A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 441

Brain dead

Amber POV

Mr. Stait, Emory, and my grandfather had agreed on a dangerous plan. With evidence connecting Mr. White to the warehouse where Adrian had been held, they suspected someone was leaking information from inside the hospital. Rather than wait for another attempt on Adrian's life, they decided to give their enemies a reason to believe there was nothing left to protect. 1

Adrian would be publicly declared brain–dead. The official explanation would be that Clara, unable to accept his condition, had insisted that he remain connected to life–support equipment. In reality, his treatment would continue under strict supervision, and only a small circle of trusted people would know the truth.

I hated the idea, but I understood its purpose. If someone was monitoring Adrian's condition for his captors, the announcement might provoke a reaction and expose them.

When the news became public, I struggled to look at it objectively. Adrian was still alive, and we were deliberately telling the world otherwise. I could only hope the deception would bring us closer to the people responsible for what had happened to him.

Later that afternoon, Clara entered my hospital room in tears, clutching her phone. She tried to speak, but her voice broke before she could finish a sentence. I reached for her hand and waited until she turned the screen

toward me.

"I received a message," she whispered.

It had come from an unfamiliar number, apparently a burner phone. Although the sender hadn't identified herself, Clara recognized Adrian's grandmother's writing style and the way she referred to the family. The message demanded that Clara surrender her baby because, according to the sender, her son had been chosen as the heir to the family line they were establishing. 1

I read it twice, struggling to believe the audacity of the woman who had sent it. She had written as though the child's future had already been decided and Clara's only remaining responsibility was to hand him over.

"Did you answer her?" I asked.

Clara shook her head. "No. I haven't responded."

"Good. Don't."

She wiped her cheeks, but the tears continued falling. "She called him the chosen heir, Amber. As if he's something they can claim because they want him."

My anger rose with every word. "Your baby is not a position to be filled, Clara. He's a child, and he's yours and ļ Adrian's. Nobody gets to claim ownership of him because they believe their family name gives them that right."

"I don't understand why they're doing this now." Her voice trembled. "Adrian has been estranged from them for months. His father wanted him to leave Asher Corporation and join their new company, but Adrian refused. He chose his own life, and he chose us. Why would they suddenly care so much about our baby?"

I couldn't answer that. Perhaps they wanted the child because of his bloodline, or perhaps the family line they were establishing had some significance we hadn't uncovered. Whatever their motive, the demand was too deliberate to dismiss as a simple family dispute.

"Forward the message to Mr. Stait's team," I told her. "Don't respond to the number or agree to meet anyone on their behalf. Let the investigators trace it and determine whether it connects to Adrian's kidnapping."

Clara nodded, although fear remained in her eyes.

What if they come for him?"

I squeezed her hand. "Then they'll have to get through all of us first."

She studied my face, searching for reassurance, and I held her gaze. I meant every word. Adrian was part of our family, and his child would be protected.

After Clara forwarded the message, I asked her to stay with me until she felt calm enough to return to her room. Before leaving, she thanked me, but I reminded her that she didn't owe me gratitude for standing beside her. She was family, and that was enough.

By evening, another piece of news arrived from the island I had privately started calling Death Island. The teams working there had finally declared it clear of bombs and hidden

mines after an extensive search of the terrain and remaining structures. Most of the human remains recovered from the island had also been identified, and arrangements were underway to return them to their families.

The announcement brought some relief. At least the immediate physical dangers had been dealt with, and the investigators could continue their work without worrying about hidden explosives. However, clearing the island didn't explain who had used it, who had organized the operations there, or who had benefited from the violence.

Those answers would have to come later.

For now, Adrian remained under protection, Clara had received another threat, and the evidence against Mr. White continued to grow. The president of Sum, meanwhile, remained conspicuously absent.

I had no intention of letting any of them dictate what happened to our family. We would protect Clara and her baby, preserve every piece of evidence, and allow the investigation to proceed without revealing that Adrian was

still alive.

If declaring him dead made someone careless enough to expose themselves, we would be ready to act.

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Chapter 442

Just For Glory

Amber POV

The president of Sum didn't take long to make his next move.

Barely a day after Mr. Stait's warning, he appeared before the cameras in a carefully arranged press conference, looking every bit the respectable leader who had spent his career protecting his country. The backdrop displayed the national flag of Sum, while reporters filled the room, eager to hear his response to the recent developments involving the Vincent family and the trafficking organization that had finally begun to unravel.

Jason and I watched the broadcast together while preparing for our daily physical therapy session. We were seated in the rehabilitation room, waiting for our therapist to finish

adjusting the equipment, when the president appeared on the screen. I immediately stopped what I was doing.

“Well,” Jason remarked, noticing my expression, “our favorite politician has decided to make an appearance.”

“How thoughtful of him.”

On the screen, the president stepped toward the podium and offered the cameras a solemn expression. He began by thanking Jason and me for our assistance in cleaning Sum of the Vincent influence and helping bring down a massive trafficking ring. His words were warm, his tone sincere, and his gratitude sounded convincing enough to make anyone unfamiliar with the situation believe he was speaking from the heart.

Then he changed direction.

“Those who possess wealth should never believe that their money gives them the right to destroy another person’s life or steal another person’s future,” he declared. “No one should be allowed to escape justice simply because they are backed by gold, powerful families, or influential connections. The law must apply to everyone, regardless of their name or fortune.”

I stared at the screen.

Jason glanced at me. “He certainly knows how to deliver a speech.”

“He does,” I replied. “Especially when the speech makes him look like the hero.”

The president continued, describing the Vincent family as a threat that had endangered Sum for years. He spoke about the trafficking network, the victims who had suffered under it, and the importance of ensuring that no wealthy family could ever again place itself above the law. He presented the recent investigations as a turning point in the country’s history, suggesting that Sum was finally free from a’dangerous influence that had remained unchecked for far too long.

Then came the announcement.

With a confident smile, the president declared that he would be seeking reelection and asked the citizens of Sum to vote for him. He promised a future built on justice, accountability, and protection for ordinary people, presenting himself as the leader who had finally delivered what previous administrations had failed to achieve.

The reporters immediately began shouting questions, but I barely heard them.

He hadn’t simply announced his candidacy. He had built his entire campaign around the events we had helped uncover, positioning himself as the man who had brought down the Vincent threat and liberated his country from a criminal network.

And he had done it before we had even finished recovering.

Just For Siary

I turned toward Jason.

He’s using us.”

Jason muted the television. “I was waiting for you to say that.”

I shifted carefully in my chair, preparing for the next exercise. Even after everything we had endured, our therapists insisted that recovery couldn’t wait for our investigations to finish. My muscles still tired too quickly, and Jason was having his own difficulties rebuilding his strength, but we had learned to work through the frustration together.

“The timing is too convenient,” I continued. “He thanks us publicly, connects our names to the fall of the Vincents, and then announces his reelection. He’s making sure every citizen of Sum associates him with their defeat.”

Jason adjusted his position beside me. “He’s presenting himself as the leader who finished what everyone else was afraid to do.” 1

“Exactly. And that’s the part I don’t like.”

Our therapist motioned for us to begin the next set of exercises, so I focused on the movement while continuing the conversation. Jason followed suit, although I noticed that he was listening more closely than he was watching the therapist.

“The Vincent family has been a symbol of fear and corruption for a long time,” I explained. “By helping bring them down, we’ve given him an opportunity to connect himself to something much bigger than a criminal investigation. He’s tying his political legacy to the history of Sum itself.”

Jason nodded slowly. “And because of our family backgrounds, our involvement makes that story more convincing.

“Yes. Think about it. My connection to the Asher family, your connection to the St. Johns, and the history surrounding the Vincents all give this situation a significance that an ordinary investigation wouldn’t have had. He’s using our bloodlines to connect himself to the country’s past, while presenting the fall of the Vincents as something he personally accomplished for its future.”

Jason looked at me thoughtfully. “So, in his version of events, he isn’t simply the president who benefited from the investigation. He’s the man who saved Sum.”

“Precisely.”

I finished the movement my therapist had assigned and rested for a moment before continuing. The more I thought about it, the more carefully constructed his public image appeared. He had thanked us just enough to make himself seem gracious, then placed himself at the center of the story. The trafficking victims became evidence of the country’s suffering, the Vincent family became the enemy he had defeated, and our involvement became proof that even the most powerful families had finally been brought to heel under his leadership.

“He wants people to believe he personally exterminated a threat to the country,” I said. “And if he wins. reelection, he’ll have a mandate to reshape whatever he claims is necessary to prevent another Vincent family from rising.”

Jason’s expression darkened. “Which could mean expanding his authority.”

“Or making sure nobody investigates how much he benefited from their downfall.”

He considered that for a moment before answering. “If he’s been involved from the beginning, the reelection

campaign could also give him a reason to bury anything that might damage his reputation. He’ll be able to call any accusation an attempt to undermine the man who saved Sum.”

I gave him a grim smile. “And anyone who questions him will look like they’re defending the Vincents.“,

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Chapter 443

A Takeover

Amber POV

The Sum president was in the middle of his live question–and–answer session when the broadcast abruptly changed.

A reporter had just asked whether the recent arrests would lead to further investigations into influential business families. The president adjusted his microphone and began answering, his expression composed as he explained that no one would be above the law under his administration.

Then the picture stuttered.

For less than a second, the screen displayed a frozen image of the president before cutting to the news station's familiar logo. A brief transition followed, accompanied by the anchor's voice.

