

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

c 51-60

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother c 51

“Schedule a press conference.”

She didn’t hesitate.

“Joint or solo?”

I held Jason’s gaze.

And smiled. 1

“Just me.”

The press conference was in forty-eight hours.

Forty-eight hours until Victoria tried to brand me a victim.

Forty-eight hours until Adrian stood beside her pretending to care about my “safety.”

Forty-eight hours until the world tried to decide who I was.

So I did what I always did when cornered.

I expanded.

Jason officially moved his headquarters into my building that morning.

Not the other way around.

Mine.

1

to rewrite my

The media would spin it however they wanted, but the symbolism was clear. If he were controlling me, he wouldn't be relocating into my territory.

He would have made me move into his.

The children stayed with us twenty-four hours a day. Security doubled. Entry codes rotated. Armed personnel at every access point.

If they wanted to paint me as powerless, they would have to do it while watching me command an army.

+15 Bonus

I had just finalized the acquisition of a transportation company – a joint venture between my firm and Jason's Sol Management – when Pamela walked in, heels clicking with urgency.

“You’re ready for interviews

I pinched the bridge of my nose.

An assistant.

The one role I couldn’t afford to get wrong.

Too much exposure. Too many enemies. Too many people who would sell information for the right price.

“Send them up one at a time,” I said.

Pamela hesitated.

“They’re not upstairs.”

“What do you mean?”

“They’re all downstairs.” (15)

I frowned.

“All?”

She gave me a look.

When I turned the corner toward the main lobby, I stopped.

At least one hundred and fifty applicants filled the space.

Designer suits. Luxury handbags. Perfect résumés clutched like lottery tickets.

The air smelled like ambition.

Some looked nervous. Some looked predatory. Some were far too calm.

Planted, my instincts whispered.

News had spread fast. Working for me meant proximity to power – and proximity to power meant information.

Information meant leverage.

Behind me, the elevator doors slid open.

Jason stepped out, sleeves rolled up, tie slightly loosened, looking entirely too comfortable in my building.

His eyes swept the lobby once.

Then they landed on me.

A slow smile curved his mouth.

“Should I be jealous?” he murmured near my ear.

“Of one hundred and fifty people who want my schedule?” I replied.

“Of one hundred and fifty people who want access to you.”

My pulse betrayed me.

Even now. Even with a war brewing. Even with cameras waiting to dissect our body language in two days.

He leaned slightly closer.

“Choose someone ruthless,” he said softly. “You’ll need it.”

Before I could answer, a woman in the waiting area stood abruptly.

Her eyes locked onto mine.

Recognition flickered.

Not admiration.

Not ambition.

Recognition.

My stomach tightened.

I knew that face.

But from where?

Pamela stepped closer, lowering her voice.

“There’s something else.”

“What?”

“Three of them were recommended by the White family.”

Of course they were.

Adrian never moved without strategy.

The shortage. The public smear. The discount announcement. Now infiltration.

I felt it then.

This wasn't just about hiring an assistant. 1

This was about insider control.

Support

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+15 Bonu!

Her

Control the assistant. Control the calendar. Control the information. Control the battlefield.

Jason's hand brushed mine briefly-grounding, not possessive.

"I trust your instincts," he said.

And that was the difference.

He never told me what to do.

He simply stood beside me while I did it. 1

I stepped forward.

One hundred and fifty pairs of eyes followed.

“Good morning,” I said, voice steady. “I hope you’re all prepared to be evaluated under pressure.”

A ripple of surprise moved through the room.

“I don’t hire based on résumés,” I continued. “I hire based on crisis response.”

A few people shifted uncomfortably.

Good.

“Phones on the table,” I ordered.

I didn’t recognize her from a résumé.

I recognized her from humiliation.

Clara Vale.

She had stood beside Adrian at at least five family galas.

Always one step behind him. Always introduced the same way.

“My assistant.”

The lie had been so consistent it almost became truth.

But I remembered her eyes.

Sharp. Observant. Underestimated.

She walked into my office the same way she used to enter those events – composed, controlled, invisible by design.

Jason sat across from my desk, watching carefully.

Pamela closed the door.

“You’re not here for an assistant position,” I said calmly.

Clara’s lips curved faintly.

“No.”

“You were never his assistant.”

“No.”

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Silence stretched between us.

“I built Harlow Infrastructure” she said.

Jason's posture shifted.

That was the company Adrian lost two years ago.

"I structured supplier contracts. Negotiated transportation acquisitions. Designed the expansion model."

"And when it collapsed?" I asked.

"He removed my access," she replied evenly. "And told the board I mishandled the scale."

Of course he did.

She placed documents on my desk – digital timestamps, strategy drafts, her authorship embedded in internal files.

Jason reviewed them quickly.

