having an affair with Marcus?”

“Did Jason’s hospitalization lead to the breakdown of your marriage?”

“Is Marcus the real reason for the divorce?”

I froze.

“...What?”

Marcus instinctively stepped in front of me.

“Please step back.”

No one listened.

Someone held up a tablet.

“Mrs. Sun, would you like to explain this picture?”

The screen displayed an old photograph.

It showed Marcus with one arm around my waist as we walked out of a hotel after a company celebration years

ago.

I remembered that night immediately.

I had been completely drunk after finally closing a year-long acquisition.

Marcus had volunteered to make sure I got home safely.

The picture had been carefully cropped.

It only showed Marcus and me.

Nothing else.

The reporters immediately began shouting over one another.

“Were you already involved with Marcus while engaged to Jason?”

“Has your relationship lasted for years?”

“Did Jason discover the affair?”

Marcus looked as though he wanted to throw someone’s camera across the parking lot.

Instead, he spoke calmly.

am Mrs. Sun’s attorney.”

“Our professional relationship has existed for years.”

“Nothing more.”

The questions only became louder.

“Then explain the photograph!”

Marcus sighed.

“I can.”

Before he could continue, both of our phones vibrated simultaneously.

Pamela.

I answered immediately.

“Pamela?”

“I’ve seen the news.”

Her voice was calm.

“Don’t say anything.”

“I’ve already handled it.”

A few seconds later, social media refreshed.

Pamela had uploaded the original, uncropped photograph.

The difference was almost comical.

The original showed Marcus supporting my right side...

While Pamela was supporting my left.

I looked absolutely miserable.

My makeup was smeared.

One shoe was missing.

My head rested against Pamela’s shoulder while Marcus tried to stop me from falling onto the sidewalk.

Pamela even included another picture taken seconds later.

She was laughing while trying to shove me into the back seat of a taxi.

Marcus looked completely exhausted.

Her caption was short.

“Corporate celebration.

Amber drank far more than she should have.

Marcus and I took her home together because she couldn’t even walk in a straight line.

Next time, tabloids should try posting the whole picture.”

Within minutes, the comments changed.

They really cropped Pamela out.

That’s embarrassing.

Amber looks unconscious.

Marcus looks like he’s regretting every life decision.

Even I couldn’t stop myself from laughing.

“I don’t remember losing my shoe.”

Marcus smiled.

“I spent twenty minutes looking for it.”

“I found it in a flower bed.”

I buried my face in my hands.

“…Please never remind me of that again.”

He chuckled.

“No promises.”

Security finally managed to clear a path for us.

The reporters continued shouting questions as we boarded the Sun family’s private jet.

Only after the cabin door closed did I finally breathe.

“I miss when scandals made sense.”

Marcus loosened his tie.

“I’d settle for scandals requiring actual effort.”

The flight home was quiet.

Too quiet.

I reviewed emails while Marcus organized legal notices against several tabloids.

We were halfway through our descent toward Sum when my phone rang.

Jason.

I smiled as I answered.

“Hi.”

His voice immediately erased my smile.

Amber.”

Something was wrong.

“What happened?”

There was a long silence.

Then…

“Alex is missing.”

Every muscle in my body froze.

“…What?”

“He never came home from school.”

I stood so quickly my seatbelt caught on the armrest.

“What do you mean he never came home?”

“The school released the students at the usual time.”

“The security team assumed he had already entered one of the family vehicles.”

“But he wasn’t inside.”

My heart pounded painfully.

“Have you checked the castle?”

“Every room.”

“The gardens.”

“The training grounds.”

“The lake.”

“Nothing.”

I could barely breathe.

“What about the security footage?”

Jason answered immediately.

“We have it.”

“The last recording shows Alex leaving the school building,”

“He smiled at one of the guards…”

“…walked through the front gate…”

“…and then disappeared from every camera.”

The blood drained from my face.

Jason’s voice was strained.

“We’re reviewing every second.”

“The entire security team is searching.”

I gripped the phone so tightly my fingers hurt.

“We’re landing in ten minutes.”

“Don’t stop looking.”

“I won’t.”

The call ended.

Marcus had already gathered his briefcase.

He didn’t need to ask.

He had heard enough.

As the plane descended toward Sum…

Only one thought repeated itself over and over in my mind.

Someone had managed to take my son...

From a school surrounded by guards.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 315

waiting

Amber POV

I don’t remember the drive from the airport to the school.

One moment I was on the plane.

The next I was standing outside the front gates, surrounded by flashing police lights.

The school grounds were eerily quiet.

Parents had already collected their children.

Teachers stood together in small groups, many of them crying.

Alex had never failed to come home.

Not once.

Jason met me before I could even reach the entrance.

Without saying a word, he pulled me into his arms.

“I’m sorry.”

I shook my head.

“This isn’t your fault.”

He rested his forehead against mine.

“We’re going to find him.”

“We have to.”

The search had already spread beyond the school.

Security guards.

Police.

Military personnel.

Volunteers.

Everyone was looking.

The first clue came less than an hour later.

One of the guards called over the radio.

“We found something.”

Jason and I ran.

Lying on the shoulder of a road behind the school…

Was Alex’s smartwatch.

+15 8ghus

I immediately recognized it.

ad designed every emergency feature myself.

The screen was cracked.

The strap had been torn.

I carefully picked it up.

“No…”

Jason knelt beside me.

“He wouldn’t take it off.”

“No.”

My voice trembled.

“He loved this watch.”

“He knew it could call us.”

I turned it over in my hands.

“It was removed.”

A soldier approached us.

“Mrs. Sun…”

“Mrs.

“We found something else.”

Only thirty meters farther down the road…

Lay Alex’s backpack.

Its contents had been emptied onto the ground.

School books.

Colored pencils.

A half-finished drawing.

His favorite dinosaur keychain.

Everything…

Except Alex.

A few minutes later another officer arrived carrying a clear evidence bag.

Inside…

Were Alex’s shoes.

I felt my knees give out.

Jason caught me before I hit the ground.

hey made him take them off…”

I whispered. 1

“He would never leave without them.”

Jason held me tighter.

“No.”

“He wouldn’t.”

There was no longer any doubt.

This wasn’t a child wandering away.

It was a kidnapping.

The news spread across the country within the hour.

Every television station interrupted its programming.

Every news website carried Alex’s photograph.

Even Mrs. Sun stepped before the cameras.

Her voice remained steady despite the tears in her eyes.

“Our grandson has been kidnapped.”

“We ask anyone with information, no matter how insignificant it may seem, to contact the authorities immediately.”

“There will be no questions asked.”

“Only bring our grandson home.”

For once…

The media wasn’t chasing gossip.

They were searching with us.

Alex’s smiling school photograph appeared everywhere.

Jason’s phone rang.

Unknown number.

The entire command center fell silent.

He answered immediately.

“This is Jason Sun.”

No one spoke.

Then…

N

W no

Click.

Me line disconnected.

Everyone stared at the photic.

Marcus frowned.

“They wanted to know if we’d answer.”

Pamela nodded.

“A test.”

Jason handed the number to the investigators.

“Trace it.”

The technicians were already working.

Hours passed.

Every road.

Every warehouse.

Every abandoned building.

Nothing.

Marcus, Pamela, Jason and I searched alongside the investigators instead of waiting inside the command center.

Waiting was impossible.

Late that evening, Jason received another call.

This time from one of his oldest business contacts in River City.

The man's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Jason..."

"What I'm about to tell you isn't confirmed."

"But you need to hear it."

Jason activated the speaker.

"What is it?"

"The President of River City."

The room became silent.

"What about him?"

"I've heard... from people close to his family... that his granddaughter has been telling classmates she and Alex were friends."

Jason exchanged a look with me.

Eating

"Friends?"

don't know if it's true."

"But several people heard her say it."

"And the President has been asking unusual questions about your family over the past week."

The call ended.

No one rushed to conclusions.

It wasn’t evidence.

Just...

A direction.

Almost simultaneously, another team entered the command center.

Military Intelligence.

Their commander placed several photographs on the table.

“We reviewed every traffic camera within five kilometers.”

He pointed toward a dark vehicle.

“A black SUV.”

“It was photographed near the school less than ten minutes before Alex disappeared.”

He slid another photograph forward.

“We’ve already checked.”

“It doesn’t belong to any faculty member.”

“Any parent.”

“Any employee.”

“Or any registered visitor.”

Jason leaned closer.

“So someone waited.”

The commander nodded once.

“It appears so.”

Just as midnight approached...

My phone vibrated.

An encrypted notification.

The sender’s name made me pause.

Emily Rivera.

e President’s granddaughter.

I opened it immediately.

There was no message.

Only a data file.

I frowned.

“What is this?”

I connected it to my laptop.

A blinking point appeared on the map.

Very faint.

Very unstable.

Then I understood.

My heart nearly stopped.

“No way…”

Jason hurried beside me.

“What?”

Tears filled my eyes.

“It’s Alex.”

Everyone gathered around the screen.

I zoomed in on the signal.

Weak.

Barely detectable.

But unmistakable.

I recognized the protocol instantly.

Months earlier, after teaching Alex basic programming, we'd created one final emergency function for his smartwatch.

A feature we both hoped would never be needed.

If every other communication system failed...

If the watch was damaged...

If he couldn't call...

It would release one last encrypted burst of data using its hidden backup transmitter.

Only one person besides me knew how to recognize it.

Alex.

Emily's accompanying message finally appeared on the screen.

"I detected an unknown encrypted signal while testing one of my receivers. I remembered Alex showing me this project months ago. I think... this is your emergency last-resort beacon."

I stared at the blinking dot.

It wasn't much. 1

But it was enough.

Alex wasn't gone.

He was still fighting to be found.

P

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

# Chapter 316

They cared to keep him

They planned to keep him

Amber POV

I stared at the tiny blinking dot on my laptop screen.

It was so faint that it almost disappeared every few seconds.

Yet it was there.

Alex.

My eyes began to sting.

All I could think about were the endless what ifs.

What if I had never shown Alex how to build the emergency beacon?

What if I had never taught him to think three steps ahead?

What if he had never insisted on adding a hidden transmitter that even I had called unnecessary?

Then another memory surfaced.

The day Alex had gone with the military after helping locate his kidnapped friend using one of his homemade tracking programs.

He had only been six years old.

Six.

He had watched soldiers work.

Asked questions.

Improved his own designs afterward.

Back then, I had laughed and called him my little engineer.

Now...

That same little engineer had managed to leave us a trail after being kidnapped.

I covered my mouth to stop myself from crying.

“Please hold on…”

“We’re coming.”

Jason placed a hand on my shoulder.

“We’ll get him.” 1

I nodded, forcing myself to breathe.

“No more what ifs.”

“No.”

“We focus on bringing him home.”

they poned to keeptum

Marcus closed the office door before speaking.

We tell the military?”

Jason answered immediately.

“No.”

Everyone looked at him.

“If this information leaked once….”

“It can leak again.”

His expression was colder than I had seen since recovering.

“We already know someone inside Sun Corporation was compromised.”

“We’ve had leaks from investors.”

“We’ve had leaks from employees.”

“We don’t know how far this reaches.”

Pamela slowly nodded.

“So we keep this between us.”

Jason looked around the room.

“No police.” 1

“No military.”

“No company.”

“No one.”

I frowned.

“What about Emory?”

Jason hesitated.

Then slowly shook his head.

“I don’t want anyone else carrying this burden.”

“The fewer people who know…”

“…the safer Alex is.”

It hurt to keep something from Emory after everything he had done for us.

But…

Jason was right.

If someone was listening…

They plowed to keep Tor

Every additional person increased the risk.

enlarged the signal.

It was incredibly weak.

Almost impossible to detect.

I smiled through my tears.

“Only Alex…”

Marcus looked at me.

“What?”

“Most receivers would ignore a signal this weak.”

“They’d classify it as interference.”

I looked proudly at the blinking dot.

“He designed it that way.”

“He knew whoever kidnapped him might be searching for electronic devices.”

“So he made the emergency transmission almost invisible.”

Jason smiled faintly.

“Our son…”

“…is smarter than most adults.”

“And unfortunately…’”

“…far more prepared than any six-year-old should ever have to be.”

The signal continued moving across the map.

Then…

It stopped.

Pamela zoomed in.

The image resolved into a small island just off the coast of Sum.

My stomach tightened.

“No…”

Marcus recognized it immediately.

“The old mining island.”

Jason nodded.

“It’s been abandoned for decades.”

They ploped to koup him

“The toxic gases made it impossible to reopen.”

No residents.

No tourists.

No surveillance.

It was the perfect hiding place.

Without another word, Jason grabbed the car keys.

“We’re going.”

None of us argued.

Halfway there, Jason’s phone vibrated.

Unknown number.

He answered without hesitation.

A video began playing automatically.

My blood turned to ice.

Alex.

He was lying on a concrete floor.

Completely motionless.

His hands were tied behind his back.

There were no visible injuries…

But he wasn’t moving.

“Alex…”

I whispered.

A distorted voice replaced the image.

“He’s still alive.”

“For now.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“What do you want?”

The kidnapper laughed.

“I’ll make this very simple.”

“You own too much.”

“Every company you remove from your corporate umbrella…”

my pod to keep him

“…and transfer to me…”

earns you one clue.”

“One clue about where to find your son.”

Silence filled the car.

The voice continued.

“You’ll never guess correctly otherwise.”

The video ended.

No demands for money.

No ransom.

Only power.

Marcus slowly lowered the phone.

“They’re lying.”

Pamela nodded immediately.

“They don’t intend to return Alex.”

Jason’s hands tightened around the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white.

“They’re trying to buy time.”

I stared at the frozen image of Alex on the screen.

“No.”

I quietly closed the video.

“They never planned to negotiate.”

“They planned to keep him.”

The silence inside the car became suffocating.

Then Jason spoke, his voice calm despite the storm in his eyes.

“Good.”

The three of us looked at him.

“If they were planning to negotiate…”

“…I’d have to negotiate.”

His eyes remained fixed on the road leading toward the abandoned island.

“But if they’re planning to keep my son…”

“…then I don’t owe them a single company.”

+158gnus

His voice became ice.

only have to bring Alex home.”

“And after that…”

“They’ll answer for every second they made him afraid.”

D

get it

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 317

Doan geto Alge

belonged to Alice

Amber POV

Alex had left us a trail.

Now it was our turn to follow it.

Only four people knew where that trail ended.

Jason.

Marcus.

Pamela.

And me.

No one else.

Not the military.

Not the police.

Not Emory.

Not even our parents.

The little blinking signal on my laptop pointed to a tiny abandoned island off the coast of Sum, an island everyone believed had been deserted decades ago because of the poisonous gases that seeped from the old mines.

Jason folded the map and looked at the three of us.

“We’re not telling anyone.”

Marcus nodded immediately.

“I agree.”

Pamela looked surprised.

“Not even Emory?”

Jason slowly shook his head.

“No.”

“The fewer people who know where Alex is, the safer he is.”

He looked at each of us.

“We already know Sun Corporation was compromised.”

“We know investors were compromised.”

“We’ve had people inside our own companies feeding information to the Vincents.”

He paused.

“I’m done taking chances.”

+158 hus

No one argued.

As much as it hurt to leave Emory out of this....

Jason was right.

If the kidnappers somehow learned we had found the island...

Alex would disappear before we ever got there.

I looked down at my backpack.

“Then let’s prepare.”

Jason nodded.

“The island is full of toxic fumes.”

“We’ll need respirators.”

Within minutes we were searching through the castle’s emergency storage.

Industrial smoke masks.

Portable oxygen filters.

Flashlights.

Ropes.

Medical kits.

Everything we could possibly need.

As I finished packing my backpack, I stopped in front of the small refrigerator Emory had been using while developing Jason’s antidote.

There was still one vial left.

I stared at it for a few seconds before carefully placing it inside a protective case.

Jason noticed.

“You think they drugged Alex.”

“I don’t know.”

I zipped the bag closed.

“But if they did…”

“We’re not arriving empty-handed.”

Jason didn’t object.

Instead, he quietly added a second medical kit to his own backpack.

Meanwhile, Pamela had spread half the contents of the castle's storage room across the dining table.

Portable drones.

Signal repeaters.

Miniature cameras.

Fiber optic cables.

Electronic lock picks.

She smiled to herself.

"If we're rescuing a six-year-old hacker…"

"We'd better think like one."

While digging through another old storage chest, she suddenly froze.

"…Amber?"

"What?"

"You've been hiding things."

She carefully lifted a folded piece of black fabric.

At first glance it looked like an ordinary jacket.

Until she unfolded it.

Tiny metallic fibers shimmered beneath the lights.

Pamela's eyes widened.

"No way…"

Marcus stepped beside her.

"What is it?"

She examined the seams.

The hidden electronics.

The woven material.

Then looked up.

“I think…”

“…it’s a cloaking device.”

Silence.

She pressed a tiny switch hidden beneath the collar.

The fabric shimmered.

For a brief second it almost disappeared against the wall behind it.

Marcus blinked.

MK

+158gnu

being to Al

‘…That’s impossible.”

bends light.”

Pamela looked amazed.

“And according to these sensors…”

“It also masks body heat and motion signatures.”

Jason stared at it for several seconds.

Then quietly said,

“I’ll go alone.’

I immediately looked at him.

“No.”

He didn’t even glance in my direction.

“We only have one.”

“I’ll go inside.”

“The rest of you stay outside.”

I stepped directly in front of him.

“No.”

“Amber…”

“No.”

“I am not staying behind while you rescue our son.”

Jason sighed.

“I’m trying to keep you safe.”

“And I’m trying to make sure both of you come home.”

Marcus folded his arms.

“I’m with Amber.”

Pamela nodded.

“So am I.”

Jason rubbed his forehead.

“We only have one suit.”

“We’ll have to figure something else out.”

Before any of us could continue arguing…

ged to Arch

A tiny voice interrupted the room.

can.’

We all turned.

Alice stood in the doorway.

Still wearing the little crown Amber had brought her from the treasure room.

She looked from Jason...

To the strange black suit.

Then back again.

“I can make another one.”

The room fell completely silent.

Pamela blinked.

“...Another what?”

Alice pointed confidently at the cloak.

“One of those.”

Marcus chuckled.

“Princess...”

“That isn’t exactly something people make in an afternoon.”

Alice frowned.

“It is.”

She walked over, picked up the strange fabric, and studied it carefully.

Running her tiny fingers along every seam.

Every thread.

Every hidden connector.

Finally she nodded to herself.

“I just need an hour.”

Before any of us could react...

She picked up the entire cloaking device and ran out of the room.

“Alice!”

I called after her.

She never even slowed down.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 318

+15 8gn

Silence settled over the room.

Pally Pamela tooked at me.

“Your daughter just stole our only cloaking device.”

I sighed.

“Yes...”

“She did.”

Jason couldn’t help smiling.

“And somehow...”

“I have the feeling we’re actually going to get it back.”

None of us moved.

I watched the doorway where Alice had disappeared through before finally letting out a small laugh.

Everyone looked at me.

“...You do realize something, right?”

Jason raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

I smiled sheepishly.

“The cloaking device already belonged to Alice.”

Four confused faces stared back at me.

I rubbed the back of my neck.

“It was one of the school projects.”

Mrs. Sun had wanted the children to work on real-world engineering challenges instead of textbook exercises, so I

had started giving them projects based on problems they might one day have to solve.

“I asked the children to think of a way to avoid appearing on security cameras.”

Marcus blinked.

“... You gave elementary school children the assignment of defeating surveillance systems?”

I nodded.

“It encourages creative problem-solving.”

Pamela burst into laughter.

“I absolutely love the way your brain works.”

Jason covered his face with one hand.

“So...”

berande to Asco

“The reason Alice immediately knew what it was...”

is because she built the prototype?”

I nodded again.

“She and Alex worked on it together.”

“They never managed to make it stable enough for continuous use, but apparently they left one finished version. in the castle.”

Jason slowly lowered his hand and laughed for the first time since Alex’s kidnapping.

“Sometimes I forget…”

“…our children are terrifying.”

I smiled proudly despite everything.

“So do I.”

Then my smile faded as I looked toward the laboratory where Alice had disappeared.

“If anyone can build a second cloaking device in under an hour…”

“…it’s our daughter.”

Louder

Amber POV

Alice did not need an hour.

She needed exactly thirty-seven minutes.

Jason timed her.

He insisted he hadn’t, but the first thing he said when she came running back into the living room carrying a second black cloak was, “Thirty-seven minutes.”

Alice beamed with pride, completely unaware that four adults were staring at her in stunned silence.

“I finished!”

Pamela immediately took the cloak from her little hands and spread it across the dining table.

Her expression grew more incredulous with every second that passed.

She checked the tiny circuits woven into the fabric, the miniature battery hidden inside the collar, and finally pressed the activation switch.

The cloak shimmered.

For a heartbeat, it seemed to melt into the background.

Pamela slowly looked up.

“It works.”

Marcus walked around the table to see it for himself.

“It actually works.”

Jason looked from the cloak to Alice and then at me.

“Our daughter built this in thirty-seven minutes.”

Alice nodded proudly.

“I remembered how I made the first one.”

Jason turned toward me with narrowed eyes.

“I’m starting to think you’re building your own spy agency.”

I laughed.

“I wish.”

He continued staring.

“You got quiet.”

I blinked.

“I did?”

His expression became mockingly serious.

Amber.”

“Please tell me you’re not secretly building a spy agency.”

I couldn’t help laughing.

“No.”

“I promise.”

“I was only trying to make sure the children could protect themselves if they ever needed to.”

The room became quiet.

I shrugged.

