

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

C 41-40

Borrowed textbooks 41

As Jason gently woke Alex, noticed something that made my spine straighten.

Ms. Patric was holding a small recording device.

Not just a tablet.

A separate recorder.

She turned it in her hand casually, but I saw the red indicator light.

Without drawing attention to myself, I reached into the pocket of my robe and activated the recording app on my phone. 1

If they were documenting every word-

So would I.

After Alex and Alice were dressed, we all moved to the living room.

The children stood close to Jason at first.

"Mrs. Stevenson. Ms. Patric," Jason said calmly. "This is Alex. This is Alice."

Both women smiled professionally.

"Good morning," Ms. Patric said, her tone carefully warm.

Mrs. Stevenson and Ms. Patric began arranging their materials on the coffee table. Folders. Tablets. The recorder. 1

I stepped forward.

“Could we wait until after breakfast for the interviews?” I asked politely. “They just woke up.”

Mrs. Stevenson smiled immediately.

“Oh, of course, dear.”

Her agreement was smooth.

Too smooth.

“Mrs. Stevenson, Ms. Patric,” I continued, “would you like something to eat? Have you eaten yet?”

They exchanged a brief glance.

“That would be wonderful, thank you,” Mrs. Stevenson replied.

“Would you be cooking?” Ms. Patric asked, eyebrows lifting slightly.

I laughed lightly.

“Oh, no. Sorry. I’ll make the coffee though.”

I glanced at Jason.

“Jason takes care of breakfast.”

They both looked at me for a fraction too long.

Assessing.

Cataloging.

XVI

Gender roles? Domestic structure? Power dynamic?

Lignored it.

While keeping the children in my line of sight, I poured orange juice into small glasses and set coffee cups on the table.

Jason moved effortlessly in the kitchen.

No show.

No tension.

Just routine.

He whisked eggs, chopped herbs, grated cheese.

The scent of fresh omelets filled the room.

“Hands,” he reminded calmly.

Alex and Alice immediately went to the sink without protest.

Mrs. Stevenson’s pen moved again.

Noted: obedience.

Noted: routine.

Jason placed plates in front of everyone-including the officials.

“Thank you,” Mrs. Stevenson said.

He nodded once.

We all sat.

No one rushed the children.

No one interrogated.

Just breakfast.

Normal.

Stable.

Jason cut Alex’s omelet into smaller pieces without thinking.

Alice told a sleepy story about a dream she had.

The recorder sat quietly on the table.

So did my phone.

If this was a test-

They would find consistency.

Not performance.

And if they intended to twist anything said here-

They would discover we were prepared.

+15 Bonus

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

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

Borrowed textbooks 42

After breakfast, Mrs. Stevenson closed her folder neatly. 11

“Mr. Sun,” she said, standing “If you don’t mind, I would appreciate a tour of the house.”

Jason nodded immediately.

“Of course.”

He stood, calm as ever, but I saw the subtle glance he gave the children before walking away with her.

They disappeared down the hallway together. 1

Assessment of living conditions.

Structure.

Environment.

Ms. Patric remained seated.

“I’d like to speak with Alice first,” she said gently. Then she looked at me. “Alone.”

There it was.

I smiled politely.

“I understand the need for privacy,” I replied. “But I would prefer if she remains within my sight.”

Ms. Patric studied me for a moment.

“She needs to feel free to speak openly.”

“She will,” I said evenly. “And she also needs to feel safe.”

A small pause.

Then Ms. Patric nodded.

“That’s acceptable.”

Alice slid off her chair and followed Ms. Patric to the sitting area by the window.

I stayed at the dining table, far enough not to interfere, close enough that Alice could see me if she looked up.

Alex remained beside me.

We watched quietly for a moment.

Then he tugged lightly at my sleeve.

“Hey, Amber?” he whispered.

“Hey, Alex,” I whispered back.

He hesitated.

“Is this because of what happened at school?”

My heart tightened.

“Am I in trouble?”

I turned fully toward him.

+15 Bonu!

215

Na, darling,” I said softly. “You are not in trouble. They just want to make sure you’re safe.”

He studied my face carefully, as if verifying the truth in It

Then, so quietly I almost missed it-

“Amber... I’m happy you’re my mom now.

The words hit deeper than I expected.

I swallowed past the sudden emotion rising in my throat.

I brushed his hair back gently.

“I’m happy you’re my son,” I whispered.

Across the room, Alice answered questions calmly. She even laughed once.

Ms. Patric kept her tone neutral. Observant.

Less than an hour later, Alice’s interview ended.

She ran back toward me without hesitation.

“It was easy,” she whispered confidently.

Then Ms. Patric turned to Alex.

“Your turn.”

His small hand slipped into mine instantly.

He squeezed it.

Hard.

I squeezed back.

“You’ve got this,” I murmured.

He nodded bravely and began walking toward Ms. Patric-

Then suddenly turned around.

He ran back the few steps between us and wrapped his arms tightly around me. 1

Quick.