"He reused your framework for his new company Wybe Real estate network," Jason muttered.

Clara nodded once. 1

"He recycles my work. Then rewrites history."

My pulse stayed steady.

Calculated men were predictable.

Cowards even more so.

"And you've been engaged to him for six years," I said.

"Yes."

"He married Sally Vinny three years ago."

"Yes."

"Which means—"

"I was never the mistress."

Her voice didn't shake.

"I was the fiancée he hid."

The room felt colder.

“And he ended things,” I said.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Clara held my gaze.

“He said I was no longer suitable for his image.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“He said he was choosing someone more strategic.”

+15 Bonus

315

Ho

The irony was almost offensive.

“You built his companies, said quietly.

“Yes.”

“And he introduced you as an assistant.”

“Yes.”

“And now he discarded you.”

“Yes.”

I stood and walked around my desk,

“What do you want, Clara?”

This time she hesitated.

Not out of fear.

Out of weight.

“Work,” she said first.

Then her hand moved unconsciously to her abdomen.

And everything shifted.

“I’m pregnant.” 1

Silence fell thick and absolute.

Jason straightened immediately.

“How far?” I asked.

“Ten weeks.”

The air in the room changed.

“He doesn’t know,” she added.

“You haven’t told him?” Jason asked.

“I found out after he ended the engagement.”

“And you chose not to inform him,” I said.

Her eyes hardened.

“He told me I wasn’t good for his image.”

Her voice didn’t crack.

“I refuse to beg for relevance.”

That sentence told me everything I needed to know about her.

“You understand,” I said carefully, “that if this becomes public, it complicates the narrative.”

“Yes.”

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

“And working for me turns this into war.”

“Yes.”

“Are you prepared for that?”

She lifted her chin.

“I’ve already been erased once. I won’t be erased again.”

The strength in her tone wasn’t dramatic.

It was exhausted.

Earned.

Jason crossed his arms.

“What exactly are you offering?”

“Operational restructuring. Acquisition strategy. Political risk assessment.” She didn’t flinch. “And intimate knowledge of Adrian’s weaknesses.”

I studied her for a long moment.

“You will cut personal contact with him,” I said.

“He ended it,” she replied. “I have no intention of returning.”

“And if he tries?”

Her eyes turned glacial.

“He won’t get the opportunity.”

Good.

I extended my hand.

“You’re not here for an assistant position.”

She looked confused for the first time.

“You’re here as my Chief of Operations.”

Jason didn’t object.

“You built empires for a man who hid you,” I continued. “You’ll build one for a woman who doesn’t.”

Her composure fractured – just slightly.

“You’d trust me?” she asked quietly.

“I trust competence,” I replied.

“And I reward loyalty.”

She took my hand.

Her grip was steady.

“Effective immediately,” I said, “you move your files here. Full access. Full transparency.”

1407

+15 Bonus

“Yes, Ms. Amber.’

“And Clara?”

She paused.

“You will never again stand behind a man who diminishes you.”

Her throat tightened, but she nodded.

Jason stepped closer to me.

“This changes everything,” he murmured.

“No,” I said softly.

“It clarifies everything.” 2

Because Adrian hadn’t just discarded a woman.

He had discarded: The architect of his success. The mother of his unborn child. And the only person who knew exactly where he was vulnerable.

As Clara gathered her documents, she stopped at the door.

“He moved funds offshore last month,” she said quietly. “Large transfers. I have partial records.”

Jason’s eyes darkened.

I smiled slowly.

“So he’s preparing an exit.”

Clara nodded.

“He thinks he’s ahead.”

I looked toward the skyline.

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Because now-

The woman he hid in plain sight Was standing beside me.

And this time-

She wouldn’t be introduced as an assistant.

Murmurs.

Hesitation.

Three people froze.

Interesting.

Security moved instantly.

And that's when it happened.

One of the phones lit up.

Anatification preview flashed across the screen before it was locked away.

Conference Strategy-FINALEEDIT.

My conference strategy.

The one only five people had access to.

Silence filled the lobby.

Pamela looked at me slowly.

Jason's jaw hardened.

I felt it – not panic.

Rage.

Someone inside my walls had already leaked.

And I hadn't even chosen my assistant yet.

I smiled.

Calm. Deadly. Certain. 1

“Congratulations,” I said softly to the room. “You just failed your first test.”

Security escorted the three frozen applicants away.

But my eyes were still on the woman who had recognized me.

She hadn’t touched her phone.

She hadn’t panicked.

She hadn’t reacted at all.

She was watching me.

Carefully.

Like she already knew how this war would unfold.

And somehow...

I had the feeling she wasn't here for the job.

She was here for me.

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Support

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get it

+15 Bonu

Coru you

Glara Vale

+15 Bonus

Clara did not waste time.