"We interrupt this live broadcast for an official statement received moments ago from the River City military command. The communication concerns the ongoing international investigation into human trafficking and has been designated for immediate public release."

The anchor appeared at the studio desk, holding a sheet of paper. Her expression was serious, but she spoke with the practiced composure of someone accustomed to breaking news.

"We have confirmed that the statement will be delivered by River City's Secretary of Defense, Mr. John Stait. We are now switching to a live feed from his office."

The screen changed again.

This time, there was no studio. No news graphics beyond a small live–broadcast indicator in the corner. The camera showed Mr. Stait seated behind his desk at River City's military headquarters, with the military insignia visible on the wall behind him.

The president's broadcast was gone.

I stared at the screen for several seconds before slowly turning toward Jason.

"Oh, this is going to be good."

Jason raised an eyebrow. "You sound as though you were expecting this."

"I wasn't expecting anything." I settled back against the sofa. "I'm simply impressed by the timing."

"Of course."

Our physical therapist glanced at the television, then at the two of us. She had been trying to guide us through our exercises for the past several minutes, but neither of us had been paying much attention since the news bulletin began.

“I think that’s enough for today,” she said, gathering her equipment. “We’ll continue tomorrow.”

“Thank you,” I replied.

As soon as she left the room, Jason moved closer and kissed me. I smiled against his lips, slipping one hand around his neck before he drew back and settled his arm around my shoulders.

“Now,” he murmured, looking toward the screen, “let’s see why Mr. Stait has interrupted the president’s morning.”

“He hasn’t interrupted him personally,” I pointed out. “The news station has.”

Jason gave me a knowing look. “You think that distinction makes it any better?”

“No. I think it makes it much more interesting.”

On the television, Mr. Stait adjusted a document on his desk and looked directly into the camera.

“Good morning. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Amber Asher and Jason Sun for their courage and continued commitment to our mission. Both have repeatedly placed their lives at risk to help uncover the truth, rescue victims, and bring those responsible for human trafficking to justice.”

I felt Jason’s arm tighten around my shoulders.

Mr. Stait went on to explain that the chain of events leading to the recent arrests had begun shortly after our marriage in River City. Our relocation to Sum, he reminded the audience, had originally been intended to give us an opportunity to rest and enjoy some privacy.

I burst out laughing.

“A rest,” I repeated. “Did he really just say that?”

Jason’s shoulders shook with quiet laughter. “We did technically have a few peaceful days.”

“A few?”

“I’m being generous.”

I nudged him with my elbow as Mr. Stait continued his statement. He described the intelligence work, coordinated operations, and sacrifices made by River City’s military,

emphasizing how its cooperation with us had helped identify criminals, locate victims, and bring members of the trafficking network to justice.

He never directly accused the Sum president of taking credit for someone else's work. He didn't need to.

The timing did enough damage on its own.

Only minutes earlier, the president had been using his live question–and–answer session to present himself as the leader who had helped deliver justice to Sum. Now, the national broadcaster had cut away from him to air a statement emphasizing River City's role in the very investigation he was using to strengthen his reelection campaign.

The news station could defend the decision as a matter of public interest. An official statement concerning an international criminal investigation was certainly newsworthy. But the choice to interrupt a live presidential broadcast rather than air the statement afterward was another matter entirely.

Someone had decided that the public needed to hear Mr. Stait before the president could say anything more.

And whoever had made that decision understood exactly how much the timing would matter.

The door opened, and Pamela walked into the room. She glanced at the television, then at Jason and me. When she noticed my expression, a small smile appeared on her face.

I immediately became suspicious.

"Pamela."

"Yes?"

"Did you have anything to do with this?"

She looked at the television as Mr. Stait explained the investigation's progress. "With what?"

I gestured toward the screen. "The news station in Sum suddenly cutting away from the president's live broadcast to air a military statement from River City. That isn't the sort of thing that happens every day."

Pamela turned back toward me.

Then she smiled.

I narrowed my eyes. “That is not an answer.

“I didn’t realize you had asked one that required an answer.”

Jason laughed beside me.

I turned toward him. “You’re enjoying this far too much.”

“I’m enjoying watching you interrogate Pamela when she hasn’t actually said anything.”

“Her face has said plenty.”

Pamela settled into a chair opposite us, looking entirely too pleased with herself. “Perhaps you should listen to Mr. Stait. His statement is important.”

“That’s exactly what someone involved would say.‘

“Then I suppose you’ll have to investigate me.”

“Oh, I will.”

Jason drew me closer, still laughing softly, while Pamela maintained her infuriatingly innocent expression.

On the screen, Mr. Stait’s tone grew more serious. He warned that the recent arrests did not mean the danger had passed, and that River City’s military would continue following the evidence regardless of how powerful or influential the remaining individuals might be.

“Those who believe they can escape justice by waiting for public attention to move elsewhere should reconsider,” he said. “Our work is far from finished.”

He paused, his gaze steady.

“Good will prevail, not because those who do wrong will always surrender willingly, but because we will not stop pursuing the truth. We will continue protecting the innocent and holding the guilty accountable, regardless of their wealth, status, or influence.”

The statement ended with a formal acknowledgment of everyone who had contributed to the investigation.

The news station returned to its studio. Rather than restoring the president’s question–and–answer session, the anchors began discussing the significance of the River City statement and its implications for the ongoing investigation.

I leaned against Jason, watching the presenters analyze the announcement.

Somewhere in Sum, the president was still sitting before the cameras, likely expecting his broadcast to continue. He might not even have known that millions of viewers had just watched his carefully managed public appearance replaced by a statement that complicated the story he wanted them to believe.

That was the part I found most amusing.

No confrontation. No public argument. No need for Mr. Stait to accuse him of anything.

Just a sudden change of broadcast, an official statement, and a country watching a different story unfold.

I turned toward Pamela again.

“I’m going to find out who arranged that.”

Her smile never wavered. “I’m sure you will.”

“And if it was you-”

“Then you’ll congratulate me on my excellent judgment?”

I opened my mouth, then closed it again.

Jason burst out laughing.

“I live with terrible people,” I muttered.

“You married one,” Jason reminded me, kissing my temple.

“Unfortunately, I love him.”

“And fortunately,” he murmured, tightening his arm around me, “I’m very difficult to get rid of.”

I tried to look offended, but the smile escaped anyway.

Still, Pamela’s reaction lingered in my mind. She hadn’t denied arranging the interruption, but she hadn’t confirmed it either. The broadcast could have been the result of a news director making an independent editorial decision, or someone might have provided the station with the statement and encouraged them to air it at precisely that moment.

I had no proof.

But I knew the timing was too useful to ignore.

The president had been building his campaign around the promise that he had helped save Sum. Mr. Stait had just reminded the public that River City had played a major role in bringing the trafficking network down, and that the investigation was nowhere near finished.

Whoever had arranged the broadcast had made sure that message reached the public before the president could

continue.

I glanced at Pamela once more.

She was still smiling.

Oh, she was definitely hiding something.

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Chapter 444

Amber POV

By the time Pamela finally left the room, I had decided that whatever role she had played in interrupting the Sum president's broadcast could wait. I had enough enemies, enough unanswered questions, and enough reasons to distrust powerful people without adding another mystery to the list simply because Pamela had smiled at me in that infuriating way of hers. If she wanted to keep her secrets, she could keep them for now. I had more important things to worry about, starting with the people I loved and making sure every single one of them remained alive.

For once, I wanted to spend my energy protecting my family rather than trying to anticipate who would come after us next.

Two weeks passed.

It took almost that long before I could wake up in the morning, take a deep breath, and confidently say that it no longer hurt to breathe. My recovery was slow, frustrating, and occasionally humiliating, especially when Jason caught me attempting something my therapist had explicitly forbidden. Fortunately, my husband was recovering alongside me, which meant neither of us could claim the moral high ground when it came to ignoring medical instructions. We were both stubborn, both impatient, and both thoroughly tired

of being reminded that surviving something terrible did not mean our bodies had immediately forgotten it.

Still, we were improving. Every day brought a little more strength, a little less pain, and another small piece of our ordinary lives back within reach.

Unfortunately, Adrian hadn’t been given the same mercy.

He was still fighting for his life.

While the rest of the world believed Adrian had already been lost, Clara remained beside his hospital bed, refusing to abandon him. The doctors continued their work behind closed doors, and only our smallest circle of trusted people knew that his condition was still being treated as a fight rather than a funeral. To everyone else, the announcement that he was gone had become another tragic headline in a story already crowded with death, betrayal, and unanswered questions.

Clara had learned to live inside that lie, although I knew how much it cost her. She spent hours beside Adrian, speaking to him even when he couldn’t answer, holding his hand and watching every change on the monitors as though sheer determination could drag him back to her. She had become quieter over the past two weeks, but never less determined. Whatever happened, she wanted her husband to have the chance to come home to her and their baby.

At the same time, she had been avoiding every call from Adrian’s grandmother.

The woman had already made her intentions concerning Clara’s baby painfully clear through that message demanding the child as an heir to the family line they were building. Clara hadn’t replied, and none of us had encouraged her to. We were tracing the number, monitoring the threats, and keeping Clara and her baby under protection. Until we understood exactly what Adrian’s grandmother wanted and how far she was willing to go to obtain it, there was no reason to give her access to Clara through a telephone call.

The same caution extended to every baby under our roof.