“It started as one of their engineering projects.”

Jason frowned curiously.

“What project?”

“I asked the children to figure out how not to appear on security cameras.’

Marcus pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You gave elementary school children the assignment of defeating surveillance systems?”

“It encourages creative thinking.”

Pamela burst into laughter.

“I don’t know whether to congratulate you or report you.’

Jason simply shook his head, smiling despite himself.

“Our children are terrifying.”

“They’re resourceful,” I corrected.

“They get that from you.”

He smiled.

“I was going to say they got it from you.”

Less than an hour later, we quietly left the castle.

No official vehicles.

No military escort.

No helicopters.

Only the four of us.

Marcus piloted a small gasoline-powered fishing boat that looked old enough to belong to any local fisherman.

It wasn’t fast.

wasn’t luxurious.

Most importantly…

It wouldn’t attract attention.

Pamela sat beside him with binoculars resting around her neck.

Jason and I sat in silence.

Each of us wore one of Alice’s cloaking devices beneath lightweight jackets.

If they worked, cameras wouldn’t see us.

If they didn’t…

We would discover that soon enough.

The island slowly appeared through the evening mist.

From a distance it looked abandoned.

Exactly as the official records described.

Rocky cliffs.

Dense vegetation.

Old mining structures swallowed by nature.

Then Pamela suddenly raised her hand.

“Stop.”

Marcus immediately cut the engine.

The silence that followed was almost deafening.

Pamela slowly lifted the binoculars.

She watched the shoreline for nearly a minute.

Then quietly said,

“We’re not alone.”

Jason reached for the binoculars.

I watched his expression harden.

“There are guards.”

He handed them to me.

Several armed men patrolled the beach.

Some stood watching the sea.

Others walked fixed routes along the sand.

This isn’t random security,” Marcus muttered.

“They’re protecting something.”

“Or someone,” I whispered.

Jason looked toward the opposite side of the island.

“We go around.”

Marcus restarted the engine at the lowest possible speed.

The little boat hugged the rocky cliffs, disappearing beneath their shadows whenever possible.

The trip took much longer than approaching from the front.

No one complained.

Finally Pamela scanned the opposite shoreline.

Again.

And again.

Then she lowered the binoculars.

“Nothing.”

Jason confirmed it himself.

“No guards.”

I frowned.

“They left an opening.”

Marcus smiled.

“They probably think no one is crazy enough to land there.”

Maybe they were right.

Maybe we were.

The boat drifted silently toward a narrow stretch of rocks hidden behind thick vegetation.

Marcus secured it with practiced movements.

Jason looked at me.

“I’ll enter first.”

I nodded.

“I’ll stay a few seconds behind.”

“If anything happens…”

“…one of us stays outside.”

squeezed my hand once before slipping into the trees.

I counted quietly.

One.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 319

Then followed him.

The forest muffled every sound.

Only the distant waves reached us through the trees.

The indicator light inside my sleeve remained green.

The cloaking device was still active.

Jason crouched behind a fallen tree and waited for me.

Together we looked through the branches.

A white cabin stood in the middle of a clearing.

Small.

Plain.

Ordinary.

Except for the men carrying assault rifles walking around it.

Far too many guards for an abandoned island.

I quietly pulled my tablet from my backpack.

Within seconds I found the security network.

The cameras appeared one after another.

Front entrance.

Rear entrance.

Perimeter.

Storage shed.

Then another screen appeared.

Motion detection.

I frowned.

“They’re using smart cameras.”

M

+15 8cm

Jason looked at the display.

The cloaking suits?”

“They’ll hide us from the cameras.”

I swallowed.

“But not from the guards.”

He nodded.

“So we stay invisible to both.”

I cycled through the cameras again until one image caught my attention.

A small side window.

No guards nearby.

No direct camera coverage.

“There.”

Jason studied it for a moment before nodding.

“That’s our entrance.”

Keeping low, we circled through the trees until we reached the rear wall of the cabin. 1

The window was unlocked.

Jason carefully slid it open.

Without making a sound, he climbed inside.

I waited three seconds.

Then followed him.

The cabin smelled old.

Dusty.

Unused.

At least...

The front rooms did.

Then voices echoed from somewhere below us.

A man’s voice.

Angry.

Impatient.

“Louder!”

N

A sharp crash followed.

said cry!”

Another crash.

“You’re supposed to be scared!”

Jason and I froze.

Our eyes met.

Neither of us needed to say it.

That man...

Was talking to Alex.

+158gnus

Out

Amber POV

Every scream echoed through the cabin like a knife twisting in my chest.

Jason moved first, his footsteps completely silent despite the old wooden floor beneath him. I stayed several seconds behind, exactly as we had planned, letting him take the lead while 1 watched our backs.

The voices grew louder.

Alex.

It was definitely Alex.

I heard him crying.

My hands clenched into fists.

Jason reached the doorway first.

I slipped behind the open door of a storage closet only a few meters away, just enough to remain hidden while still hearing everything.

A man’s laughter filled the room.

“Well, there you are.”

“We were beginning to think you weren’t coming.”

I heard Jason’s cold voice.

“Let my son go.”

The kidnapper laughed again.

“We expected you much sooner.”

“You took far too long to follow orders.”

Then...

“Dad!”

Alex.

My little boy.

His voice cracked with fear.

I had to bite the inside of my cheek to stop myself from running into the room.

Not yet.

Not until I knew where everyone was.

I carefully opened my tablet.

The security cameras immediately appeared.

Five guards.

inside with Jason and Alex.

Four outside.

And...

One walking the hallway.

Too close.

He stopped only a few steps from the closet where I was hiding.

His back was toward me.

Perfect.

I slipped silently from the closet.

One step.

Two.

Three.

My hand struck the side of his neck with just enough force.

His eyes rolled back before he could even make a sound.

I caught him before his body hit the floor.

Slowly lowering him, I pulled zip ties from my pocket, secured his wrists and ankles, stuffed a cloth into his mouth, and dragged him inside the closet.

The door closed without a sound.

Five left.

The cameras became my eyes.

The first guard outside never saw me coming.

He collapsed before he could lift his rifle.

The second turned at the last second.

Too late.

A precise strike to the temple sent him unconscious into the bushes.

The third lasted barely three seconds.

The fourth reached for his radio.

I intercepted his arm, twisted it behind his back, and struck the base of his skull.

Silence returned.

Only one remained.

A

The one inside.

hecked the cameras one last time.

No reinforcements.

No patrols.

Just Jason.

Alex.

And the man holding them at gunpoint.

I circled the cabin until I reached the rear window.

Keeping low, I crawled beneath it.

The moonlight reflected faintly against the glass.

If I stood...

He might see me.

So I stayed almost flat against the floor, moving inch by inch until I reached the doorway behind him.

The kidnapper never looked back.

His entire attention remained fixed on Jason.

The gun pressed against Alex’s head.

A stack of papers rested on the table.

“Sign them.”

Jason didn’t move.

“I said sign!”

Jason calmly looked at him.

“No.”

The man’s face twisted with rage.

“If you don’t sign, the boy dies.”

Jason’s expression never changed.

“Then you’ll have to kill me first.”

That was all the distraction I needed.

I exploded forward.

My shoulder drove into the man’s lower back.

He hit the floor hard, the pistol flying from his hand.

+15 Bgnus

Jason reacted instantly.

He caught the weapon before it slid away.

“Alex.”

Jason’s voice was calm.

“Close your eyes.”

Alex obeyed immediately.

I wrapped my legs around the man’s torso and locked his right arm behind his back as he struggled beneath me

He never had the chance to shout.

The pistol made almost no sound.

A muted pop.

Then another.

The suppressor reduced the shots to little more than sharp coughs.

The man’s body went completely still.

Silence settled over the cabin.

For a heartbeat…

No one moved.

Then Alex opened his eyes.

“Mama…”

I crossed the room in two steps.

The ropes around his wrists were gone before I even remembered cutting them.

He threw himself into my arms with so much force I nearly lost my balance.

I held him as tightly as I could.

“I’m here.”

“We’re here.”

“You’re safe.”

He buried his face against my shoulder and finally allowed himself to cry.

Great, shuddering sobs that shook his tiny body.

Jason knelt beside us, one trembling hand resting gently on Alex's hair.

Neither of us spoke.

We simply stayed there, holding our son.

Alive. 1

Together.

After several minutes, Marcus's voice crackled softly through the communicator.

"Status?"

Jason looked toward me.

"We have him."

Relief flooded Marcus's voice.

"Good."

Then it disappeared just as quickly.

"Because you've got another problem."

Jason and I exchanged a glance.

"What?"

Marcus answered quietly.

"The island is waking up."

"They know something's wrong."

I tightened my arms around Alex.

Finding him...

Had been the easy part.

Now...

We had to get him off the island alive.

U

NA

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 320

Amber POV

Alex didn’t panic.

That realization struck me almost immediately.

He wasn’t asking questions.

He wasn’t crying anymore.

He simply stayed close to us, listening to every instruction Jason gave him.

At only six years old...

He was calmer than many adults I had met.

Jason gently squeezed his shoulder.

“Stay behind me.”

Alex nodded once.

“Yes, Dad.”

Jason quickly searched the room one last time.

His eyes stopped on an old wooden cabinet built into the living room wall.

“There.”

He pushed it aside.

Behind it was another door.

Hidden.

Old.

Almost invisible.

He pulled on a rusted metal handle.

With a loud creak, the stone door slowly opened.

“A tunnel.”

I immediately checked the cameras.

No one had entered the room yet.

“They’re still searching outside.”

Jason looked at me.

“This buys us time.”

We stepped inside one after another.

+15 Bgnus

+158gnus

Jason entered first with Alex.

Nollowed.

Before leaving, I carefully pulled the hidden door shut behind us, making sure it looked exactly as it had before.

If they didn’t notice the entrance…

We might gain precious minutes.

The tunnel was dark.

Cold.

The air smelled of damp earth and old stone.

Water dripped steadily from the ceiling.

Our footsteps echoed as we ran.

There was only one path.

No intersections.

No choices.

Just forward.

A faint breeze brushed against my face.

I smiled despite everything.

“There’s an exit.”

Jason nodded without slowing.

“I feel it too.”

We ran.

Five minutes.

Ten.

Fifteen.

The tunnel seemed endless.

Then…

A distant sound echoed behind us.

Footsteps.

I froze for half a second.

“They found the door.”

Jason looked over his shoulder.

“They’re following us.”

Me footsteps multiplied.

Voices.

They were still far away…

But getting closer.

Suddenly, Alex sneezed.

The damp air was becoming too much for him.

The sound echoed through the tunnel.

Silence followed.

Then shouting.

“They heard us.”

Jason didn’t hesitate.

He scooped Alex into his arms.

“Hold on.”

Alex wrapped both arms around his father’s neck without complaining.

Jason accelerated.

I had seen him run before.

I had never seen him run like this.

He wasn’t simply moving.

He was flying.

The shouting behind us grew louder.

“They’re close!”

Marcus’s voice crackled through my earpiece.

“We’re in position.”

“Keep coming.”

At that exact moment...

A faint glow appeared ahead.

Daylight.

“The exit!”

We burst out of the tunnel into dense jungle.

Fresh air filled my lungs.

mmediately pulled out my tablet.

The GPS marker appeared.

Marcus and Pamela’s location blinked just ahead.

“They’re this way!”

I took the lead.

Running as quickly as I could while carefully avoiding thick undergrowth and loose branches.

The less evidence we left behind...

The longer it would take the kidnappers to follow.

Jason stayed only a few steps behind me, Alex still securely in his arms.

The shouting erupted again.

Much closer now.

“They’re outside!”

I refused to look back.

“Keep running!”

The jungle suddenly opened.

There.

The small fishing boat.

Pamela saw us first.

“They’re here!”

Marcus immediately untied the ropes securing the boat.

The engine roared to life.

“Move!”

The kidnappers crashed through the trees behind us.

Far too close.

Jason reached the shoreline first.

Without breaking stride...

He practically launched Alex toward the boat.

Marcus caught him safely against his chest.

“I’ve got him!”

Jason jumped aboard.

Nollowed immediately after.

The instant both of us landed inside, Pamela shoved the throttle forward.

The little boat surged away from the shore.

Behind us...

Several armed men burst from the tree line.

One raised his weapon.

Another pointed toward us, shouting furiously.

But we were already pulling away.

The distance between us increased meter by meter.

No one spoke.

The only sounds were the engine...

The waves...

And Alex’s quiet breathing as Marcus held him safely against his shoulder.

I looked back one last time.

The island slowly disappeared behind us.

For the first time since this nightmare had begun...

I allowed myself to hope.

Please...

Just let us reach land.

Let us get our son home.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 321

+15 Bgnus

A teacher for emotions

Amber POV

The moment the boat reached the shore, Marcus jumped out first, helping Alex onto the dock before offering me his hand.

Jason was already scanning our surroundings.

“Clear.”

We hurried toward the unmarked car we had hidden among the trees before leaving for the island

Marcus took the driver's seat before Jason could reach the door.

"I'll drive."

Jason frowned.

"I can."

Marcus looked at him through the rearview mirror.

"No."

He spoke calmly, but there was no room for argument.

"Alex needs both of you right now."

Jason looked at our son for only a second before nodding.

He climbed into the back seat beside me.

Alex sat between us.

He wasn't crying.

He wasn't shaking.

He wasn't even looking out the window.

He simply sat there.

Silent.

His little hands rested in his lap, motionless.

I would have preferred tears.

The silence scared me far more.

The drive began.

No one spoke.

Every few minutes Jason gently rubbed Alex's back, while I kept one hand wrapped around his small fingers.

Twenty minutes passed before any of us finally allowed ourselves to believe we had escaped.

The island was far behind us now.

teano emotiona

No one appeared to be following.

Alex remained completely silent.

Almost an hour after leaving the island, I noticed a change.

His breathing.

Until then it had been shallow and uneven, as though he had forgotten how to breathe, properly.

Slowly...

Very slowly...

It became steadier.

The castle gates opened.

Marcus drove through without stopping.

The moment the car came to a halt in front of the entrance...

Alex broke.

He threw himself against Jason and began sobbing.

Great, heartbreaking sobs that shook his entire body.

Jason wrapped both arms around him.

"I've got you."

"I've got you."

I held them both, gently stroking Alex's hair.

“You did such a good job.”

“You were so brave.”

Jason nodded.

“You listened.”

“You stayed calm.”

“You helped us find you.”

He gently lifted Alex’s chin until they were looking at each other.

“This wasn’t your fault.”

“Do you understand me?”

Alex nodded through his tears.

“But…”

wmotions

“I left school.”

exchanged a glance with Jason.

“Can you tell us why?”

Alex sniffled.

“My driver sent me a message.”

Jason frowned.

“What did it say?”

“He said there were too many cars outside the school.”

“He asked me to walk around the corner because everyone was waiting by the car.”

My stomach dropped.

Jason immediately called his grandfather.

“Hey, yes, we’ve got him, but there is a situation”

“Where’s the driver?”

Mr. Sun answered almost instantly.

“We’ve been looking for him.”

Jason put the call on speaker.

“We checked every company phone.”

“Every message.”

“Every communication log.”

“There isn’t a single message telling Alex to leave the school.”

Jason looked at Alex.

“What about the girls?”

“The driver picked them up normally.”

Mr. Sun’s voice grew darker.

“He disappeared afterward.”

“We still haven’t found him.”

The call ended.

Jason turned back toward Alex.

“Listen carefully.”

Alex looked up.

“If the driver ever asks you to meet somewhere other than the school entrance…”

You don’t go.”

“Not even if the message looks real.”

“If something changes…”

“You stay inside the school.”

“You tell your teacher.”

“You tell the principal.”

“You wait where it’s safe.”

Alex nodded.

“I understand.”

Jason looked away for a moment before quietly saying,

“I’m sorry.”

Alex blinked.

Jason swallowed.

“This happened because I didn’t protect you well enough.”

Alex immediately shook his head.

“No.”

Jason smiled sadly.

“It was my job.”

He gently brushed Alex’s hair away from his face.

“What can I do to help you feel better?”

Alex thought for a long moment.

Then quietly answered,

“I want my sisters.”

I smiled through my tears.

Not just Alice.

Not just Rose.

All of them.

Alice.

Rose.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 322

ath for emotions

And Iris.

Alex...

They were simply his sisters.

I squeezed his hand.

“There’s something else you should know.”

He looked at me.

“Do you remember showing Emily your emergency signal?”

Alex nodded.

“She found it.”

His eyes widened.

“Really?”

I smiled.

“She recognized it immediately.”

“Without her...”

“It would have taken us much longer.”

A tiny smile finally appeared on his face.

Jason frowned thoughtfully.

“One thing still puzzles me.”

“The watch was gone.”

“So how did you activate the signal?”

Alex reached into his hair.

Hidden beneath a small lock was what looked like an ordinary black hair clip.

He carefully removed it and placed it in Jason’s hand.

“It isn’t a hair clip.”

“It’s a prototype.’

“My robotics teacher has been helping me make it.”

Jason turned it over several times.

It was unbelievably small.

Almost impossible to notice.

I couldn’t help smiling proudly.

A 60.

for emotions

“My little engineer.”

Alex leaned into me again.

After a few quiet moments, I cleared my throat.

“Alex...”

He looked up.

“I think...”

“It might help if you talked to someone.”

His forehead wrinkled.

“Who?”

“A psychologist.”

He blinked.

“What’s that?”

Jason smiled softly.

“It’s a doctor for feelings.”

Alex looked confused.

“They don’t give you medicine if you’re sad.

“They help you understand scary things.”

I nodded.

“Sometimes something frightening happens.”

“And even when you’re safe again…”

“Your heart still feels scared.”

“A psychologist teaches your heart that it’s okay to feel that way.”

Alex was quiet for a long time.

Finally he asked,

“So…”

“They’re like a teacher…”

“…but for emotions?”

Jason smiled.

“Exactly.”

Alex nodded slowly.

“I think…”

d like to meet one.”

I kissed the top of his head.

“So would I.”

And for the first time since we found him…

I truly believed…

That we were finally bringing our little boy home.

corruption

Amber POV

By the time we drove pass the castle gates, none of us spoke anymore.

Alex sat quietly between Jason and me, holding both our hands.

He wasn’t crying.

He wasn’t trembling.

He simply held on tightly, as if making sure neither of us would disappear.

Marcus parked the car in front of the castles door.

Before the engine had even stopped, the great front doors flew open.

Pamela had barely stepped inside when several little voices echoed through the entrance hall.

“They’re back!”

Alice burst through the doorway first.

Rose was right behind her.

Iris followed, trying to stop the younger girls from running too fast, but giving up almost immediately.

I smiled as I opened the rear door.

Alex climbed out of the car on his own.

The second his feet touched the ground...

Three little girls crashed into him.

“Alex!”

Alice wrapped herself around his waist.

Rose hugged him from behind.

Iris knelt in front of him, wrapping her arms around all three of them.

For several seconds Alex completely disappeared beneath the pile of sisters.

When they finally let him breathe again...

He was smiling.

It was small.

It was tired.

But it was real.

Jason walked around the car until he stood beside me.

We watched the children quietly.

After a long moment he spoke.

think...”

He paused.

“The whole family needs therapy.”

I looked at him and nodded.

Not just because of Alex.

Not just because of today.

There had been too much.

The warehouse.

The attacks.

Jason being drugged.

The kidnapping attempt at the mall.

Now Alex's kidnapping.

We had survived everything.

But surviving wasn't the same as healing.

I slipped my hand into Jason's.

"I agree."

"As a family."

Eventually the girls released Alex.

He stayed close to us, still holding Alice's hand.

"Dad?"

Jason crouched until they were at eye level.

"Yes?"

"I want to learn how to fight.'

Jason didn't answer immediately.

Instead, he asked gently,

"Would learning make you feel safer?"

Alex nodded without hesitation.

"Yes."

"I don't want to be helpless again."

My chest tightened.

nelt beside them.

“We’ll find the right teachers.”

“But they’ll teach you something important.”

Alex looked at me.

“What?”

“Learning to fight isn’t about hurting people.”

“It’s about protecting yourself and the people you love.”

He thought about that.

Then nodded.

“I still want to learn.”

Jason smiled softly.

“I think that’s a good reason.”

“So do I,” I said.

Together we walked into the castle.

Waiting in the entrance hall were Emory and Mr. Stait.

Neither of them looked pleased.

Emory folded his arms.

“You rescued a kidnapped child…”

“…without telling either of us.”

Mr. Stait sighed.

“You could have been killed.”

Jason met their eyes calmly.

“We know.”

Emory frowned.

“Then why?”

I answered.

“Because there’s a mole.”

The room became silent.

“We don’t know how many people have been compromised.”

N

+15 8ghus

“We couldn’t risk Alex being moved before we reached him.”

Stait slowly nodded.

“I don’t like your decision.”

“But…”

“I understand it.”

Emory smiled gently at Alex.

“Can I ask you a few questions?”

Alex looked at Jason first.

Jason nodded.

“It’s okay.”

Emory crouched so they were eye level.

“Did you hear anyone talking while you were on the island?”

Alex frowned as he tried to remember.

“I heard one name.”

“What name?”

“Vincent.”

Everyone became still.

“No first name?”

Alex shook his head.

“No.”

“They only said ‘the Vincents.’”

Emory glanced toward us.

“Anything else?”

Alex nodded again.

“They said there were Vincents on the island.”

“They used it to hide in Sum.”

The room fell silent.

Mr. Stait immediately called the President of Sum.

After hearing Alex’s testimony, the President acted without hesitation.

“I’ll dispatch the military immediately.”