She removed her coat. Rolled up her sleeves. Asked for full access.

Within minutes, she had three screens open, cross-referencing acquisition models and media projections.

Efficient. Focused. Unemotional.

Exactly what I needed.

Two hours later, she walked back into the conference room where Jason, Pamela, and I were reviewing the transportation merger outline.

“I’ve adjusted the risk exposure on the transport acquisition,” she said without preamble, sliding a revised document across the table.

Jason scanned it.

His brows lifted.

“You restructured the asset absorption timeline.”

“Yes. If we phase the fleet integration across two quarters instead of one, we avoid liquidity pressure and look deliberate, not aggressive.”

She tapped another page.

“And I recommend modifying the messaging for the conference.”

Pamela leaned forward immediately.

“Go on.”

Clara met my gaze.

“You’re approaching this defensively.”

“I’m correcting a narrative,” I replied calmly.

“Yes,” Clara said. “But correction implies accusation.”

The room stilled.

“You need to reposition.”

Jason leaned back slightly, studying her.

“How?”

Clara clasped her hands together on the table.

“Announce the acquisitions jointly.”

Pamela blinked.

“Jointly?”

“Yes.”

She turned to me fully.

+15 Bonus

“You should make it public that you and your husband are buying companies together.”

The word husband carried weight

“Instead of announcing external investors – which would dilute control and reduce projected earnings – you present it as a strategic marital alliance.”

Jason’s expression shifted – not surprised.

Interested.

Clara continued.

“Frame it like this: your husband supports your leadership so strongly that he is choosing to invest beside you. Not above you. Not instead of you.”

Silence.

“Side by side,” she finished.

Pamela’s eyes widened.

“Oh my God.”

Jason's gaze locked onto mine.

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“You control the optics. Not as a woman being rescued. Not as a woman under attack. But as a power couple expanding together.”

Pamela slapped the table lightly.

“I love it.”

She turned to me.

“It neutralizes Victoria's narrative instantly. She can't paint you as unstable if the CEO of Sol Management is publicly aligning capital with you.”

Jason's voice was low.

“It also signals confidence to the market.”

“Yes,” Clara said. “And it turns your marriage from scandal into strategy.”

I studied her carefully.

“And what does that do to Adrian?” I asked.

Clara didn't hesitate.

“It isolates him.”

Of course it did.

Because Adrian thrived on positioning himself as the dominant force in every alliance.

If Jason publicly invested beside me-

Adrian's ego would fracture.

Pamela was practically glowing.

"We sell it as modern partnership. A power merger of vision. Love and capital."

She paused.

"And the press eats that alive."

Funnily enough-

I had something similar planned.

Not as polished. Not as sharp.

But the direction was the same.

And that realization told me everything.

I had made the right choice.

Jason stood slowly. 1

He walked around the table until he was beside me.

"Are you comfortable making this public?" he asked quietly.

There was no hesitation in my answer.

"Yes."

His hand rested at the back of my chair.

"Then I'm in."

Clara nodded once.

"One more thing."

We all looked at her.

“You must control the language. Do not say he is funding you.”

She looked directly at me.

“Say you are investing together.”

Subtle.

Powerful.

Equal. 1

Pamela was already typing notes furiously.

“This is genius.”

Clara didn’t smile.

“It’s obvious,” she replied.

No.

It wasn’t obvious.

It was strategic.

+15 Bonus

215

CAU VOW

It was controlled.

It was the kind of thinking Adrian had discarded.

Jason looked at Clara carefully.

“He underestimated you.”

Clara’s expression didn’t change.

“Yes.”

“And now he won’t see this coming,” Jason added.

“No,” Clara agreed.

He wouldn’t.

Because in less than one afternoon, Clara had:

.Stabilized our merger plan

.Reinforced financial optics

-Strengthened our public narrative

- And weaponized our marriage into a market statement

I leaned back in my chair slowly.

“Pamela,” I said.

“Yes?” 1

“Prepare two versions of the press statement. One soft. One aggressive.”

Her grin widened.

“Already drafting.”

I looked at Clara.

“You’ll sit beside me at the conference.”

Her eyes flickered slightly.

“Beside you?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not my assistant,” I reminded her.

A small, controlled breath left her.

“Understood.”

Jason’s tone was thoughtful.

“This shifts the battlefield before Victoria even steps onto it.”

I stood.

“Good.”

+15 Bonus

Because I was tired of reacting.

It was time to advance.

Outside, the city buzzed with ignorance.

Inside-

A new alliance had formed.

Not built on desperation.

Not built on scandal.

But on competence.

And when the cameras flashed at the conference-

They wouldn't see damage control.

They would see expansion.

Side by side.

Support

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Goo

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Gala

That same night, grandfather stayed with the children.

Jason and I had a different battlefield to attend.