Lucas and Ethan were rarely out of someone’s arms for long. Alice and Alex had become accustomed to the extra security, even if Alex occasionally complained that there were too many adults following him around. Rose was never left without someone she trusted, and Clara’s baby remained surrounded by people who understood that a child’s safety mattered more than any family’s claim to an inheritance.

Perhaps we were being overly cautious.

Given everything that had happened, I was perfectly comfortable with that possibility.

That afternoon, Jason and I were sitting together in the family room with our twin boys between us. Ethan had managed to seize one of Jason's fingers in his tiny fist and seemed determined to keep it, while Lucas lay against my arm, staring at the ceiling with the solemn concentration of someone contemplating the mysteries of the universe.

"He's judging you," I told Jason.

Jason glanced at Lucas. "He's a month old."

"Exactly. He's already realized his father is ridiculous."

"My own wife, insulting me in front of my son."

"I'm educating him early."

Jason leaned over and kissed my cheek before gently touching Lucas's nose. "Don't listen to your mother. She's been plotting against me since the day we met."

I gasped. "Plotting? I married you at the end, didn't I?"

"Precisely. The most elaborate plot of all."

I laughed, and the sound came more easily than it had in days. For a little while, we were simply a family playing with two newborn boys, arguing over which one had inherited whose expression and pretending the world beyond our doors wasn't filled with people who might want to hurt us. 1

Then the door opened.

Jasmine stepped inside.

She didn't look frightened, exactly, but the familiar sharpness in her expression told me she hadn't come to join our conversation about the questionable character of my husband. She closed the door behind her and glanced at the twins before turning toward us.

"Sorry to interrupt."

Jason straightened slightly, his amusement fading. "What happened?"

"We have confirmation."

Two words were enough to change the atmosphere in the room.

I carefully shifted Lucas into Jason's arms and sat up straighter. "Confirmation of what?"

Jasmine approached us, her hands tucked into the pockets of her jacket. “Mr. White. We’ve confirmed that he’s

with the Wyatts.”

For a moment, I simply stared at her.

“Are you certain?”

“Yes. We found them together at a property connected to the Wyatts. We have a location, and we have video footage showing Mr. White with them. This isn’t a theory or a guess anymore.”

Jason’s expression hardened. “So he wasn’t working alone.”

“We don’t know the full extent of their arrangement yet,” Jasmine replied. “But we know exactly where he is, and we have proof that he’s deliberately staying with Adrian’s grandmother and the remaining members of the Wyatt family. They’re helping keep him hidden from the authorities and everyone else searching for him.”

I looked down at Ethan, who had finally released Jason’s finger in favor of trying to fit his entire fist into his mouth. The sight was so ordinary, so absurdly innocent, that for a second I struggled to reconcile it with the news Jasmine had just delivered. 1

Mr. White was alive, free, and hiding with the very family we suspected of having a hand in the attacks against

And now we had proof.

The woman who had demanded Clara’s baby was sheltering a man who had knowingly authorized Jason’s transfer into a trafficking operation, who had later kidnapped him, and whose traces had been found at the warehouse where Adrian was held. We still didn’t know everything Mr. White had done or how deeply he was involved in the recent attacks, but the video of him with the Wyatts made one thing undeniable: his presence among them was not a coincidence. 1

“Does Clara know?” I asked.

“Not yet,” Jasmine said. “I wanted to bring the confirmation to you and Jason first. We need to decide how to proceed before the information spreads.” 3

Jason looked at me, and I knew we were thinking the same thing. If Adrian’s grandmother was protecting Mr. White while demanding custody of Clara’s child, then the baby might be more than an inheritance claim. It could be part of a larger plan, one that connected the Wyatts, Mr. White, and whatever Adrian had discovered before he was kidnapped.

We couldn’t afford to make assumptions, but neither could we afford to ignore the evidence in front of us.

“Has Mr. Stait been informed?” Jason asked.

Jasmine nodded. “He’s receiving the full report, including the location and the video. The team is identifying everyone moving in and out of the property and confirming the safest way to approach. We don’t want to rush in without knowing who else is there.” 1

“Good,” Jason replied. “No one approaches them alone, and no one makes a move until we understand the risks.”

I reached for his hand, squeezing it gently. We had spent too much time recovering from the consequences of acting on incomplete information to repeat the same mistake. If Mr. White and the Wyatts believed they were

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safe because the world thought Adrian was dead and because we were still recovering, we needed to be careful not to reveal how much we knew.

Jasmine glanced at the twins again, and her expression softened for a moment. “I know you were hoping for a quiet afternoon.”

I looked at Lucas, then at Ethan, who had finally succeeded in putting his fist into his mouth.

“I was hoping for a quiet month.”

“Ambitious,” Jason murmured.

I gave him a look before returning my attention to Jasmine. “Thank you for bringing this to us. Keep the investigation quiet, and make sure Clara and the baby remain protected. If Adrian’s grandmother calls again, Clara doesn’t have to answer her. We can deal with the woman when we know what she’s really planning.”

Jasmine nodded. “I’ll make sure everyone is informed.”

After she left, the room fell quiet again, but the peaceful feeling we’d had a few minutes earlier was gone.

Jason held Ethan close while I reached for Lucas. The boys had no idea that their world was surrounded by dangerous people, and I intended to keep it that way for as long as possible. They deserved to grow up knowing the comfort of their parents‘ arms, not the fear that came with wondering who might try to take them away. ↑

I rested my cheek against Lucas's soft head and looked at Jason.

"Two weeks," I whispered. "We managed two weeks of breathing without pain, and now this."

Jason's expression softened as he reached across the space between us and brushed his fingers over my hand.

"We'll handle it."

I wanted to believe him. I did believe him, in fact, but belief didn't erase the fear that came with knowing Mr. White was still out there, protected by a family that had already shown how little they cared about the people they hurt.

Adrian was still fighting for his life. Clara was waiting for her husband to wake up. His grandmother was hiding a wanted man while trying to claim a baby who wasn't hers to take. 2

And somewhere behind all of it, the truth remained just out of reach.

I kissed Lucas's forehead and tightened my hold on him.

Whatever the Wyatts were planning, they would not get their hands on our children.

Not on my watch.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 445

It wasn't a surprise when the Sum president arrived at the hospital unannounced two days later.

What did surprise me was how quickly the press managed to appear behind him.

By the time the hospital's security team informed us of his arrival, several journalists were already gathering near the entrance, their cameras ready. The president had apparently decided that a visit to check on our recovery was important enough to bring the media along, ensuring that everyone could witness his concern for the couple who had helped expose the trafficking network.

How thoughtful of him.

I was sitting beside Jason when one of our security officers informed us that the president had requested permission to visit. Jason looked at me, and I looked back at him. Neither of us needed to say what we were thinking.

The president hadn't come simply to see whether we were recovering.

He wanted to be seen seeing whether we were recovering.

"Should we pretend to be surprised?" I asked.

Jason smiled faintly. "I think we should pretend to be delighted."

"You're much better at pretending than I am."

"That's because you keep saying everything that comes into your head."

"Only when people deserve to hear it."

He laughed softly before reaching for my hand. "Then let me do the talking if things become difficult."

I squeezed his fingers. "And deprive me of the opportunity to annoy a politician? Absolutely not."

Jason shook his head, smiling, just as the door opened.

The Sum president entered with several members of his entourage, followed by journalists and camera operators who were apparently determined to document every second of his visit. His expression was warm and sympathetic, the sort of expression carefully practiced by people who knew their photographs would be published before the day was over.

"Mr. Sun. Mrs. Asher." He approached us with his hand extended. "I'm delighted to see that you're both recovering."

"Mr. President," Jason greeted him politely.

I smiled as well. "Thank you for coming. It's very kind of you to take the time."

His smile widened at the cameras.

"I couldn't possibly remain in my office without checking on the two people who have done so much for Sum. Your courage and determination have been invaluable to our country, and I wanted to see for myself

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that you were receiving the care you needed."

How touching.

I wondered whether he had rehearsed that speech on the way over.

He continued, praising our assistance in bringing the Vincent family and the trafficking network to justice. He spoke about accountability, public safety, and the importance of ensuring that no one, regardless of wealth or influence, could escape the consequences of their crimes.

The journalists recorded every word.

I waited until he finished before responding.

"We're grateful that the people responsible are finally being held accountable," I said warmly. "Of course, none of this would have been possible without the support we received from the military and the people of both countries. So many people worked tirelessly to make sure the victims were found and the evidence reached the right hands."

The president nodded, appearing pleased with my answer.

"Indeed. The cooperation between our countries has been-"

"Although," I added gently, "we certainly couldn't have done it without River City's military."

The room went quiet for a fraction of a second.

I tilted my head as though the clarification had occurred to me only then.

"They were the ones coordinating the investigations, conducting the operations, and following the evidence that ultimately led to so many arrests. We were fortunate to have their support."

One of the journalists shifted his camera toward the president.

His smile remained in place, but I noticed the slight tightening around his eyes.

I had been perfectly polite. I hadn't accused him of anything, questioned his motives, or even suggested that his administration had exaggerated its achievements. I had merely corrected the record while the cameras

were rolling.

Jason glanced at me, and I could practically hear the fond exasperation in his silence.

Then he gently squeezed my hand.

“Amber is right,” he said, turning toward the president with an apologetic smile. “We owe a great deal to River City’s military. They carried out much of the work that made those results possible, and we certainly wouldn’t want to take credit away from the people who earned it.”

He paused, his expression softening.