NK

We waited.

Nearly twenty minutes later, another call came in.

The military commander sounded frustrated.

“We’ve reached the island.”

“And?” the President asked.

“It’s empty.

My heart sank.

“We saw several helicopters leaving the area shortly before our troops arrived.”

The President immediately issued another order.

“Contact the Air Force.”

“I want every helicopter identified before they leave Sum.”

Another pause followed.

Then the Air Force commander answered.

There was hesitation in his voice.

“Sir…”

“We’ve identified the helicopters.”

“Who do they belong to?”

Silence.

Then came the answer.

“The helicopters…”

“…belong to the Sum Police Force.”

The entire room froze.

If the kidnappers had escaped aboard police helicopters…

Then the corruption reached much higher than any of us had imagined.

X

unting the W

They don’t control the women

Amber POV

The command room had fallen completely silent.

No one wanted to believe what we had just heard.

The President of Sum slowly looked at the commander of the Special Operations Unit.

“You are absolutely certain?”

The commander nodded once.

“Yes, Mr. President.”

He enlarged several satellite images on the large screen.

“The helicopters that departed the island…”

He highlighted their identification numbers.

“…are the exact same aircraft that were detected in Sum the day Mr. Asher was poisoned.”

Grandfather looked up from his chair.

His expression hardened.

“I remember.”

The room remained silent as the commander continued.

“At the time, we believed they belonged to a routine police operation.”

“We were wrong.”

The President slowly leaned back.

“So…”

“They never left.”

I felt a chill run down my spine.

The old man’s words echoed in my memory.

The final warning left for my grandfather after the poisoning.

“We never left.”

At the time, we had assumed it was a threat.

Now...

It sounded like a confession.

The Vincents had never abandoned Sum.

They had simply disappeared beneath the surface.

Like roots growing unseen beneath healthy soil.

Jason pulled another map onto the screen.

“If they’ve been hiding this long...”

“...they’ve had decades to spread.”

Marcus opened several financial reports while Pamela connected to international databases.

Within hours, we had begun tracing Vincent influence across the world.

Country after country appeared on the screen.

Corporate ownership.

Military contracts.

Political donations.

Infrastructure.

Banks.

Shipping companies.

Mining operations.

Jason stopped counting after the eighteenth country.

“They control almost everything.”

Pamela slowly shook her head.

“In several countries...”

“...they effectively control two-thirds of the economy.”

Marcus added another report.

“They’re deeply embedded in politics.”

“The military.”

“The banking system.”

“The media.”

I stared at the growing list.

“This isn’t a family anymore.”

“It’s an empire.”

Jason quietly nodded.

“An empire hiding in plain sight.”

Then something caught my attention.

I enlarged the regional map.

There.”

Everyone looked.

Only two countries remained largely untouched.

Sum.

And River.

Jason crossed his arms.

“The only two countries on the continent they haven’t fully taken.”

“They’ve infiltrated them.”

“But they don’t control them.”

“Not yet.”

No one said what we were all thinking.

Those two countries...

Were the last obstacle standing between the Vincents and complete regional control.

A knock interrupted the meeting.

One of the castle guards stepped inside.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sun.”

“There is a visitor.”

Jason looked up.

“Who?”

The guard seemed slightly surprised himself.

“Mrs. Owens.”

I exchanged a quick glance with Jason.

“Please bring her in.”

A few moments later, Francis’s mother entered the room.

She looked exhausted.

More tired than I had ever seen her.

She didn’t waste time with pleasantries.

“My son told me what happened.”

Her voice trembled slightly.

$15 Bohus

“I know about Alex.”

Modded.

“He’ll recover.”

“I know he will.”

She smiled sadly.

“But…”

She looked down at her hands.

“I’m afraid.”

The room became quiet.

“The Vincents already know Francis is close to your family.”

“They’ve already used him once.”

Her voice broke.

“But my youngest…”

She swallowed hard.

“My baby doesn’t even understand what’s happening.”

Tears filled her eyes.

“I’m terrified they’ll go after him next.”

I walked over and gently took her hands.

“We won’t let that happen.”

She looked at me for several long seconds.

Then slowly nodded.

“There is something you should know.”

“The Vincents may own our companies.”

“They may control our money.”

“They may even control the public faces of our families.”

She straightened her shoulders.

“But…”

“They don’t control our contacts, our family, the women.”

The room became completely still.

Mrs. Owens took out her phone.

She began making calls.

One after another.

New likes You have 2 new likes.

Some lasted less than a minute.

Others ended almost immediately after she spoke a single sentence.

“I think…”

“…it’s finally time.”

By evening…

The castle doors opened again.

Then again.

And again.

Eleven women entered the conference room.

Young women.

Older women.

Grandmothers.

Business owners.

Former executives.

Every one of them belonged to a family that had once ruled in its own right before being swallowed by the Vincent empire.

Some still carried their family names.

Others had spent decades pretending they no longer mattered.

Mrs. Owens looked around the room.

“We’ve stayed silent long enough.”

One silver-haired woman stepped forward.

“We lacked money.”

Another continued.

“We lacked military support.’

A third quietly added,

“And many of our children remain with the Vincents…”

“…as collateral.”

The room fell silent again.

Mrs. Owens looked directly at me.

intrath

New likes You have 2 new likes.

“But now…”

e glanced toward Jason.

“…we have something we’ve never had before.”

“The support of Sum.”

“The support of River.”

“And…”

She smiled for the first time.

“…the courage to fight back.”

One by one…

The women nodded.

For years they had survived.

Hidden.

Waiting.

Now...

They were done waiting.

The rebellion against the Vincents had finally begun.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 323

Amber POV

“The Vincents don’t control the women.”

Mrs. Owens’ words refused to leave my mind.

I sat in Jason’s study with Emory, Mr.Stait, Mr.Sun and grandfather, replaying the conversation over and over.

She was right.

The Vincents could buy politicians.

They could threaten businessmen.

They could blackmail military officers.

They could force men into silence.

But the women...

The women were different.

They endured.

They pretended.

They survived.

And when the opportunity finally appeared...

They fought.

I thought about Jason’s stepmother.

She had been sold into marriage by the Vinnys and the Beckers under Vincent orders.

She had every reason to hate the family she had been forced into.

Yet she had protected Jason whenever she could.

Quietly.

Carefully.

Never openly enough to draw attention.

It wasn’t because she was weak.

It was because she had been trapped.

I slowly looked around the room.

“If we can get the children out...”

Jason looked up from his computer.

“What?”

by

“The women.”

hey’re waiting.”

“They’ve been waiting for years.”

I leaned back in my chair.

“If we can extract their children from Vincent control...”

“They won’t have anything left to lose.”

Jason was quiet for several moments.

Then he nodded.

“I think you’re right.” 1

“Children are the chains.”

“And once those chains disappear…”

“…the Vincents lose their leverage.”

A notification appeared on Jason’s monitor.

He immediately opened it.

“I found something.”

Everyone still in the room gathered behind him.

Family trees.

Birth certificates.

Corporate ownership records.

Marriage licenses.

Jason enlarged the screen.

“The Vinnys…”

He clicked another document.

“…and the Beckers…”

Another click.

“…aren’t allies.”

He turned toward us.

“They’re Vincents.”

Silence filled the room.

“They simply use different surnames.”

+15 8cnus

Marcus frowned.

Different branches?”

Jason nodded.

“The same bloodline.”

“The same family.”

“The same strategy.”

He highlighted generation after generation of carefully arranged marriages.

“They’ve been hiding in plain sight.”

Emory, who had remained behind to review Jason’s latest blood work, suddenly looked thoughtful.

“I may know why.”

Everyone turned toward him.

He opened several medical files.

“I’ve been comparing genetic markers from every Vincent-related sample we’ve recovered over the years.”

He hesitated.

“They all carry the same hereditary defect.”

My stomach tightened.

“What kind of defect?”

Emory answered quietly.

“Infertility.”

The room froze.

“Not complete infertility,” he clarified.

“But a severe reproductive incompatibility.”

“Most Vincent men can only have children with a very small percentage of women.”

He enlarged a genetic diagram.

“For many…”

“The chance of naturally having children is almost zero.”

I slowly understood.

“That’s why…”

Emory nodded.

“That’s why they target young female heirs.”

“They don’t simply want political alliances.”

They need compatible bloodlines.”

Marcus crossed his arms.

“And when they can’t produce heirs…”

“They adopt them.”

Jason quietly finished the sentence.

“They steal other people’s children.”

Emory nodded.

“Exactly.”

Another realization struck me.

“The infertility rumors…”

Jason looked at me.

“They weren’t random.”

I nodded slowly.

“They projected their own weakness onto you.”

If everyone believed Jason was infertile...

No one would question it.

Because within the Vincent family...

That was normal.

Later that evening, everyone finally retired.

The castle became quiet.

The news still hadn’t learned Alex was safely home.

For once...

We intended to keep it that way.

Jason remained in his study. 1

His expression had changed.

He looked...

Focused.

Dangerously focused.

“What are you doing?”

+15 Bgnus

He didn’t look away from the monitors.

m going hunting.”

I smiled.

“Digitally, I hope.”

A faint grin appeared.

“Digitally.”

Dozens of programming windows filled the screens.

Lines of code appeared faster than I could read them.

Jason never stopped typing.

“I’ve built a micro-bug.”

I walked behind him.

“How small?”

“So small that antivirus software won’t recognize it.”

He enlarged the code.

“It activates when a user simply opens their email application.” 1

“They don’t even need to read the message.’

“What happens afterward?”

Jason’s smile became almost predatory.

“It quietly opens a window.”

“A very small one.”

“Long enough for me to observe.”

He leaned back.

“Alexander Vincent.”

“His executives.”

“His inner circle.”

“I want to know what they’re doing.”

I frowned.

“Won’t they detect it?”

“They might.”

“Eventually.”

He pointed to another section of the program.

destroys itself after seventy-two hours.”

“No evidence.”

“No trace.”

“No recovery.”

Marcus would have called it elegant.

I called it terrifying.

Jason looked at me.

“I need help.”

“What do you need?”

“A lot of emails.”

I laughed.

“Spam?”

He nodded.

“Hundreds.”

“Maybe thousands.”

“The goal isn’t convincing them to open anything.”

“It’s getting them to launch their email applications.”

Together we spent the next eight hours building mailing lists.

Corporate newsletters.

Shipping notifications.

Meeting reminders.

Bank alerts.

Tax notices.

Conference invitations.

Anything believable.

Anything likely to make someone glance at their inbox.

One by one…

The messages disappeared into cyberspace.

Jason monitored the activation counter.

+15 8cnus

One by on

One.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 324

Each tiny notification meant another device had unknowingly invited him inside.

The clock crept toward dawn.

Neither of us noticed.

By the time the final email had been sent…

Exhaustion finally caught us.

Jason leaned back in his chair.

“I’ll watch them tomorrow.”

I smiled sleepily.

“I’ll remind you to sleep first.”

He reached for my hand.

I squeezed his fingers.

Neither of us made it upstairs.

Somewhere between reviewing activation logs and planning our next move...

We both fell asleep in Jason’s study.

The ember alliance

Amber POV

The next morning began with a realization.

Jason and I could not fight the Vincents alone.

We had money.

We had influence.

We had technology.

But the Vincents had spent generations building their network. If we wanted to tear it down, we needed one of our

own.

The first invitations were sent quietly.

Not to politicians.

Not to business executives.

To families.

Old families.

Families that had survived the Vincents without ever truly joining them.

Some replied within hours.

Others answered with nothing more than a single sentence.

“We’re ready.”

It wasn’t until the third day that someone arrived at the castle without an appointment.

A woman in her early fifties stepped out of a black sedan as if she had been coming to the castle her entire life.

The guards escorted her into the drawing room, where Jason and I were waiting.

She smiled warmly before extending her hand.

“My name is Alison Sparks.”

“I lead the Ember Alliance.”

I exchanged a quick glance with Jason.

To bring them down, we would need an alliance just as determined.

Fortunately…

One already existed.

When Professor Vance had first inspected the castle, he had told us he belonged to the Ember Alliance. Before leaving, he had entrusted us with the old map of the castle and its hidden passages.

At the time, I hadn’t understood why.

Now I did.

The castle had never simply been our home.

It had been prepared.

Then I remembered the anonymous letter I had received months ago.

“The Ember Alliance saved you when you were a child.”

Back then, I had thought it was impossible.

Now…

I wasn’t so sure.

“We are the families who refused to disappear.”

“We don’t always agree.”

“We don’t always work together.”

“But whenever the Vincents become too powerful…’

“…we remind them that fire always survives beneath the ashes.”

The room fell silent.

She looked at both of us.

“We’ve been waiting.”

“Waiting for what?” Jason asked. 1

“For someone willing to fight openly.”

She folded her hands on her lap.

“Most people only defend themselves.”

“You two are the first people in decades trying to reclaim what the Vincents stole.”

Jason leaned back in his chair.

“So you’ve been watching us.”

“For quite some time.”

I couldn’t help smiling.

“Good to know.”

Alison smiled back.

“I came because it’s time for the next step.”

She slid a folder across the table.

“Host a gala.”

+15 8cnus

I frowned.

gala?”

She nodded.

“The castle is the safest place in Sum.”

“If the right people gather there, information can move from family to family without attracting attention.”

Jason opened the folder.

Guest lists.

Family names. 1

Charitable foundations.

Scholarship programs.

Everything had already been planned.

Alison pointed to the first page.

“The women Mrs. Owens contacted should all be invited.”

“They’re respected members of Sum’s oldest families.”

“No one will question their attendance.”

She turned another page.

“And the families whose children attend your academy.”

“They’re already connected to you.”

“You simply invite them as a courtesy.”

I slowly understood.

“It becomes a perfectly ordinary social event.”

“Exactly.”

Jason nodded thoughtfully.

“No one would suspect a charity gala.”

Alison smiled.

“And no one questions wealthy families raising money for children.”

I looked at Jason.

He looked back at me.

“I think she’s right.”

“So do I.”

The decision was made.

the end of the afternoon, Phoenix Ashes, Sun Corporation, and Asher Corporation released a joint announcement.

The Castle of Sum will host its first annual Charity Gala.

All proceeds will fund scholarships for students attending the Academy, etrsuring that talented children, regardless of their financial circumstances, have access to the best education possible.

Within minutes, the announcement spread across every major news outlet.

People praised the initiative.

Parents celebrated the scholarship program.

Business leaders requested invitations.

No one questioned why so many influential families would suddenly gather inside the castle.

Exactly as Alison had predicted.

As the press focused on the charity...

Something much more important was quietly taking shape beneath the surface.

Not just an alliance.

A resistance.

One family at a time, the people who had spent years surviving in silence were beginning to find one another again.

And this time...

They were no longer preparing to endure the Vincents.

They were preparing to defeat them.

The land does not forget.

Amber POV

The charity gala announcertient had barely been public for twelve hours before the first attack arrived.

This time...

Alexander Vincent didn't send lawyers.

He didn't send reporters.

He went online himself.

His video was polished, perfectly lit, and carefully rehearsed.

He smiled into the camera with the practiced expression of a man trying very hard to appear reasonable.

"I was saddened to learn about the upcoming charity gala hosted by the Sun and Asher families."

He lowered his eyes for a brief moment.

"It appears the Vincent family was not invited."

He gave a small, almost disappointed smile.

"While I respect their decision, I would still like to contribute to such a noble cause."

"I sincerely hope they will accept a charitable donation on behalf of the children."

I stared at the screen.

"He really wants to enter Sum that badly."

Jason nodded.

“He isn’t interested in donating.”

“He wants an invitation.”

Marcus folded his arms.

“If he gets through those gates, he’ll call it proof that relations between the families have improved.”

“And once that narrative is established,” Pamela added, “he’ll use it to approach the other guests.”

Mrs. Sun, who had been quietly listening, smiled.

“I’ll answer.”

She refused any prepared statement.

Instead, she recorded a short video from the Academy gardens.

She looked elegant as always, speaking calmly and without a trace of hostility.

“Mr. Vincent, thank you for your interest in supporting the education of our children.”

“Every legitimate donation made to the scholarship fund is appreciated.”

She paused briefly before continuing.

However, the gala itself is a private event.”

“The guest list was prepared according to long-established security protocols.”

She smiled politely.

“And those rules exist for a reason.”

Her expression remained warm, but her words became unmistakably clear.

“The Vincent family is not welcome in Sum.”

Silence followed.

She gave a respectful nod to the camera.

“We wish your family well.”

The video ended.

For several seconds…

No one in the room spoke.

Pamela looked up from her tablet.

“…That was elegant.”

Marcus laughed.

“She just declared war with perfect manners.’

Jason couldn’t help smiling.

+15 Agnus

“My mother has always been terrifying.” 1

The internet exploded.

News channels interrupted their regular programming.

Commentators debated whether Mrs. Sun had just issued the strongest public rejection of the Vincent family in decades.

Some headlines praised her.

SUM STANDS ITS GROUND.

Others questioned the decision.

SHOULD CHARITY HAVE NO BORDERS?

Supporters of the Academy quickly responded.

A donation doesn’t buy an invitation.

Private events have guest lists.

Security rules apply to everyone.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 325

Political analysts began asking a different question.

Why...

Of all the events taking place across the continent...

Was Alexander Vincent so determined to attend this particular gala?

That question spread even faster than the original controversy.

And for the first time...

The media stopped asking why the Vincents had been excluded.

They started asking what Alexander Vincent believed he would find inside

The media frenzy surrounding the gala only intensified.

Every news channel seemed to have invited an “expert” to explain why the Vincent family deserved an invitation.

Others argued that charity should be above politics.

Some simply wanted drama.

Then, unexpectedly...

The President of Sum requested national airtime.

The announcement spread quickly.

Every television station interrupted its programming.

The President stood behind the podium in the Government Hall, the flag of Sum behind him.

He didn’t smile.

He looked directly into the camera.

“I have remained silent regarding recent events because I believed this matter belonged to the Sun and Asher families.”

He paused.

“However, after Mr. Alexander Vincent publicly questioned why the Vincent family is not welcome in Sum...”

“I believe the people deserve an answer.”

The room behind him was completely silent.

“The Vincent family was not excluded because of personal disagreements.”

“They were banished.”

The reporters present immediately began whispering among themselves.

The President continued.

“Many decades ago, the Vincent family committed acts against the people and sovereignty of Sum that resulted in

+15 8cnus

their permanent expulsion from our territory.”

hat decision has never been revoked.”

He folded his hands calmly.

“Governments change.”

“Leaders change.”

“Generations pass.”

He looked straight into the cameras.

“And with time...”

“People forget.”

His voice grew firmer.

“But the land…”

“…always remembers.”

The words echoed across every news broadcast.

“The laws protecting our nation remember.”

“Our institutions remember.”

“Our history remembers.”

“And as President of Sum…”

“I will honor those decisions.”

He inclined his head slightly.

“The Vincent family remains unwelcome within the borders of Sum.”

“Any legitimate charitable donation made to the Academy scholarship fund will be accepted according to the same procedures available to every member of the public.”

“But a donation does not erase history.”

“Nor does it grant access to this country.”

The broadcast ended.

Silence lingered for only a few seconds before every news outlet erupted.

PRESIDENT CONFIRMS VINCENT FAMILY WAS BANISHED FROM SUM.

“THE LAND ALWAYS REMEMBERS” BECOMES NATIONAL HEADLINE.

WHY WAS THE VINCENT FAMILY EXPELLED?

Within minutes, historians began searching public archives.

Old newspaper clippings resurfaced.

Ancient court records.

Political speeches.

Even forgotten photographs of the Vincent family slowly began circulating online.

People who had never questioned the history of Sun suddenly wanted answers.

I looked at Jason from across the study.

“They just lost control of the narrative.”

Jason nodded slowly.

“No.”

“They lost something much worse.”

“What?”

He closed his laptop.

“The protection that comes from being forgotten.”

For the first time in generations...

The entire continent had begun asking the same question.

What had the Vincent family done that an entire nation refused to forgive?

Not alone

Amber POV

The Ember Alliance was far larger than I had imagined.

When Professor Vance first mentioned it, I had pictured a handful of influential families exchanging information. behind closed doors.

I couldn’t have been more wrong.

There were over fifty families under the Alliance’s protection.

Fifty.

Not all of them were free.

On the surface, most still appeared loyal to the Vincents. Their companies carried out Vincent directives, their public statements supported Vincent interests, and their family heads attended Vincent functions.

To the outside world, they looked completely under Vincent control.

Behind closed doors...

They were waiting for an opportunity to reclaim everything that had been stolen from them.

The more I learned, the more fascinated-and horrified-I became.

The Vincents hadn't simply conquered businesses.

They had built an entire ecosystem.

Every company depended on another company within the same network.

A shipping company transported products from a Vincent-owned manufacturer.

That manufacturer bought raw materials from another Vincent-controlled supplier.

Insurance came from another Vincent company.

Banking from another.

Marketing from another.

Legal representation from yet another.

Every part of the chain belonged to them.

It was brilliant.

Terrifyingly brilliant.

If they had built it honestly...

If they had done it through innovation instead of blackmail, threats, kidnappings, and murder...

I would have admired them.

Instead, they had created a prison disguised as an economy.

The Vincents controlled the central accounts.

They held power of attorney over hundreds of businesses.

Even when a family legally owned a company, the Vincents controlled the money flowing through it.

It was control without appearing to control.

A masterpiece of manipulation.

Fortunately...

The cracks were beginning to show.

One family at a time, they were resisting.

Emory arrived shortly before lunch carrying another thick stack of reports.

He placed them on the conference table.