A gala.

My company was still new to the market.

Even with media exposure, I could not afford to appear arrogant or inaccessible to established corporations.

Reputation, especially in this city, was currency.

And when Pamela informed me we had been formally invited to the city's Public Image Restoration Fundraiser-

I couldn't refuse.

The irony wasn't lost on me.

The last event of this scale I attended...

I was on Oscar's arm.

Smiling. Decorative. Silent.

His fiancée.

Tonight-

I represented my own company.

And I would walk in as a CEO.

Side by side with my husband.

We dressed at the hotel.

The penthouse suite overlooked the skyline, lights glittering like ambition itself.

Our clothes had already been prepared.

Jason's tuxedo – tailored charcoal with subtle satin lapels. Clean. Controlled. Powerful.

My gown hung near the window.

Navy green. 5

Structured. Elegant. Unapologetically commanding.

The corset bodice sculpted my waist, the silk catching light with every movement. The skirt fell in liquid lines to the floor, with a slit high enough to whisper confidence without screaming for attention.

I stepped out of the dressing room.

Jason was adjusting his cufflinks.

He looked up.

And stopped.

Completely.

His fingers froze mid-motion.

For a moment, he didn't say anything.

His gaze moved slowly – From my shoulders... To my waist... To the curve of my hips....

And back to my eyes.

“Jason?” I asked lightly.

He exhaled.

“That dress,” he said quietly, “is dangerous.”

I arched a brow.

“To who?”

His eyes darkened.

“Anyone who underestimates you.”

I walked toward him slowly, heels whispering against marble. 1

“You’re staring,” I noted.

“I’m appreciating,” he corrected.

The air between us shifted.

It wasn’t contractual. It wasn’t strategic. 1

It was awareness.

Raw and unspoken.

He stepped closer, adjusting a strand of hair that had fallen against my shoulder.

“Last time you attended something like this...” he began.

“I wasn’t in control,” I finished.

His jaw tightened slightly.

“You were displayed.”

Yes.

I remembered standing beside Oscar while he discussed deals over my shoulder.

Remembered the subtle glances from women measuring me. Men dismissing me.

I had been an accessory.

Tonight-

I was leverage.

Jason offered his arm.

“Ready, Mrs. Asher?”

The title no longer felt heavy.

+15 Bonu

716

“Yes,” I replied softly.

We entered the ballroom together.

Cameras flashed immediately.

The murmur started like a ripple.

“She’s here.” “With Jason.” “They look-”

Different.

We did look different.

Not scandal. Not damage control.

Power.

I could feel the shift.

The way conversations paused.

The way eyes recalculated.

Jason didn't walk ahead of me.

He didn't guide me like a possession.

He matched my pace exactly.

Side by side.

Board members approached.

Established CEOs.

Old money families.

Polite smiles. Careful curiosity.

“Mrs. Asher, congratulations on your recent acquisition.”

“Thank you.”

“We heard about the transportation merger.”

“Yes,” Jason answered smoothly, “we’re investing together.”

Not funding.

Investing.

I caught Clara’s wording echoing in his voice.

Subtle.

Intentional.

Effective.

Whispers spread faster than champagne.

“Together?” “So Sol Management is backing her?” “No- they’re partnering.”

+15 Bonus

316

Exactly.

Across the room, I noticed familiar faces from years ago.

The same people who once ignored me.

Tonight, they approached first.

And then-

I saw him.

Oscar.

Standing near the balcony, out on bail, waiting for his trial.

Watching.

His gaze swept over my gown.

Then to Jason's hand resting lightly at the small of my back.

Possessive. 1

Protective.

Equal.

Oscar's expression tightened.

He remembered the last time we stood in a ballroom together.

He had been the center.

I had been the addition.

Now-

He was observing.

And I was being approached.

Jason leaned slightly closer to my ear.

“He’s staring.”

“I know.”

“Does it bother you?”

I considered the question.

“No.”

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Because this time-

I wasn’t here as someone’s future.

I was here as my present.

A city council member approached, praising the fundraiser initiative.

Jason spoke confidently about the public restoration effort.

+15 Bonus

416

Telaborated on infrastructure modernization plans.

The conversation flowed

Balanced.

Respectful.

Professional.

Not once did Jason interrupt me.

Not once did he correct me.

He amplified.

And that subtle difference did not go unnoticed.

By anyone.

As the orchestra began to play, Jason looked down at me.

“Dance with me.”

It wasn't a command.

It was an invitation.

We stepped onto the floor.

Lights dimmed.

Music softened.

His hand settled at my waist.

Mine rested against his shoulder.

Slow. Measured.

“Everyone’s watching,” I murmured.

“Good,” he replied.

His gaze held mine steadily.

“You’re not the woman who walked into these rooms before.”