Fierce. 1

Then just as quickly, he let go and walked back to the sitting area.

This time without looking back.

I kept my posture relaxed.

Calm.

But inside-

Every instinct in me was on alert.

Not because he had something to hide.

+15 Bonus

AUS

But because children's words, taken out of context-

Could become weapons.

And somewhere beyond these walls-

Someone was waiting for a reason.

P

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

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

misinterpreting cruelty

Alex's interview had barely begun when I heard it.

Not conversation.

Not normal questioning.

Crying.

Not soft either.

Panicked.

The sound tore through me.

A second later, Alex ran out of the sitting area, tears streaming down his face.

“Amber!”

He crashed into me, arms wrapping around my waist so tightly it hurt.

I dropped to my knees immediately.

“Hey-hey-what happened? Alex, breathe.”

He was shaking.

“She said-I don’t deserve-you-”

Behind him, Ms. Patric stood rigid.

And just then, Jason and Mrs. Stevenson stepped back into the living room.

Jason's eyes took in everything in one sweep.

Alex crying.

Me holding him.

Ms. Patric pale.

"What happened?" His voice was dangerously calm.

Alex turned toward him, sobbing openly now.

"She said my mom is dead," he cried. "And I don't deserve another one."

My blood ran cold.

Jason didn't move.

"She said I would have lived here more time if I didn't tell daddy I Victoria was mean to me," Alex continued through tears. "And that if I hadn't complained, I could've stayed longer, and that it was my fault because I said I wanted Amber to be my mom."

The silence that followed felt violent. 1

Jason's head lifted slowly toward Ms. Patric.

"What," he asked, voice low and lethal, "did you say to my son?"

Mrs. Stevenson stepped forward sharply.

истину

+15 Bonus

“Ms. Patric?”

Ms. Patric shook her head immediately.

“I never said that. He’s distressed Children can misinterpret-”

“He is not misinterpreting cruelty,” I snapped rising with Alex still clinging to me.

Jason took one step forward.

“Did you reference his deceased mother?” he asked coldly.

“No.”

“Did you imply removal based on loyalty?”

“No.”

Her denial was immediate.

Too immediate.

I looked directly at Mrs. Stevenson.

“I want the recording.”

A flicker of hesitation.

“We do not record children during these interviews,” she replied.

“You do,” I said firmly. “I saw the device in her hand.”

Mrs. Stevenson turned slowly toward Ms. Patric.

There was a pause.

Then-

A sharp crack echoed through the room.

Mrs. Stevenson's hand connected with Ms. Patric's cheek.

"Give it to me."

Ms. Patric hesitated only a fraction too long before Mrs. Stevenson reached into her blazer pocket and retrieved the recording device herself.

The red light was still blinking.

She pressed play.

The room filled with sound.

Ms. Patric's voice-measured, clinical.

“Your biological mother is deceased, correct?”

Alex’s small voice: “Yes...”

“And you understand that not every child deserves a replacement mother.”

A small snuffle.

+15 Bonus

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“You should be grateful you’ve been allowed to stay here this long, in luxury no less, with toys and pretty clothes, you won’t have that any more. Many children are moved when they cause complications, and you did that.”

Alex's breathing quickened in the recording.

"I didn't cause-

"Well," Ms. Patric continued, almost conversational, "if you hadn't told your father that Victoria was mean, perhaps things would be more stable for You and your sister, now you probably won't see her again."

Another snuffle.

"You prefer Amber, don't you?"

A long pause.

"That kind of preference creates instability. Sometimes children who interfere with adult arrangements are relocated."

The recording ended.

No one moved.

Mrs. Stevenson looked physically ill.

Jason stepped forward and took the device from her hand with terrifying calm.

“You psychologically threatened my son,” he said.

Ms. Patric tried to speak.

He silenced her with a glance.

“You invoked his deceased mother,” he continued. “You suggested he was undeserving of stability. You implied removal as punishment for honesty.”

Mrs. Stevenson swallowed.

“This is misconduct of the highest order.”

“This is abuse,” Jason corrected coldly.

He handed the device to Marcus, who had appeared silently in the doorway.

“Secure copies,” Jason instructed. “Multiple backups.”

He turned back to the two women.

“I will be pursuing legal action,” he said evenly. “Against you personally. Against your department.”

Mrs. Stevenson’s voice trembled slightly.

“Mr. Sun, we will initiate an internal investigation-”

“And I will be releasing this recording publicly.”

Final.

Decisive.

Ms. Patric's composure shattered.

210

A

"You can't

"I can," Jason said quietly. "And Twill."

Then he knelt in front of Alex.

"You did nothing wrong," he said firmly. "No one is taking you anywhere."

Alex clung to him, still trembling.

I stood beside them, one hand on Alex's back.

Victoria had wanted oversight.

What she had just triggered-

Was a national scandal.

And this time-

We had proof.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

Camera crew

Mrs. Stevenson was still pate

Ms. Patric looked like she might collapse.