“I’ve finished reviewing the latest rescue operations.”

The room fell silent.

“How many?”

Emory looked down at the papers before answering.

“Two hundred and forty-six.”

Mrs. Sun inhaled sharply.

“Children?”

He nodded.

“We’ve managed to remove two hundred and forty-six children from situations where they were being conditioned to become loyal to the Vincents.”

Some had been promised away through arranged marriages.

Others had been adopted into Vincent-controlled households.

Some had simply disappeared before eventually resurfacing under different names.

Every story was heartbreaking.

Every rescue had mattered.

But Emory’s expression remained troubled.

“The problem hasn’t changed.”

Jason looked up.

“We still can’t directly connect the Vincent leadership.”

Emory nodded.

“Every crime passes through intermediaries.’

Not on

“Every order comes through someone else.”

Every payment is hidden behind layers of companies.”

He sighed. 1

“We know who’s responsible.”

“We simply can’t prove it.”

Marcus leaned back in his chair.

“And even if we could…”

He pointed toward the world map covering one wall.

“They control police forces in several countries.”

“They influence military leadership.”

“They have judges.”

“Politicians.”

“Prosecutors.”

“Arresting them would be nearly impossible.”

Silence settled over the room.

Finally, I spoke.

“The President of Sum changed that.”

Everyone looked at me.

“He didn’t just refuse them entry.”

“He publicly declared that the Vincent family remains banished.”

Jason nodded slowly.

“He made it official.”

Marcus smiled faintly.

“In diplomatic language…”

“He declared war.”

No one disagreed.

The situation had escalated beyond corporate disputes.

Beyond media campaigns.

Beyond politics.

This was becoming an international conflict.

+158cnus

Still…

Defe had to continue.

Mrs. Sun refused to let the gala become an afterthought.

If anything, she doubled her efforts.

Every afternoon she and I met in one of the castle’s reception halls, surrounded by seating charts, guest lists, menus, security plans, and scholarship proposals.

“This isn’t just a gala,” she reminded me.

“It’s a promise.”

“A promise?”

“To every family attending.”

“That they’re no longer alone.”

I smiled.

“I like that.”

She smiled back.

“And I intend to make sure they remember it.”

Meanwhile...

Jason and Marcus were fighting a different battle.

Quietly.

Patiently.

One share at a time.

Instead of buying large companies outright, they began purchasing small ownership stakes in businesses belonging to families trapped under Vincent control.

Not enough to attract attention.

Just enough to give those families another ally.

Another vote.

Another legal avenue.

Another way to push back.

It was slow.

Almost invisible.

Exactly the way Jason preferred to wage war.

By the time the Vincents realized what was happening...

The foundations beneath their empire would already be beginning to crack.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

# Chapter 326

Amber POV

The next week became a battle fought without bullets.

It was an investment war.

Jason, Grandfather Asher, and I spent hour after hour studying financial reports, corporate structures, and shareholder registries. Every family the Ember Alliance trusted became another opportunity to weaken the Vincents' grip.

We never bought enough shares to attract attention.

Five percent here.

Three percent there.

Sometimes less than one percent.

Individually, the purchases looked insignificant.

Together, they slowly shifted the balance of power.

Grandfather Asher coordinated purchases through several investment alliances he had spent decades building.

Mr. Stuart Stanley joined us as well.

As Iris's grandfather, he quietly opened doors in industries where neither the Ashers nor the Suns had much influence. His reputation alone convinced several hesitant families to trust us.

Each evening, Jason updated a large map hanging in his study. 1

Green pins represented families beginning to reclaim control of their companies.

Red pins marked those still completely trapped beneath the Vincent umbrella.

Little by little...

The green pins multiplied.

While the investment campaign continued, Mrs. Sun and I devoted ourselves to the gala.

It took an entire week to finalize every detail.

Guest lists.

Security routes.

Menus.

Performances.

Scholarship presentations.

Even the placement of every table was carefully planned.

The gala was never really about the gala.

It was about creating connections.

Giving families a safe place to speak.

troducing people who had spent years believing they were alone.

And, if fortune favored us...

Finding more evidence against the Vincents.

We already knew they would come.

Not as Vincents.

They were too clever for that.

They would arrive representing companies, foundations, distant relatives, or influential families already under their control.

They would smile.

Shake hands.

Pretend to support education.

Then quietly gather information.

Which meant...

We would do exactly the same.

Mrs. Sun smiled as she looked over the final invitation.

“If they’re coming…”

“They’re walking straight into our castle.”

I couldn’t help smiling back.

“For once…”

“We’ll be the ones watching them.”

After several hours of debate, we finally chose the evening’s theme.

A Fairytale Night.

The ballroom would resemble an enchanted castle.

Crystal chandeliers.

Thousands of flowers.

Soft candlelight.

Music from a live orchestra.

The invitation included one additional line.

No masks permitted.

Mrs. Sun insisted on it.

“If people are going to lie…”

they can at least do it with their own faces.”

I laughed harder than I expected.

It was elegant.

Simple.

And impossible to argue against.

Two days before the gala, another problem arrived.

Jason’s phone buzzed during breakfast.

He frowned as he read the message.

“The Board.”

I looked up from my tea.

“What happened?” 1

“They’re requesting an emergency board meeting.”

He sighed.

“They’re demanding I appear in River City.”

Marcus immediately looked concerned.

“Can it wait?”

Jason slowly shook his head.

“If I don’t go…”

“They’ll claim I’ve abandoned the company.”

I didn’t even let him finish.

“I’m going with you.”

He looked at me.

“Amber…”

“No.”

“There isn’t anything to discuss.”

His expression softened.

“I wasn’t going to argue.”

“You weren’t?”

He smiled.

+158gnus

“I was going to suggest exactly that.”

eached across the table and squeezed his hand.

“It’s non-negotiable.”

“After everything that’s happened…”

“I’m not letting you travel alone.”

Jason laughed quietly.

“I suppose I don’t have much choice.”

“You really don’t.”

Mrs. Sun watched the exchange with an amused smile.

“I think that’s the shortest marital argument I’ve ever witnessed.”

Everyone laughed.

As I stood to clear my plate, my hand instinctively rested against my stomach.

I paused.

The movement beneath the fabric was subtle.

Almost imperceptible. 1

But undeniable.

My pregnancy was beginning to show.

Not enough for strangers to notice…

But enough that our family certainly would.

Mrs. Sun smiled warmly when she saw me looking down.

“The babies are making sure everyone knows they’re coming.”

I smiled back.

“They certainly are.”

River City would have to wait.

This time...

Our growing family would face whatever came next together.

The drive into River City felt different this time.

Every passing car.

Every traffic light.

Every reflection in the windows made me check my surroundings.

NO

+15 8çnus

AUNTLA

Jason must have noticed because he quietly reached for my hand.

They won't get another chance."

"I know," I answered.

"But they'll try."

Neither of us was surprised when Marcus's voice came through the earpiece from the security vehicle behind us.

"We've got company."

I looked into the side mirror.

A black sedan.

Three cars behind us.

Always keeping the same distance.

Always changing lanes when we did.

"They've been following us since the airport," Marcus continued.

Jason didn't even turn around.

“Let them.”

“They’re supposed to think we’re walking into a trap.”

A few minutes later we arrived at Sun Corporation’s headquarters.

The building looked as imposing as ever.

Employees lined the entrance to greet Jason, their concern obvious as soon as they saw him.

The wheelchair was convincing.

Jason allowed one of the security guards to help him into it while I walked beside him.

His accident had already become public knowledge.

The bruises, the hospital photographs, the wheelchair…

Everything reinforced the story.

The Vincents and the remaining members of the board still believed Jason was recovering from the accident.

More importantly…

They believed he was still under the influence of the drug they had given him.

Exactly as we wanted.

At the executive floor, one of Jason’s assistants approached us.

“The Board is already waiting.”

Jason nodded.

A

“I’ll be there in a minute.”

e assistant looked toward me.

“Mrs. Sun…”

“The meeting is restricted to board members.”

“If you don’t mind waiting in Mr. Sun’s office...”

I smiled politely.

“Of course.”

Jason squeezed my hand before they wheeled him toward the boardroom.

As soon as the doors closed behind him, I locked Jason’s office door and took out my phone.

A live video feed immediately appeared.

The tiny camera hidden inside Jason’s jacket was transmitting perfectly.

The image was clear.

The sound even better.

Jason slowly positioned his wheelchair at the head of the table.

*15 8cnus

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 327

The first wave

Amber POV.

Alive video feed immediately appeared.

The tiny camera hidden inside Jason’s jacket was transmitting perfectly.

The image was clear.

The sound even better.

Jason slowly positioned his wheelchair at the head of the table.

Six directors sat waiting.

Four of them...

Already belonged to the Vincents.

They just didn't know we knew.

One of the directors smiled unpleasantly.

"Mr. Sun."

"We were beginning to think you wouldn't come."

Jason smiled weakly.

"The accident delayed me."

The man nodded sympathetically before leaning forward.

"Have you thought about the divorce papers?"

My fingers tightened around the phone.

"There really isn't much left to discuss."

"You already know those babies aren't yours."

Jason lowered his eyes for a moment.

When he finally answered...

His voice sounded tired.

"Even if..."

"...they weren't my children..."

"I still love Amber."

"I won't leave her."

The room became quiet.

Another director spoke.

"You don't understand." 1

she’s already moving on.”

Jason slowly looked toward him.

“What do you mean?”

The director smirked.

“Mrs. Sun has been meeting with Mr. Alexander Vincent.”

“You’ll only embarrass yourself by staying married.”

I almost laughed.

If only they knew…

Jason sighed softly.

“I don’t believe that.”

One of the directors slammed a folder onto the table.

“Enough.”

“We have another matter.”

He pushed several documents toward Jason.

“We believe it’s time you stepped down as Chief Executive Officer.”

Jason glanced at the papers.

“No.”

The director blinked.

“…Excuse me?”

“I said no.”

His tone remained calm.

Another folder appeared.

“Then sign these.”

Jason didn’t even touch them.

“No.”

The atmosphere changed immediately.

Several directors exchanged nervous looks.

One of them leaned closer.

“You really should cooperate.”

Jason slowly looked around the room.

don’t think…”

“I’m the one who should be cooperating.”

Silence.

Then…

Jason casually reached beneath the armrest of his wheelchair.

Click.

A tiny hidden button.

Nothing happened.

For exactly three seconds.

Then the boardroom doors burst open.

“River City Financial Crimes Division!”

“No one move!”

Uniformed officers flooded into the room.

Behind them came investigators from the Financial Police.

The expressions around the table changed from confidence…

To absolute panic.

One director attempted to stand.

He was immediately restrained.

Another reached for his phone.

An officer seized it before he could unlock the screen.

The lead investigator unfolded several arrest warrants.

“Directors Oscar Hale…”

“Lucas Thinly…”

“Simon Veil…”

“And Malcolm Parry…”

“You are under arrest.”1

The room exploded with shouting.

“This is ridiculous!”

“You can’t do this!”

+15 8cnus

The first move

“You have no proof!”

The investigator ignored them.

“You are charged with corporate espionage…”

“Bribery…”

“Money laundering…”

“And conspiracy related to the attempted kidnapping of Alexander Sun.”

My breath caught.

They had finally linked someone.

Not the Vincents.

But one of their men.

The officers escorted the four directors toward the door.

The remaining two sat frozen in their chairs.

The lead investigator turned toward Jason.

“Mr. Sun.”

“Your testimony and the financial records were sufficient to proceed.”

Jason nodded politely.

“Thank you.”

The investigator hesitated before adding quietly,

“We searched thoroughly.”

“We found no direct evidence against the Vincent family.”

Of course they hadn’t.

The Vincents never touched the crimes themselves.

They simply convinced others to do their work.

Once again...

The evidence stopped one step short of Alexander Vincent.

But this time...

Four of his closest collaborators were no longer free

The arrests were only the first wave.

Watching four members of Jason’s board being led away in handcuffs had shaken the entire company.

The two remaining directors sat frozen in the boardroom, their faces drained of color.

From the camera feed, it was obvious they hadn’t expected any of it.

Whether they were innocent or simply better at hiding their involvement remained to be seen, but one thing was certain.

They were terrified.

I left Jason's office as soon as the officers finished escorting everyone out and walked toward the conference room.

Jason was still there, speaking with the head of River City's Financial Crimes Department.

The moment he saw me, he reached for my hand.

"You should hear this."

The investigator sighed before opening another file.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sun... we need to clarify something."

He looked genuinely frustrated.

"We didn't discover the evidence connecting Simon Veil to Alex's kidnapping until about thirty minutes before we arrived."

Jason frowned.

"So you weren't planning these arrests?"

"We were preparing an investigation," the investigator admitted. "The kidnapping evidence accelerated everything."1

Jason and I exchanged a glance.

Neither of us had known.

The investigator slid a transcript across the table. 1

"It isn't enough to charge the Vincents."

"It only implicates Simon Veil and the others."

I read the highlighted section.

My blood ran cold.

According to the intercepted conversation...

The kidnappers had never intended to keep Alex forever.

Their plan had been to stage a dramatic rescue.

The Vincents would have “saved” Alex.

Alexander Vincent would publicly announce that new DNA evidence had surfaced proving Alex’s biological father belonged to one of the families under Vincent protection.

From there, they would argue that Alex rightfully belonged with the Vincent family.

A carefully manufactured miracle.

The trite

A public relations masterpiece.

And a legal nightmare.

I slowly lowered the papers.

“There really is no evidence Alexander ordered it.”

The investigator shook his head.

“No.”

“The money trail ends with Simon Veil.”

“Everything beyond that is circumstantial.”

Once again…

The Vincents had remained one step removed.

Jason had been silent the entire time.

Now he suddenly spoke.

“I know who they’re talking about.”

Everyone looked at him.

“My cousin…”

He swallowed.

“The children’s mother.”

“Alice and Alex’s mother was married to Nicolas Soly.”

The investigator searched his notes.

“The Soly family?”

Jason nodded slowly.

“I never paid much attention to them before.” 1

“They were one of the families operating under the Vincent umbrella.”

D

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 328

Borrowed textbooks 328

Amber POV

I refused to accept assumptions as facts.

Everyone believed Alice and Alex’s biological father had been Nicolas Soly.

Including us.

But something about the investigation kept bothering me.

So I started from the beginning.

I pulled every public record I could find on the Soly family.

Birth certificates.

Corporate filings.

Old newspaper articles.

Family photographs.

Everything.

The deeper I searched, the stranger it became.

The photographs of Nicolas Soly didn't match the man in Jason's cousins old wedding pictures.

I enlarged the image from his cousin's wedding until it began to lose resolution.

The man smiling beside Alice and Alex's mother...

Wasn't Nicolas Soly.

Not even close.

The jawline was different.

The nose.

The ears.

Even the way he stood was different.

I frowned.

"Jason."

He looked up from his laptop.

"What is it?"

I turned my screen toward him.

"Look."

He studied both photographs in silence.

Nicola Toy

His expression slowly changed.

That's not him."

I nodded.

“The man everyone identified as Nicolas Soly…”

“…isn’t the man who married your cousin.”

Jason walked closer.

For several minutes, neither of us spoke.

Finally, I whispered the only conclusion that made sense.

“He was using the Soly identity.”

Jason rubbed his forehead.

“It never even crossed my mind.”

“Mine neither.”

“If he wasn’t Nicolas…”

“…then who was he?”

Jason immediately moved to his own computer.

Unlike me, he had access to databases that weren’t publicly available.

Corporate records.

Government archives.

Facial recognition software.

International immigration systems. 1

He uploaded the wedding photograph.

“Cross-reference every available database.”

The computer began searching.

Minutes passed.

Neither of us spoke.

The loading bar slowly reached one hundred percent.

A single result appeared.

One.

Only one.

Jason’s face lost all color.

L

+15 Benus

“No…” 1

tepped beside him.

The screen displayed an old family photograph.

The resemblance was unmistakable.

Below it was a name.

Nikolay Vincent.

Status:

Missing.

Date of disappearance:

Ten years ago.

I felt the room spin.

“The youngest Vincent…”

Jason finished my sentence.

“…Alexander Vincent’s younger brother.”

Silence.

The pieces finally fit together.

Nikolay Vincent hadn’t disappeared.

He had disappeared as Nikolay Vincent.

Somehow...

He had become Nicolas Soly.

Married Jason’s cousin.

Had Alice and Alex.

Then vanished again.

The children had never belonged to the Soly family.

They had always belonged...

To the Vincent bloodline.

Alexander Vincent wasn’t simply interested in them.

He was their uncle. 1

I slowly sat down.

“Do you think Alexander knows?”

+158cnus

Jason answered immediately.

I looked at him.

“You’re sure?” 1

He nodded.

“If he knew...”

“...he wouldn’t be manipulating things from the shadows.”

“He would already be in court.”

“He’d be demanding custody.”

“He’d claim they belong with their biological family.”

I closed my eyes.

He was right.

Alexander Vincent fought directly when he believed he had legal standing.

The fact that he hadn’t....

Meant he didn’t know.

Yet.

I opened my eyes.

“Then we make sure he never finds out.”

Jason didn’t hesitate.

Within minutes we began locking down every record connected to the children.

Medical files were moved to secure offline storage.

Every hospital that had treated Alice or Alex received updated privacy restrictions.

Digital access required multiple authorizations.

Photographs disappeared from public databases.

Archived videos were quietly removed wherever legally possible.

Every image of their biological parents that we could locate...

Was deleted, encrypted, or secured beyond ordinary access.

Wedding photographs. 1

Family gatherings.

Corporate events.

+15 Bcnus

A

Anything that could connect Nikolay Vincent to Jason’s cousin.

Hours later, Jason finally leaned back in his chair.

“They’re gone.”

I looked at the final report.

Nothing remained publicly accessible.

Only a handful of protected copies existed.

Stored in places only we could reach.

I reached across the desk and took Jason’s hand.

“We’re not hiding the truth.”

I said it as much for myself as for him.

“We’re protecting our children.”

Jason squeezed my hand.

“No.”

“Our family.”

Outside the study window, the castle grounds were peaceful.

Somewhere below, Alice, Alex, Iris, and Rose were laughing together.

They had no idea that another battle had just been fought for them.

And if Jason and I had anything to say about it...

Alexander Vincent would never learn the truth.

Not while we were still standing.

D

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

# Chapter 329

+158cnu

Custody

Amber POV

The days following the arrests were anything but quiet.

Sun Corporation had lost four members of its Board of Directors overnight.

Replacing them wasn't simply a matter of filling empty seats.

It was about making sure the company could never again be infiltrated so easily.

Jason called an emergency shareholders' meeting.

This time, there would be no secrets.

No hidden agendas.

No Vincent influence.

When the meeting concluded, the new Board of Directors was officially announced.

Marcus Hess accepted the first seat without hesitation.

"My job is to make sure no one ever gets this close to your company again."

Mrs. Sun accepted the second seat with her usual elegance.

"I should have been paying more attention years ago."

"I won't make that mistake twice."

"I

Mr. Sun simply nodded.

"I'll help steady the company until all of this is over."

The final appointment surprised everyone outside the family.

Grandfather Asher.

When reporters later asked why the head of the Asher family had accepted a position within Sun Corporation, he simply answered,

“Family helps family.”

No further explanation was necessary.

For the first time in decades, the Sun and Asher families were openly working together.

With the new Board established, Jason immediately began presenting his long-term strategy.

“The future of Sun Corporation doesn’t lie in standing still.”

He tapped the presentation screen.

“We’re expanding.”

The next slide appeared.

Sun Entertainment Group

Custody

+15 Bçnus

The room erupted into whispers.

Film production.

Streaming platforms.

Animation studios.

Music distribution.

Interactive media.

Jason calmly explained each division.

“We’ve spent years building technology.”

“It’s time we also build stories.”

The proposal passed almost unanimously.

Sun Corporation had officially entered the entertainment industry.

That same afternoon, Jason held his first public press conference since the accident.

Hundreds of reporters gathered outside headquarters. 1

Television cameras from every major network filled the square.

I stood just behind the stage with Marcus, Mrs. Sun, and Grandfather Asher while Jason approached the podium.

He looked healthier than he had in weeks.

Not completely recovered.

But undeniably stronger.

He smiled warmly at the crowd.

“Good afternoon.”

“First, I’d like to thank everyone who expressed concern following my accident.”

“I’ve received far more support than I ever expected.”

He glanced briefly in my direction before continuing.

“My recovery is progressing well.”

“I still have rehabilitation ahead of me, but thanks to my family’s care…”

“I’m getting better every day.”

His smile softened.

“I couldn’t have asked for better support.”

The cameras immediately turned toward me.

Jason waited for the flashes to settle before addressing the rumors directly.

“I’d also like to clarify something.”

There were numerous reports suggesting that my wife and I were divorcing.”

He shook his head.

“Those reports were false.”

“I have never filed for divorce.”

“I never intended to divorce Amber.”

“And I never will.”

For a brief moment, our eyes met.

Even after everything we had survived...

Hearing him say those words publicly made my heart ache.

Jason continued.

“Unfortunately, several members of Sun Corporation’s Board attempted to exploit my accident for their own benefit.”

“They have since been removed from their positions.”

“Their actions are now part of ongoing criminal investigations.”

He didn’t elaborate further.

He didn’t need to.

Everyone already knew about the arrests.

Finally, his expression became more serious.

“There is one final matter.”

“As many of you know...”

“My son, Alex, recently disappeared.”

The entire crowd became silent.

“I’m grateful to inform everyone that Alex has been found safely.”

A visible wave of relief spread through the reporters.

Jason smiled faintly.