“No,” I agreed.

“You built something they can’t ignore.”

“And you chose to stand beside me.”

He didn’t hesitate.

“Always.”

The word landed heavier than it should have.

For a moment-

The gala disappeared.

+15 Bonus

750

The politics. The cameras. The whispers.

It was just us.

Then applause rose around us as the song ended.

Reality returned.

But something had shifted.

Not publicly.

Privately.

As we stepped off the dance floor, Pamela texted:

Trending already. Photos everywhere..

I glanced once more across the room.

Oscar was gone.

I didn't feel like I had lost something.

I felt like I had upgraded.

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P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

X

get it

+15 Bonus

Champagne

The first sign was subtle.

A warmth spreading slowly through my veins.

I had only taken two sips.

Champagne.

Light. Harmless.

Or so I thought.

Jason had been pulled aside by one of the senior investors – a gray-haired man insisting on his opinion about a controversial sculpture near the east wing of the ballroom.

“I’ll be right back,” Jason murmured near my ear.

I nodded.

I needed to sit anyway.

The music felt louder than before.

The lights... brighter.

Across the room, a waiter watched.

Not obvious.

But watching.

Jason

The investor kept talking.

Jason barely heard him anymore.

Heat surged unnaturally through his bloodstream.

His vision sharpened and blurred at the same time.

Wrong.

This wasn't alcohol.

His instincts snapped into place instantly.

Drugged.

He excused himself abruptly.

As soon as he stepped into a quieter corridor, he pulled out his phone with steady hands despite the chemical storm building inside him.

He dialed one number.

Marcus.

Marcus answered immediately.

“Boss?”

Jason’s voice was controlled 100 controlled.

“Find Amber.”

A pause.

“What?”

“I’ve been drugged.”

Silence on the other end.

Then Marcus’s tone shifted completely.

“Where are you?”

“Hotel corridor. East wing. I’m heading to one of my suites. I can’t risk collapsing in public.”

Marcus cursed under his breath.

“Did she drink anything?”

“Yes. We were separated.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“Marcus.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Find her. Stay with her. Do not let anyone near her. I don’t care who it is.”

“Understood.”

“And Marcus...”

His breathing grew heavier. 1

“If anything feels off-lock the place down.”

The line disconnected.

Jason didn’t wait.

He needed containment.

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He moved toward the private elevator that led to one of the permanent suites owned by his company.

To avoid recognition, he yanked off his suit jacket and briefly pulled it over his head as he walked past cameras.

He reached the suite.

Entered.

Locked it.

And braced himself against the door as the drug took full effect.

Amber

+15 Bonus

Champagne

The hallway felt too long.

The man with glasses was still beside me.

“You look unwell, ma’am. There are private suites upstairs.”

My thoughts were scattered.

Yes. Suite.

Jason’s suite.

Ours.

“I just need air,” I murmured.

“I can escort you.”

His hand pressed lightly at my back.

Guiding.

Directing.

Not forcing. 1

But steering.

The room he opened was not ours.

I didn’t register that immediately.

The lights were dim.

The air heavy.

He lit something.

Sweet.

Thick.

Overpowering.

Aphrodisiac incense. 1

My pulse slammed harder.

He slipped out quietly.

The lock clicked behind him.

And then-

A low groan.

From the bedroom.

I moved toward it slowly.

There was a man on the bed.

Suit jacket discarded.

+15 Bonus

315

Champour

Hair slightly disheveled.

He shifted.

Rolled.

And the light caught his face.

Jason.

Relief and fury collided in my chest.

I rushed to him.

“They drugged you too,” I whispered.

His eyes opened slowly.

Sharp despite the haze.

“Yes.”

Understanding settled between us.

This had been calculated.

Separate us.

Compromise us.

Film it.

Destroy us.

I extinguished the incense immediately, smothering it under a heavy cloth.

Jason pushed himself upright with visible effort.

“They expected you with another man,” he said roughly.

“And you with another woman,” I answered.

He looked at me then.

Truly looked at me.

“They just declared war.”

Marcus – POV

Marcus moved through the ballroom with growing urgency.

His phone call with Jason replayed in his head.

Drugged.

Amber possibly drugged.

Separated.

This wasn't coincidence.

+15 Bonus

Champagn

this was coordinated.

He scanned the room.

Amber wasn't at her table.

Not near the bar.

Not near the investors.

He signaled discreetly to two trusted security men stationed across the venue.

"Find Mrs. Amber. Now."

His pulse pounded harder with every passing minute.

He checked the security feed access on his phone.

Nothing obvious.

I'oo clean.

That made it worse.

He headed toward the east corridor.

Empty.

He checked the elevators.

Spoke to staff.

One waiter avoided eye contact.

Marcus grabbed him by the arm.

"Where is she?"