Jason had just stepped away to secure the files when the front doors opened again.

Without knocking.

Without hesitation.

Madam Sun entered the living room.

Elegant. Controlled. Impeccable.

Behind her-

A full camera crew.

Microphones lifted.

Lights already adjusting.

A reporter speaking directly into the lens.

They moved with purpose.

“Mrs. Sun,” one reporter began immediately, “is it true government officials are conducting an emergency welfare investigation into the Sun children?”

The social workers froze.

They had not expected witnesses.

They had certainly not expected media.

I turned slowly toward Jason.

He arched an eyebrow at me. 1

A silent message.

Of course.

Mrs. Stevenson attempted to regain control.

“This is highly inappropriate. This is a confidential-”

“Publicly prompted welfare review,” Madam Sun corrected smoothly. “Transparency seems appropriate.”

Jason stepped forward calmly.

“Since everyone is here,” he said evenly, “perhaps clarity is best.”

He lifted the small recording device.

Ms. Patric’s breath visibly hitched.

Jason pressed play.

The room filled again with her voice.

+15 Bonus

nut every child deserves a replacement mother...”

“You should be grateful you’ve been allowed to stay...”

“...children who interfere with adult arrangements are relocated...”

The recording ended.

Silence.

Then chaos.

Reporters surged forward.

“Ms. Patric, did you tell a minor he didn’t deserve a mother?” *

“Did you threaten removal as punishment?”

“Were you acting under instruction?”

“Did you attempt to destabilize this household deliberately?”

Ms. Patric tried to maintain composure.

“This is taken out of context-”

“What context justifies telling a child his deceased mother cannot be replaced?” another reporter pressed.

Her breathing became uneven.

Cameras zoomed in.

“Did you attempt to remove the children as retaliation?” a journalist demanded. “Was this revenge?” 1

That word broke something.

“No!” she snapped.

The room went still.

“It wasn’t my plan!” she blurted out. “I was just following orders!”

Silence crashed down.

Mrs. Stevenson’s head turned slowly toward her.

“What orders?” a reporter fired immediately. “From whom?”

Ms. Patric’s composure crumbled completely.

“I was told to assess instability,” she said rapidly. “To document emotional preference issues. To note interference-”

“By who?” someone shouted.

She hesitated.

Too long

Jason's voice cut through, calm and lethal.

"Thank you," he said.

Ms. Patric's eyes widened as she realized what she had just done.

+15 Bonus

Commerdown

+15 Bonus

She hadn't defended herself.

She had implicated someone else.

Mrs. Stevenson stepped forward sharply. 1

“You are suspended effective immediately,” she said coldly. “Pending full investigation.”

But it was too late.

The cameras had captured everything. 1

The admission.

The panic.

The crack in the narrative.

Jason addressed the media calmly.

“My children will not be used as instruments in political or personal vendettas,” he said.
“We will be pursuing legal action against all responsible parties.”

All responsible parties. 1

Not just her.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

What was meant to be an inspection-

Had become exposure.

Madam Sun turned slightly toward me, still protecting Alex, making sure the children were not on camera.

Her gaze softened, just a fraction.

“No child,” she said quietly but clearly enough for the microphones to capture, “should ever be made to feel disposable.”

This had shifted.

From a welfare check-

To a conspiracy.

Jason's hand found mine briefly.

Steady.

Measured.

This was no longer about defense.

It was about exposure.

And somewhere-

Victoria was watching.

Realizing-

The storm she tried to summon-

Comerac

+15 Bonus

Had just turned on her.

As Madam Sun escorted the reporters outside the Sun villa and security led the social workers away, Alice turned to Jason, her gaze decided.

“Daddy, I love you, but I want to stay at other grandpa’s house.”

Jason gave her a small smile, looking almost chastised.

“I know. We only stayed the night because I had to work, Alice. But you’re right. Do you feel safer there?”

“It is safer there,” Alex answered.

Just in time for Madam Sun to come back and hear.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

H

Go karts

Madam Sun crouched in front of Alex and pulled him into her arms.

“I am sorry, darling. I failed you. Het them in.”

Her voice cracked. She looked vulnerable for the first time since I had met her.

Alex stood and hugged her back.

“My other room has the same things,” he said softly, “but not my sports things.” Then he whispered, “Could you teach our new grandpa how to make it?”

Madam Sun gasped. “Grandpa? He has you calling him Grandpa?” A strange emotion flickered across her face. “Don’t you worry, darling. I will talk with him. All right?”

She looked my way and mouthed, Thank you.

I simply nodded, flabbergasted by the woman standing before me. This was not the untouchable matriarch of the Sun empire. This was a grandmother who had almost lost something precious.

At the moment, we were living between houses. Most nights were spent at the Asher estate, but every once in a while we stayed at the Sun estate when they missed the children.

It was safe to say that from now on, those stays would be reduced to day visits only.

We moved as quickly as possible toward the Asher estate, passing an increasing number of news vans along the way, all of them heading toward the Sun estate.

Jason sighed. “We made it just in time.”

I squeezed his hand.

As we passed through security at the Asher estate, the gate guards welcomed me in, but one of them leaned closer and warned me in a whisper.

“The Master is not in a good mood today, miss. One of the Wyatt children is here... asking to be named heir to the estate.”

I thanked him for the information, though my hands had already curled into fists.

The Wyatts only knew how to take – never how to give. If they wanted to be named heir, it was not to build the legacy.

It was to inherit it.

And drain it dry.

As we parked the car, I turned to Jason.

“Take the kids to the pool... or the grounds. I don’t know what’s happening inside, and I don’t want this place to feel unsafe for them.”

He nodded, then looked at the children. “So, who wants to go to the go-karts?”

“Me! Me, me!” Alice cheered.

Alex looked Jason straight in the eyes. “Last time, you wouldn’t get off the track. You just want to go, don’t you?”

I let out a small, surprised laugh. Jason carefully avoided my gaze.

“You got me, buddy,” he admitted. “Will you come with me, then?”

Alex sighed in exaggerated resignation. “Well... I guess so.”

Go M

+15 Bonus

I wished them luck and headed inside.

The entry hall was quiet, deceptively so. But as approached my grandfather’s office, raised voices spilled into the corridor.

“This family is falling apart!” a man barked. “There’s no one left from the main Asher line. You have to accept it. If you don’t name me heir, the family will collapse.”

A pause.

“After all, everyone knows Amber would never agree to take the chair.”

I recognized that voice immediately.

My second cousin, Adrian Wyatt.

He had spent most of his life trying to make me feel small. Unfortunately for him, he lacked both patience and intelligence. Every new “brilliant venture” of his ended the same way – bankrupt and begging for another loan.

I inhaled slowly, then pushed the doors open.

“Well, hello, cousin,” I said smoothly. “Fancy meeting you here.”

He turned, startled.

“What was that you just said about me not accepting the heir title?” 1

I stepped fully into the room, letting the doors close behind me.

“Funny,” I added, meeting his eyes, “I arrived just in time to reclaim what is mine.” 13

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

Support

Share

get it

X

War

+15 Bonus

Grandfather welcomed me warmly.

‘Amber, I missed you last night. Come, come.’ He gestured for me to stand beside him “I was just about to inform the rest of he family that we are setting a date to publicly announce you as the heir.”

Adrian burst into laughter.

‘Don’t make me laugh, old man.’ He shook his head mockingly. “You know as well as i do that to even be considered heir, she must be married into a respectable family, own a company of her own, and have secured public recognition.”

His eyes slid toward me.

‘She has none of those boxes checked.’

I didn’t hesitate.

‘Actually, I do.’

The room stilled.

‘I am married to a Sun. A recent development, as you can see. My apologies that your family wasn’t invited, Adrian – it was a small ceremony.’

Grandfather’s brows lifted slightly.

‘I am in the process of launching my own company. Real capital is already secured. And as for public attention...” I gave him a measured smile. “My name is currently improving in the headlines by the hour.”

Adrian snorted.

‘Just because Oscar White is close to the Sun family does not make him a Sun, Amber. Surely you understand that.”

For the first time since walking in, I felt genuine confusion.

“Oscar?” I repeated.

Then realization hit.

“Haven’t you seen the news?” I tilted my head slightly. “I’m married to Jason. Jason Sun. Not Oscar.”

Silence fell across the office like a detonated bomb.

Adrian's jaw tightened.

"I demand proof of this so-called marriage."

I folded my arms calmly. "By all means. G****e my name and Jason's. You'll find the video of our vows. It's been circulating for days." 4

Adrian immediately pulled out his phone. The room was silent except for the faint tapping of his screen.

A few seconds later, the unmistakable sound of our vows filled the office.

His face drained of color. 1

"This has to be a joke," he muttered. "Jason is engaged to Victoria. Everyone in the investment circle knows that."

I tilted my head. 1

"Have you been living under a rock? This has been all over the news. There's even a TikTok account tracking our story." 2

J

WO

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

+15 Bonus

I paused, studying him.

“Wait... were you in the hospital? Jail, maybe?”

A few of the senior staff exchanged uncomfortable glances.

Adrian didn't look at me again. Instead, he turned toward Grandfather.

"Then I demand an Heir Trial. Involving the second and third houses. It should be put to a vote."

Grandfather rose slowly from his chair.

The movement alone silenced the room.

"The heir of the Asher House," he said evenly, "is an Asher. Not a Wyatt."

Adrian stiffened.

"If you want a trial," Grandfather continued, "you may have one. But it will not be decided by votes."

He clasped his hands behind his back.

"It will be decided by assets. By merit. By proven capability."

His gaze sharpened.

“And at this moment, the only advantage you hold is a marriage into the Vinny family. One of the Four Houses, yes – but not even from the main branch. Passable at best.”

The insult was surgical.

“Now tell me,” Grandfather finished, voice cutting, “where is your successful company, boy?”

Silence followed.

The kind that crushes.

Adrian’s jaw tightened.

“I demand proof of this so-called marriage.”

I folded my arms calmly. “By all means. G****e my name and Jason’s. Youll find the video of our vows. It’s been circulating for days.” 4

Adrian immediately pulled out his phone. The room was silent except for the faint tapping of his screen.

A few seconds later, the unmistakable sound of our vows filled the office.

His face drained of color. ↑

“This has to be a joke,” he muttered. “Jason is engaged to Victoria. Everyone in the investment circle knows that.”

I tilted my head. 1

“Have you been living under a rock? This has been all over the news. There’s even a TikTok account tracking our story.” 2

I paused, studying him.

“Wait... were you in the hospital? Jail, maybe?”

Adrian didn't meet my gaze. Instead, he turned toward Grandfather.

"Then I demand an Heir Trial. Involving the Second and Third Houses. It should be put to a vote."

+15 Bonus

Grandfather rose slowly from his chair.

"The heir of the Asher House, he said evenly, is an Asher. Not a Wyatt."

He pressed a button on his desk phone.

"Prepare the conference room. Inform the Second and Third Houses that an Heir Trial has been invoked." 1

Within minutes, the large screen at the end of the office lit up. One by one, members of the Second and Third Houses joined through Zoom, their faces appearing in neat digital frames. The Heir Trials were open proceedings – any direct blood member from the First, Second, or Third Houses had the right to witness them.

Murmurs filled the speakers.

Grandfather stood tall.

‘Since a formal request has been made, the rules will now be declared.’

The room went still.

‘The Heir Trial shall be conducted over ninety days.’

Adrian straightened slightly.

‘Each candidate will present:

- Verified personal and corporate assets.

- Active business operations and projected five-year growth.

- Strategic alliances and family partnerships.

- Public reputation index and influence metrics.

-And finally, a live board presentation before the First House.”

He paused.

‘No votes. No popularity contests. Merit alone.’

His gaze shifted between Adrian and me.

*During these ninety days, neither candidate may receive direct financial transfer from the First House. You will stand on what you have built.”

A ripple went through the Zoom call.

“The candidate who demonstrates superior asset control, sustainable growth, and strategic foresight will be named Heir of the Asher House.”

He clasped his hands behind his back.

“And understand this clearly-marriage alone does not secure the seat.”

Adrian’s lips curved slightly.

Grandfather continued.

“But neither does empty ambition.”

Then, calmly:

“The trial begins tomorrow.”

Silence followed.

Ninety days.

War had just been declared.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Amber Asher

+15 Bonus

Amber Asher

Adrian left the office, but not before stopping at the door.

‘You will regret ever standing in my way, Amber.’

His voice was low. Controlled. Promising.

Then he walked out.

I remained standing in front of Grandfather’s desk, the Zoom meeting still active behind me. The screen displayed a grid of faces – cousins from the Second and Third Houses watching with undisguised interest.

Not just spectators.

Potential competitors.

Grandfather addressed them calmly.

‘Any direct blood member of the First, Second, or Third House who wishes to enter the Heir Trial may declare their intention before the end of the day.’

The reaction was immediate – whispers, exchanged glances, silent calculations.

More than one of them looked tempted.

Grandfather ended the call.

The screen went dark.

For a moment, the room felt heavier.

He leaned back in his chair, suddenly looking older. 1

“Your cousin Adrian has a backer, Amber.”

My fingers tightened slightly.

“I don’t know who it is yet,” he continued, “but someone powerful enough to have his jail sentence quietly erased after he was caught embezzling funds.”

The words landed cold.

I met his gaze steadily.

“I see.”

He studied me for a long moment.

“Are you certain you want to expose your identity to the public? You’ve fought against it for years. You chose privacy. You chose distance.”

I inhaled slowly.

“I need to,” I said. “For the children. For myself. To make sure this family is placed in capable hands.”

My voice softened.

“I owe it to my parents. They never got the chance to lead.”

Grandfather’s expression shifted – not weakness.

Respect.

+15 Bonus

heu, quietly.

“Then prepare yourself, Amber.”

Because this trial would not just test my assets.

t would test everything.

turned back to Grandfather before leaving the office.

‘Jason, the children, and I will be staying permanently in my wing from now on.’

His eyes sharpened.

‘For security reasons,’ I continued. ‘No one outside the household staff is to be granted access without my approval. Not extended relatives. Not visitors. No exceptions.’

He studied me carefully.

‘Something happened.’

nodded.

‘At the Sun estate.’

And I told him – about the reporters gathering like vultures, about the tape, about the whispers spreading faster than we could contain them, about how close everything had come to spiraling beyond control.

Grandfather listened without interrupting.

When I finished, his jaw was set.

‘It will be handled,’ he said quietly. “Your wing will be sealed. Additional guards will be placed. No one enters without :learance.”

“Thank you.”

He rose from his chair.

‘Come,’ he said. “Walk with me.”