“Please forgive us if we’re not as articulate as usual. We’ve had a rather exhausting few weeks, and with the babies here, we’ve barely had time to sleep.”

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling.

Jason was being perfectly charming, which was considerably more dangerous than if he had simply told the president to stop using our names for his campaign.

“I’m sure you understand,” Jason continued. “We’re grateful for your concern, but our doctors have been very clear that we need to rest. We would appreciate a little more time to recover before receiving any further visitors.”

The president’s expression shifted almost imperceptibly.

For the first time since entering the room, he seemed uncertain about how to respond. He had arrived expecting a pleasant photograph, a few words of gratitude, and perhaps another opportunity to associate himself with our work. Instead, Amber Asher had publicly credited River City’s military, Jason Sun had reinforced the correction, and now we were politely asking him to leave.

There was no accusation he could challenge. No insult he could object to. No reasonable way to insist that two recovering parents remain available for a press conference in their hospital room.

“Of course,” he said at last, recovering his smile. “Your health must come first. I only wanted to express my personal gratitude and wish you both a speedy recovery.”

“That’s very kind of you,” I replied.

Jason inclined his head. “Thank you for understanding.”

The president offered us another sympathetic smile before turning toward the cameras. He made a few brief remarks about our courage and the importance of continued cooperation, then signaled to his entourage

that the visit was over.

The journalists followed him out, still recording.

Only after the door closed did I allow my smile to disappear.

Jason looked at me.

“What?” I asked innocently.

“You enjoyed that.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Amber.”

I laughed and leaned back against my pillows. “I simply corrected a small misunderstanding.”

“Of course you did.”

“He thanked us for helping bring the Vincents to justice. I thanked the people who actually carried out the operations. It seemed only fair.”

Jason shook his head, then leaned over and kissed my forehead.

“You’re going to give me a great deal of trouble for the rest of my life, aren’t you?”

I smiled up at him. “You married me knowing that.”

“Unfortunately, I did.”

“Fortunately for you, I’m very charting.”

He laughed and kissed me again.

For a few moments, we allowed ourselves to enjoy the quiet Then Jason’s expression became more serious.

“He won’t appreciate being corrected in front of the press.‘

“No,” I agreed. “But he can’t complain without drawing attention to the fact that we corrected him.”

Jason took my hand and brushed his thumb across my knuckles.

“Now, Mrs. Asher, perhaps we should do what the president came here to remind us to do.”

I raised an eyebrow. “And what’s that?”

“Rest.”

I sighed dramatically.

“Fine. But if another politician shows up with a camera crew, I’m blaming you.”

He laughed, settling beside me.

And for the moment, with the door closed and our family nearby, I decided that was exactly what we would

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 446

Not worth it

Amber POV

The thought of finally leaving the hospital had me smiling before Jason even finished packing our bags, After a month surrounded by doctors, nurses, and machines, I was more than ready to return to the castle witho newborn sons. Lucas and Ethan had both been cleared to leave, and Jason was already checking that we ha everything we needed for the journey home.

“You know we’re not moving to another country, right?” I asked when he inspected the bags for the third me

Jason glanced at me. “We’re bringing home two newborns. I’m allowed to be thorough.”

“You packed enough clothes for a week.”

“Babies are unpredictable.”

“So are their parents, apparently.”

He gave me a look, but the small smile tugging at his mouth ruined any attempt at seriousness. I laughed and settled back against the pillows, enjoying the thought that, in a few hours, I would be home with my husband and all our children under one roof again.

Then I picked up the discharge papers.

My smile faded as I scanned the pages.

“Jason, does something look strange to you?”

He came over and sat beside me. “What is it?”

“I spent a whole month in the hospital because of the poisoning. I had plenty of time to recover from the C- section, so I’m not questioning why they’re discharging me now.” I tapped the paperwork. “But the surgery is barely mentioned. Most women leave the hospital after a few days if everything goes well, and yet there’s almost nothing here about the procedure that brought our sons into the world.”

Jason took the papers and read through them. “Maybe the surgical records are filed separately.”

“Maybe. I’d still like Emory to check. I just want to know why it’s barely documented.”

“Then we’ll ask him before we leave.‘

“Ask him what?” a familiar voice interrupted.

Mrs. Sun had entered the room without either of us noticing. She was carrying a small gift bag for the twins, but her attention shifted to the papers in Jason’s hands.

I explained my concern, expecting her to agree that the records needed checking. Instead, she gave a humorless little laugh.

“Amber, you may find the answer more infuriating than you expect. Hospitals have a long history of treating childbirth as though it isn’t really surgery. A C–section is a major abdominal operation, but in too many medical systems, it gets treated as just another part of a woman’s duty to give birth.”

I stared at her. “How does that make any sense?”

“It doesn’t.” Mrs. Sun set the gift bag down. “A great deal of medical research has historically focused on men, while women’s pain and recovery have often been minimized or poorly studied. Add the assumption that women

are naturally expected to endure pregnancy, childbirth, and everything afterward, and you get an attitude that

ays we should simply get on with our lives.”

Jason’s expression darkened as he looked down at my discharge papers again.

Mrs. Sun folded her arms. “Of course, that is complete bullshit. Giving birth doesn’t inake a woman’s painless important, and being a mother doesn’t mean she suddenly stops needing rest er medical care.”

“Apparently, some people think we’re supposed to deliver a baby, recover from major surgery, and then got straight back to work,” I said.

“Precisely.” Her voice sharpened. “As though caring for everyone else is a woman’s job, but caring for herself s an indulgence.”

I looked at the papers again, no longer merely puzzled. “So you think that’s why the surgery barely appears in my records?”

“I think it’s a possibility worth investigating,” she replied. “But don’t assume that explains your particular case. Your surgery may have been documented separately, or there may be another reason. Emory should check the full medical file before we draw conclusions.”

That was exactly what I wanted to hear. I wasn’t interested in inventing a conspiracy where there might be a filing error, but I also wasn’t going to ignore something simply because someone might consider it unimportant.

Jason returned the papers to the bedside table and took my hand. “We’ll have Emory review everything. If something is missing, we’ll find out why.”

“And if it’s just another example of people treating women’s recovery as an afterthought,” I added, “then I’d like someone to explain that to me in person.”

Mrs. Sun smiled faintly. “I would enjoy being there for that conversation.”

“I’m sure you would.”

“Very much.”

Jason sighed, though the amusement in his eyes betrayed him. “I’m beginning to think the hospital is lucky we’re leaving today.”

“Only beginning?” I asked.

Before he could answer, Mrs. Sun picked up the gift bag and approached the bassinets. Her expression softened as she looked at Lucas and Ethan sleeping peacefully beside one another.

“Whatever the records say, you’re going home to recover properly,” she said. “No one is going to expect you to manage the entire household while you’re healing. Let Jason and the staff handle things.”

Jason nodded. “I already planned on it.”

“Good. Then I’ll hold you to that.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less.”

With the paperwork set aside for Emory to review, the last of our bags packed, and the twins ready to leave, there was little left to delay us. I was still uneasy about the medical records, but I refused to let the question overshadow the moment I had been waiting for.

For the first time in a month, we were going home.

Commerits

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 447

Home

Amber POV

Adrian, unfortunately, was still too unstable to be moved. Emory had explained that although he was responding to treatment, his condition remained fragile, and transferring him now would introduce risks they weren willing to take. Clara and Mr. Asher had arranged to stay in a private hospital suite nearby so they could remar dose to him.

Before we left, I went to say goodbye to Clara. She sat beside Adrian’s bed, holding his hand while the monors continued their steady rhythm. The exhaustion on her face was unmistakable, but she managed a small smile when she saw me.

“Go home, Amber,” she said before I could offer to stay. “You’ve been here long enough, and the boys deserve to be in their own home.”

“I’ll call you as soon as we arrive.”

“You’d better.” Her eyes moved toward the twins‘ carriers. “And send me pictures. Lots of them.”

“I’ll send so many you’ll regret asking.”

“That’s impossible.”

I hugged her carefully, promising we would keep checking on Adrian and that she only had to call if she needed anything. She held me a little tighter before letting go, her gaze returning to her husband as though she were afraid to look away for too long.

I understood. Leaving the hospital mean

going home, but it also meant leaving someone we loved behind, still fighting a battle none of us could fight for him.

Neither Jason nor I was ready to drive, so Jasmine accompanied us while Mr. Stait took the wheel. The journey to the castle felt strangely peaceful after the chaos of the previous weeks. The twins slept through most of it, and Jason kept checking their carriers as if he expected one of them to vanish if he looked away for too long.

“You know they’re still there,” I murmured.

“I’m aware.”

“You’ve checked six times.”

“Seven,” Jasmine corrected from the front passenger seat.

Jason looked at her through the rearview mirror. “You’re counting?”

“I have to entertain myself somehow.”

I laughed and rested my head against the seat. The familiar road eventually gave way to the castle gates, and as we entered the grounds, a warmth settled over me that I hadn’t realized I was missing.

Home.

Mr. Stait helped us with the bags before returning to River City, reminding Jason to call if anything changed with Adrian or the investigation. Jasmine stayed behind with us, heading toward the room that had already been prepared for her.

She had her own room at the castle now, and judging by the way she tossed her bag onto the bed when I checked on her later, she had no intention of leaving anytime soon.

“I hope you know you’re not a guest anymore,” I told her.

She raised an eyebrow. “Does that mean I get to raid the kitchen?”

“It means you can eat whatever you want.”