"I-I don't know-"

Marcus released him only when attention started drawing toward them.

Too public.

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Marcus checked the suite registry.

Three permanent suites under company ownership.

He tried calling Jason.

No answer.

He tried calling Amber.

No answer.

His jaw tightened.

Something was very wrong.

+15 Bonus

56

Champuan

He stepped Into the private elevator.

If this was an attack-

It wasn't just reputational.

It was personal.

The doors closed.

And for the first time in years-

Marcus felt something dangerously close to panic.

Because he couldn't find either of them.

And the longer they were missing-

The more damage their enemies could do

U

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonu

Oh dear

The gala had changed.

Music still played.

Champagne still flowed.

But the air had sharpened.

One of the Becker sisters – Miriam – stepped into the center of the ballroom, her concern loud enough to be overheard.

“Has anyone seen Mrs. Amber?”

A contributor nearby cleared his throat eagerly.

“I saw her leave. She seemed unsteady. A man with glasses escorted her upstairs.”

Murmurs.

Phones rising.

Miriam pressed her hand dramatically to her chest.

“Oh dear.... that doesn't look good.”

Her eyes moved strategically through the crowd.

“If she's alone in that state, someone could take advantage of her.”

Gasps.

“Security,” she ordered, “find her immediately.”

Minutes later, a member of her security team returned – loudly.

“Mrs. Amber entered Suite 333 with an unidentified male.”

Silence.

Shock.

Suite 333.

Not her joint suite.

Miriam’s expression hardened.

“Open it.”

The hotel manager hesitated.

“That suite is privately owned.”

“And this hotel,” Miriam snapped, “is owned by my family. Open it.”

The reminder hung in the air.

Yes.

The hotel belonged to the Beckers.

Guests followed as if drawn to spectacle.

14

cameras ready.

The group moved upstairs.

Marcus stood firm in front of the door.

“You cannot enter.”

Miriam stepped forward.

‘We have reason to believe Mrs. Amber is inside with a man who is not her husband.’

Marcus didn’t move.

‘She is exactly where she intends to be.’

Her security team advanced.

Two men pulled Marcus aside despite his resistance.

The hotel manager, pressured and pale, unlocked the door.

The suite opened.

Dim lighting.

Loft shadows.

Amber on the bed.

Kissing the man in front of her.

‘Passionately.

Inapologetically.

Flash. Flash. Flash.

Miriam gasped loudly.

‘How could she cheat on Jason?!’

The man’s back faced the doorway. 1

Broad.

Bare.

He wasn’t wearing a shirt.

His suit jacket lay discarded on the floor.

Amber’s hand rested against his chest as he turned slowly.

Deliberately.

The hallway went silent.

Jason's face came fully into view.

Calm.

Controlled.

+15 Bonus

25

o6 gear-

Dangerous

Miriam froze mid-accusation

"You-"

Jason rose from the bed without haste.

Shirtless.

Unbothered.

Amber stood beside him, composed.

Jason bent, picked up his shirt, but instead of putting it on immediately, he let it hang over his shoulder.

His eyes scanned the crowd.

Then settled on Miriam.

"You forced entry."

Not a question.

A statement.

Miriam tried to recover.

"We were concerned-"

"In a hotel owned by your family," Jason interrupted coolly.

The temperature in the hallway dropped.

Guests exchanged looks.

Conflict of interest.

Intent.

Orchestration.

Jason stepped closer to the doorway.

“This suite,” he continued calmly, “is my private property.”

He glanced at the hotel manager.

“And yet you allowed entry under pressure from the ownership family.”

The manager looked seconds away from collapse.

Amber’s voice was steady.

“I entered willingly. With my husband.”

Phones slowly lowered.

Whispers changed direction.

Jason finally slipped his shirt on – unbuttoned, deliberate.

Then he spoke again.

+15 Bonus

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Miriam stiffened.

“For what?” she demanded.

“For unlawful forced entry into my private suite. For defamation. And for orchestrating a public accusation without evidence.”

Every word precise.

Measured.

Lethal.

“You own this hotel,” Jason continued. “Which means this breach of privacy traces directly back to your family.”

Silence.

Heavy.

Crushing.

“By tomorrow morning,” he added calmly, “my lawyers will be filing charges.”

The word charges echoed.

Not gossip.

Not scandal.

Court.

Miriam’s face drained of color.

This was supposed to humiliate Amber.

Instead-

They had created documented proof of harassment.

On their own property.

With witnesses.

Jason extended his hand to Amber.

She took it.

They walked past the crowd together.

United.

Unshaken.

Untouched.

As the elevator doors closed, the cameras captured something entirely different than intended:

Not infidelity.

Not disgrace.

But power.

And now-

The Becker family had made an stake they could not quietly erase.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free for you

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

x

Lod

Lost

Marcus drove in silence.

Neither Jason nor I were in any condition to drive.

“Take us to my penthouse,” Jason instructed calmly.

Marcus glanced back. “Yes, sir.”

“It’s closer to the office. We have the conference in the morning.”

The conference.

I didn't react immediately.

But as the car slowed in front of the tower, my breath caught.

The same marble entrance.

The same towering glass façade.

The same place where I once believed my future was secured.

And lost. 1

I turned slowly toward Jason. 1

"You're joking."

He wasn't.

Marcus opened the door.

We stepped out.

The doorman greeted me first – then Jason – with immediate recognition and respect.

Not curiosity.

Familiarity.

That was my first confirmation.

The private elevator opened with a biometric scan.

Not temporary access.

Permanent.

The doors closed.

Silence rose with us. 1

I watched the numbers climb.

"You own a penthouse here?" I asked carefully.

"Yes."

Since when?

The elevator opened directly into the top floor.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

The entire level.

Floor-to-ceiling glass walls

A panoramic view of the city.

The very building I once shared with Oscar.

But this-

This was higher.

Literally.

And figuratively.

I walked slowly toward the window.

The city lights glittered below.

My old balcony was visible just one floor down.

A smaller unit.

A smaller life.

I crossed my arms lightly.

"Is it a coincidence?" I asked.

My voice was calm, but my heart was beating so hard I swore I could hear it. Somehow, during my time with him, I had begun to hope.

And that terrified me.

Jason didn't answer immediately.

He removed his jacket. Loosened his tie. Let it fall to the floor.

Then he walked toward me.

“No.”

One word.

Honest.

Deliberate.

I turned to face him fully.

“You bought a penthouse in the building where I lived with Oscar.”

“Yes.”

“Why?” 1

He stopped a few steps away.

Close enough for the air to shift.

“Because I knew you would outgrow him.”

215

The words landed quietly.

But they struck deeply.

“I watched you in that building, he continued evenly. “You were already thinking beyond it. Beyond him.”

My heartbeat quickened.

“You planned this,” I said softly.

“I prepared... and I hoped,” he corrected.

“For what?”

His gaze didn’t waver.

“For when you finally chose yourself.”.

The room felt warmer suddenly.

“You expected me to leave Oscar?”

“I knew you would eventually.”

Not romantic.

Certain.

I studied him carefully.

“You were very confident.”

“I was very observant.”

Silence stretched between us.

Not awkward.

Charged.

I looked back toward the city.

“This building used to feel like everything,” I admitted quietly.

“And now?”

I exhaled slowly.

“Now it feels small.”

Jason stepped beside me.

Close enough that our shoulders almost touched.

“That’s because you are not the woman who lived here before.” 1

His hand brushed lightly against mine.

An electric charge passed between our fingers.

Not grabbing.

Just there.

す

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Walling.

“You’re coming back tomorrow,” he added, “not as someone’s fiancée.”

The truth settled deeply.

Tomorrow I would walk into that building as a CEO.

As a partner.

As a woman who built her own empire.

And Jason had positioned himself here-

Above it.

Waiting.

The city shimmered beneath us.

Below that glass-

My past.

The balcony where I once waited for a man who never truly chose me.

The rooms where I shrank myself to fit someone else's ambition.

And now-

I stood above it.

Not abandoned.

Not discarded.

Elevated.

I turned slowly toward Jason.

“You really thought this far ahead?” I asked softly.

“Yes.”

“Even about me?”

His gaze didn’t waver.

“Especially about you.”

The honesty in his voice stripped away every last layer of doubt.

This wasn’t coincidence.

This wasn’t convenience.

This wasn’t temporary.

It felt designed.

But impossibly romantic.

す

The moon shone bright through the glass walls, silver light spilling across the floor, across his shoulders, across us.

+15 Bonus

1047

The city stretched endlessly beyond, a silent witness to everything I had left behind.

Jason stepped closer.

Not commanding.

Not demanding.

Choosing.

His hand slid to my waist, steady and certain.

My fingers moved to his shirt, slowly unbuttoning it – not out of impulse, but intention.

“You’re not that woman anymore,” he murmured against my lips.

“No,” I whispered.

And this time, when he kissed me, there was no strategy.

No audience.

No performance.

Only heat and intention and something dangerously close to surrender.

The past felt distant.

Small.

Irrelevant.

With the moon shining bright and the view of all I had left behind-

I lost myself in him.

Support

Share

+15 Bon

YOU

You

A phone was ringing.

Incessant.

Sharp.

Unforgiving. 1

The sound pierced through the warm haze I was wrapped in.

I burrowed deeper into the sheets instinctively, searching for the heat beside me.

Strong.

Solid.

Safe.

A low chuckle vibrated against my ear.

A slow kiss brushed my throat.

“You’re just like a kitten, you know?” Jason murmured.

His voice was rough with sleep.

“Looks like it’s time to wake up.”

I did not want to wake up.

My head was pounding.

A dull, persistent ache behind my eyes.

The aftereffects of whatever had been used on us the night before.

I cracked one eye open.

The room was bright morning sunlight spilling across the bed.

Jason reached for the nightstand and placed a glass of water and two pills beside me.

He sat on the edge of the bed, watching.

“Hydrate first,” he said calmly.

I groaned but pushed myself up slightly.

“How is your head?” he asked.

“Killing me,” I muttered. “Just what did they give us?”

He went very still.

Not tense.

Measured.

“You don’t remember?”

I blinked at him.

+15 Bonu

You

“Oh, sorry-no: Of course I remember last night.”

His eyebrow lifted slightly

I sat up fully, meeting his eyes directly.

The sheet slipped from my chest without me-noticing.

“And I don’t regret anything,” I added calmly. “I just want to know the exact drug so I can return the favor.”

A corner of his mouth twitched.

“That’s my wife.”

I grabbed the water and swallowed the pills.

“So?” I pressed.

Jason leaned back slightly, crossing his arms.

“They’re still testing the residue found in the suite. Marcus retrieved the glassware.”

My eyes sharpened immediately.

“You collected evidence?”

“Amber,” he said dryly, “I don’t walk into traps without preparing the exit.”

Of course he didn’t.

“And?” I asked.

“Preliminary guess is a stimulant-based aphrodisiac. Meant to impair judgment. Not memory.”

“So they expected us to lose control.”

“Yes.”

I considered that.

“And instead?”

His gaze darkened slightly. et

“We maintained control.”

Heat crept up my neck – but not from the drug.

From memory.

He stood and moved toward the window, adjusting his cuffs.

“The conference is in two hours,” he said evenly. “Miriam Becker’s stunt is already circulating.”

I stiffened.

“In what version?”

“Clipped footage. Edited before my face was fully visible.”

I swung my legs off the bed instantly.

“So they’re pushing the cheating narrative.”

+15 Bonus

You

“For now.”

“And the full video?”

“Will be released at the right moment.”

My headache suddenly felt secondary.

“Strategic timing?”

He looked over his shoulder at me.

“Always.”

I stood slowly, walking toward him,

“You planned the penthouse years ago.”

“Yes.”

“You collected evidence last night.”

“Yes.”

“You’re controlling the media rollout.”

“Yes.”

I stopped in front of him.

“You’re terrifying.”

He stepped closer.

“You’re impressed.”

I tried not to smile.

Failed.

“We should be furious,” I said.

“We are,” he replied calmly.

“That’s why we don’t react emotionally.”

His hand brushed my waist lightly.

“We escalate.”

I studied him for a moment – the precision, the control, the calculated calm.

Then, playfully – but meaning every word – I asked:

“Just what will it take for you to lose control?”

For the first time since waking up, something shifted in his expression.

He looked at me.

Really looked at me.

Serious.

+15 Bonu

YOU

+15 Bonus

But with the faintest hint of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

“You, Amber,” he said quietly

A beat.

“Apparently just you.”

The air thickened instantly.

Not chaotic.

Not reckless.

Intentional.

My pulse quickened, but I didn’t step back.

“Good,” I murmured.

Because I wasn’t afraid of that answer.

Not anymore.

Someone knocked on the front door.

Jason didn’t answer immediately.

Instead, he looked at me – still standing barefoot in his penthouse, sheets tangled at my feet, sunlight tracing the curve of my shoulder.

“Conference,” he repeated softly.

“Yes,” I said.

But neither of us moved.

Until he did.

“Come,” he murmured.

He took my hand and led me down a short hallway.

I expected a guest closet.

A spare rack.

Instead-

He opened double doors.

And I stopped.

An entire dressing room.

Full length mirrors.

Soft lighting.

Shelves.

Drawers.

YOU

Shoes lined with precision.

And dresses.

Rows of them.

Tailored suits.

Silks.

Structured power pieces.

He had built a full wardrobe here.

“For emergencies?” I asked slowly,

“For inevitabilities,” he corrected.

My fingers brushed along a navy sheath.

“When?” I asked.

“Over time.”

“How long have you had this?”

He adjusted his cuffs calmly.

“Long enough.”

Of course.

I turned toward him.

“You planned my exit before I did.”

“I prepared for your expansion,” he replied evenly. 1

There was something profoundly intimate about that.

Not control.

Provision.

Support.

Jason walked toward the racks.

His gaze scanned carefully – not randomly.

Deliberate.

He reached for a dress.

Ivory.

Structured.

High neckline.

Sharp shoulders.

Clean lines.

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