We left the main house and followed the stone path toward the go-kart circuit at the edge of the estate – a private track built years ago for the younger generation.

The sound reached us first.

Engines. Laughter.

And then I saw them.

Jason.

Focused. Controlled. His posture precise as he maneuvered the kart through a tight curve, one of the children right behind him, trying desperately to catch up. 1

He drove expertly – confident, calculating every turn.

For a moment, he didn't look like the heir of the Sun family.

He looked free.

They slowed when they spotted us.

Arbo Au

Jason's eyes found mine instantly.

He parked close to where stood and removed his helmet, stepping out in one smooth movement.

His expression shifted the second he saw my face.

“What happened?” he asked softly. “Are you okay?”

Before I could answer, Grandfather spoke.

“More than okay,” he said.

Jason turned slightly toward him.

“Your wife has just declared her candidacy.”

A brief pause.

“For what?”

Grandfather's voice was steady.

"The Heir Trial of the Asher House begins tomorrow."

Silence fell between us.

The wind carried the faint scent of gasoline and cut grass.

Jason's gaze returned to mine.

Not shocked.

Not afraid.

Calculating.

Then — slowly-

A smile.

Jason didn't hesitate.

He didn't question me.

He didn't try to stop me.

Instead, he stepped closer, lowering his voice so only i could hear.

"Do we start now?" 1

I blinked. "Start what?"

"Your company." His eyes sharpened with focus. "Marcus has all the papers ready. Registrations, shell protections, asset transfers. We can activate everything today."

There it was.

Not fear.

Strategy.

I studied him for a moment.

+15 Bon

Ambe: Aut

+15 Bonus

“You already prepared?”

Jason’s mouth tilted slightly “I assumed you would choose war.”

Grandfather watched us both with interest, 1

I nodded once. 1

“Yes. We start now.”

The following days blurred into motion.

Meetings.

Lawyers.

Architects.

Financial advisors.

Discreet calls.

Publicly, the Asher Heir Trial was announced. Privately, I moved faster than anyone expected.

I chose my newest acquisition as headquarters – the oceanfront luxury venue I had quietly purchased months ago. The building had once been the jewel of the coast. Glass walls facing endless blue water. Marble floors. A rooftop terrace built for sunset galas.

For years it had stood empty.

Waiting.

As the payment from Mr. White cleared, the renovation began immediately.

No delays.

No hesitation.

I walked the property with designers at sunrise and contractors at midnight. I wanted more than luxury. 1

I wanted presence.

The concept was clear: 1

Not just a venue.

An elite coastal retreat for high-level negotiations, discreet investor gatherings, and curated experiences for powerful clientele. 4

Set to please.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Designed to impress.

Structured to relax – while business was quietly sealed behind closed doors.

Jason attended every strategy meeting.

Marcus handled the legal shields.

By the end of the week, the company existed not just on paper – but in momentum.

Staff recruitment began quietly.

Security contracts were upgraded.

Amber Au

Private membership invitations were drafted.

And the rumor mill started turning.

Amber Asher was building something.

Fast.

Too fast. 1

By the seventh day, two things became clear:

Adrian had not made a public move yet.

Someone was watching the construction site.

Twice, unfamiliar vehicles slowed near the property gates.

Once, a contractor reported being asked questions about ownership.

Jason doubled the security detail without telling me – I only noticed when I saw new faces near the entrance.

He was not smiling anymore.

He was calculating.

And somewhere out there...

So was Adrian.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

Discount

By day ten, my company was officially operational.

Contracts were signed. Staff were onboarded. Security systems were fully integrated.

The only position left to fill was my assistant

And that, somehow, felt like the most dangerous decision of all.

had no idea who to choose.

Too many candidates.

Too much exposure.

Too many risks.

With Victoria still working behind the scenes to damage both Jason's and my public image – and having suffered no consequences for her plot against the children – tension continued to simmer. Madam Sun had requested patience. She had something big planned for Victoria.

That thought alone was unsettling.

Oscar and Amelie were still awaiting trial.

The properties were being prepared for a change in management.

The Heir Trials were moving forward.

The children's security protocols had doubled.

One could say my plate was full.

And of course...

That was precisely when Adrian and his mysterious backer decided to act.

By the end of the second week, the rhythm of construction had become almost comforting.

Until it stopped.

The call came at 6:12 a.m.

“Ms. Asher... the marble shipment has been delayed.”

“Delayed how?”

“Redirected.”

I went still.

Within two hours, three more suppliers reported the same issue.

Steel framing.

Imported lighting fixtures.

Custom glass panels. 1

All “unavailable.”

All “unexpected shortages.”

+15 Bonus

Marcus stormed into my office with a tablet in hand. “It’s coordinated. Not random. Warehouses are claiming inventory errors, but the materials have been reassigned to a priority buyer.”

Jason, who had been reviewing security footage beside me, didn’t look surprised.

“Who?” I asked. 1

Marcus hesitated.

“Becker Holdings.” 1

Of course.