“Excellent. I’m staying forever.”

“Somehow, I suspected that.”

We had barely stepped inside the main hall when Alice and Alex came running toward us. Alice stopped short when she spotted the carriers, her eyes widening as she looked from me to Jason and then back to the babies.

“They’re really home?” she whispered.

“They’re home,” I assured her. “And so are we.”

Alex approached more slowly, his gaze fixed on Jason. “You’re staying home too?”

Jason crouched in front of him. “Yes, buddy. I’m staying home.”

“Not going back to the hospital tomorrow?”

“No. Not unless someone needs me there.”

Alex seemed to consider that answer carefully before throwing his arms around Jason’s neck. Jason hugged him close, closing his eyes for a brief moment before pulling back and ruffling his hair.

Alice was already peering into one of the carriers, trying to see her baby brothers without waking them. I guided her closer and showed her Lucas first, then Ethan, explaining in a whisper that they were sleeping and needed everyone to be gentle.

“They’re so small,” she breathed.

“They won’t stay that way for long,” I told her.

Alex joined her, and for a while, the two of them simply watched the twins. Their quiet fascination made something inside me loosen. The castle had felt too large and too empty during our absence, but with the children gathered around us and Jason beside me, it finally felt alive again.

There were still problems waiting for us. Adrian remained unconscious in the hospital, Mr. White was hiding with the Wyatts, and the Sum president’s motives were far from clear. The investigation into the blocked emergency signal and the secrets surrounding my childhood was still underway, and now I had another question about my medical records that I intended to resolve.

But none of those problems had to be solved this afternoon.

I looked at Jason, who had one arm around Alex while Alice carefully watched over her sleeping brothers. He caught my eye and smiled, and for once, neither of us needed to say anything.

Today, I was home.

And I intended to enjoy every single minute of it.

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P

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 448

An Amateur Move

Amber POV

Jason had always been good at finding people who didn't want to be found. The contacts he had acquired through Cronos gave him access to information networks that most people didn't even know existed. With Mr. White and the Wyatts still at large, he had been using every connection available to track their

movements.

I was in the castle's private study when he finally found something worth our attention. Noah and Daniel were seated on the sofa, while Jasmine stood behind them, clearly annoyed that Jason had refused to let her join the investigation.

Jason turned his laptop toward me. "We have a sighting of Adrian's f

's father."

I stared at him. "Where?"

"At a supermarket in a lower–income school district. He was seen there recently, and the location matches the last information we received about the Wyatts."

For a moment, I simply looked at him.

"Adrian's father?" I repeated. "The same man who knows we're looking for him? The man who knows Mr. White is internationally wanted, and that the Wyatts are under investigation?"

Jason nodded.

I let out a disbelieving laugh. “He actually dared to walk around in public?”

“Apparently.”

“Does he think we’re incompetent, or has he simply lost his mind?”

“Amber,” Jason said patiently, “look at the footage first.”

He opened a video file and turned the screen toward me.

The supermarket’s security camera showed a man dressed in an ordinary dark jacket, a cap pulled low over his head, a mask covering the lower half of his face, and glasses that concealed much of his appearance. He moved through the store without drawing attention, keeping his head lowered and avoiding prolonged contact with anyone around him.

I leaned closer to the screen.

“He covered himself completely.”

“Almost completely,” Jason corrected.

The video continued. The man approached the checkout, placed a few items on the counter, and pulled a

debit card from his wallet. The cashier scanned the items, and the man paid without hesitation.

Jason paused the footage and enlarged the image of the payment terminal.

My eyes widened.

“You’re joking.”

“I wish I were.”

The transaction record was clear enough. The debit card was registered under Adrian’s father’s name.

I stared at the screen, then slowly turned toward Jason.

“He went into a public supermarket while hiding from the authorities, covered his face so thoroughly that nobody could identify him, and then paid with a card bearing his own name?”

“That’s correct.”

I pressed my fingers against my forehead. “That is an amateur mistake.”

“An unusually careless one for someone who has spent years hiding his activities behind other people.”

“Did he really believe that covering his face would somehow make his financial records invisible?”

Jason’s mouth twitched. “Perhaps he wasn’t expecting anyone to check the transaction.”

“Then he shouldn’t have left the house.”

Daniel chuckled from the sofa, but Noah remained focused on the footage.

“There’s more,” Jason said.

He resumed the video.

The man left the checkout area and walked toward the side of the store, where he stopped beside a refrigerated drinks section. He glanced around before purchasing a bottle of water. Then, apparently believing nobody was paying attention, he pulled down his mask and took several long drinks.

The camera captured his face clearly.

Jason paused the footage.

I stared at the image. 1

For several seconds, I couldn’t speak. Then I leaned back in my chair and laughed in sheer disbelief.

“He took off his mask?”

“To drink water,” Jason confirmed.

“While standing beneath a security camera?”

“Yes.”

I looked at the ceiling as though asking the universe for an explanation. “I cannot believe this man. He’s hiding from an international investigation, and he practically introduced himself to the camera.”

“To be fair, he probably didn’t know that camera was there.”

“Jason, it’s a supermarket. There are cameras everywhere.”

“That would be my assumption too.”

I pointed at the frozen image. “And he used his own debit card. I want to know who taught him to hide from the authorities, because apparently they skipped every important lesson.”

This time, even Jason laughed.

Then his expression grew serious again. “The transaction gave us a confirmed identity, and the video establishes that he was physically present in the neighborhood. My contacts traced the supermarket’s location to a school district nearby.”

“Why would he go there?”

“That’s what we’re trying to find out.”

He brought up a map, marking the supermarket and a nearby school. The distance between them was less than a mile.

“Summer has just started,” he explained. “The school should be mostly empty, but we wanted someone to observe the grounds before drawing conclusions.”

Jasmine straightened. “You should send me.”

“No,” Jason answered immediately.

“Why not?”

“Because you’re too recognizable. If anyone connected to the Wyatts sees you, they’ll know we’re closing in.

Jasmine looked ready to argue, but Noah spoke first.

“Daniel and I can go. We’re less recognizable, and with simple disguises, we should be able to observe the area without attracting attention.‘

Daniel nodded. “Ordinary clothes, different hairstyles, glasses if necessary. We won’t approach anyone. We’ll just watch.”

“From a safe distance,” Jason emphasized. “You don’t enter the school, you don’t confront anyone, and if something looks suspicious, you report it and leave.”

“Understood,” Noah said.

Jasmine crossed her arms. “So I’m stuck here.”

“For now.”

She gave him a displeased look, but eventually stepped away from the table. “Fine. But if you find something, I expect to be included in the next operation.”

“We’ll discuss it when we have something concrete,” Jason replied.

I watched Noah and Daniel prepare to leave, still unable to get over Adrian’s father’s astonishing carelessness. The man had apparently gone to considerable effort to disguise himself, only to undermine everything with a debit card and a bottle of water. 2

I had a feeling that if we found the Wyatts, we would discover that their security was not nearly as sophisticated as they wanted us to believe.

P

Shore

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 449

Frove it

Amber POV

Noah and Daniel reached the neighborhood later that morning. By early afternoon, Jason received their first

report.

“There are people inside the school,” Noah said over the secure call. “A lot of them.”

Jason straightened. “How many?”

“Approximately forty adults. Men and women. They’re spread throughout the grounds, and several appear to be watching the entrances.”

I moved closer to Jason's laptop.

"Forty people?" I asked. "At a school that's supposed to be empty for the summer?"

"Exactly," Daniel answered. "There are no children around, and they don't look like teachers preparing for the next term. Some of the men appear to be trained security personnel."

Jason's expression hardened. "Do not get any closer. Photograph what you can from where you are, then leave the area."

"Understood."

The call ended, leaving us staring at the map.

Forty adults in a supposedly empty school. A suspicious sighting of Adrian's father nearby. And a group of people behaving as though they were guarding something important.

I looked at Jason. "Find out who owns the property and whether there have been any recent renovations."

"I'm already on it."

He opened another document.

"The school received an anonymous donation recently. It was supposedly for an emergency shelter beneath the grounds."

I turned toward him. "An underground shelter?"

"A bunker, according to the construction records. Reinforced walls, independent ventilation, emergency power, and water storage."

I stared at him. "Why would an ordinary school need that much security?"

"Officially, the shelter was built to protect students and staff during disasters. But the donation was unusually large, and the donor's identity was concealed."

I looked back at the school on the map. "Then find the donor."

Jason glanced at me. "The money passed through several companies and private accounts. We're still tracing the original source."

"Still tracing?"

His expression turned way. "Amber."

“There are forty adults inside a school, an underground bunker nobody mentioned, and Adrian’s father was wandering around the neighborhood with his face covered. I don’t want another report telling me that the records are complicated. I want to know who paid for that bunker.”

Jason sighed. “I knew you were going to say that.

“Then you should have had the answer ready.”

I pulled my laptop closer and began examining the financial trail. The donation had been divided among several intermediaries, with transfers designed to make the money appear to originate from unrelated sources. But the dates and amounts followed a pattern that was far too consistent to be accidental.

“These accounts aren’t independent,” I murmured. “Someone coordinated the transfers to conceal a single source.”

Jason leaned over my shoulder. “Can you identify them?”

“Not from these summaries. We need the original transaction records.”

I contacted our legal team and the financial institutions involved, requesting the necessary records and supporting documentation. When the first bank returned incomplete information, I escalated the request. When the next delayed its response, I pushed for an urgent review through the appropriate channels.