“He is now home with his family.”

“However…”

“He has experienced something no child should ever have to endure.”

“So today…”

“I’m asking for something very simple.”

He looked directly into the cameras.

Please give my son privacy.”

“Allow him the time and space to heal.”

“He deserves to grow up as a child…”

“…not as tomorrow’s headline.”

For several seconds, no one asked a question.

Even the reporters seemed to understand.

As Jason stepped away from the podium, the applause that followed wasn’t for a CEO.

It wasn’t for the head of the Sun family.

It was for a father who had almost lost his son…

And had brought him home.

Just as Jason stepped down from the stage and the reporters began dispersing, my phone vibrated.

The screen showed Pamela’s name.

A knot formed in my stomach.

Pamela rarely called unless something had gone wrong.

I answered immediately.

“Pam?”

Her voice was tense.

“Amber… we have a problem.”

I stopped walking.

“What happened?”

“The Soly family.”

My grip on the phone tightened.

“What about them?”

“They’ve just released a public statement.”

I closed my eyes for a brief second.

“Go on.”

“They’re claiming Alice and Alex as members of the Soly family.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“And…”

+15 Bchus

Pamela hesitated.

The people claiming to be their paternal grandparents have filed an emergency request for custody.”

Everything around me seemed to disappear.

The voices.

The reporters.

The cameras.

All I could hear was Pamela.

“They’re saying that with Jason’s accident and everything that’s happened recently, the children would be better off with their biological father’s family.”

I looked toward Jason. 1

He immediately knew something was wrong.

His expression hardened as I slowly lowered the phone from my ear.

“What is it?”

I took a deep breath.

“The Solys…”

“They’re coming for Alice and Alex.”

Jason’s eyes darkened instantly.

“They’re asking for custody.”

Neither of us said what we were both thinking.

If the Soly family succeeded…

Alexander Vincent wouldn’t be far behind.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 330

+15 8gnus +158gnus

The legal side of things

Amber POV

The Soly family’s statement spread across the country before we even landed back in Sum.

It wasn’t aggressive.

It wasn’t accusatory.

That was what made it so effective.

An elderly couple stood together in front of their home, visibly emotional as cameras surrounded them.

The man spoke first.

“We recently learned that our late son had children.”

His voice trembled.

“We didn’t know.”

“We didn’t even know he had married.”

The woman wiped away tears.

“Nicolas left home many years ago after a disagreement.”

“We chose another heir for the Soly family.”

“He left…”

“…and never came back.”

She looked directly into the camera.

“We didn’t know he had died.”

“We didn’t know we had grandchildren.”

The couple joined hands.

“We’re not asking for revenge.”

“We’re asking for a chance.”

“We only wish to meet Alice and Alex.”

The interview ended.

An hour later…

Their lawyers filed an official petition requesting visitation rights and temporary custody while the family relationship was investigated.

The internet exploded.

For the first time in weeks…

People weren’t talking about the Vincents.

They were talking about grandparents.

some sympathized with the elderly couple.

They lost their son and never knew he had children.

They deserve to know their grandchildren.

Others immediately defended us.

Where were they all these years?

Jason and Amber are the children’s parents.

They adopted them legally.

The debate quickly became vicious.

One legal commentator argued,

“Legally, biological grandparents may possess standing in some circumstances.”

Another immediately responded,

“But adoption fundamentally changes the legal relationship.”

Then came the comments that worried me the most.

Jason is only their cousin.

Blood grandparents should come first.

I closed my tablet.

I couldn’t read another word.

By the time we reached the castle...

The children were already waiting.

Alice saw us first.

She ran straight toward me.

Alex followed only a second later.

Neither of them smiled.

Alex reached us first.

His eyes were already full of tears.

“Mama…”

I immediately knelt.

He threw both arms around my neck.

Alice hugged Jason just as tightly.

+15 8cnus

The eve of things

+15 8çnus

Neither child wanted to let go.

Alex’s voice barely rose above a whisper.

“They’re not going to take us away…”

“…right?”

My heart shattered.

I pulled him closer.

“Who told you that?” 1

“I heard people talking.”

Alice buried her face against Jason’s shoulder.

“We don’t want to leave.”

“We want to stay here.”

Jason crouched beside us.

He gently placed one hand on Alex’s shoulder and the other on Alice’s.

“Listen to me.”

Both children looked at him.

“You are our children.”

“No matter what anyone says.”

“No matter what anyone asks.”

“We love you.”

“And we are not giving you away.”

Alex finally began crying openly.

“I don’t want another family.”

“I already have one.”

Jason hugged him immediately.

“You do.”

“And nothing is changing that.”

I held both children while they cried.

Only after they had calmed down enough to go inside with Rose and Iris did Jason and I remain standing in the courtyard.

Neither of us spoke for a long time.

Finally, I broke the silence.

The wat

+158gnus

“If this reaches court…”

son looked at me.

The judge will almost certainly order a paternity test.”

He nodded slowly.

“They’ll have to confirm the Solys are really the biological grandparents before considering any claim.”

I took a slow breath.

“And that’s exactly where everything changes.”

Jason’s expression sharpened.

I continued.

“If the children’s father wasn’t really Nicolas Soly…”

“…but Nikolay Vincent using Nicolas’s identity…”

“…then those two people aren’t Alice and Alex’s biological grandparents.”

The realization settled between us.

Legally…

Their entire claim depended on proving Nicolas Soly was the children’s father.

If he wasn’t…

Then the foundation of their case collapsed.

Jason slowly smiled.

“For once…”

“The truth works in our favor.”

I nodded.

“But proving it…”

I looked toward the castle where the children had disappeared inside.

“…could reveal something we’re trying desperately to keep hidden.”

We both knew exactly what that secret was.

If the court discovered the children’s real father was Nikolay Vincent…

Then someone else…

Would learn it too.

And Alexander Vincent could never be allowed to know that Alice and Alex were his brother's children.

Jason remained silent, thinking through every possible consequence.

the kagor of things

Then I looked at him.

have an idea."

He turned toward me.

"What is it?"

"We make a public statement."

His eyebrows rose slightly.

"We tell the truth..."

"...or at least the truth everyone already believes."

He waited for me to continue.

"You tell the Soly family that their son married your cousin."

Jason nodded.

"That's public knowledge."

"And that although Nicolas chose to become Alice and Alex's father..."

I lowered my voice.

"...he wasn't able to have biological children."

+15 Bcnius

get it

the th

The truth

Jason remained silent, thinking through every possible consequence.

Then I looked at him.

“I have an idea.”

He turned toward me.

“What is it?”

“We make a public statement.”

His eyebrows rose slightly.

“We tell the truth…”

“…or at least the truth everyone already believes.” 1

He waited for me to continue.

“You tell the Soly family that their son married your cousin.”

Jason nodded.

“That’s public knowledge.”

“And that although Nicolas chose to become Alice and Alex’s father…”

I lowered my voice.

“…he wasn’t able to have biological children.”

Jason immediately understood where I was going.

“The children were conceived through sperm donation.”

I nodded.

“It protects them.”

“It gives the Solys an explanation that doesn’t expose Nikolay.”

“And if they truly believe Nicolas was their son…”

“…they’ll have no biological claim to the children.”

Jason slowly exhaled.

“It won’t stop them from asking for visitation.”

“No,” I admitted.

“But it completely changes the custody argument.”

Before Jason could answer, hurried footsteps echoed through the hallway.

Mrs. Sun appeared moments later.

+15 8cnus

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 331

She was breathing heavily, one hand pressed against the wall as she tried to catch her breath.

Grandmother?”

Jason hurried toward her.

“What happened?”

She held up a thick envelope.

“I was going through the old family archives after hearing about the Solys.”

“They left something.”

She looked at both of us.

“Lisa and Nicolas.”

Jason’s eyes widened.

“The children’s parents, my cousin?”

Mrs. Sun nodded.

“They left a sealed letter with our family attorney.”

“It was only to be opened if someone from the Soly family ever tried to claim the children.”

Silence filled the room.

With careful hands, Jason opened the envelope.

Inside was a handwritten letter.

He began reading aloud.

<<To whoever is reading this...>>

“If this letter has been opened, it means the Soly family has finally remembered we existed.>>

My chest tightened.

Jason continued.

<<I, Nicolas Soly, was cast out of my family after refusing to surrender my inheritance, my businesses, and every asset I owned to my younger brother.>>

<<The day I refused, I ceased being their son.>>

Mrs. Sun quietly wiped a tear from her eye.

Jason kept reading.

<<<From that moment forward, they had no claim over my life.>>

<<They will have no claim over my death.>>

His voice became even quieter.

<<And they will have no claim over my children.>>

The truth

+15 8cnus

I reached for his hand.

The final page contained a legal declaration.

<<<l intentionally leave my parents the sum of one dollar.>>>

<<This gift is made solely to demonstrate that they were not forgotten or omitted and that this decision is made knowingly, willingly, and while of sound mind.>>

Jason turned to the last paragraph.

His voice nearly broke. 1

<<Lisa and I have chosen the Sun family to protect our children if anything happens to us.>>

«Alice and Alex are to remain with them.>>

<<They are our family.>>

No one spoke after he finished reading.

Mrs. Sun finally broke the silence.

“It isn’t a custody order.”

She looked at the letter with quiet determination. 1

“But it is clear evidence of their parents’ wishes.”

I looked down at the pages.

The Solys had only just discovered they supposedly had grandchildren.

But years before his death, the man they believed was their son had already made one thing unmistakably clear.

Whatever happened to him...

His children were never to be taken from the Sun family.

For the first time in days...

I felt like I could breathe.

Not because the danger had disappeared.

It hadn’t.

Alexander Vincent was still out there.

The Solys had already begun legal proceedings.

The media was still debating whether Alice and Alex belonged with us.

But the letters...

Those letters had changed everything.

The children's parents had thought ahead.

They had protected them long before any of us realized they would need protecting.

the truth

+15 8cnus

Jason slipped his fingers through mine.

We're finally fighting with evidence instead of assumptions."

I smiled.

"That's a nice change,"

Mrs. Sun, who had remained unusually quiet throughout the morning, cleared her throat.

"There is one more."

Jason looked up.

"Another letter?"

She nodded and placed a thick envelope on the table.

"This wasn't with the first one."

"It was stored separately."

"The attorney marked it as their Last Will and Testament."

The room immediately became silent.

Jason carefully opened the envelope.

Several legal documents slid onto the table.

At the very top was their will.

He began reading.

Lisa and Nicolas had established an irrevocable trust for both Alice and Alex shortly after their births.

Every investment generated by the trust would automatically be reinvested.

The fund was designed to grow for decades.

Neither child could access it until reaching the age of twenty-five.

I blinked in surprise.

“They planned for everything…”

Mrs. Sun nodded softly.

“They wanted their children to have financial independence.”

Jason continued reading.

The trust wasn’t small.

It contained company shares, investment portfolios, real estate, and intellectual property rights.

Everything had been placed beyond the reach of future disputes.

I smiled despite everything.

“They really loved them.”

They did,” Mrs. Sun whispered.

Jason turned another page.

His expression suddenly changed.

“What is it?” I asked.

+158cnus

He silently handed me the document.

Halfway down the page was another legal declaration.

Every asset I own was acquired through my own work and investments.

None were gifts, inheritances, or transfers originating from the Soly family.

The Soly family possesses no ownership interest in my estate.

I looked up.

“That alone destroys most of their financial argument.”

Jason nodded.

“But keep reading.”

I continued.

The next paragraph made my heart stop.

I also state, while of sound mind, that I am not the biological son of Mr. Soly.

I stared at the page.

The room fell completely silent.

Mrs. Sun slowly lowered her teacup.

Jason read the remaining lines aloud.

Mrs. Soly conceived me through an extramarital relationship after learning that Mr. Soly was unable to father children.

Mr. Soly accepted me and raised me as his own.

I will always respect him for that kindness.

However, I refuse to allow this lie to be used against my own family after my death.

No one spoke.

The silence was almost unbearable.

Mrs. Sun was the first to recover.

“...Well.”

“I certainly wasn’t expecting that.”

The truth

Jason let out a slow breath.

The Solys don’t even share blood with the man they claim was their son.”

He looked at me.

“If this becomes public…”

“…Mrs. Soly would probably withdraw the lawsuit immediately.”

I understood exactly what he meant.

The revelation would destroy the image the Soly family had carefully maintained for decades.

It wasn’t just a family secret.

It was a scandal.

One that could permanently damage their reputation.

Jason folded the will carefully.

“We can use this.”

“It gives us leverage.”

“If they continue pushing for custody…”

“…we make it clear that this letter exists.”

“They’ll back down.”

I remained silent.

Jason noticed immediately.

“What?” 1

I slowly shook my head.

“Not yet.”

He frowned.

“Why?”

“Because there’s one question we still can’t answer.”

I looked down at the name written across the will.

Nicolas Soly.

Or rather…

The man who had lived as Nicolas Soly.

“We still don’t know what happened to the real Nicolas.”

Jason’s expression became serious.

Bonus

“If Nikolay Vincent assumed his identity…”

then the real Nicolas disappeared.”

I nodded.

“And until we know how that happened…”

“We don’t know who else knows the truth.”

The room became quiet once more.

One mystery had finally been solved.

Another, far more dangerous one…

Had just begun.

P

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

# Chapter 332

We needed to know what had happened to the real Nicolas Soly.

I spent the next three days buried inside my study.

Government archives.

University records.

Immigration databases.

Old newspapers.

Private investigation reports.

Anything that mentioned either Nicolas Soly or Nikolay Vincent.

Most of the information had been erased or buried beneath decades of newer records, but eventually, a timeline began to emerge.

I called Jason into the study.

“I found something.”

He walked over carrying two cups of coffee.

“What did you find?”

I pointed at the screen.

“Nikolay Vincent and Nicolas Soly knew each other long before Nicolas supposedly married your cousin.”

Jason leaned closer.

“They were friends?”

I nodded.

“Close friends.”

“They attended an international leadership program together.”

“They studied abroad at the same university.”

I opened an old photograph from the university archives.

Two young men stood side by side, smiling at the camera.

One was unmistakably Nikolay Vincent.

The other matched every verified photograph of the real Nicolas Soly.

“They were inseparable,” I said quietly.

Jason studied the picture.

when Nikolay was cast out by the Vincents...”

“He went to Nicolas.”

I nodded.

“According to immigration records, they both remained overseas for almost two years.”

I changed to the next file.

“And then...”

“The trail ends.”

“No departure records.”

“No financial transactions.”

“No housing records.”

“It was as if both men disappeared.”

Jason frowned.

“One came back.”

I looked at him.

“The man everyone believed was Nicolas.”

“But whether that was really Nicolas...”

“...or already Nikolay...”

“We still don’t know.”

The missing years remained a complete blank.

Another folder caught my attention.

John Soly.

The older brother.

The man who had inherited everything.

I opened the file.

The deeper I read, the more disturbed I became.

“This wasn’t just a family disagreement.”

Jason looked over my shoulder.

“What do you mean?”

I turned the monitor toward him.

\

“There was a campaign.”

What campaign?”

“To destroy Nicolas.”

The evidence wasn’t enough to prosecute anyone after so many years.

But there was a clear pattern.

Anonymous articles questioning Nicolas’s integrity.

Complaints filed with universities.

Letters sent to scholarship committees.

Rumors that spread through academic circles.

Every accusation claimed the same thing.

That Nicolas Soly had stolen other students' work.

That he had plagiarized engineering projects.

That his awards were fraudulent.

Jason's jaw tightened.

"Was any of it true?"

I shook my head.

"I found the university investigation."

"They cleared him."

"Every accusation was proven false."

"But by then..."

"The damage had already been done."

His reputation had been ruined.

Another document appeared.

An old engagement announcement.

Nicolas Soly.

Engaged.

Three months later...

A wedding announcement.

The bride...

Marrying John Soly instead.

L

h བཟོས་

Jason looked at me in disbelief.

de stole his brother's fiancée?"

"It certainly looks that way."

The timeline fit perfectly.

First...

John inherited the family.

Then Nicolas's reputation collapsed.

Then his fiancée left him.

Then Nicolas disappeared overseas.

Jason leaned back in his chair.

"He didn't just force his brother out."

"He erased his life."

I quietly nodded.

"It was systematic."

"It almost reads like someone wanted Nicolas to disappear."

A notification appeared on my tablet.

Legal Documents Received.

I opened them immediately.

My stomach tightened.

"The Solys."

Jason walked around the desk.

"What now?"

I handed him the papers.

The Soly family had formally petitioned the court.

Not merely for visitation.

They were requesting that Alice and Alex reside with them while the custody proceedings were pending.

Jason’s expression darkened.

“Their reasoning?”

I scanned the filing.

“They state they have no surviving heirs.”

“They argue that preserving the Soly family lineage requires the children to live within the Soly household.”

topped reading.

Then looked at another attachment.

A confidential medical record.

John Soly.

Diagnosis...

Permanent infertility.

I looked at Jason.

“John is sterile.”

Everything suddenly made sense.

The lawsuit.

The sudden affection.

The desperate urgency.

It had never been about reconnecting with grandchildren.

The Soly family was dying.

Their bloodline ended with John.

And now...

They wanted Alice and Alex to become the heirs they could never have.

Jason folded the papers slowly.

“They’re not fighting because they loved Nicolas.”

His voice was cold.

“They’re fighting because they need successors.”

I looked out the study window toward the gardens, where Alice and Alex were chasing Rose and Iris across the lawn.

To the Soly....

The children were an inheritance.

A legacy.

A solution to a family with no future.

To us...

They were simply our son and daughter.

And that was a battle we had no intention of losing.

P

U

Turned our hand

Forced our hand

Amber POV

The Solys had forced our hand.

Jason and I had hoped to resolve everything quietly, but every hour the rumors grew louder.

By morning, every news channel was asking the same question.

Who did Alice and Alex really belong to?

Jason looked at me across the breakfast table.

“It’s time.”

I nodded.

“We control the narrative before someone else does.”

That afternoon, the Sun Corporation auditorium was once again filled with reporters.

This time, the atmosphere was completely different.

There were no questions about the company.

No questions about Jason’s recovery.

Everyone wanted to know about the children.

Jason stepped behind the podium while I stood beside Mrs. Sun.

He didn’t waste time.

“Thank you for coming.”

“I would like to address the ongoing legal dispute regarding my children, Alice and Alex.”

The cameras immediately began flashing.

Jason remained calm.

“First, I want to clarify one point.”

“Alice and Alex are my cousin’s children.”

“They were legally adopted by my wife and me.”

“They are our son and daughter.”

He paused before continuing.

“Second…”

“The children are not biologically related to the Soly family.”

The room erupted into whispers.

Jason raised a hand for silence.

5 Bonus

“The man known publicly as Nicolas Soly was medically unable to father biological children.”

For that reason, the Soly family has no biological claim over Alice and Alex.”

Questions immediately began flying through the room.

Jason ignored them.

“We have documentary evidence supporting this statement.”

He stepped away from the podium.

Mrs. Sun walked forward carrying a folder.

Her voice was steady.

“Several years ago, Lisa and Nicolas left written instructions with the family’s attorney.”

She held up certified copies of the letters.

“These documents clearly state their wishes.”

“They requested that their children remain with the Sun family should anything happen to them.” 1

She continued reading selected passages.

Nicolas describing his separation from the Soly family.

His decision to leave his parents one dollar to demonstrate they had not been forgotten.

His declaration that the children were never to be taken from the Sun family.

Finally...

The clause explaining that everything he owned had been earned independently and that the Solys held no rights over his estate.

By the time Mrs. Sun finished reading, the room was silent.

Within hours...

Public opinion changed.

Television commentators who had previously sympathized with the Solys began asking different questions.

“If Nicolas himself rejected the Soly family...”

“Why should his children be forced into it?”

Legal analysts pointed out that the letters reflected the parents’ clearly documented intentions.

Social media shifted almost overnight.

The children already have parents.

The Solys aren’t honoring Nicolas’s wishes.

This isn’t about love. It’s about inheritance.

The discussion no longer centered on grandparents wanting to meet their grandchildren.

Instead...

People began questioning why the Solys had appeared only after discovering they had potential heirs.

The change lasted less than twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Soly held her own press conference.

She appeared visibly emotional.

“I loved my son.”

Her voice trembled.

“I refuse to believe he would write such things.”

She looked directly into the cameras.

“I believe the Sun family is lying to protect the children.”

She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

“There is a simple solution.”

She looked straight into the cameras.

“A DNA test.”

She paused dramatically.

“And I ask that the results be made public.”

Every reporter immediately began sending breaking news alerts.

I stared at the television in disbelief.

Making the children’s genetic information public?

It was exactly what we had feared.

Jason stood beside me, watching the same broadcast.

For several long seconds, he said nothing.

Then he picked up his phone.

“Call our legal team.”

I looked at him.

“You’ve made a decision?”

He nodded.

“Yes.”

“Alice and Alex have nothing to hide.”

He took a slow breath.

“We consent to the DNA test.”

elt my stomach tighten.

“You know what this could uncover.”

“I do.”

He met my eyes calmly.

“But we won’t allow the Solys to claim we’re hiding behind excuses.”

I searched his face.

“And the results?”

Jason’s expression became unreadable.

“We’ll deal with whatever they reveal.”

His confidence reassured me...

But as I looked at the television, a single thought refused to leave my mind.

We weren’t afraid of the truth.

We were afraid of who else might be watching for it.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 333

The next few days passed far too quickly.

Lawyers came and went..

Our legal team prepared for the DNA test.

The media continued speculating.