By noon, every active renovation site under my name had slowed.

Crews stood idle.

Deadlines stretched.

Penalties loomed.

Adrian hadn't attacked publicly.

He had attacked structurally.

Strangulation through supply chains.

And then he made it official.

At exactly 3:00 p.m., a press conference invitation was released across every major financial outlet.

Adrian stood behind a polished podium, confident, composed, deliberate.

“I am pleased to announce the launch of my new company,” he said smoothly. “A fully integrated property management, real estate investment, and construction firm – backed entirely by the White and Becker families.” 2

White.

And Becker.

The room shifted.

Those names carried weight.

“With our strategic partnerships,” Adrian continued, “we are offering an unprecedented opportunity to investors – an eighty percent discount on management and construction services for all new developments signed within the next quarter.”

Eighty percent.

It wasn’t business.

It was war.

No company could sustainably operate at that rate – unless the goal wasn't profit.

Unless the goal was suffocation.

Jason muted the live stream halfway through.

“He's not trying to win the market,” Jason said quietly. “He's trying to bleed you.”

I crossed my arms, studying Adrian's expression frozen on screen.

+15 Bonus

“He wants to slow my renovations,” I said. “Delay my asset transitions. Make it look like I can't execute.” Marcus nodded. “And if your properties fail to transition smoothly before the next Heir Trial milestone...”

I finished the thought.

“My leadership score drops.”

Silence settled in the office.

This wasn't a rumor campaign.

This wasn't social sabotage.

This was financial warfare designed to undermine my legitimacy inside the family structure.

And it was clever.

Very clever.

Jason stepped closer to me.

“Tell me you expected this.”

“I expected resistance,” I replied. “Not desperation.”

Jason’s gaze sharpened.

“This isn’t desperation.”

He paused.

“This is someone with very deep pockets who is comfortable losing millions.”

Which meant only one thing.

Adrian’s backer wasn’t testing the waters.

They were fully committed.

Outside the glass walls of my temporary headquarters, the ocean remained calm. 1

Inside, everything had shifted.

They had chosen open confrontation.

Good.

I preferred my enemies where I could see them.

I picked up my phone.

“Call every independent supplier within a three-state radius,” I told Marcus. “If Becker bought the inventory, we’ll buy the production lines.”

Jason’s lips curved slightly.

There it was again.

Not fear.

Strategy.

Adrian had made his announcement.

Now it was my turn to respond

And I would make sure the market understood something very clearly:

Discount wars end.

Power wars do not.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Public opinion

The material shortage did affect my remaining capital.

But not by much.

Unlike Adrian, I wasn't scrambling to secure properties.

They were already under my name.

Fully transferred. Fully documented.

Untouchable.

The delays cost me time, not ownership – and in our world, ownership was power.

And Jason...

Jason was a blessing more than ever.

While Adrian postured in front of cameras, Jason made two quiet phone calls.

Under his corporate umbrella were two manufacturing lines – dormant divisions he had kept after restructuring his family holdings. Steel fabrication and high-end interior composite production.

Enough to cover the missing inventory.

Enough to restart every single renovation site within seventy-two hours.

By the fourth day, our crews were moving again.

By the sixth, progress reports were ahead of their original projections.

Adrian had tried to choke the pipeline.

Jason had simply built another one.

But the strike had revealed something important.

Fragility.

Not financial fragility.

Structural fragility.

I had built an empire on acquisition and management.

But I still depended on external suppliers for execution.

And dependency was vulnerability.

So I decided to branch out.

Quietly.

With Jason guiding every contract review and risk assessment, I began negotiations with three mid-sized supply companies – each struggling after Becker Holdings' sudden bulk purchases had distorted the market.

Adrian had created panic.

Panic lowered valuations. 1

We stepped in when liquidity was tight.

We offered immediate buyouts.

We retained in management

And we secured production rights

Three signatures later, I owned:

- A regional steel distributor

- A specialty glass manufacturer

- A finishing materials supplier

At a discount so steep it almost felt criminal.

Even with acquisition costs, restructuring, and absorption expenses...

By the end of the first week, I posted a net capital gain.

Vertical integration.

Control of materials.

+15 Bonu

Control of timelines.

Control of margins.

I had never ventured outside real estate before.

It had always been about land, development, positioning.

But Jason...

Jason was an expert teacher.

He didn't overwhelm.

He explained.

Supply chain leverage.

Cost absorption strategy.

Cross-company invoicing structures.

How to make one division's "expense" another division's strategic advantage.

"Real power," he told me one night as we reviewed numbers in the quiet of his office, "is when your enemy attacks one arm and doesn't realize you have five."

I looked at the spreadsheets again.

Adrian thought he had exposed weakness.

Instead, he had exposed opportunity.

By the time the market realized what had happened, my company would not just manage properties.

It would build them.

Supply them.

Pub: nouven

+15 Bonus

Finish them.

And own every stage in between

He had tried to delay me.

Instead, he accelerated my expansion.

And the most dangerous part?

He still thought he was winning. 1

Victoria was getting more vicious than ever.

If she couldn't hurt my capital, she would try to shred my name.

Anonymous blog posts.

“Concerned insider” interviews.

Old photographs taken out of context.

Clips of Jason’s past business disputes resurfacing at convenient times.

Headlines questioning my “sudden expansion.”

Whispers about the children.

Whispers about the Heir Trial.

Whispers about whether I was “emotionally stable enough” to lead,

It would have been exhausting.

If I had been alone.

But I wasn't.

Because I had made the best hiring decision of my life.

Pamela.

My best friend.

Now officially the Public Image Advisor of my new company.

While Adrian fought through supply chains and Victoria fought through gossip columns, Pamela fought through perception.

And perception was its own battlefield.

She didn't deny the attacks.

She reframed them.

When Victoria accused me of “reckless expansion,” Pamela released a controlled interview highlighting vertical integration strategy and job creation numbers.

When gossip sites implied instability, Pamela scheduled a philanthropic announcement – a scholarship fund in my parents’

name.

When tabloids questioned Jason’s presence in my ventures, Pamela showcased his manufacturing lines openly – not as secret leverage, but as transparent partnership.

+15 Bonus

“Never chase a rumor,” Pamela told me as she adjusted a press statement draft. “Outgrow it.” 1

Within ten days, sentiment metrics shifted.

Positive mentions climbed.

Engagement rose.

Financial commentators began praising the bold supply acquisitions.

Influencers who had previously hesitated now called my expansion “visionary.”

Victoria escalated.

Pamela strategized.

And slowly, the narrative turned.

The most satisfying moment came during a live-streamed investor Q&A.

A reporter attempted to corner me.

“Ms, Asher, how do you respond to accusations that your rapid growth is reckless and driven by personal rivalry?”

I smiled calmly.

“Growth driven by insecurity collapses,” I said. “Growth driven by structure compounds.”

Pamela’s idea.

Cedella

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

Borrowed textbooks 50

The clip trended within hours. 1

Victoria’s latest anonymous blog post barely lasted a day before being drowned out by coverage of our first fully reopened

>ceanfront venue – now booked solid for three months.

Reputation wasn’t about being liked.

It was about being trusted.

And trust, once measured in performance, was harder to destroy than gossi)

Victoria was vicious.

But Pamela was surgical.

And for the first time since this war began...

The public wasn't asking whether I would survive the Heir Trial.

They were asking whether anyone else stood a chance.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

Support

Share

get it

Unlikely alles

The most unlikely thing happened.

An interview was released.

Not a leak.

Not a rumor.

Not an anonymous blog post.

A coordinated sit-down.

Victoria.

Adrian.

Amelie.

Oscar.

All four of them seated side by side.

United.

For the first time.

The thumbnail alone made my stomach tighten.

The title was worse.

“Is Amber Safe?”

They didn’t shout.

They didn’t accuse outright.

They performed concern.

Victoria spoke first – soft voice, calculated pauses.

“She’s under a lot of pressure... and sometimes women don’t realize when they’re being controlled.”

Adrian leaned forward slightly.

“We just want her safe. The competition for the Heir position... it’s intense. Jason is ambitious.”

Amelie wiped at imaginary tears.

“Oscar and I tried to reach her. She pushed us away. That’s what victims do.”

Oscar nodded solemnly.

And then came the final strike.

An implication – not stated, but carefully constructed.

That I was being coerced into competing.

That Jason had manipulated me into expanding.

That I wasn’t leading.

+15 Bonus

Whaly

+15 Bonus

That I was surviving him.

Domestic abuse

Control.

Isolation.

Every word chosen to plant doubt.

Not about my business.

About my autonomy.

It was diabolical.

If I defended Jason too aggressively, I would “sound like a victim protecting her abuser.”

If I stayed silent, the silence would be interpreted as fear.

Pamela called within minutes.

“They escalated to moral warfare,” she said calmly. “This isn’t about markets anymore. This is about credibility and emotion.”

Jason was silent longer than I’d ever seen him.

Not angry.

Controlled.

Dangerously controlled.

“They’re trying to make you step back,” he said finally. “If you withdraw from the Heir Trial voluntarily, the narrative becomes truth.”

That was the trap.

Paint me as powerless. 1

Force me to retreat.

Then say they were right all along.

For the first time since this war began, the attack wasn’t corporate.

It was personal.

Calculated to fracture trust between me and the public.

And between me and Jason.

I looked at him across the room.

No fear.

No pressure.

No command.

Only one question in his eyes.

What do you want to do?

215

+15 Bonus

That was the truth they hadn't prepared for.

He had never pushed me to the Heir competition.

I chose it.

I chose the expansion.

I chose the acquisitions.

I chose the fight.

Branding me as a domestic abuse victim wasn't just an insult.

It was theft.

Theft of my agency.

And I would not allow anyone – not Victoria, not Adrian, not a coordinated performance staged for cameras

will.

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

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