It took longer than I wanted, but eventually the missing records began to surface.

I leaned back as the final report appeared.

“Found it.”

Jason came around the table. “Who funded the bunker?”

I turned the screen toward him.

“The Wyatt family.”

The room fell silent.

The original funding had been routed through several companies, but the records ultimately connected the donation to an account controlled by the Wyatts. Their money had paid for the bunker, its ventilation system, emergency power, and several recent renovations beneath the school.

Jason studied the documents, his expression growing colder.

“So they’re using the school as a base.”

“That’s the most likely explanation,” I replied. “And Adrian’s father wasn’t visiting the neighborhood by

accident.”

Jasmine stepped closer to the table. “If he’s there, Mr. White might be there too.”

“Possibly,” Jason said. “But we still need to establish who’s inside and what they’re doing.”

I looked at the photographs Noah and Daniel had sent. Forty adults, a guarded school, and a bunker funded by the family we had been trying to locate.

We had found the Wyatts hiding place.

Now we needed to make sure they couldn’t disappear again.

By evening, the castle’s private study had become an operations room. Maps covered the table, photographs were arranged beside the financial records, and Jason’s contacts were working to identify the adults seen

around the school.

Mr. Stait had been informed, and his team was coordinating with the appropriate authorities to establish surveillance and determine the legal grounds for a search. We would monitor the entrances, document the people coming and going, and trace the supplies entering the property.

We wouldn’t give the Wyatts any reason to suspect that we had found them.

Not yet.

I stood beside the window while Jason reviewed the latest reports.

“I still can’t believe Adrian’s father was stupid enough to go out in public,” I muttered. “He knew we were looking for him.”

“His mistake may be the reason we found the school,” Jason replied.

“He disguised himself properly, then paid with a debit card under his own name. And when that wasn’t enough, he removed his mask beneath a security camera.”

Jason looked up. “You seem personally offended by his incompetence.”

“I am. If you’re going to make our lives miserable, at least have the decency to be difficult to catch.”

He laughed softly before returning to the reports.

My amusement faded as I considered what we had actually accomplished. We had identified the source of the donation and established a strong connection between the Wyatts and the bunker. We had a video of Adrian’s father in the neighborhood, and we had confirmed that an unusually large group of adults occupied the school grounds.

But we didn’t yet have enough evidence to convict the Wyatts of the crimes we suspected them of committing.

They had money, connections, and years of experience hiding their activities behind layers of intermediaries. If we rushed in without sufficient evidence, their lawyers could challenge the operation, and the people responsible could escape through the very loopholes they had spent years preparing. 1

“We need to know what they’re doing down there,” I said. “And we need evidence that connects them to the kidnappings, the poisoning, and everything else we’ve uncovered.”

Jason came to stand beside me. “We’ll get it. But we have to be patient.”

I hated that he was right.

Knowing where someofte was hiding didn’t automatically give us the right to arrest them. Knowing who had financed a bunker didn’t prove what happened inside it. And a suspicious gathering, no matter how damning it looked, wasn’t enough to establish every crime we believed the Wyatts had committed.

Sometimes, knowing someone was guilty wasn’t enough.

You had to prove it. R

I turned back toward the table, looking at the map one last time.

The Wyatts were there. Mr. White might be there too. For the first time in weeks, we had a location, a financial trail, and an opportunity to bring them into the light.

Now, we only had to trap them.

And this time, we would make sure they had nowhere left to run.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 450

Guilty Without Trial

Amber POV

Christian exhaled slowly.

“You’re aware that challenging him publicly will not be casy. His administration controls considerable resources, and he has spent years building a network of loyal supporters.”

“I’m also aware that you’ve spent years trying to expose the irregularities in his land agreements.”

Another silence followed, this one more thoughtful.

“Your investigators found the contracts?”

“We found the contracts, the payment records, and the correspondence surrounding the agreements. We’ve also found evidence suggesting that the administration’s claims over the land changed after you had already fulfilled your obligations.”

Christian’s voice sharpened. “How much evidence?”

“Enough to justify a serious investigation. Not enough for me to promise you a particular outcome.”

I could almost hear him reconsidering his position.

“I appreciate your honesty,” he said at last.

“I prefer to know what I can prove before I make promises. It’s a habit I recommend.”

That earned a brief laugh.

“Then what are you proposing, Mrs. Asher?”

I glanced at Jason, who had been listening quietly beside me.

“We would like to compare our evidence with yours. If the president has manipulated public records to justify taking your land, and he’s now using similar accusations against my family, we may be looking at two parts of the same pattern.”

“You think he’s using public ownership claims to take control of private assets?”

“I think we have enough evidence to ask that question. Whether the answer is corruption, political maneuvering, or something more complicated, we need to establish it before making accusations of our own.”

Christian remained silent for several seconds.

Then he said, “I’ll meet with you.”

“Good. Bring the original contracts and any correspondence from the president’s office. We’ll bring our findings, and our legal teams can compare the records.”

“One condition.”

I waited.

“If I find evidence that your family has unlawfully acquired land belonging to Sum, I will not conceal it simply because we’re working together.”

I smiled faintly.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 451

The Witness

Amber POV

By evening, the president’s announcement had spread across every major news channel. Commentators debated whether Jason and I should be arrested, while others questioned why the government had announced a guilty verdict without presenting a court judgment or publicly verifiable evidence.

The accusations against the Asher family were even more complicated. Some citizens demanded the immediate return of the alleged stolen assets. Others asked which

properties the president was referring to and why the evidence had remained hidden until now.

That uncertainty mattered.

The president had expected outrage, and he had certainly received ft. But outrage wasn't the same as universal acceptance.

Jason stood beside me in the study, reading through the latest reports.

"Christian has agreed to meet us tomorrow," he said. "His legal team is preparing the original documents."

"Good. Have our lawyers prepare a complete record of the Asher family's property acquisitions, including the historical ownership documents."

"Already requested."

"And I want an independent review of the president's claims. If the assets were stolen, we should know. If they weren't, we should be able to demonstrate that clearly."

Jason looked at me. "You're not worried about what the public will think?"

"Of course I am. Our children live in this world too, and I won't pretend that a national scandal won't affect them." I paused, meeting his gaze. "But I won't let the president dictate our response by making us panic. He wants us to react emotionally, deny everything, and give him another spectacle. I'm not going to make his job easier."

Jason took my hand.

"Then we'll respond with evidence."

I nodded. "And we'll let him explain why he announced that we were guilty before a court had even heard

the case."

Outside, the castle remained quiet. Our family was safe for the moment, but I knew the consequences of the president's speech would reach far beyond the rally. He had publicly accused us of murder and demanded the return of our family's wealth. He had made himself the champion of ordinary citizens while placing two families in the position of defending generations of history. 1

But he had also made a mistake.

He had assumed we would defend ourselves alone.

Tomorrow, Christian Taken would bring his evidence, and we would begin comparing the president's claims with the records we had uncovered. If the documents revealed a common pattern, we would follow it

wherever it led. If they didn't, we would keep investigating until we understood what the pressitem was

trying to accomplish

He had made his move in out of the entire country.

Now it was our turn to make certain the truth reached them ton

Before Jason and I could continue reviewing the documents, Mason called with an urgent update from the castle's security team. A crowd had gathered outside the gates, and it was growing by the minute. Reporters stood at the front with cameras rolling, while dozens of angry people shouted demands to see me. Som accused me of stealing the wealth of Sum. Others demanded that I answer for Adrian Wyatt's siĘposed murder.

"Mrs. Sun," the security chief reported, "they're refusing to leave. Several people are trying to push past she outer barricade, and the reporters are broadcasting everything live. They're demanding that you come outside and face them."

Jason's expression hardened as he ended the call. I rose slowly, my eyes fixed on the documents spread across the table. The president had made his accusations in public, and now someone had brought the anger straight to our gates. Whether the crowd had gathered out of genuine outrage or someone had deliberately stirred them up, I couldn't yet tell.

Then Mason called again.

This time, his voice was more urgent.

"Mrs. Sun, there's something else you need to know."

I tightened my grip on the phone. "What is it?"

A brief silence followed.

"One of the reporters has just announced that someone inside the castle is prepared to testify against you They claim this person has proof that the Asher family stole Sum's wealth-and evidence connecting yos and Mr. Sun to Adrian Wyatt's murder."

My blood ran cold.

Jason slowly turned toward me.

We had spent days searching for the person pulling the strings behind the president, the Wyatts, and Mr White. We had expected accusations, political pressure, even fabricated evidence.

But someone inside our own castle?

Someone who supposedly knew enough to destroy us?

Mason spoke again, his next words cutting through the silence.

“And, Mrs. Sun... the reporter says the witness is already on their way to the gates.”

I stared at Jason.

For the first time since the president’s speech, I felt a flicker of genuine fear-not because the crowd wanted

answers, but because someone might be ready to give then exactly the lies they had come to hear.

Whoever this witness was, they knew our home. They knew our secrets. And they had chosen the worst possible moment to come forward.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 452

Animals In A Barn

Animals In A Barn

Amber POV

Jason and I didn’t rush to the gates.

The moment Mason informed us that a crowd had gathered outside the castle, I knew we couldn’t ignore them. The president had made his accusations in front of an entire country, and allowing the rumors to spread without a response would only give his supporters more room to twist the truth. However, that didn’t mean I intended to stand in front of a crowd and answer every question they shouted at me. If they wanted a response, they would receive one on my terms.