Thankfully, the Solys had stopped giving interviews after Jason agreed to the test. For the first time since this nightmare had begun, there was... silence.

At least outside the castle.

Inside, there was only one conversation left to have.

One neither Jason nor I wanted.

We had to tell Alice and Alex.

“They’re too young.”

Jason stood by the study window with his arms crossed.

“We don’t need to tell them everything.”

I looked up from the papers spread across my desk.

“We do.”

“They need to know someone is trying to take them away,” he replied. “But we can make it gentler.”

“They don’t need the ugly parts.”

I closed the folder in front of me.

“The ugly parts are exactly why they need to know.”

Jason sighed.

“Amber…”

“They’re children.”

“And children understand more than adults give them credit for.”

He ran a hand through his hair.

“I don’t want them living in fear.”

I walked over until I was standing in front of him.

“I don’t want that either.”

“But fear isn’t the same as awareness.”

He looked away.

“They’ve already been through enough.”

have we.”

The words escaped before I could soften them.

Jason’s eyes met mine.

“If we had known the truth…”

“If we had known how dangerous the people around us really were…”

“Would we have made different choices?”

He didn’t answer.

I continued quietly.

“You almost lost your company because you trusted the wrong people.”

“I almost lost everything because I believed people who didn’t deserve that trust.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

“Alex was kidnapped because someone manipulated him.”

I wasn’t blaming him.

I never could.

“But if he’d known there were people willing to lie to him…”

“…he might have questioned that message.”

Jason closed his eyes.

“And if we had known the truth about the Vincents years ago…”

“…we could have protected ourselves.”

I nodded.

“And maybe avoided a world of hurt.”

The room became silent.

Finally, Jason let out a long breath.

When he opened his eyes again, there was sadness in them.

“You’re right.”

He smiled sadly.

“I hate that you’re right…”

“…but you are.”

He reached for my hand.

Trusty

“We tell them the truth.”

That afternoon, we found Alice and Alex in the library building a castle out of wooden blocks with Rose and Iris.

When they saw us, they smiled.

“Mama!”

“Dad!”

My heart tightened.

I wished this conversation could wait another ten years.

But life rarely gave parents that choice.

Jason sat on the rug first.

I joined him.

Rose and Iris quietly sensed the mood and moved to another corner of the room.

Alex looked between us.

“Did we do something wrong?”

Jason immediately shook his head.

“No.”

“You haven’t done anything wrong.’

Alice crawled into my lap.

“Then why do you both look sad?”

I brushed a strand of hair behind her ear.

“Because we need to explain something important.”

The children listened carefully.

“There are some people,” I began, “who believe they should be your family.”

Alex frowned.

“But… you’re our family.”

“You are our family,” Jason answered gently.

“And nothing is changing that.”

I continued.

“Sometimes adults disagree.”

“Sometimes they even ask judges to decide things.”

Alice looked worried.

Truth

“Like… school?”

little.”

She thought for a moment.

“Do they want us to live with them?”

I didn’t lie.

“Yes.”

Her little hand immediately grabbed mine.

“I don’t want to.”

“You don’t have to pretend,” I told her softly.

“If you’re scared, you can tell us.

Alex lowered his head.

“I am scared.”

Jason wrapped an arm around him.

“So am I.”

Alex looked surprised.

“You are?”

Jason nodded.

“When people I love are hurting…”

“I’m scared too.”

The words seemed to comfort him.

I looked at both children.

“There is something else you need to know.”

“Not everyone who smiles at you wants what’s best for you.”

“They might tell you they’re trying to help.”

“They might promise you wonderful things.”

“They might even say they’re family.”

I paused to let the words settle.

“If anyone ever asks you to keep secrets from Dad or me…”

“Or tells you not to tell us something…”

“You come to us immediately.”

+158cnus

Truin

Alex nodded without hesitation.

Alice nodded too.

“I promise.”

Jason looked at me.

There was pain in his eyes.

But there was something else too.

Acceptance.

He finally understood why I had insisted.

The truth couldn’t protect our children from every danger.

But ignorance certainly wouldn’t.

And after everything our family had survived…

We would never mistake the two again.

U

+15 8çnus

get it

consent

Amber POV

The morning of the DNA test arrived far sooner than I wanted.

Our legal team had negotiated every detail.

No one would be able to question the results.

Three independent samples would be collected.

Three accredited laboratories would analyze them.

The samples would be sealed in front of representatives from both families, with an independent notary overseeing the entire process.

No one would have the opportunity to tamper with anything.

Even the media had been invited to witness the chain of custody.

If the truth was going to come out...

It would come out beyond any doubt.

Jason squeezed my hand before we entered.

“Ready?”

“No.”

I smiled weakly.

“But let’s get this over with.”

The conference room was overflowing with reporters.

Television cameras lined every wall.

Lawyers occupied one side of the room.

The Soly family occupied the other.

Alice and Alex stood between Jason and me.

Alice had wrapped both arms around my waist the moment we arrived.

Alex stood beside Jason.

His face was calm.

Too calm.

Most people would have believed he was handling everything remarkably well.

I knew my son better.

His fingers kept opening and closing nervously.

His shoulders were stiff.

+15 8çnus

+15 8çnus

Every few seconds, his eyes searched the room.

wasn’t calm.

He was frightened.

He was simply trying very hard not to show it.

I reached over and intertwined my fingers with his.

He looked at me.

I smiled.

“You don’t have to be brave every second.”

His lips trembled ever so slightly before he nodded.

The forensic team collected the samples.

One swab.

Then another.

Then a third.

Each was sealed separately.

Each package received its own identification number.

Each was immediately assigned to a different laboratory.

The lead forensic scientist addressed the cameras.

“Results have been expedited.”

“Normally, this process would require approximately two days.”

“Due to the exceptional public interest and with the consent of all parties, the laboratories have prioritized this analysis.”

“We expect preliminary verified results within three hours.”

Three hours.

Three hours that felt longer than the past three years.

Most of the waiting took place in a private lounge.

The children colored quietly while Jason answered legal questions.

I couldn't focus on anything.

Exactly three hours later...

A court officer entered.

"The reports have arrived."

Everyone returned to the conference room.

The media was already broadcasting live.

soon as we entered, Mrs. Soly stood up.

Her expression softened as she looked at Alice.

"Oh..."

"My sweet granddaughter."

Before anyone could react, she stepped forward and reached toward Alice's face.

"My, you've grown so-"

Alice immediately took a step backward.

"I don't know you."

Mrs. Soly's smile faltered.

"It's alright, dear."

"I'm your-"

"And don't touch me."

Her small voice was clear enough for every microphone in the room.

Mrs. Soly blinked in surprise.

"I only wanted to-"

She reached forward again, trying to gently pinch Alice's cheek.

Alice pulled farther behind me.

At the same moment, Mr. Soly smiled awkwardly and reached toward Alex.

He never finished the movement.

Mrs. Soly tried to pat Alex’s head.

Alex reacted instantly.

Smack.

His small hand slapped hers away.

The sound echoed through the silent room.

His eyes never left hers.

“Don’t.”

Not loud.

Not angry.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 334

Cameras clicked furiously.

Mrs. Soly looked horrified.

Tears immediately filled her eyes.

“Look at this.”

She turned dramatically toward the cameras.

“These children have no manners.”

“They’re completely out of control.”

She pointed toward us.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sun…”

“Control your children.”

Jason calmly stepped forward.

His voice never rose.

“My children know one very important rule.”

The room became silent.

“They decide who is allowed to touch them.”

He placed one hand gently on Alex’s shoulder.

“Their consent matters.”

He looked directly at Mrs. Soly.

“If Alice says no…’

“That means no.”

“If Alex doesn’t want someone touching him….”

“That decision will be respected.”

He paused.

“And that is not changing.”

Several reporters exchanged surprised glances.

One journalist quietly lowered her camera and began applauding.

Another quickly joined her.

Within seconds, more reporters followed.

Not loudly.

consunt

Just enough to show they understood.

Mrs. Soly's face Teddened.

For the first time that day...

Public opinion wasn't on her side.

The court officer stepped toward the front of the room carrying three sealed envelopes.

Each bore the logo of a different laboratory.

He placed them carefully on the table.

"I have received the certified reports."

Every conversation stopped.

Every camera focused on the envelopes.

The officer looked around the room before breaking the first seal.

My heart pounded so hard I could hear it.

Three laboratories.

Three answers.

One truth.

And in a matter of seconds...

We were all going to hear

+15 Bcnus

Our worst-case scenario

Amber POV

The courtroom was so silent that I could hear my own heartbeat.

The court officer opened the first envelope.

He carefully reviewed the report before speaking.

“Laboratory One.”

He looked toward the Soly family.

“The probability that Mr. and Mrs. Soly are the biological grandparents of Alice and Alex…”

He paused.

“…is excluded.”

A collective gasp swept through the room.

Mrs. Soly’s face went pale.

The officer continued.

“There is no genetic evidence supporting a grandparent-grandchild relationship.”

He opened the second envelope.

“Laboratory Two.”

The conclusion was identical.

Again…

The Solys were excluded.

The third envelope produced exactly the same result.

Three laboratories.

Three identical conclusions.

The Solys were not Alice and Alex’s biological grandparents.

Jason quietly exhaled beside me.

I hadn’t even realized he had been holding his breath.

The court officer reached for another folder.

“There is one additional report.”

Several reporters looked confused.

The officer continued.

“At the request of Mr. Jason Sun, an additional comparison was conducted.”

He unfolded the page.

The probability that Mr. Jason Sun is the biological uncle of Alice and Alex…”

He looked up.

“…is approximately ninety-seven percent.”

The room erupted.

Questions flew from every direction.

Reporters began shouting.

“So they really are members of the Sun family?”

“Does this confirm the mother’s identity?”

“What does this mean for custody?”

The judge repeatedly struck the gavel until silence returned.

I felt Jason’s hand tighten around mine.

At least one part of the truth had been confirmed.

Then… 1

The officer frowned.

“There is one unexpected finding.”

Every head turned.

“Although Mr. Soly cannot be the children’s biological grandfather…”

“…the analysis indicates that Mr. Soly shares distant genetic markers with the children.”

He adjusted his glasses.

“The relationship is consistent with that of distant relatives.”

“It is not sufficient to establish legal grandparentage.”

“Nor is it sufficient to create any legal claim.”

He paused.

“However…”

“The result suggests that the anonymous sperm donor may have belonged to the same extended ancestral family.”

The room exploded.

Microphones shot into the air.

“So the donor was related to the Solys?”

“Was the donor another member of the family?”

“Did Nicolas secretly arrange the donation?”

Who is the biological father?”

I felt every muscle in my body tense.

Speculation.

That was exactly what we had wanted to avoid.

Mrs. Soly suddenly stood.

“No!”

Her voice echoed through the courtroom.

“I don’t believe any of this!”

She pointed toward us.

“They altered the results!”

“They bribed the laboratories!”

“My grandchildren belong with us!”

She turned toward the judge.

“I demand another DNA test!”

“I demand new laboratories!”

“I demand an investigation!”

The judge remained unmoved.

“The request will be considered through the proper legal process.” 1

Mrs. Soly ignored him.

Instead...

She rushed toward Alice.

“My babies!”

She reached out with both arms.

Guards immediately stepped between them.

“Ma’am.”

“You need to step back.”

Mrs. Soly struggled against them.

“They’re my grandchildren!”

“They belong with me!”

Recognition?

curiosity?

Calculation?

Then he calmly addressed the judge.

“I apologize for the interruption.”

His voice was smooth.

“But after hearing today’s testimony...”

He shifted his gaze from Alex to Jason.

“I would like to volunteer.”

Silence.

Alexander folded his hands behind his back.

“I request permission…”

“…to provide my own DNA sample for comparison.”

The words struck me harder than any scream could have.

Beside me, Jason’s fingers tightened painfully around mine.

Neither of us spoke.

Neither of us could.

Because this…

This was the one outcome we had feared above every other.

Our worst-case scenario…

Had just walked through the courtroom doors.

␣

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 335

Denied

Amber POV

The courtroom remained frozen.

Alexander Vincent stood with the same calm expression, as though he had merely asked for a glass of water instead of a DNA comparison involving my children.

The judge adjusted his glasses.

“Mr. Vincent, please explain the relevance of your request.”

Alexander inclined his head politely.

“Certainly, Your Honor.”

He looked toward Mr. Soly. 1

“The laboratories have already established that Mr. Soly shares distant genetic markers with the children.”

He folded his hands behind his back.

“My family has had business and social relationships with the Soly family for generations.”

“It is entirely possible that I share similar distant markers.”

He smiled faintly.

“A comparison with my DNA could simply help explain the unexpected result.”

His explanation sounded perfectly reasonable.

Too reasonable.

That was what frightened me.

I stood before anyone else could answer.

“My children are not a public research project.”

Every camera immediately turned toward me.

“They are not samples to be compared against anyone who walks into this courtroom hoping for a match.”

I stepped closer to Jason.

“They are my children.”

“I will not expose them to that kind of theater.”

The room fell silent.

Alexander looked at me for several long seconds.

Then, unexpectedly, he smiled.

“If the children are off limits…”

His eyes settled on me.

“…perhaps you would be willing to take the test instead.”

Confused murmurs spread through the courtroom.

Several reporters exchanged puzzled looks.

One whispered,

“Amber?”

I frowned.

“What?”

Alexander remained perfectly composed.

“A comparison with your DNA.”

I almost laughed.

“No.”

The answer came without hesitation.

“They’re my children.”

“I don’t need a DNA test to know that.”

I placed one hand over my stomach.

“Even if they weren’t mine by blood…”

“They would still be my children.”

Alexander studied me carefully.

“That may be true today.”

His voice remained calm.

“But what about a few months from now?”

The room became silent again.

“When your twins are born…”

He glanced briefly toward my growing belly.

“… will you still feel exactly the same?”

His words hit me like a slap.

He wasn’t questioning biology.

He was questioning my heart.

Before I could answer, a small voice echoed across the courtroom.

“I know the answer.”

Bonus

Everyone turned.

Alice slowly stepped away from Jason.

She looked directly at Alexander.

“Mama already told us.”

Her tiny chin lifted proudly.

“When the babies come…”

“…Alex and I will be big brother and big sister.”

She smiled.

“And we’ll have two more people to love.”

Silence.

“They won’t replace us.”

“Mama said families don’t get smaller when babies are born.”

“They get bigger.”

My vision blurred.

I hadn’t realized tears had filled my eyes.

Jason quietly wiped one away before anyone else noticed.

Even several reporters lowered their cameras.

Alexander didn’t reply.

He simply watched Alice.

The judge finally cleared his throat.

“Regarding the request…”

He looked directly at Alexander.

“The children are minors.”

“They have legal guardians.”

“Without the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Sun…”

“No additional DNA testing involving the children will be authorized.”

He struck the gavel once.

“Request denied.”

Alexander gave a polite nod.

“I understand.”

+15 8cnus

There was no anger.

disappointment.

Only patience.

That frightened me even more.

The hearing adjourned shortly afterward.

Reporters hurried outside to file their stories.

Lawyers gathered their documents.

The courtroom slowly emptied.

Jason and I stayed close to the children while our security team formed a circle around us.

As we walked toward the exit, Alexander remained standing where he was.

He wasn't looking at me anymore.

He was watching Alex.

His expression had changed.

It wasn't certainty.

It wasn't recognition.

It was... familiarity.

Just as we reached the doorway, I heard him speak.

So quietly I wasn't even sure he intended anyone else to hear.

He looks like my younger brother."

I froze.

Jason froze beside me.

Neither of us turned around.

We simply tightened our hold on Alice and Alex's hands and kept walking.

Because if Alexander Vincent had noticed the resemblance...

It was only a matter of time before he started asking the right questions.

A magic door

Amber POV

Alexander Vincent's appearance haunted me the entire flight home.

It wasn't simply that he had appeared.

It was where he had appeared.

River City.

No one had informed us he had entered the country.

No customs alert.

No intelligence report.

No warning from the President.

Nothing.

One moment we were waiting for the DNA results...

The next, Alexander Vincent was standing in the courtroom.

If he could move that quietly...

How many other places could he already be?

I looked out the airplane window.

Only when the familiar coastline of Sum came into view did I finally release the breath I'd been holding.

Jason noticed immediately.

"You feel safer."

"A little."

He intertwined his fingers with mine.

"So do I."

Neither of us said it aloud.

We had escaped River City as quickly as possible.

For now...

Home was still the safest place we had.

The castle gates opened just as our cars entered the grounds.

Before they had even stopped, two familiar figures came running across the courtyard.

“Iris!”

Rose shouted first.

x/

“No!”

Alice laughed.

“That’s Iris!”

She pointed toward Rose.

“And that’s Rose!”

The girls burst into laughter as all four children collided in one enormous hug.

Alex, who had barely spoken during the flight, smiled for the first time all day.

Seeing that tiny smile eased something inside my chest.

Maybe...

Just maybe...

They were beginning to feel safe again.

That feeling lasted all of thirty seconds.

Alice suddenly gasped dramatically.

“I almost forgot!”

Everyone looked at her.

She clapped her hands excitedly.

“It’s time to open the magic door!”

Rose blinked.

“The magic door?”

Alice nodded enthusiastically.

“The hidden one!”

“The kitchen door!”

“The map!”

Alex’s eyes widened.

“Oh!”

“I forgot too.”

Jason laughed softly.

“I think we’re the only people in this family who have no idea what conversation we’re having.”

I couldn’t help smiling.

“The hidden passage.”

Mrs. Sun, who had joined us in the entrance hall, immediately became interested.

The one beneath the castle?”

I nodded.

“When we found the old map.”

I looked toward the children.

“They named it the magic door.”

“Because it only opens with a secret code.”

Alice crossed her arms proudly.

“It is magical.”

No one argued with her.

An hour later, our entire family stood inside the old castle kitchen.

The ancient stone wall looked exactly as it had the first time Jason and I discovered it.

Only now...

Everyone was here.

Marcus.

Mrs. and Mr. Sun.

Grandfather Asher.

Pamela.

Even Professor Vance had come after hearing what we planned.

Jason looked at the symbols carved into the hidden mechanism.

“So...”

“Tell us your theory.”

I stepped closer to the wall.

“I don’t think this door opens by itself.”

Everyone listened carefully.

“I think these symbols are connected to the mechanism inside the mines.”

I pointed toward the carved circles.

“If someone enters the correct combination here...”

“...the mechanism inside the mine should unlock.”

Marcus nodded slowly.

“Meaning the two locations work together.”

Sxactly.”

Professor Vance smiled.

“That would explain why neither entrance has revealed everything.”

I nodded.

“I think they’re part of the same system.”

Jason folded his arms.

“Then we need two teams.”

I smiled.

“I was thinking the same thing.”

He immediately began assigning people.

“The first team stays here.”

“They’ll enter the combination.”

He pointed toward the old map.

“The second team goes to the mines.”

“They’ll be waiting for whatever opens.”

Marcus grinned.

“Finally.”

“A treasure hunt.”

Grandfather Asher chuckled.

“I haven’t heard those words in decades.”

Mrs. Sun looked at Jason and me.

“You’ve already been inside.”

I nodded.

“But only for a few minutes.”

“We barely had time to look around before everything else happened.”

Jason agreed.

“We saw enough to know something extraordinary is hidden down there.”

“But not enough to understand it.”

Professor Vance carefully rolled open the ancient map across the kitchen table.

“The builders didn’t create all of this…”

to hide a single room.”

He looked toward the old stone wall.

“They were protecting something.”

Something far more valuable than gold.

I looked around at everyone gathered in the kitchen.

My family.

The people I trusted most.

After weeks of courtrooms…

DNA tests…

Kidnappings…

And fear…

For the first time in what felt like forever…

We were chasing a mystery instead of running from one.

Somewhere beneath the castle…

The real treasure had been waiting for generations.

And tonight…

We were finally going to find it.

PYN

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 336

The timing

Amber POV

The hidden door refused to open.

By sunset, every one of us had tried.

Marcus entered the combinations exactly as they appeared on the map.

Professor Vance compared every symbol against the inscriptions inside the mine.

Jason and I retraced every step we had taken the first time the passage opened.

Nothing.

The kitchen team reported the same result every few minutes.

“No movement.”

“The mechanism didn’t react.”

“The symbols reset.”

Meanwhile, the team inside the mine waited beside the stone door.

Nothing moved.

Nothing clicked.

Nothing happened.

I stared at the ancient mechanism one more time.

“No…”

Jason looked at me.

“What?”

“I’ve been assuming there were only two conditions.”

He frowned.

“The code…”

“And the mechanism inside the mine.”

I nodded slowly.

“But that’s not enough.”

I ran my fingers across the worn carvings.

“The first time the door opened…”

“…something else happened.”

Professor Vance immediately became interested.

“A third condition.”

miled.

“Exactly.”

“There has to be a third element.”

“Something we haven’t identified.”

Everyone fell silent again.

The treasure would have to wait.

Jason’s phone vibrated.

He glanced at the screen before his expression changed.

“It’s one of my Cronos contacts.”

He opened the encrypted message.

“I think you’ll want to see this.”

He handed me the tablet.

Attached was a scanned newspaper article from almost twenty years earlier.

The headline read:

Businessmen Involved in Helicopter Explosion. One Survivor.

Below it were two names.

Nikolay Vincent.

Nicolas Soly.

I immediately began reading.

The helicopter had exploded in midair while flying across a remote mountain region overseas.

Investigators at the time suspected mechanical failure.

Only one passenger survived.

According to the article...

That survivor had been identified as Nicolas Soly.

He had suffered severe burns and remained hospitalized for several months.

I looked up at Jason.

“This...”

He nodded.

“It explains everything.”

I looked back at the article.

The survivor wasn’t Nicolas.”

Jason finished my thought.

“It was Nikolay.”

My heart began racing.

“The explosion killed the real Nicolas Soly.”

“And Nikolay…” 1

“…assumed his identity while recovering.”

His burns would have hidden his appearance.

His documents would have identified him as Nicolas.

By the time he left the hospital….

Nikolay Vincent no longer existed.

Only Nicolas Soly remained.

I slowly lowered the tablet.

“He disappeared…”

“But only because he became someone else.”

Jason continued searching through the encrypted database.

A few moments later another document appeared.

This one wasn’t a newspaper.

It was an intelligence report.

He read silently for nearly a minute.

Then looked at me.

“The helicopter didn’t crash by accident.”

My stomach tightened.

“What happened?”

“It was sabotaged.”

He turned the screen toward everyone.

Bomb residue.

Explosive fragments.

Evidence that the aircraft had been tampered with before takeoff.

Marcus swore under his breath.

bomb…”

Jason nodded.

“The investigation was quietly closed.”

“No one was ever charged.”

Professor Vance adjusted his glasses.

“Who benefited?”

Jason opened another file.

“The timing.”

The room became quiet.

“At that exact moment…”

“…the Vincent family was choosing its next leader.”

I felt a chill run down my spine.

Jason continued.

“According to shareholder records…”

“More than half of the family’s major investors wanted Nikolay Vincent to become the next head of the Vincent empire.”

Marcus looked up sharply.

“Not Alexander?”

Jason slowly shook his head.

“No.”

“Nikolay was the favorite.”

Silence.

Everyone reached the same conclusion at the same time.

If Nikolay had become head of the family…

Alexander never would have inherited the Vincent empire.

I whispered the thought none of us wanted to say aloud.

“So someone eliminated the competition.”

Jason looked at me.

“And the only person who truly benefited…”

He didn’t need to finish.

The 121

Alexander Vincent.

The bomb had failed to kill its intended target.

Instead…

It had erased Nikolay Vincent from the world.

Not through death.

But through a stolen identity.

I stared at the old newspaper one last time.

For nearly twenty years…

Everyone had believed Nikolay Vincent disappeared.

The truth was far stranger.

He had survived.

He had buried his own name.

And he had spent the rest of his life pretending to be his best friend.

Which left one terrifying question.

If Alexander had tried to murder his own younger brother once...

What would he do if he discovered that brother's children were still alive?

Nightmare

Amber POV

I had hoped the DNA results would finally put an end to the nightmare.

Instead...

They opened another door.

One we had spent months trying to keep closed.

Two weeks after the hearing, our attorneys arrived at the castle before sunrise.

Jason immediately knew something was wrong.

"What happened?"

The lead attorney placed a sealed envelope on my desk.

"The court has ruled."

Jason opened it while I stood beside him.

His expression hardened with every line he read.

"What is it?"

He slowly lowered the papers.

"Alexander Vincent petitioned the court for an additional DNA comparison."

My heart dropped.

"On what grounds?"

“The judge found that, combined with the previous DNA findings and the newly presented evidence regarding Nikolay Vincent and Nicolas Soly, there is sufficient legal basis to permit the request.”

I felt sick.

Jason handed me the order.

The testing would take place…

In two weeks.

I closed my eyes.

Two weeks.

Two weeks until the secret we had fought to protect might finally come to light.

That evening Jason received an encrypted call.

Only a handful of people possessed that number.

He answered without putting it on speaker.

“I’ll listen.”

A calm, familiar voice came through the phone.

Alexander Vincent.

“I thought you deserved a courtesy call.”

Jason’s voice became ice.

“What do you want?”

“I’d like to avoid a lengthy legal battle.”

Jason didn’t answer.

Alexander continued.

“I’ll make you an offer.”

I watched Jason’s face lose every trace of emotion.

“You choose.”

“My children?”

Jason asked.

“Or my wife?”

There was a brief silence.

Then Alexander answered.

“If Amber comes with me willingly…”

“I will withdraw.”

“I’ll leave Alice and Alex alone.”

The room felt colder.

Jason spoke so quietly that I barely heard him.

“You’ve lost your mind.”

Alexander ignored the insult.

“I don’t need the children.”

“I want Amber.”

“If she comes willingly…”

“They remain with you.”

The call ended a second later.

Jason stared at the silent phone.

I already knew the answer before he spoke.

+15 8cnus

“He wants me.”

eached for his hand.

“He’ll never have you.”

Jason pulled me into his arms.

“I know.”

But neither of us could ignore the fact that Alexander Vincent had just admitted what he truly wanted.

It had never been about winning a custody case.

It had been about using our children to reach me.

Later that afternoon, Grandfather Asher asked us to meet him in the old family archives.

“I finally managed to open it.”

He stood beside a heavy iron safe hidden behind a false stone wall.

“It belonged to your mother.”

The lock had resisted every attempt for years.

Only after recovering one of her journals had he finally found the correct combination.

Inside were photographs...

Letters... 1

Jewelry...

And one sealed document.

My name was written across the front.

With trembling hands, I opened it.

The first page was a report.

The second...

A compatibility assessment.

My eyes widened.

“What is this?”

Grandfather Asher slowly sat down.

“I never knew.”

Jason stepped beside me.

I continued reading.

According to the documents, decades earlier several influential families had secretly exchanged genetic compatibility studies among their heirs.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 337

One name appeared repeatedly.

Alexander Vincent.

Another...

Amber Asher.

The final page contained a handwritten note from my mother.

If you are reading this, then I hope the world has changed enough that this will never happen.

They chose you for him.

They believed you were the only woman of your generation capable of giving Alexander Vincent healthy heirs.

My hands began shaking.

Jason gently took the papers before I dropped them.

“No...” 1

I whispered.

Grandfather Asher’s face had turned pale.

“They planned your future before you were even old enough to understand what marriage meant.”

I looked toward Jason.

Everything suddenly made sense.

Alexander’s obsession.

His confidence.

His certainty that I belonged to him.

It hadn’t started recently.

It had started before I was born.

Hundreds of miles away…

A cargo vessel crossed the sea beneath the cover of darkness.

Emory and Mr. Stait stood beside customs officers as the final shipping container was forced open.

The smell inside made everyone recoil.

Blankets.

Water bottles.

Chains.

And frightened young women huddled together.

“Easy,” Emory said gently.

You’re safe now.”

One girl collapsed the moment they reached her.

He caught her before she hit the floor.

She couldn’t have been older than eighteen.

Her lips were pale.

Her pulse was weak.

She forced her eyes open just long enough to whisper two words.

“I’m…”

She struggled to breathe.

“…a Vincent.”

Before anyone could ask another question…

She lost consciousness.

Behind her…

More frightened girls slowly emerged from the darkness of the container.

None of them spoke.

But every face carried the same expression.

Fear.

And for the first time…

The Vincent family’s darkest secret had arrived alive.

PAR

get it

Answers

Amber POV

The castle had never felt so quiet.

Tomorrow.

In less than twenty-four hours, we would return to court.

Every hallway felt heavier.

Every smile from the children reminded me what was at stake.

I refused to let them see how frightened I truly was.

Jason was reviewing documents in his office when his secure phone rang.

Only a handful of people had access to that number.

He answered immediately.

“Jason.”

His expression grew serious.

It was Mr. Stait.

Jason activated the speaker so I could hear.

“We intercepted another shipment.”

My stomach tightened.

“What kind of shipment?” I asked.

Mr. Stait didn’t answer immediately.

His voice was grim.

“Women.”

Silence filled the room.

“They were hidden inside refrigerated transport containers.”

“Some were barely conscious.”

“Emory is treating them now.”

I closed my eyes.

“Did anyone talk?”

“One of them.”

“An older woman.”

Mr. Stait continued.

“She told us she had been transferred from household to household for more than ten years.”

Neither Jason nof I interrupted.

“She wasn’t sold once.”

Y

“She was traded.”

“Again and again.”

I felt sick.

“As if she were property…”

Mr. Stait sighed.

“That’s exactly how she described it.”

He continued.

“She identified the Vincent family.”

Jason immediately straightened.

“Did she name Alexander?”

“No.”

The answer came quickly.

“She repeatedly identified Malcolm Vincent.”

Jason looked at me.

My heart sank.

“Alexander’s father,” I whispered.

Mr. Stait confirmed it.

“According to her testimony, Malcolm Vincent organized the kidnappings and controlled where the women were sent.”

Jason rubbed his forehead.

“Do we have documents?”

“No.”

“Photographs?”

“No.”

“Financial records?”

“No.”

Mr. Stait’s frustration was obvious.

“We finally have direct testimony connecting the Vincent family to the trafficking…”

“…but we have almost nothing to corroborate it.”

She witness.

No physical evidence.

Not enough to dismantle an empire.

“I’ll keep digging,” Mr. Stait promised before ending the call.

That evening I couldn’t sleep.

Jason had finally drifted off beside me when my encrypted tablet vibrated.

Unknown sender.

No return address.

No digital signature.

Only one sentence.

Read immediately.

Every instinct told me to delete it.

Instead…

I opened it.

The message contained only a few short paragraphs.

Amber Asher,

Your children are safer than you believe.

I frowned.

I kept reading.

Alexander Vincent is not Malcolm Vincent’s biological son.

My pulse quickened.

He was born outside the family and secretly acknowledged.

He does not know the truth.

I stopped breathing.

The final lines were even more unbelievable.

If your investigation is correct...

If the children’s father truly was Nikolay Vincent...

Then Alice and Alex are not merely members of the Vincent bloodline.

They are the legitimate heirs of the Vincent family.

Protect them.

not let Alexander discover the truth before you do.

The message disappeared from the screen a second later.

It had been programmed to erase itself.

I sat frozen in the darkness.

Jason stirred beside me.

“Amber?”

My voice barely escaped my lips.

“I think…”

I looked at the now-empty screen.

“…someone inside the Vincent family is trying to help us.”

Jason sat up immediately.

“What happened?”

I repeated the message word for word.

When I finished…

Neither of us spoke.

If it was true…

Everything we believed about the Vincent family was wrong.

Alexander Vincent wasn’t fighting to reclaim his family’s future.

He was unknowingly trying to steal it from its rightful heirs.

And tomorrow…

We would walk into a courtroom carrying a secret capable of bringing down one of the most powerful families in the world.

Unknown POV

Finally…

After all these years…

The truth was beginning to surface.

I stared at the old photograph resting on my desk.

A young man smiled back at me.

So full of hope.

So certain he could change the world.

Answers

“My son…”

hispered, gently tracing his face with trembling fingers.

“They’re finally going to know what they did to you.”

For decades, they had buried the truth beneath lies.

A stolen identity.

A stolen inheritance.

A stolen future.

They thought no one would ever question the official story.

They were wrong.

One revelation had led to another.

Soon…

There would be no lies left to hide behind.

The Vincent family had built its empire on secrets.

Now those same secrets would destroy it.

I looked toward the folder lying beside the photograph.

It contained everything.

Evidence.

Letters.

Names.

The final pieces.

Not yet.

The time wasn’t right.

But it would be soon.

Very soon.

I allowed myself a small smile.

“My son…”

“You won’t be forgotten.”

“You will finally receive the justice they stole from you.”

I slowly closed the folder.

“And when the truth comes out…”

+15 Bçnus

Ani

“The Vincent bloodline will be challenged.”

I looked once more at the photograph before extinguishing the light.

“It will finally answer for its sins.”

P

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 338

So long ago

Amber POV

Jason and I still hadn’t decided whether the anonymous messages were helping us or manipulating us.

Every time my phone vibrated, my heart skipped a beat.

On one hand, whoever was sending those messages had known things that shouldn't have been public knowledge.

On the other hand, what if everything was a trap?

What if someone was trying to make us lower our guard?

What if they wanted us to feel safe, just long enough to take Alice and Alex away?

"You don't trust them."

Jason's voice pulled me away from my thoughts.

I looked up from the kitchen table.

"Do you?"

He sighed and sat beside me.

"I don't know."

"That's the problem."

Neither of us knew whether we were being warned or manipulated.

And when children were involved, uncertainty was a luxury we couldn't afford. 1

Before I could answer, the twins reminded me of their existence.

One moment I was sitting peacefully, the next I was running toward the bathroom.

Jason followed me, trying-and failing-to suppress a laugh.

"You're laughing?"

"I'm laughing because if I don't, you'll kill me."

I glared at him from the bathroom floor.

"Whoever said women enjoy pregnancy was trying to convince someone else to get pregnant."

Jason crouched beside me, handing me a glass of water.

"You're telling me growing two humans isn't a magical experience?"

I narrowed my eyes.

“You try growing two humans and then we’ll talk.”

He wisely decided not to answer.

A few hours later, we were sitting in the ultrasound room.

Four months.

Past the first trimester.

According to the doctor, the most dangerous weeks had already passed.

That should have made me feel better.

Instead, it only gave me more things to worry about…

The doctor spread the cold gel across my stomach.

“Let’s see how the little ones are doing.”

Jason squeezed my hand.

The room filled with the sound of tiny heartbeats.

For a moment, every legal battle disappeared.

Every Vincent.

Every lawsuit.

Every secret.

There were only the babies.

The doctor smiled.

“They both look healthy.”

I immediately relaxed.

“No complications?”

“None that I can see.”

Jason visibly exhaled beside me.

“Can we know if they’re boys or girls?”

The doctor laughed.

“We can try.”

A few seconds later, she shook her head.

“They’re both facing the wrong direction.”

Jason blinked.

“Already stubborn?”

The doctor pointed at the screen.

“They’re keeping their backs turned.”

I couldn’t help laughing.

“They’re doing it on purpose.”

Jason placed his hand over mine.

“At least we know they’re healthy.”

For the first time in weeks, I allowed myself to smile without worrying about what tomorrow might bring.

The moment we left the hospital, my phone rang.

Pamela.

“Please tell me the babies are okay.”

“They’re perfect.”

“Good, because I have terrible news.”

My smile disappeared instantly.

“What happened?”

“Alexander Vincent filed an emergency petition.”

My stomach tightened.

“What does he want now?”

“He’s asking the court to move the DNA test forward.”

I stopped walking.

“Why?”

“He’s claiming that there’s no reason to wait another two weeks.”

Jason immediately noticed my expression.

“What is it?”

I put the call on speaker.

Pamela sighed.

“His lawyers are arguing that delaying the test is causing unnecessary emotional harm to the children.”

I almost laughed.

“The irony is incredible.”

“I know.”

“We’re fighting it, but be prepared.”

After ending the call, we stood in silence in the parking lot.

Marcus called less than an hour later.

“I can take over the case.”

Jason smiled slightly.

legal counset?”

“Officially.”

I looked at Marcus through the video call.

“You’d do that?”

He shrugged.

“You’re family.”

I looked at Jason, then back at Marcus.

“No.”

Marcus frowned.

“No?”

I shook my head.

“I’m taking charge.”

Jason looked surprised.

“Amber-”

“No one knows this case better than I do.”

“No one knows our children better than I do.”

Marcus studied my face for a few seconds before smiling.

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

That evening, another problem exploded online.

A video filmed by one of Alice’s classmates had gone viral.

The clip showed several children sitting in the school courtyard.

A little boy asked, “Alice, if the Vincents are your family, would you go live with them?”

Alice looked genuinely confused.

“They’re not my family.”

The boy insisted.

“But what if they are?”

Alice crossed her arms.

“My family is Mama and Dad.”

“And Grandma and Grandpa Sun.”

“And Grandpa Asher.”

And Iris and Rose.”

The child filming laughed.

“That’s a lot of people.”

Alice nodded proudly.

“Because families are big.”

The boy asked another question.

“But what if the court says they’re your family?”

Alice shook her head.

“Amber is the one who loves me.”

“She’s the one who takes care of me.”

“She’s the one who teaches me things.”

“Like how to be brave.”

“And how to feel safe.”

The courtyard had become completely silent.

“They’re my family.”

“Now I’m going to be the best big sister in the world.”

She puffed out her chest proudly.

“And I’m mad that they’re trying to take me away from my family.”

The little boy asked why.

Alice thought for a moment.

“Because I’ve been with Dad and Alex since before I can remember.”

“Well, Amber and Grandpa Asher and Iris and Rose arrived later…”

She frowned, trying to calculate time.

“…but that was so long ago that I barely remember.”

The video ended there.

I sat on the couch, tears running down my face.

Jason silently wiped his own eyes.

Children had a way of simplifying things adults spent years complicating.

Blood.

DNA.

heritance.

None of it mattered to Alice.

In her mind, family was simple.

Family was the people who loved you.

The people who kept you safe.

The people who stayed.

And as I looked at my growing stomach, at Jason beside me, and at Alice laughing upstairs with Alex, Iris, and Rose…

I promised myself that no court, no secret, and no Vincent would ever take that away from them.

ᴐϛ-

A lie

Amber POV

I should have blocked the number the moment I saw it.

Unknown.

International.

Encrypted.

Instead, against my better judgment, I answered.

“Hello?”

For a few seconds, there was only silence.

Then a man’s voice.

“Amber.”

Every muscle in my body tensed.

Alexander Vincent.

I immediately stood up from my desk and walked out onto the balcony, making sure Alice and Alex couldn’t hear

“What do you want?”

His voice remained infuriatingly calm.

“I thought you deserved to know that I have evidence.”

I gripped the phone tighter.

“Evidence of what?”

“That Alice and Alex are my brother’s children.”

My heart nearly stopped.

“The Vincent family wants them back.”

I forced myself to breathe.

“They are not your brother’s children.”

Alexander ignored me.

“As their uncle, I have a stronger claim than Jason.”

“Jason is their cousin.”

“I am their blood.”

I laughed bitterly.

“Blood?”

“You don’t know those children.”

(ou don’t know Alice’s favorite bedtime story.”

“You don’t know that Alex pretends not to be afraid because he thinks protecting his sisters is his job.”

“You don’t know them.”

He remained silent for a moment.

Then he said quietly,

“That can change.”

I almost threw the phone across the balcony.

“The children are not your brother’s.”

“And you need to stop harassing my family.”

His tone softened.

“Amber, you could stop all of this.”

I froze.

“What are you talking about?”

“You know exactly what I mean.”

“No more hearings.”

“No more DNA tests.”

“No more lawyers.”

He paused.

“I only need heirs.”

The words made my stomach turn.

“If you agree to be with me…”

“…if you agree to have my children…”

“…I’ll let all of this go.

For a moment, I genuinely couldn’t speak.

He wasn’t negotiating custody.

He was bargaining with children.

With my children.

“You are insane.”

“I love Jason.”

“I love our children.”

And even if I had never met Jason…”

And

“I would rather die than belong to you.”

For the first time, his voice became cold.

“You say that now.”

I hung up before he could finish.

My hands were shaking so badly that I nearly dropped the phone.

A few seconds later, Jason stepped onto the balcony.

“Was it him?”

I nodded.

“What did he want?”

I looked down at my stomach.

“He doesn’t want Alice and Alex.”

Jason frowned.

“What?”

“He wants heirs.”

The horror on Jason’s face told me that he finally understood.

Alexander Vincent had never been fighting for custody.

He had been fighting for a dynasty.

Mr. Stait POV

The young woman had finally woken up.

Emory stood beside her hospital bed, adjusting the IV while I sat across from her with a notebook in my hands.

She couldn’t have been older than twenty-two.

Her dark hair was tangled, and the bruises on her wrists were still visible.

She stared at the ceiling for several minutes before finally speaking.

“My name is Elizabeth Vincent.”

Emory and I exchanged a glance.

“The younger sister of Alexander Vincent.”

I set the notebook down.

“Can you tell us what happened?”

Elizabeth let out a bitter laugh.

was traded.’

Neither of us interrupted.

“I was sent overseas to strengthen an alliance between families.”

“My title meant nothing.”

“My blood meant everything.”

Tears rolled down her face.

“I lost my status.”

“I lost my home.”

“I became someone’s wife.”

“Someone’s property.”

She closed her eyes.

“They forced me to have children for a monster.”

The older woman sitting beside her gently squeezed her hand.

The woman had introduced herself as Oleta Vincent.

Elizabeth’s aunt.

The moment she spoke, the room became silent.

“The Vincent family stopped being a family decades ago.”

Her voice carried the weight of generations.

“It became an organization.”

“A machine.”

I leaned forward.

“You said you could help us.”

Oleta nodded.

“I know where many of the girls are being held.”

Emory straightened.

“All of them?”

“Most.”

“Enough to destroy everything Malcolm built.”

My pulse quickened.

“Why are you helping us?”

Oleta laughed sadly.

“Because Malcolm Vincent destroyed my family.”

She looked toward Elizabeth.

“He shipped both of us overseas.”

“His own daughter and his cousin.”

“Two women to strengthen his claim to the position of family head.”

Emory frowned.

“You said he took your son.”

Oleta nodded slowly.

“He stole him from me.”

“He claimed him as his own heir.”

The room fell silent.

Emory looked at her carefully.

“Alexander?”

Oleta shook her head.

For the first time since we met her, a small smile appeared on her face.

“No.”

“Nikolay.”

My heart stopped.

“Nikolay Vincent was my son.”

The monitor beside Elizabeth’s bed continued its steady rhythm.

Beep.

Beep.

And suddenly, decades of secrets began to unravel.

Because if Oleta was telling the truth…

Then the entire Vincent bloodline had been built on a lie.

+15 8çnus

sagnu

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 339

Moborn the mprove

Reborn to improve

Amber POV

Jason’s phone rang just as I finished helping Alice with her homework.

He glanced at the screen and immediately stood up.

“Mr. Stait.”

My stomach tightened.

Ever since they had rescued those women, every call seemed to bring another secret to light.

Jason answered without leaving the room.

“Did something happen?”

Mr. Stait’s voice came through the speaker.

“I need both of you to come to River City Hospital.”

Jason frowned. “Is Elizabeth okay?”

“She’s stable, but that’s not why I’m calling.”

There was a brief pause.

“There’s someone you need to meet.”

Jason and I exchanged worried looks.

“Who?”

“Oleta Vincent.”

The room suddenly felt smaller.

“We’ll be there in twenty minutes.” 2

The entire drive to the hospital was silent.

My mind kept replaying everything we had learned over the past few weeks.

Anonymous messages.

DNA tests.

Nikolay’s death.

Alexander’s obsession with my children.

Nothing made sense anymore.

When we arrived, Emory was waiting for us outside one of the private wings.

“You came.”

Heborn to me

Jason shook his hand. 1

Now are they?”

“Exhausted, but alive.”

Emory hesitated before opening the door.

“Prepare yourselves.”

The room was much simpler than I expected.

Elizabeth was asleep in the bed closest to the window. 1

The older woman sat beside her, staring outside.

For a moment, she looked impossibly fragile.

Then she turned toward us.

Her eyes immediately landed on Alice’s drawing that I had absentmindedly left sticking out of my purse.

“You must be Amber.”

I nodded.

“And you are Oleta Vincent.”

A sad smile crossed her face.

“At least someone still remembers my name.”

Jason pulled a chair closer.

“Mr. Stait said you wanted to speak with us.”

Oleta looked between us for several seconds.

“The Vincent family is not fighting for your children because they love them.”

Neither of us said a word.

“They’re fighting because of pride.”

Jason frowned.

“Pride?”

Oleta nodded slowly.

“Generations ago, the Asher family exposed the crimes of the Vincent family and stripped them of everything.”

My grandfather’s name immediately came to mind.

“The Ashers caused the Vincent family’s fall?”

“Yes.”

Her voice carried decades of bitterness.

“The Vincent family was exiled, its lands seized, its influence destroyed. The Ashers became the symbol of everything the Vincents had lost.” 1

She looked directly at me,

“That is why Malcolm Vincent was obsessed with power. He didn’t simply want wealth; he wanted revenge.”

Jason crossed his arms.

“And the children?”–

Oleta sighed.

“Alice and Alex are only a means to an end.”

“The Vincent family wants to prove that, despite everything the Ashers did, despite being cast aside, the Vincent

bloodline survived.”

Her expression darkened.

“They want to stand above the Ashers once more and reclaim what they believe was stolen from them.”

I felt a chill run through my body.

“So this was never about family.”

Oleta shook her head.

“No.”

“It was about pride, revenge, and proving that the Vincent family rose from its own ashes.”

She glanced toward the sleeping Elizabeth.

“The old family motto was ‘Reborn to improve.””

“It meant that exile was supposed to be a second chance-a chance to rebuild honestly after losing everything.”

Tears filled her eyes.

“But my grandfather changed its meaning.”

“He transformed exile into resentment.”

“He turned survival into greed.”

“And Malcolm Vincent dedicated his entire life to undoing the humiliation the Ashers had inflicted on our family.”

The room fell silent.

For the first time, I understood that Alice and Alex were trapped in a war that had started generations before they were born.

Her eyes filled with tears.

“My grandfather changed everything.”

“He turned exile into hatred.”

“He turned survival into greed.”

“And eventually…”

He turned family into business.”

No one spoke for several minutes.

Finally, Oleta looked exhausted.

“I’ve said enough.”

She glanced toward Elizabeth, who was still asleep.

“I want to rest.”

Jason immediately stood.

“Of course.”

As we reached the door, Emory stopped us.

“We’re moving them.”

Mr. Stait looked up from his notes.

“Tonight.”

Oleta frowned.

“Moving us where?” 1

“To the military hospital on the base.”

Elizabeth slowly opened her eyes.

“Why?”

Emory’s expression turned serious.

“Because if everything you’ve told us is true, staying here would be suicide.”

The room became silent.

For the first time since we had arrived, fear crossed Oleta’s face.

“They’ll come for us.”

Emory nodded.

“That’s exactly what we’re trying to prevent.”

Oleta looked at her niece.

Then at Jason.

Then at me.

Finally, she nodded.

“All right.”

Into the mprove

Within minutes, soldiers began entering the room.

Doctors disconnected machines.

Nurses gathered files.

Outside the hospital window, military vehicles arrived one after another.

As Jason wrapped an arm around my shoulders, I couldn’t shake the feeling that something far bigger than a custody battle was unfolding.

Because if Oleta Vincent was telling the truth...

The Vincent family wasn’t just hiding secrets.

It was hiding an empire built on blood. 1

P

Children

Amber POV

The day of the trial arrived under a gray sky.

By seven in the morning, dozens of reporters had already gathered outside the tribunal. News vans occupied half the street, cameras pointed toward the entrance as if they were waiting for a royal scandal instead of a custody hearing involving two children.

Jason helped me out of the car, one hand on my back and the other protecting my growing stomach from the crowd.

“Are you okay?” he asked quietly.

I nodded, although the truth was that I hadn’t slept at all.

Three hours before the hearing, every gossip column in the country had exploded with the same headline.

LEAKED AUDIO: ALEXANDER VINCENT OFFERED TO DROP THE CASE IF AMBER AGREED TO HAVE HIS

CHILDREN.

The recording contained only Alexander's side of our conversation.

"No more hearings. No more lawyers. I only need heirs."

"If you agree to be with me, I'll let all of this go."

"You could stop everything."

Without my responses, the conversation somehow looked even worse for him.

The public reaction had been immediate.

People weren't discussing inheritance anymore.

They weren't discussing bloodlines or DNA.

They were discussing manipulation. 1

Children being used as bargaining chips.

The possibility that Alexander Vincent had never wanted Alice and Alex in the first place.

Jason closed the car door behind me.

"At first, I thought Alexander released it himself."

I looked at the crowd screaming questions at the tribunal gates.

"So did I." 1

"But whoever leaked it wanted to protect us."

I frowned.

"Or destroy him."

.

Jason shook his head.

"No."

He lowered his voice.

“Someone inside the Vincent family is helping us.”

For the first time, genuine concern crossed his face.

“We need to find them before Alexander does.”

I stared at him.

“You think Alexander has a mole?”

Jason laughed bitterly.

“I think Alexander has an enemy sitting next to him.”

“And if Alexander discovers who it is…”

He didn’t finish the sentence.

He didn’t have to.

The mole’s life would be over.

The moment Alexander stepped out of his car, chaos erupted.

“Mr. Vincent, is it true that you offered to stop the lawsuit if Mrs. Sun agreed to have your children?”

“Mr. Vincent, were you using Alice and Alex as leverage?”

“Did you ever actually intend to raise the children?”

Alexander’s expression remained perfectly calm, but I could see the tension in his jaw.

His lawyers practically dragged him through the crowd.

The cameras immediately turned toward me.

“Mrs. Sun, is the recording authentic?”

“Did Alexander Vincent really ask you to leave your husband?”

“Do you fear for your children’s safety?”

I stopped for a moment.

Jason squeezed my hand.

I looked directly into the cameras.

“For the safety of my family, I won’t answer any questions.”

The reporters shouted after us, but we kept walking.

Because if someone had risked their life to leak that recording, I wasn’t about to expose them.

Chicken

courtroom tooked more like a laboratory than a tribunal.

This time, Alexander had demanded complete transparency.

Three independent laboratories had set up equipment inside the room.

Every sample collection station had cameras.

Every movement was recorded.

Alexander’s lawyers had argued that previous results could have been manipulated.

I almost laughed when I heard it.

After all, he had been the one insisting that Alice and Alex were his brother’s children.

Now, he was the one questioning science itself.

The technicians explained the procedure once again.

Blood samples would be collected from Alexander, Alice, and Alex.

Every step would be livestreamed to the court.

No one objected.

Alexander sat a few feet away from us, completely convinced that he was about to prove his claim.

I looked at Jason.

He wasn’t even looking at Alexander.

He was watching Alice draw flowers in a notebook while Alex tried to help her color inside the lines.

Three hours passed.

Three endless hours.

Finally, the chief technician stood.

The courtroom fell silent.

“The results are conclusive.”

Alexander straightened in his seat.

“There is no close biological relationship between Mr. Alexander Vincent and the children.”

Silence.

Absolute silence.

The technician continued.

“The genetic markers are inconsistent with an uncle-nephew relationship.”

Alexander blinked.

For the first time since I had met him, he looked genuinely lost.

His attorney immediately stood up.

“There must be some mistake-”

The second laboratory interrupted.

“Our findings are identical.”

The third laboratory nodded.

“We reached the same conclusion.”

Alexander slowly sat back down.

The color drained from his face.

Everything he had built his case on had collapsed in less than ten seconds.

The reporters exploded into whispers.

Questions flew across the room.

But I wasn't looking at Alexander.

I was looking at Alice and Alex.

They had no idea that their lives had just changed forever.

I stood before the judge one last time.

"Your Honor, I have one final request."

The room quieted.

I took a deep breath.

"I ask that this court permanently void any future DNA requests imposed on Alice and Alex by third parties."

Jason looked at me, surprised.

I continued.

"I also request that this protection extend to Iris and Rose."

The judge frowned.

"On what grounds?"

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"Because they're children."

"The media follows them."

"Other families speculate about them."

"People treat them like evidence instead of human beings."

Nooked toward my children.

"I don't care about inheritance anymore."

"I don't care about bloodlines."

"I just want them to be safe."

The judge remained silent for several moments.

Then he nodded.

“For the well-being of the minors involved, this court establishes that no future DNA testing may be imposed upon Alice, Alex, Iris, or Rose without the consent of their legal guardians.”

The room was completely silent.

He continued. 1

“Furthermore, no future judge may compel such testing against their will.”

“Once they reach eighteen years of age, they may decide for themselves.”

I felt my knees weaken.

Jason immediately took my hand.

The judge struck his gavel.

“So ordered.”

For the first time in months, I felt as if I could breathe.

Not because all our problems were gone.

Not because the secrets had disappeared.

But because, for the first time, someone had looked at my children and seen what they truly were.

Not heirs.

Not evidence.

Not pieces in a war that had started generations ago.

Just children.

And children deserved peace.

# A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

## Chapter 340

On paper

Amber POV

The judge's ruling had protected the children.

On paper.

In reality, I knew it wasn't enough.

Because I had seen Alexander's face when the results came back.

Shock.

Confusion.

And something else.

Certainty.

He had looked at Alex the entire time, as if he were trying to force reality to match whatever he believed in his mind.

Maybe he was finally questioning his own bloodline.

Maybe he was beginning to wonder whether Malcolm Vincent had lied to him his entire life.

Or maybe he had simply accepted that Alex happened to resemble his younger brother.

I didn't know.

And that uncertainty terrified me.

Because one thing was clear: Alexander Vincent had not given up.

We were leaving the courthouse, surrounded by lawyers and security, when someone stepped in front of us.

Alexander.

Immediately, I moved.

I pushed Alice and Alex behind me and placed a hand protectively over my stomach.

Jason stepped closer to my side.

Alexander barely glanced at him.

His eyes were fixed on me.

“I don’t know what trick you pulled.”

I felt Alice grab the back of my coat.

“But those children are Vincent blood.”

His voice was calm, but there was desperation beneath it.

“And I will prove it.”

“Stay away from my children,” I snapped.

V

Alexander took a step forward.

You know I’m right.”

Jason immediately moved between us.

“The court already ruled.”

Alexander laughed bitterly.

“The court ruled that I’m not their uncle.”

His eyes landed on Alex.

“Not that they aren’t Vincents.”

He turned back toward me.

“I’ll find the truth.”

Then he walked away.

He never noticed the security camera in the corner recording every second of the exchange.

Two hours later, the footage was everywhere.

Every news channel.

Every social media platform.

Every gossip website.

Millions of people watched Alexander Vincent corner me outside the courthouse and insist that Alice and Alex belonged to him.

His public image was collapsing in real time.

By evening, his lawyers and public relations team had organized an emergency press conference.

One of his attorneys stepped in front of the cameras.

“Mr. Vincent was merely repeating statements that Mrs. Sun herself made during a private phone call.”

The reporters immediately erupted. 1

“So he did ask her to leave her husband?”

The public relations manager quickly intervened.

“Mr. Vincent was baffled by Mrs. Sun’s allegations.”

Another reporter shouted, “Did he offer to drop the lawsuit in exchange for children?”

The manager visibly hesitated.

“We acknowledge that Mr. Vincent currently has no heirs.”

The room exploded.

“But Mr. Vincent is still young. He is barely in his thirties. He has plenty of time to start a family.”

The explanation only made things worse.

one believed them.

The public had already made up its mind.

Alexander Vincent wasn't a grieving uncle.

He was a powerful man using children to satisfy an obsession.

By the time we returned to the now empty Sun estate, Jason's phone rang.

Mr. Stait.

"Jason, I need your help with a project."

Jason thought of the mountain of paperwork waiting for him in his office and sighed.

"I can't leave Sum Corporation right now."

There was silence on the other end.

Jason smiled and wrapped an arm around my shoulders.

"But Amber can take my place, we are going back to Sum in a few hours."

I nearly laughed.

Mr. Stait sounded surprised.

"Really?"

Jason nodded.

"Unlike me, she owns companies that somehow continue functioning without her."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Are you jealous?"

"Absolutely."

I laughed.

"Jason, you just need to hire more competent people."

"I do."

“No, you hire competent people and pay them to do five jobs at once.”

He looked offended.

“I pay them well.”

“Not well enough for the stress.”

He rolled his eyes.

“Traitor.”

On pupel

I kissed his cheek.

isionary entrepreneur.”

Mr. Stait laughed through the phone.

“I’ll call you later, Amber.”

A Hidden enemy

Amber POV

Three hours later, we arrived at the airport.

Alice was asleep on my shoulder while Alex walked beside Jason, dragging his small suitcase.

We were halfway to the plane when Jason suddenly stopped.

His entire body tensed.

“Wait.”

I turned toward him.

“What happened?”

He was staring at the cockpit.

“Who’s flying that plane?”

The airport employee frowned.

“Our usual crew.”

Jason didn’t move.

“No.”

His voice had become frighteningly calm.

“That’s not my pilot.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“What?”

Jason narrowed his eyes.

“The uniform.”

I looked at him, confused.

“The safety clip is missing.”

“What safety clip?”

Jason immediately pulled out his phone.

“The one my old unit uses to signal that everything is secure.”

Within seconds, he was making calls.

Emory.

Mr. Stait.

Former members of his military team.

The atmosphere changed instantly.

en in military uniforms stormed the runway.

The pilot tried to run.

He barely made it ten meters.

Alice woke up crying as armed soldiers surrounded the plane.

Alex grabbed my hand so tightly that it hurt.

“Dad?”

Jason knelt in front of him.

“It’s okay.”

But his face said the exact opposite.

An hour later, the truth emerged.

The entire crew had been hired under false identities.

The plane had never been intended to reach Sum.

A bomb disposal unit searched the aircraft.

Twenty minutes later, one of the soldiers emerged from beneath the nose of the plane.

“We found something.”

My blood ran cold.

Mr. Stait stared at the device in disbelief.

“A bomb.”

The false pilot sat handcuffed nearby.

“We were just doing our job,” he muttered.

Mr. Stait crouched in front of him.

“Do you really think the people who hired you planned to let you survive?”

The man frowned.

“What?”

Mr. Stait pointed toward the plane.

“That bomb was under the nose of the aircraft.”

The pilot’s face went pale.

“You weren’t supposed to land either.”

For the first time since his arrest, the man looked genuinely terrified.

+15 Bçnus

Alice was sobbing against my chest.

Alex sat beside Jason, silent, his small hands trembling.

I wasn’t scared anymore.

I was furious.

Someone had looked at my children and decided that they could dic.

Someone had decided that my babies, still growing inside me, were disposable.

Jason wrapped an arm around my waist.

“We’re not flying.”

I nodded immediately.

“We’re driving.”

Mr. Stait stepped forward.

“I’ll take you.”

Jason shook his head.

“No.”

He pulled out his phone once more.

“I want my truck.”

“The armored one?”

Jason nodded.

“The Hummer I left at the military base.”

Two hours later, it arrived.

Massive.

Black.

Built to survive a war.

We loaded our bags in silence.

Before climbing into the passenger seat, I looked back at the airport.

At the plane.

At the soldiers still surrounding it.

For months, our enemies had hidden behind lawyers, courts, and public appearances.

Not anymore.

This wasn't a legal battle anymore.

This wasn't a fight over inheritance.

Someone had been willing to blow up a plane carrying my children.

They hadn't tried to take Alice and Alex away.

They had tried to erase them.

And as Jason started the engine and we began the long drive back to Sum, I finally understood something terrifying.

Our enemies weren't hiding their intentions anymore.

They truly wanted us dead.

I wasn't in shock anymore.

That had ended the moment I saw Alice and Alex sleeping in the back of the Hummer.

A

Alice was hugging her stuffed rabbit, her head resting against Alex's shoulder. Alex was asleep too, one arm wrapped around his sister as if he could protect her even in his dreams.

They were alive.

My children were alive.

And now that I knew they were safe, all that remained inside me was anger.

Pure, blinding anger.

Outside, darkness swallowed the highway leading back to Sum. The headlights illuminated the empty road ahead while Jason drove in silence.

I stared through the windshield, replaying everything that had happened at the airport.

Someone had known we were flying back to Sum.

Not guessed.

Known.

They had known which plane we would use.

They had known our schedule.

They had known enough to replace the entire crew of Jason's private jet.

And they had planted a bomb in less than twenty-nine minutes.

The security team had inspected the aircraft barely thirty minutes before we arrived. Jason himself had confirmed it.

The bomb hadn't been there.

Which meant that whoever had done this had access to the airport, access to the plane, and access to information that should have been impossible to obtain.

I crossed my arms over my stomach.

A

There was more.

They had copied the pilots' uniforms perfectly.

They knew enough details to fool airport security.

But they hadn't known about Jason's safety protocol.

The tiny clip hidden inside the uniform jacket.

A meaningless detail to almost anyone else.

But not to Jason.

Not to the people who had worked with him.

I closed my eyes.

There were only two possibilities.

The real crew was unconscious somewhere.

Or they were dead.

Deep down, I already knew which possibility I believed.

They were dead.

Someone had murdered innocent people to get to us.

To get to Alice.

To get to Alex.

To get to the twins growing inside me.

My hand instinctively moved to my stomach.

For months, our enemies had hidden behind courtrooms and lawyers.

Now they had tried to blow up an airplane.

I turned toward Jason.

The dashboard lights illuminated his face, highlighting the exhaustion in his eyes.

And despite everything that had happened to us, despite the bomb and the trial and the threats...

He looked guilty.

As if this were somehow his fault.

“Jason.”

He didn’t answer.

“Hey.”

He finally glanced at me for a moment before turning back to the road.

“They trusted me.”

voice was barely above a whisper.

“The crew trusted me.”

I reached for his hand.

“You don’t know what happened to them yet.”

He let out a bitter laugh.

“Amber, someone replaced my entire flight crew.”

His grip tightened around the steering wheel.

“Those people worked for me for years.”

I squeezed his hand.

“This isn’t your fault.”

“Isn’t it?”

He finally looked at me.

“I put all of you on that plane.”

“You stopped us from boarding.”

His eyes moved to the rearview mirror, to where Alice and Alex were sleeping peacefully.

“I almost didn’t.”

The words shattered something inside me.

I placed my hand against his cheek.

“You did.”1

For the first time in hours, he leaned into my touch.

“You saw the clip.”

“You saved our children.”

“You saved me.”

“You saved our babies.”

He closed his eyes for a brief moment.

But when he opened them again, I could see that his mind was somewhere else.

“Amber.”

“What?”

He was silent for several seconds.

5 Bonus

“I think we’ve been wrong.”

Acold sensation fan through my body.

“About what?”

“About the trafficking operation.”

I frowned.

“What do you mean?”

Jason exhaled slowly.

“All this time, we assumed the Vincent family was responsible for everything.”

“They’re involved,” I said immediately.

“I know.”

He nodded.

“But what if they’re not alone?”

I stared at him.

“What if someone else has been working with them this entire time?”

The words hung in the air.

I felt my stomach twist.

“The airport.”

Jason nodded.

“The bomb.”

He nodded again.

“The fake crew.”

“Exactly.”

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

“The Vincents are powerful, but replacing an entire flight crew in less than thirty minutes?”

He shook his head.

“That requires more than money.”

“That requires infrastructure.”

“Contacts.”

“People inside airports.”

“People inside security.”

I suddenly understood what he was trying to say.

We’re missing Someone.”

Jason’s expression darkened.

“We’re missing an entire organization.”

The realization hit me like a truck.

Oleta had said that the Vincent family had stopped being a family generations ago.

What if she hadn’t meant that metaphorically?

What if the Vincents weren’t simply traffickers?

What if they were only one branch of something much larger?

My eyes drifted toward the children sleeping in the back.

For the first time since this nightmare had started, I wasn’t thinking about inheritance.

Or bloodlines.

Or custody.

I was thinking about war.

Because if Jason was right, if the Vincents had partners powerful enough to infiltrate airports and murder entire

crews...

Then Alexander Vincent wasn’t the most dangerous person in this story.

He was only the face we knew.

And somewhere in the darkness, someone far worse was still hiding.