Jason walked beside me as we crossed the courtyard. His hand rested lightly against my back, a quiet gesture of reassurance rather than an attempt to hurry me along. We had both been through too much recently, and neither of us was in any condition to deal with another manufactured crisis. Yet we had responsibilities, and neither of us intended to let the president dictate how we handled them.

“Are you sure about this?” Jason asked quietly as we approached the outer security checkpoint.

I glanced at him. “About facing the reporters?”

‘About facing them now. We could issue a statement through our lawyers and let the security team handle the crowd.”

“We could,” I agreed. “But then the president’s version of events would be the only one people heard today. I don’t intend to let him speak for me.”

Jason studied my face for a moment before nodding. “Then we do this together.”

“Of course.” I slipped my hand into his. “You’re the one who married me. You don’t get to abandon me when the public relations nightmare begins.”

A faint smile touched his lips. “I was under the impression that marrying you came with certain risks.”

“Certain risks?” I repeated, feigning offense. “Jason Sun, I have half a mind to reconsider our marriage.”

“You can reconsider it after we get through the gates.”

I laughed softly despite myself. For a few precious seconds, the crowd, the accusations, and the threat of an unknown witness seemed distant. Then we reached the final security checkpoint, and the noise outside became impossible to ignore.

The reporters had seen us approaching.

Their voices rose almost immediately, overlapping until it was impossible to distinguish one question from another. Cameras lifted above the crowd, microphones pushed toward the bars, and several people began shouting my name, Others demanded that Jason answer for the supposed murder of Adrian Wyatt. A few called us thieves, insisting that we had stolen Sum’s wealth and owed its citizens an explanation.

The security personnel remained in position, preventing anyone from forcing their way through the gates. Even so, the shouting grew louder as more reporters noticed us.

Jason’s expression turned cold.

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I squeezed his hand once before releasing it and stepping toward the control panel mounted beside the gate. The reporters continued screaming, apparently convinced that volume alone would force us to answer them.

I pressed a button.

A deafening alarm erupted from the speakers installed along the perimeter wall. The sudden blast cut through the crowd's shouting, startling several people into silence. Within seconds, the entire entrance fell quiet except for the lingering echo of the siren.

I waited a moment before pressing the button again.

The alarm stopped.

Then I turned toward the assembled crowd and cleared my throat.

"Now that you've all stopped acting like animals in a barn, perhaps I can address the accusations against us."

Several reporters exchanged looks. One appeared offended, while another lowered his microphone just enough to hide a smile. I ignored both reactions and continued.

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear. Those statements made by the president of Sum are accusations. They are not court judgments, and they are not established facts. We have received no summons from any court, have not been notified of any legal proceeding finding us guilty, and have not been presented with credible evidence proving that we committed any of the acts he attributed to us."

I paused, allowing my words to settle.

"If the president has evidence, he is welcome to submit it through the proper legal channels. We will respond through those same channels. Until then, I suggest that everyone remember the difference between an allegation and a proven crime."

A reporter near the front immediately raised her voice. "Mrs. Sun, what about the Asher fortune? The president claims your family stole its wealth from the people of Sum. Are you denying that the Asher family took land and resources that belonged to our country?"

I couldn't help chuckling.

"My grandfather was greatly offended by that particular allegation. I believe his exact reaction would be unsuitable for a public broadcast, so I'll spare you the details."

A few people laughed, and the reporter's expression tightened.

“What I can tell you is that Mr. Asher will respond to those allegations himself. He has spent decades building and managing his family’s legitimate interests, and he will not allow anyone to rewrite that history through a political speech. If the president believes the Asher family violated any laws, he should present his evidence and let an independent court examine it.”

I tilted my head slightly.

“Until that happens, I will not entertain the idea that repeating an accusation often enough somehow turns it into the truth.”

Another reporter pushed forward. “But the president also claimed that you and Mr. Sun conspired with the

Animals in A Barn

Vincent family. He says your actions against them were part of a private agreement to seize control of Sum. How do you respond to that?”

Before I could answer, Jason stepped forward.

“The River City military has already explained the scope of its investigation,” he said, his voice calm and carrying easily across the entrance. “The investigation into the Vincent family’s activities and the trafficking network was conducted by River City’s military. It was not a covert operation intended to seize control of Sum, and it was not carried out on the president’s personal authority.”

He looked directly toward the cameras.

“The president has repeatedly suggested that his administration supported and facilitated that investigation. That is not consistent with the information already made public. He did not direct the operation, and his administration did not provide the support he is now claiming.”

A reporter interrupted him. “Are you accusing the president of lying to the people of Sum?”

Jason didn’t raise his voice.

“I’m stating that his public account does not match the documented record. If he wishes to dispute that, he can produce evidence to support his version.”

He paused, his gaze moving across the rows of cameras.

“As for the claim that we conspired with the Vincents, we reject it completely. The president has made serious allegations against my wife and me without presenting

verifiable evidence. We are already pursuing legal action over the statements he has made to damage our reputations. We will not allow political accusations to substitute for proof."

The reporters began shouting again, but Jason lifted one hand.

"One question at a time, please. You came here demanding answers. If you want them, you'll have to allow us to speak."

His composure seemed to catch them off guard. Several lowered their voices, while others began conferring with their colleagues. I watched them carefully, knowing that whatever we said would be edited, clipped, and replayed until someone found a way to make it serve their preferred narrative.

That was the danger of speaking publicly. We could clarify the facts, but we couldn't control what people chose to believe.

I stepped beside Jason again.

"There's one more thing I'd like everyone here to understand," I said.

The cameras turned toward me.

"My husband and I have no intention of conducting our defense through shouting matches outside our home. We will cooperate with legitimate legal proceedings, answer lawful requests for information, and challenge false allegations through the appropriate channels. We will not, however, accept the idea that we must prove our innocence to every person who arrives at our gates because a politician has decided to make us the center of his campaign,"

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I looked toward the people standing behind the reporters. Some appeared angry; others seemed uncertain, watching us as though they were trying to decide which version of the story deserved their trust.

"If you genuinely want the truth, then demand evidence from everyone making claims–including the president. Do not accept his words simply because he holds office, and do not accept ours simply because we are standing here. Investigate the facts. Follow the documents. Let the truth withstand scrutiny."

For a moment, nobody spoke.

Then a reporter near the back called out, "Mrs. Sun, if you're innocent, why is the president making these accusations now?"

It was the question I had been asking myself since the moment we watched his speech.

I held the reporter’s gaze.

“That is an excellent question,” I replied. “Perhaps you should ask him.”

A murmur rippled through the crowd.

I was about to turn away when another voice cut through the noise.

“Then what about the witness who claims to have evidence against you? Someone has reportedly come forward with information from inside this castle. Are you denying that you know who it is?”

My smile faded.

Beside me, Jason went completely still.

So the story had already reached the reporters. Someone had been feeding them information, and whoever that person was had managed to turn a private threat into a public spectacle before we could establish the facts.

I slowly looked toward the castle behind us.

Then I turned back to the cameras.

“We have no verified information about this alleged witness, and we will not speculate about someone’s identity based on rumors. If a person has genuine evidence, they should give it to the proper authorities rather than using the media to create a spectacle.”

I let the silence stretch for a moment.

“But since you seem so certain that this person exists, I suggest you ask yourselves one question.”

The crowd quieted again.

“Who benefits most from making the public believe that someone inside our home has betrayed us–before that person has presented a single piece of evidence?”

No one answered immediately.

I took Jason’s hand, and together we turned toward the castle entrance.

We had come out to answer the accusations, but the reporters had just revealed something far more troubling

Animals In A Barn

than the president’s speech.

Someone was controlling the timing of this story.

And whoever it was had known exactly when to strike.

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 453

The Ones Who Remain

Amber POV

By the time Jason and I returned to the castle, I had nothing left to give.

Not to the world, not to the people who had spent years making decisions about my life, and certainly not to the endless stream of problems that seemed determined to follow me wherever I went.

For once, I wanted silence.

I wanted a locked door, a warm bed, and the certainty that when I closed my eyes, rio one would take anything else from me.

Jasori seemed to understand without my having to say a word.

He held my hand as we walked through the castle, his thumb brushing slowly over my knuckles. Neither of us spoke. There was no need. We had spent so many hours fighting, planning, confronting enemies and trying to protect everyone around us that the quiet between us felt almost sacred.

When we finally reached our bedroom, I barely had the energy to remove my shoes.

Jason closed the door behind us, and I turned toward him.

For a moment, we simply looked at each other.

Then 1 stepped into his arms.

He caught me immediately, wrapping both arms around my waist and drawing me against his chest. I pressed my face into his shirt, breathing in his familiar scent, and felt something inside me finally loosen.

“I am so tired, Jason.”

My voice was barely a whisper.

“I know, sweetheart.”

He kissed the top of my head.

“I know.”

There were a thousand things I could have said. I could have told him how frightened I had been, how exhausted I was from constantly having to anticipate the next betrayal, or how badly I wanted to believe that we were finally approaching the end of this nightmare.
1

Instead, I held him tighter.

For tonight, that was enough.

Jason helped me change, and I did the same for him. We barely managed to get beneath the covers before I curled against his side, resting my head on his chest. His arm settled around me, his fingers moving lazily through my hair.

I listened to his heartbeat.

Steady. Familiar. Real.

“Are you all right?” he murmured..

I let out a tired laugh.

“Define all right.”

His chest moved beneath my cheek as he chuckled softly.

“Fair enough.”

I lifted my head to look at him.

“We will find them all, won’t we?”

His expression changed. The tenderness remained, but something colder settled behind his eyes.

“Every last one of them.”

I studied his face, searching for the uncertainty he might be hiding from me.

I found none.

Jason had always been a man who made promises carefully. He knew the weight of his words, and he never offered reassurance simply because it was what someone wanted to hear.

That was one of the things I trusted most about him.

“Then I will hold you to that,” I whispered.

He brushed his knuckles over my cheek.

“You can hold me to anything you want.”

I wanted to answer. I wanted to tell him that I was grateful for him, that I did not know how I would have survived the last few weeks without his presence, or that somewhere along the way, he had become the person I searched for whenever the world grew too loud.

But exhaustion had already begun dragging me under.

My eyes closed before I could find the words.

The last thing I felt was Jason pressing a kiss to my forehead and pulling me closer.

For the first time in what felt like forever, I slept without forcing myself to remain alert.

Unfortunately, peace in my life had never been particularly good at keeping its promises.

A sharp cry pierced the darkness.

I stirred, barely conscious, and instinctively tried to lift my head.

Jason moved first.

“Sleep,” he whispered.

“The babies-”

“I have them.”

Another cry followed, louder this time.

I pushed a hand against his chest, attempting to sit up.

“Jason, I can-”

“No.”

His voice was gentle, but there was no room for argument.

He leaned over and kissed my forehead before carefully disentangling himself from me.

The Ones Whetherain

“You have done enough tonight.”

“They’re our babies.”

“And I am their father.”

He said it so simply that I fell silent.

Jason sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on a robe. Then he turned to me, his expression softening

“Amber, look at me.”

I did.

“You have carried them, protected them, had your body cut into in order for them to be safe and alive. You have given them everything you could, even when you barely had enough left for yourself.”

My throat tightened.

He reached for my hand.

“You don’t have to prove anything to me. Not tonight. Not tomorrow. Not ever.”

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat.

“I know.”

“Do you?”

I hesitated.

His mouth curved into a faint, affectionate smile.

“Then let me take care of them. And let me take care of you.”

For a moment, I could only stare at him.

I had spent so much of my life believing that if I stopped moving, everything would fall apart. That if I did not anticipate every problem, solve every crisis, and keep every fragile piece of my world together, someone would eventually take advantage of my

weakness.

Resting had always felt dangerously close to surrender.

But Jason wasn’t asking me to surrender.

He was asking me to trust him.

“All right,” I whispered.

He kissed my hand.

“Good girl.”

I gave him a sleepy glare.

“Don’t push your luck, Mr.Sun.”

His quiet laughter followed him out of the bedroom.

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I heard him enter the nursery, followed by the soft murmur of his voice. One baby quieted, only for the other to begin crying a

moment later.

I smiled faintly against my pillow.

The Ones Whe Roman

Apparently, even Jason Sun had discovered that two babies could negotiate a battle plan more effectively than most business

executives.

A few minutes later, I heard him pacing slowly across the room, murmuring reassurances. He sang something under his breath, although I couldn't quite make out the tune.

It was terrible.Absolutely terrible and i loved is a little more for it.

Eventually, the cries faded. The castle settled into silence again, and I drifted back to sleep with the sound of Jason's footsteps moving gently through the nursery.

For once, I allowed someone else to carry the weight.

And it was the most peaceful decision I had made in months.

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Chapter 454

Willing To Talk

Amber POV

Morning arrived far too soon.

I was somewhere between sleep and consciousness when my phone began vibrating on the bedside table

I groaned and pulled the blanket over my head.

The phone continued ringing.

Whoever was calling had apparently decided that my peaceful morning was a personal insult.

With considerable reluctance, I reached for it and answered without looking at the screen.

"Someone had better be dying."

There was a brief silence.

Then a familiar voice replied, "Good morning to you too, Miss Asher."

I opened one eye.

“Mr. Stait?”

“No. This is the queen of England. I am calling to discuss your attitude.”

I stared at the phone.

Then I sighed.

“You’re enjoying this.”

“Immensely.”

I pushed myself upright, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

“Mr. Stait, if this call isn’t important, I will personally make sure you spend the rest of your career answering telemarketing

calls.”

His amusement faded.

“It is important.”

Something in his voice made me straighten.

“What happened?”

“We have them.”

For a second, I didn’t understand.

“Have whom?”

“The Wyatts.”

All traces of sleep disappeared.

I sat up so quickly that the blanket fell to my waist.

“All of them?”

Willing to Te

“Every single one we could locate. They are in custody, and our people are processing the arrests now.”

I pressed my free hand against the mattress.

For the last few weeks, the Wyatt–name had lingered at the edges of my life like a shadow. Every time I thought we had identified the people responsible, another unanswered question appeared. Another connection. Another person hiding behind a

respectable name, family attacking family.

And now, suddenly, they were in custody.

Every single one of them.

I closed my eyes for a moment.

“Are you certain?”

“Absolutely. We coordinated the operation across multiple locations. Spent the last week observing their operation inside the school and followed them to their main base in a commercial district. No one slipped through our net.”

It was not a victory cry. I didn’t feel like celebrating.

I simply felt as though someone had finally removed a stone that had been pressing against my chest for far too long.

Then I remembered the most important question.

“Mr. White?”

Silence.

I opened my eyes.

“Tell me you found him.”

“Mr. White is nowhere to be found. We searched the locations associated with him, and we’ve contacted everyone we believe might know where he is. So far, nothing.”

I stared at the wall.

Of course.

Of course the man who had spent so long hiding behind other people's actions would be the one person we couldn't find, and I just knew that Jason would not be able to breathe properly until Mr.Wyatt was found. [1

To think that he had thought and grown up believing the man responsible for most of the tragedies in his life was his father and having come to terms with that, only to discover that he had no conection to him, and had in fact been the one responsible for

his mother's death.

Mr.White had to be found, for Jason's sake.

"And the Sun president?" I asked. "Have you discovered what connection he has to the Wyatts?" 1

"Not yet. We're investigating that separately, but the relationship is still unclear. We have enough evidence to justify further inquiries, but not enough to establish exactly how he fits into this."

I leaned back against the headboard.

After ending the call, I remained still for a few moments, letting the information settle.

The Wyatts were in custody.

I should have felt triumphant.

Wing To Tel:

Instead, I felt wary.

People like them rarely operated alone, and men like Mr. White did not simply disappear without a plan. Somewhere, there was still a piece of this puzzle we hadn'tfound.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed and reached for my robe.

That was when the bedroom door opened.

Jason walked in carrying one of the babies, while the other rested in a small carrier being pushed by a nurse behind him. His hair was slightly disheveled, and there were faint shadows beneath his eyes.

He looked exhausted.

He also looked considerably more pleased with himself than a man who had spent half the night caring for two crying babies had any right to look.

“Good morning, wife.”

I glanced at the baby in his arms.

“Good morning. Did you sleep at all?”

“Enough.”

“That’s a lie.”

“A strategic adjustment of the truth.”

I snorted.

He crossed the room and sat beside me, carefully settling the baby into my arms. The little one made a soft noise before snuggling against my chest.

My heart softened immediately.

I kissed the baby’s forehead, breathing in that sweet, familiar scent that never failed to make the rest of the world seem less

important.

Jason watched me with an expression I couldn’t quite decipher.

“What?” I asked.

“Nothing.”

“Jason.”

smiled faintly.

“I like seeing you like this.”

“Like what?”

“Rested. Safe. Holding our baby without looking as though you’re preparing to declare war on an entire country.”

I gave him a flat look.

“I can do both.”

“I know. That’s what worries me.”

I laughed, and he leaned over to kiss my temple.

Willing To Tole

Theu Jason noticed the phone in my hand.

“Who called?”

“Mr. Stait.”

His expression sharpened immediately.

“And?”

“They have the Wyatts. All of them.”

Jason went still.

“All of them?”

“Every one they could locate. They’re in custody.”

He exhaled slowly, and I saw some of the tension leave his shoulders.

“That’s good news.”

“It is.”

“But?”

I glanced at him.

He knew me far too well.

“Mr. White is missing. And they still don’t know what connection the Sun president has to the Wyatts.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“Then we have more work to do.”

“Apparently, we can’t go a single morning without discovering another problem.”

“We could always try.”

I arched an eyebrow.

He kissed my forehead.

“After breakfast.”

I shook my head, smiling despite myself.

For a brief moment, I allowed myself to believe we might actually have a chance to enjoy the day.

Then my phone rang again.

Mr. Stait.

Jason noticed the name and frowned.

“Didn’t you just speak to him?”

“Yes.”

I answered.

Willing To Tele

“Mr. Stait, if you’ve called to tell me that Mr. White has escaped to attother continent, I would appreciate at least five minutes to finish my coffee first.”

“This isn’t about Mr. White, Miss Asher.”

His tone was different now. More cautious.

I sat straighter.

Then what is it about?”

“I’ve just received word from Mrs. Wyatt.”

The name made my stomach tighten.

“The same woman who cursed my grandfather and told him out family was done? That Mrs. Wyatt?”

“Yes. She’s willing to cooperate, but she has made one condition.”

I exchanged a look with Jason.

“What condition?”

Mr. Stait paused briefly before delivering the answer.

“Mrs. Wyatt, says she will only speak with you.”

You're all caught up with A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother.