

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

c 61-70

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother c 61

Elegant but commanding.

He held it up in front of me

“This one.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“And why that one?”

“Because they expect scandal.”

He stepped closer.

“They will get authority.”

His voice lowered slightly.

“And because this color photographs like power.”

I watched him for a moment.

“You enjoy this.”

“Yes.”

He set the dress carefully against my body, assessing fit without touching improperly. 1

But when he did step closer-

His hands adjusted the fabric at my waist.

Professional.

Intentional.

Yet electric.

“Arms,” he said softly.

I obeyed.

He slid the dress over my shoulders slowly.

Not rushed.

His fingers grazing my skin just enough to be aware of it.

Just enough to remind me of what he had said minutes earlier.

You, Amber. Apparently just you.

He zipped the back with controlled precision.

His knuckles brushed my spine.

My breath hitched despite myself.

He leaned slightly closer.

“You are not walking into that building to defend yourself,” he murmured near my ear.

“You are walking in to dominate it.”

+15 Bonus

I met his gaze in the mirror.

“And you?”

“I will stand beside you.”

He reached for a pair of heels already placed beneath the chair.

Of course he had them prepared.

He knelt – calm, unbothered – and helped fasten the delicate straps.

The gesture wasn’t submissive.

It was deliberate.

Devotional in its own restrained way.

When he rose again, he adjusted a simple diamond bracelet on my wrist.

“Now,” he said, stepping back slightly to take in the full image.

The woman in the mirror wasn’t the one who once waited on a balcony for approval.

She looked untouchable.

“Better?” I asked.

Jason’s gaze darkened slightly.

“Dangerous.”

The knocking sounded again.

Marcus.

Jason slipped on his jacket.

Adjusted his tie.

Armor back in place.

But when he extended his hand to me-

There was no armor in his eyes.

Only certainty.

“Ready?” he asked.

I took his hand.

“Yes.”

Because this time-

I wasn't dressing for a man.

I was dressing for war.

And I had chosen the general standing beside me.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

Phoenix Ashes

We opened the door to find Marcus standing outside.

He looked exasperated.

Finally.

“What took you so long?” he demanded. “The media is frantic. The edited video is already circulating, and the conference is supposed to be starting shortly.”

I didn’t rush.

Didn’t apologize.

I simply smiled.

“Marcus,” I said calmly, stepping past him, “it is my conference. It will start the moment I say it does.”

He blinked once.

Then twice.

Control.

Jason chuckled softly behind me.

“Marcus,” he said lightly, adjusting his cufflinks, “are you low on cases lately? Why are you trying to take Mason’s job?”

Marcus exhaled sharply. “I am trying to prevent a media disaster.”

Jason raised an eyebrow.

“Where is my assistant?”

“Clara is ready,” Marcus replied. “And Mason is currently with Ms. Sun. She requested his help.”

Of course she did.

Madam Sun never moved without a reason.

“What is she planning?” I asked.

Marcus hesitated.

“That depends,” he said carefully, “on how aggressive you want to be this morning.”

I glanced at Jason.

He didn’t speak.

But his expression was clear.

Aggressive.

“Release the unedited footage,” I said calmly.

Marcus's eyes sharpened.

"Now?"

"No," I corrected. "Not yet."

+15 Bonu

I stepped into the private elevator.

Jason followed.

Marcus pressed the lobby button

"We let them panic first," I continued. "Let the narrative build. Let Miriam believe she's in control."

Jason's mouth curved slightly.

“She won’t see it coming.”

Marcus crossed his arms. “And when exactly do we drop it?”

I met his gaze evenly.

“Mid-conference.”

Silence.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Even Marcus seemed impressed.

“You’re going to ambush them,” he said.

“No,” I replied smoothly. “I’m going to correct the record.”

The elevator doors opened.

The lobby was chaos.

Cameras.

Microphones.

Shouting reporters.

Security holding a thin line.

As soon as we stepped out, the noise doubled.

“Mrs. Amber! Is the video real?” “Did you cheat on your husband?” “Mr. Sun, are you filing for divorce?” “Was the marriage staged?”

Jason’s hand slid to the small of my back.

Steady.

Grounding.

Protective.

But he didn’t step in front of me.

He stepped beside me.

Equal.

I lifted my chin slightly.

“No questions until the conference begins,” I stated calmly.

Flash.

Flashi

Flash.

We moved through the storm of voices toward the private entrance leading upstairs.

Marcus leaned closer.

“They’re expecting you to defend yourself.”

I smiled faintly.

“That’s their first mistake.”

Jason glanced at me sideways.

“And the second?”

“That I ever needed defending.”

The elevator doors closed again.

Silence returned.

For a brief moment.

Jason looked at me with quiet approval.

“You’re enjoying this,” he observed.

“Yes,” I admitted.

Because this time-

I wasn't walking into that building to explain myself.

I was walking in to expose them.

And the timing-

Would be perfect.

The conference room was packed.

Reporters shoulder to shoulder.

Cameras already live.

Streaming platforms counting viewers in real time.

The same building.

The same polished marble floors.

The same towering glass walls.

But today-

The air felt different.

I walked onto the stage without rushing.

Jason remained to the side, visible but not central.

+15 Bonu

315

+15 Bonus

Intentional.

This was my platform.

The whispers softened.

The flashes slowed.

I stepped to the podium.

Adjusted the microphone.

And smiled.

“Good morning.”

My voice carried clearly across the room.

“I see there are many questions circulating.”

A few nervous laughs.

I let the silence stretch just long enough to reclaim full control.

“But today,” I continued evenly, “is not about edited clips or speculative headlines.”

A pause.

“It is about expansion.”

A subtle shift in the room.

Confusion.

Curiosity.

“My name is Amber Asher.”

Clear.

Unapologetic.

“And today, I am formally introducing Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate.”

The name echoed through the room.

Screens behind me illuminated – a stylized phoenix rising from fractured ash.

“Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate is a diversified holdings company focusing on strategic acquisitions in infrastructure, transportation, real estate redevelopment, and private asset management.”

Reporters scribbled quickly.

“This company was built on assets I personally acquired, protected, and expanded.”

No hesitation.

“No inheritance. No borrowed name.”

The statement landed.

“Over the past weeks, we have secured majority ownership in three supply chain companies, one transportation firm, and two redevelopment projects previously stalled due to mismanagement.”

+15 Bonus

Murmurs.

That was new information.

“And this is only phase one.”

I stepped slightly aside.

“There is someone I would like to formally introduce.”

Clara stepped forward.

Composed.

Sharp.

Professional.

“Clara Vale,” I announced, “Head of Operations for Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate.”

There were visible reactions in the room.

Some recognized her.

Some understood exactly what that meant.

“Clara brings extensive experience in operational restructuring and high-growth corporate transitions. Many of the systems she designed in previous companies are still in use today.”

A quiet blade.

Precise.

“She will oversee execution across all divisions as we expand.”

Clara inclined her head slightly, meeting the cameras without flinching.

The message was unmistakable:

We are organized.

We are prepared.

We are not reacting.

I returned to the podium.

“This morning was meant to be about something else.”

The room leaned forward.

“But we will not allow distraction to dictate our direction.”

Jason stood behind me – present but not overshadowing.

Aligned. 1

Not leading.

“Phoenix Ashes is not a response to scandal.”

I paused deliberately.

す

“It is a declaration of growth.”

The phoenix glowed brighter on the screen.

“And unlike ash,” I finished calmly, “we do not scatter.”

Silence.

Then applause.

Measured.

Respectful.

The narrative was shifting in real time.

And we had only just begun. 1

Support

Share

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

dden partners

The applause softened.

I allowed it.

Then I lifted my hand slightly, reclaiming the room.

“There is one more announcement.”

Silence returned instantly.

I glanced toward Jason.

He stepped forward when I invited him with a subtle nod.

Not ahead of me.

Not behind me.

Beside me.

Intentional.

“As many of you are aware,” I began calmly, “I am married.”

A flicker of movement in the crowd.

Cameras sharpened.

“And while some have attempted to turn that fact into spectacle, I would prefer to address it with clarity.”

I allowed myself the faintest smile.

“And if you don’t know who my husband is... then you must be living under a rock.”

Soft laughter rippled through the room.

The tension shifted.

Controlled.

Confident.

I extended my hand toward him.

“This is my husband, Jason Sun.”

No hesitation.

No apology.

“He is the founder and majority shareholder of Sol Management.”

The name carried weight. 1

Everyone in that room knew it.

Or they should have.

“Sol Management,” I continued, “has long operated in asset consolidation, manufacturing oversight, infrastructure investment, and strategic expansion across multiple sectors.”

+15 Bonus

10

+15 Bonus

Jason inclined his head slightly toward the audience.

Calm. 1

Unbothered.

I met the reporters' gaze directly.

“And today, I am formally announcing that Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate and Sol Management have entered into an ongoing partnership.”

Pens paused mid-air.

Phones lifted higher.

“This is not a merger,” I clarified. “It is a strategic alignment.”

Important distinction.

“We will be co-investing in select acquisitions, jointly owning certain ventures, and expanding our influence through shared infrastructure and supply chain management.”

The screens behind us shifted.

Phoenix Ashes.

Sol Management. 1

Side by side.

Equal size.

Equal weight.

“Several recent acquisitions,” I added smoothly, “have already been secured under this partnership structure.”

Murmurs intensified.

That explained everything.

Jason finally spoke – brief, measured.

“Sol Management does not enter partnerships lightly,” he said evenly. “We invest where we see long-term leadership.”

His gaze shifted to me.

Not possessive.

Acknowledging.

“And we stand by those investments.”

The room understood.

I turned back to the podium.

“Our partnership is built on mutual respect, independent leadership, and shared strategy.”

A deliberate pause.

“And unlike rumors, it is based on documented contracts and transparent governance.”

A subtle but sharp counterstrike.

20

+15 Bonus

“This is not about dependency,” I added. “It is about amplification.”

The word hung in the air.

Amplification.

Not rescue.

Not protection.

Growth.

A reporter raised her hand quickly.

“Mrs. Asher, are you saying your husband is financially backing your company?”

I smiled again.

“No.”

Then, clearly:

“I am saying he is investing beside me.”

The difference was enormous.

Jason’s hand brushed lightly against mine.

Aligned.

“And that,” I concluded, “is only the beginning.”

The applause this time was louder.

Heavier.

Respectful.

They weren't witnessing a marriage.

They were witnessing an empire forming.

The applause began to fade.

The room settled.

And then–

A voice cut through the silence.

“Ms. Asher!”

A young reporter stood abruptly, microphone already raised.

“What about the video circulating online? The one from the gala last night?”

The room tightened.

Cameras pivoted instantly.

“It shows you in a private suite,” he continued, “and some commentators are suggesting that your marriage is merely a front – that your families do not approve of your real partners.”

A low murmur spread like wildfire.

Ah.

That was clever.

Not “cheating.”

Not directly.

But implying something more scandalous.

A political marriage.

Secret lovers.

Family disapproval.

It reframed the narrative entirely.

Smart.

Very smart.

I didn't react immediately.

Instead, I took a slow sip of water.

Let the tension build.

Jason didn't move.

He didn't step in.

He trusted me to handle it.

And that alone spoke louder than words.

I set the glass down gently.

“I see,” I said calmly.

“You’re referring to the heavily edited clip that began circulating approximately forty-five minutes ago.”

The reporter blinked.

He hadn’t expected precision.

“Yes-”

“Let’s address it properly.”

I turned slightly toward the large screen behind us.

“Clara.”

Clara stepped forward instantly.

Professional.

Prepared.

“As you can see,” I continued, “the footage currently online is incomplete.”

+15 Bonus

The screen flickered.

A still image appeared-the one circulating online.

Me.

In the suite.

Jason's bare back facing the door.

Cameras flashing.

From that angle, his face unseen.

"From this perspective," I said evenly, "it would be easy to construct a narrative."

A pause. 1

"And someone clearly did."

Murmurs.

"But what the circulating clip does not show," I added, "is who was in that room."

I turned slightly toward Jason.

“This was my husband.”

I let the words land.

“We were in his privately owned suite.”

The screen shifted.

The unedited footage began to play.

The forced entry.

Miriam’s voice accusing.

“How could she cheat on Jason?!”

The hallway crowd.

And then-

Jason turning.

Fully visible.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

The room gasped collectively.

Silence followed.

The narrative collapsed in real time.

I faced the reporters again.

“The hotel in question,” I continued calmly, “is owned by the Becker family.”

+15 Bonus

50

More murmurs.

‘And the door to that suite was opened under pressure, despite it being private property.’

A blade wrapped in silk.

‘This morning’s edited version conveniently removed those details.’

ason finally spoke.

Measured.

Controlled.

‘We are currently reviewing legal options.’

Not dramatic.

Not emotional.

ust factual.

looked back at the reporter who had asked the question.

‘As for the suggestion that our marriage is a ‘front’ because our families disapprove...’

allowed myself a small smile.

‘My grandfather is happy with my chosen husband, he provided acomodations for my new family.’

A ripple of surprise.

‘And Mr. and Mrs. Sun have publicly acknowledged our union.’

Another pause.

‘If there are hidden partners, I would be very inclined to meet them myself, they sound interesting.’

Soft laughter broke out.

Tension easing.

Control restored.

The reporter swallowed.

“So you’re denying the allegations?”

“I am correcting them,” I replied.

A beat.

“And I strongly encourage media outlets to verify their sources before amplifying manipulated content.”

The screen behind me went dark.

The phoenix logo returned.

“And if there are further questions,” I added smoothly, “they will be addressed through proper legal channels.”

I stepped back slightly.

Not retreating.

+15 Bonu!

Reclaiming space.

Jason's hand brushed mine again.

Steady.

Aligned.

The room was no longer whispering.

It was recalculating.

Because the attempted scandal had not weakened us.

It had demonstrated something else entirely.

Preparation.

Unity.

And precision.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

+15 Bonus

Support

Share

get it

X

United

+15 Bonus

United

We were nearing the end of the conference.

The tension had settled.

The narrative had been corrected.

Now it was time to consolidate.

“As part of Phoenix Ashes’ growth strategy,” I continued, “we are expanding aggressively across multiple divisions.”

The screen shifted again – organizational charts, projected growth curves, acquisition targets.

“And with that expansion comes opportunity.”

I allowed a small pause.

“I am officially opening applications for assistant and management-track positions.”

Several reporters glanced up.

“That includes recent graduates,” I clarified. “If you believe you are exceptional at what you do, we will find a place for you.”

A quiet ripple passed through the room.

Confidence.

Ambition.

No small dreams.

“We are not hiring to fill chairs,” I added. “We are hiring to build something, please contact the company via email with your information and we will set an interview date, it does not matter who your family is, if You did not have the best grades or if You did not finish school, we are looking for someone who knows what to do and is good at it in real life, not just in paper.”

I stepped back slightly.

“And that concludes-”

The doors at the back of the conference room opened.

Not abruptly.

But with presence.

Security entered first.

Then-

Mrs. Sun.

Mr. Sun.

And my grandfather, Mr. Asher.

Escorted.

Composed.

Impeccable.

The room immediately stood.

318

Not instructed.

Instinctive.

Two dynasties in one space.

I turned slowly.

Jason did not look surprised.

Of course he didn't.

Mrs. Sun reached the stage first.

Elegant.

Controlled.

“My apologies for the interruption,” she said calmly.

“But we felt something needed clarification.”

The tension returned.

But differently.

Anticipatory.

Mr. Sun stepped forward.

Behind them, one of their assistants carried a thin frame.

They placed it on the podium.

The screen behind us shifted.

An old document appeared.

Aged paper. 1

Formal script.

Family seals at the bottom.

Gasps rippled through the room.

My grandfather adjusted his glasses and spoke.

“This document,” he said evenly, “is a memorandum of understanding between the Asher and Sun families.”

Dated decades ago.

My breath caught.

“It states,” Mrs. Sun continued, “that Jason Sun and Amber Asher were intended to be united in marriage.”

The room erupted in whispers.

A childhood arrangement.

An alliance between houses.

Mr. Sun raised his hand slightly for silence.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

“As the children grew,” he added, “we allowed them freedom to choose their own partners.”

A pause.

“Even when we did not agree with those past choices.”

Subtle.

Sharp.

Mrs. Sun’s gaze swept the room.

“But let it be publicly known,” she continued, “that the Sun family fully approves of this marriage.”

My grandfather stepped forward beside her.

“And the Asher family stands behind it.”

He placed his hand lightly on my shoulder.

Proud.

Unwavering.

Prev

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“We were patient,” he added calmly. “Because some unions are not forced. They are fulfilled, and apparently were meant to be.”

The meaning was unmistakable.

This was not a front. 1

Not political damage control.

Not scandal containment.

It was legacy restored.

Jason stepped beside me.

For once-

He looked almost... moved.

The old document remained projected behind us.

Proof.

History.

Intent.

Mrs. Sun smiled faintly.

“We are, in fact,” she concluded, “quite ecstatic with the recent choice.”

Soft laughter broke the tension.

The room recalibrated once more.

Not just a corporate partnership.

Not just a marriage. 1

A dynasty alignment.

I looked at Jason.

He leaned slightly toward me.

“Well,” he murmured quietly, “apparently we were inevitable.”

I smiled.

“It seems so.”

The cameras flashed again.

But this time-

It wasn't scandal.

It was consolidation.

And the message was clear:

You don't break something that was meant to be built.

The conference ended in a wave of flashes and calculated smiles.

Dynasty endorsement.

Corporate expansion.

Public unity.

For a brief moment-

It felt like we had secured the narrative.

We were wrong.

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonu!

Chut

Cheat

By the time we reached the private elevator, Clara's phone was already vibrating nonstop.

Marcus's expression darkened.

Jason's phone lit up next.

Not calls.

Notifications.

Endless.

Clara inhaled sharply.

“She responded.”

I didn’t need to ask who.

Victoria.

Of course.

“She released a statement ten minutes ago,” Clara continued. “Livestream.”

Jason's jaw tightened.

"What did she say?"

Clara turned her tablet toward us.

Victoria appeared on screen.

Composed.

Elegant.

Calculated.

Behind her a neutral, professional background.

"I would like to clarify something," Victoria said smoothly. "When I was engaged to Jason Sun, there were already... disagreements between him and his family."

A pause.

“Disagreements about compatibility.”

Subtle.

Poisoned.

She smiled faintly.

“And I suppose history simply repeated itself.”

The implication was clear.

The Sun family had interfered before.

They disapproved before.

+15 Bonu

Which made today's "childhood agreement" look like manipulation.

Then-

She shifted tone.

"I am pleased to announce my engagement to Mario Becker."

The screen cut to Mario stepping beside her.

The Becker heir.

Polished.

Arrogant.

Confident.

“We stand by the integrity of our family’s hotel,” Mario stated firmly. “Our staff responded to reports of inappropriate behavior. We were called to ensure safety.”

He looked directly into the camera.

“And while some may choose to reinterpret events after the fact... we will not apologize for protecting our guests.”

A calculated counterpunch.

Then came the real strike.

Mario continued:

“It seems I was fortunate not to have chosen certain alliances.”

Victoria smiled.

“And I was fortunate to find one that aligns with my values.”/

Then-

Images appeared on the screen.

Old photos.

Amber and Jason.

At corporate events.

Standing close.

Looking at each other.

Laughing.

Private charity dinners.

Board meetings.

Before the breakup with Oscar.

Before Jason ended things with Victoria.

The captions were brutal:

+15 Bonus

Chill

“Emotional affairs?”

“Secret meetings?”

“Planned betrayal?”

Victoria’s voice returned.

“It appears some partnerships begin long before the public is informed.”

Silence.

Calculated silence.

Then the stream ended.

The elevator felt smaller.

Heavier. 1

Clara's face had gone pale.

"It's spreading fast," she said quietly.

Marcus checked his phone.

"Public opinion is turning."

I didn't speak.

I didn't move.

Jason's jaw was tight enough to crack stone.

"They're rewriting the timeline," Marcus added.

"They're implying we cheated."

Clara swallowed.

“Hashtags are trending. ‘Calculated Marriage.’ ‘Corporate Affair.’”

Jason turned to me.

“They’re trying to destroy your credibility.”

No.

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Because if the marriage was built on betrayal-

Then the dynasty endorsement looked corrupt.

The partnership looked suspicious.

The acquisitions looked premeditated.

It was smart.

Infuriatingly smart.

+15 Bonus

315

Che

For the first time since the gala-

The narrative wasn't under our control.

Marcus looked up.

"Do we respond immediately?"

I finally spoke.

"No."

Jason's eyes flicked toward me.

"They want emotion," I said evenly.

"They want reaction."

Clara hesitated.

“But public opinion is shifting.”

“I know.”

And that was the part that hurt.

Because it wasn't just business.

It was character.

Integrity.

Trust.

Jason stepped closer.

His voice low.

“We didn’t cheat.”

“I know.”

But knowing wasn’t the problem.

Belief was.

The world believed what it saw.

And what they saw was curated.

Victoria and Mario stood together.

Young.

Polished.

Unified.

We stood-

Under suspicion. 1

Jason's phone buzzed again.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

fus time.

Investor concern messages.

Board members.

Partners.

Doubt creeping.

Clara exhaled.

“This is coordinated.”

“Yes,” I replied calmly.

“It’s war.” 1

And for the first time since stepping into this relationship, this partnership we were without a plan, i had anticipated a response to hurt me and my company, but not my integrity and moral views-

The phoenix felt like it might actually burn.

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

Cold

Jason and I entered the car in silence.

No reporters.

No cameras.

Just the hum of the engine and the weight of what had just happened.

The city lights blurred past the window as we headed toward the Asher estate.

Victoria's video.

Mario's statement.

The pictures.

The narrative twisting.

I was already reconstructing timelines in my head.

Timestamps.

Guest lists.

Event records.

Security footage.

There had to be a clean way to dismantle it.

But beside me-

Jason was too quiet.

Not calm.

Cold.

The air around him felt sharp.

Controlled anger.

The kind that simmers.

I turned toward him slowly.

“Jason,” I said softly.

No response.

His jaw was tight.

His hand flexed once over his knee.

I reached up and placed my hand against his cheek, forcing him to look at me.

“We have to think about the kids,” I murmured. “This will reach their school. Their friends. Do you have something planned? Because I was thinking-”

He removed my hand.

Con

Not violently.

But firmly.

“Not now, Amber,” he said quietly,

“I’m thinking.”

The words were controlled.

But the distance in them-

Wasn’t.

It hit deeper than it should have.

For a second, I felt something familiar..

That old feeling.

Standing beside someone powerful.

But not being allowed inside their strategy.

Hurt flared instinctively.

I swallowed it before it could show.

Composed myself before he could see the crack.

I didn't respond.

The rest of the drive was silent.

When the gates of the Asher estate opened, I didn't wait for him. 1

I stepped out of the car first.

The guards greeted me.

The housekeepers bowed slightly.

I smiled automatically.

Walked inside.

Steady.

Measured.

Pamela was in the sitting room with the kids.

Alice was laughing at something.

Alex was showing her something on a tablet.

Normal.

Safe.

Pamela looked up immediately.

She took one look at my face.

+15 Bonl

217

CLONC

“What?”

I shook my head.

It was subtle.

But she saw it.

On the verge of tears.

Not because of Victoria.

Not because of Mario.

But because-

For the first time since this began-

Jason had shut me out.

The first crack in the alliance.

And he chose to face it alone.

The old fear crept in quietly.

The one I thought I had buried.

That my voice-

Was secondary.

That my presence-

Was convenient.

That my partnership-

Was conditional.

I turned away slightly before anyone else could notice.

Because the last thing I would allow-

Was for my children to see doubt.

But inside-

It hurt.

And I didn't know if it hurt because of the scandal.

Or because it felt exactly like before.

I said hello to the kids.

Alice launched herself at me immediately, demanding I watch her spin in a circle "like a tornado."

Alex pretended not to need attention – which meant he needed it more.

I sat on the carpet with them.

Laughed

+15 Bonu

+15 Bonus

Listened.

Played.

Answered questions about the “people.”

I made sure my voice didn’t shake.

Made sure my smile didn't falter.

Jason stayed nearby.

Physically present.

Emotionally elsewhere.

On the phone.

Short responses.

Low tone.

Efficient.

He didn't look at me.

And I didn't look at him.

Because if I did-

I might ask again.

And I refused to beg for partnership.

Not again.

Clara called.

Already three steps ahead. 1

"I'm mapping the timeline," she said quickly. "Every public appearance. Every documented event. We'll show exact dates – when Oscar and you separated, when Jason ended his engagement, when you married."

“Good,” I replied.

“Masón is pulling corporate records. We’ll secure timestamped emails.”

Pamela joined the call.

“No dramatic counterattack,” she said. “We drip-feed. Quiet releases. Let people notice the inconsistencies themselves. If we hold another conference, it’ll look defensive.”

She was right.

We had to look untouchable.

Not reactive.

Jason walked past us with Alice on his shoulders.

He didn’t interrupt.

Didn't contribute.

Cord

Didn't ask

It shouldn't have hurt.

But it did.

Because partnership meant shared battles.

Not parallel ones.

And the worst part?

It hurt more than Oscar ever had.

Because with Oscar, I had expected to be overlooked.

With Jason-

I hadn't.

That realization cut deeper than anything Victoria had said.

Was I chasing the same dynamic?

Powerful man.

Strategic mind.

Room for me-

Until pressure hit?

No.

I refused to spiral.

I refused to become that insecure version of myself again.

My phone rang.

Unknown number.

I almost ignored it.

But I answered.

“Amber?”

I blinked.

“Antone?”

College.

Long nights.

Group projects.

Debates about building companies instead of inheriting them.

“I saw the circus online,” he said lightly. “Ignore it. Listen – I’m in town. Dinner? I’d like you to meet someone.”

“Who?” 1

+15 Bonus

Con

“My niece. She’s graduating top of her class. You said you’re hiring. I think she’d fit.”

Business.

Normal.

Grounded.

An anchor to who I was before all this.

I hesitated only a second.

“Send me the location.”

I ended the call.

The room felt heavy.

Jason still hadn't looked at me.

I stood.

"I'll be back before dinner."

No explanation.

No invitation.

No pause.

Pamela's eyes flicked between us.

Clara went silent on the line.

Jason didn't ask where I was going.

That was the part that stung.

I grabbed my purse.

My phone.

My keys.

Walked toward the garage.

Past the cars.

Past the armored SUV.

And stopped in front of it.

The motorcycle.

Black.

Low.

Fast.

Untouched for years.

I ran my fingers over the seat.

+15 Bonus

Cena

Helmet on.

Engine roaring to life.

The vibration under me felt familiar.

Alive.

Uncontrolled.

Free.

I needed to remember who I was before alliances.

Before scandals.

Before men with legacies.

Before being someone's fiancée.

Before being someone's wife.

The gates opened.

Wind hit my face.

And for the first time all day-

I could breathe.

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

Prev

Cedella

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

ason POV

ason – POV

The door closed behind her.

The sound wasn't loud.

But it echoed.

I didn't follow.

I didn't stop her.

I stood in the living room with my phone still in my hand, staring at nothing.

Anger sat under my skin like fire.

Not at her.

Never at her. 1

At myself.

For not protecting her properly.

For thinking I could manage this quietly.

For ever considering settling for Victoria.

For underestimating how vicious this would become.

For not flipping the narrative fast enough.

For letting public opinion turn.

For letting her walk out of that car feeling alone.

My jaw tightened.

This wasn't just gossip.

This affected her position.

Her heir trial.

Her legitimacy. 1

Every whisper chipped at her credibility.

And I had sworn-

I would never let anyone diminish her again.

But the worst part?

If the press dug deep enough-

They would find the truth.

I had always been after her.

It was never Victoria.

す

+15 Bonus

WHEN POW

It was never strategy.

It was never convenience.

It was always Amber.

Even before she met Oscar.

Even before she officially met me.

She had saved my life.

I remember it too clearly.

College.

A fundraising gala I didn't want to attend. 1

My father had just lost the legal battle over the house.

His house.

The one with my childhood in it.

The one filled with my mother's things.

The Sun family had "reallocated assets."

That was the official phrase.

Reallocated.

They took everything.

Memories included.

I was standing alone on a balcony, pretending to answer emails.

Thinking about walking away.

From the family.

From the heir position.

From everything.

Then- 1

She sat down next to me.

Uninvited.

Unsteady.

Very drunk.

Amber Asher.

Hair slightly messy.

Shoes in her hand.

Confidence entirely intact.

+15 Bonu

+15 Boni

She squinted at me.

“Are you alright?”

I don’t know why I answered honestly.

“No.”

She blinked.

Actually blinked.

Then leaned back in her chair. 1

“Oh. You’re serious.”

I let out a humorless breath.

“I don’t want to be an heir anymore.”

She tilted her head.

“I want to be normal,” I continued. “Have friends. Not be watched. My family just took my father’s house. Everything in it. Memories. They took it all.”

She stared at me for a moment.

Then-1

She laughed.

Not cruel. 1

Just... surprised.

“Ohhh,” she said, patting my head clumsily. “You are serious.”

I should have been offended.

Instead, I watched her.

“You don’t look built to follow,” she said suddenly. “You look built to lead.”

I frowned. ¹

She waved her hand lazily.

“Look, I don’t know who you are. But if you quit, someone weaker takes your place. Then you’ll complain about them for the rest of your life.” ¹

She leaned closer.

“So lead. And fix it.”

She reached into her purse.

Pulled out a slightly bent business card.

“This is a friend’s boyfriend. His name is Marcus. He’s intense. Like you. Probably annoyingly competent.”

She shoved the card into my hand.

“Call him. If you’re going to fight, don’t fight alone.”

Then she stood.

Wobbled.

Pointed at me.

“And stop looking like someone stole your dog It’s unattractive.”

And she walked away.

She didn’t even know my name.

I still had that card.

Marcus Hess.

That was how it started.

Not Victoria.

Not strategy.

Her.

It was always her.

The girl who sat beside a stranger and told him to lead instead of collapse.

The girl who didn't know she was saving a future.

If the press ever traced it back-

They'd realize something dangerous.

I had loved her long before she ever looked at me.

Which meant-

The narrative wasn't just twisted.

It was incomplete.

And that made me angrier than anything.

Because if there was one thing I would not tolerate-

It was her thinking she was alone in this.

I looked toward the garage.

Empty.

Motorcycle gone.

My chest tightened. 1

She was hurt.

And I had let her walk out without stopping her.

I exhaled slowly.

Enough.

+15 Bonu

Victoria wanted war?

Fine.

But this time-

I wouldn't fight beside Amber.

I would fight for her.

And then I would make sure she never doubted her place next to me again.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

Anthote

+15 Bonus

Another life

The restaurant was discreet.

Private room.

Low lighting.

Quiet enough to think.

Not quiet enough to avoid cameras.

I noticed them halfway through dinner.

Two flashes from across the street.

A reflection in the glass.

Paparazzi.

Cedella

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

Borrowed textbooks 68

Antone noticed too.

Madison noticed first.

She shifted her chair immediately – closer to me.

Purposefully.

Blocking angles.

Smart girl.

“I’ll sit here,” she said casually. “They’ll crop it if I’m centered.”

I blinked.

“You noticed?”

She rolled her eyes lightly. “You used to teach me situational awareness, remember?” 1

Right.

I had.

When she was thirteen.

When I used to babysit her during college breaks.

When she would insist I teach her “real things.”

Like fighting.

Like self-defense.

Like how to read a room before it reads you.

She smiled suddenly.

“You used to be more out there,” she said, studying me carefully. “More... untouchable. You didn’t care what people thought.”

Antone leaned back in his chair.

Art.

+15 Bonus

“She’s right,” he said. “You led the robotics team. We only won because you rewrote the competition algorithm.”

I laughed faintly.

“That was not rewriting.”

“You hacked the school server to fix Pamela’s grade,” he continued, amused. “After Professor Dalen tried to fail her because she rejected him.”

Madison’s eyes widened.

“You did what?”

“It wasn’t hacking,” I muttered.

“It was absolutely hacking,” Antone replied.

I shook my head.

“I just... corrected an injustice.”

Madison tilted her head at me.

“You didn’t hesitate back then,” she said quietly. “You didn’t ask permission to exist.”

The words landed deeper than they should have.

What happened?

I knew what happened.

Responsibility.

Legacy.

Public image.

Strategy.

Marriage.

Heirs.

But before I could answer-

Madison’s phone buzzed violently.

She looked down.

Then her eyes widened.

“Oh.”

She turned the screen toward us.

“It’s live.” 1

The restaurant felt suspended in time.

Jason stood alone in front of the microphones.

No backdrop.

+15 Bonus

No family behind him.

Just him.

“I want to clarify something.”

The press quieted instantly.

“I was not in a relationship when I began pursuing Amber Asher.”

Measured.

Clear.

“I ended my engagement before I made any move toward her.”

He didn’t blink.

“But yes,” he continued calmly, “I was waiting.”

My breath caught.

“I was waiting for her to be available.”

A murmur rippled through the reporters.

“I have known Amber for years. Long before this became public.”

A faint smile touched his lips.

“And anyone who has ever met her knows she is an extraordinary woman.”

His voice lowered slightly.

“Letting her go would have been a sin.”

Silence.

Thick.

Heavy. 1

“I still don’t understand my brother,” he added evenly.

A blade wrapped in velvet.

“But I’m not complaining.”

Another pause.

“After all... it is my gain.”

Gasps.

Not loud.

But real.

He didn’t soften it.

Didn’t backtrack.

“I planned how to win her over,” he continued. “And nobody can blame me for that, i think most men have someone they go, or

Another ja

did not fight for them ad now regret it, i don’t believe in regret.”

His gaze sharpened.

“I bided my time. I waited for a chance.”

A breath.

“And it worked.”

The corner of his mouth lifted.

“Because she was worth it.”

Absolute silence now. 1

“And when I want something,” he finished calmly, “I don’t let it slip through my fingers.”

A subtle shift in his posture.

“I fight for it.”

Then the final strike:

“Victoria, I wish you the best in your engagement.”

Controlled.

Dismissive.

Complete.

The stream ended.

Back at the table, Madison stared at me wide-eyed.

“He just claimed you,” she whispered.

Antone exhaled slowly.

“That wasn’t damage control.”

No.

It wasn’t.

It was ownership without possession.

Choice without coercion.

And for the first time since leaving the car-1

My chest didn’t feel hollow.

U

Share

Support

+15 Bonus

Not to Y

Not so easy

Dinner stretched longer than expected.

Longer than it needed to.

Longer than I wanted.

Being cast aside by Oscar had felt like being replaced.

Like I had been a tool.

Useful.

Efficient.

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

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Until something newer arrived.

That wound was sharp and humiliating.

But tonight's ache was different.

Jason hadn't replaced me.

He hadn't discarded me.

He had stepped forward publicly.

Taken the blame.

Shielded me.

Declared that he had pursued me first.

It was sweet.

Powerful.

Protective. 1

But in doing so-

He removed my voice from the narrative.

He turned it into his choice.

His pursuit.

His plan.

His victory.

And for a moment-

I was no longer the one who chose.

That was the part that unsettled me.

Because I had spent years being someone else's extension.

And I could not afford to become that again.

r

+15 Bonus

Not in ewY

+15 Bonus

Even if the man beside me loved me.

Even if he meant well.

Even if he was fighting for me.

I needed to fight with him.

Not be carried.

The restaurant had emptied by the time we stood to leave.

Jason's public declaration had shifted the narrative.

It had been strong.

Powerful.

Unapologetic.

But it didn't erase something deeper.

Being cast aside – even publicly justified – leaves a mark.

And no speech could fully undo that bruise, or ease the realization that i let myself down, that little girl that vowed never to let anyone make a fool of herself.

Madison hugged me tightly.

“Don’t shrink,” she whispered.

Antone squeezed my shoulder.

“You were always the storm,” he said. “Don’t turn into the rain.”

I smiled faintly.

But their words lingered. 1

On the ride back, helmet in hand, I didn’t start the motorcycle immediately.

I sat there.

Thinking.

Madison was right.

I had changed.

Part of it was adulthood.

Responsibility.

Legacy.

Pressure.

But another part...

I had lost something.

When I was with Oscar, I gave fully.

Nest Y

Completely.

Every idea.

Every ounce of energy.

Every strategy.

Every resource.

I poured myself into his company.

Into his ambitions.

Into being “support.”

And somewhere along the way-

There was nothing left for me.

I wasn't unhappy.

I was... diluted.

And I didn't even notice it happening.

That realization hurt more than the headlines.

It wasn't Victoria.

It wasn't the Beckers.

It wasn't the press.

It was me.

Forgetting myself.

No one forced me.

I volunteered.

And that had to stop.

It was time to reconnect.

Not strategically.

Not politically. 1

Personally.

Antone's phone buzzed before I even left the parking lot.

"You're added," he called out through the car window.

AW*****p notification popped up immediately.

Old Crew – Rebooted

Jessica.

Antone

+15 Bonus

Lynette

Justin.

Martin.

Pamela.

Messages started flying instantly.

“LOOK WHO’S BACK.”

“Does she still hack servers?”

“Tell her not to touch my taxes.”

“Finally. Took you long enough.”

I laughed out loud.

Actually laughed. 1

Not controlled.

Not measured.

Real.

I had only stayed close to Pamela.

And if I was honest-

That was because she never let go. 1

The others?

Life had happened.

Careers.

Moves.

Distance.

Pride.

Now the messages were chaotic.

Memes.

Old photos.

Stories.

Inside jokes that hadn't faded.

“Remember robotics nationals?”

“Remember when Amber rewired the stage lights mid-competition?”

“Remember Professor Dalen almost fainting?”

Bittersweet

+15 Bonu

Not to no

So much time lost.

But not wasted.

Because they were still there.

Open arms.

No conditions.

No expectations.

Just-

Amber.

Not Mrs. Sun.

Not an heir.

Not a CEO.

Not a headline.

Just me.

For the first time in a long time-

I felt something shift.

Not because of a man.

Not because of a scandal.

Because I was choosing myself.

And maybe that was the real beginning.

Cedella

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

Borrowed textbooks 70

+15 Bonus

get it

iming

The estate was quiet when returned.

loo quiet.

The kind of quiet that feels deliberate.

removed my helmet slowly, placing it on the console by the entrance.

The housekeepers pretended not to notice the time.

walked toward the living room.

He was there.

ason.

sitting upright on the couch.

Elbows on his knees.

Hands clasped together.

At first glance, he looked composed.

Still.

Controlled.

The heir.

The strategist.

But the moment he heard my steps-

He looked up.

And little by little-

could see him breaking.

Not dramatically.

ust... fracturing at the edges.

His jaw was tight.

His eyes darker than usual.

Not angry.

Afraid.

“You’re back,” he said quietly.

Not accusing.

Just... steadying himself.

“Yes.”

Silence stretched between us.

+15 Bonus

He stood slowly.

As if unsure whether he was allowed to.

“I watched the pictures,” he said

Ah.

Of course he had.

“Dinner,” I replied calmly. “With Antone and his niece.”

“I know who Antone is.”

There was no jealousy in his tone.

“They’re already trying to twist it.”

“I expected that.”

Another pause.

He ran a hand through his hair.

A crack.

Small.

But real.

“I shouldn’t have pushed you away in the car.”

There it was.

Not defensive.

Not justified.

Acknowledged.

“I was angry,” he continued. “Not at you.”

“I know.”

“I was angry at myself.”

His voice lowered.

“I let them dictate the pace. I reacted. And then I reacted again. And in doing that... I didn’t include you.”

He swallowed slightly.

“And that is not partnership.”

No excuses.

No shifting blame. 1

Just ownership.

I crossed my arms lightly.

Just grounding myself.

+15 Bonu

“You made it about you,” I said softly.

He flinched.

Barely.

“But not in a selfish way,” I added. “In a protective one.”

His gaze lifted to mine.

“I didn’t want them attacking you.”

“And I didn’t want to be shielded like something fragile.”

The words weren’t sharp.

Just honest.

He stepped closer.

Not touching me yet.

“You are not fragile,” he said.

“I know.”

“But I need to be heard too.”

His breath hitched slightly.

“And I need you to fight with me. Not for me.”

That did it.

That was the crack.

His composure slipped fully then.

Not tears.

But vulnerability.

“I was afraid,” he admitted.

The word almost foreign on his tongue.

“If they dig deep enough... they’ll find that I’ve wanted you for years.”

I blinked. 1

“I don’t regret that, I regret that I made it sound like you were something I won.”

The air shifted.

That

That was it. N

He understood.

“You chose me.” he said firmly. “And I will never take that away from you again.”

My throat tightened

+15 Bonus

‘I don’t need you to shield me,” I whispered. “I need you to stand beside me.”

He closed the remaining distance.

This time, when he reached for me-

He didn’t pull.

He waited

I stepped forward. 1.

Small.

Deliberate.

Choice.

His arms wrapped around me slowly.

Not claiming.

Holding.

His forehead rested against mine.

“I don’t want to be like him,” he murmured.

“You’re not.”

“I don’t want you to ever feel alone beside me.”

I exhaled slowly.

“You made me feel alone for a moment.”

His grip tightened slightly.

“I’m sorry.”

The silence between us wasn’t fragile anymore.

It was honest.

I searched his face.

“Since when?” I asked quietly.

His brows pulled together.

“Since when what?”

“Since when was it me?”

He didn’t look away.

“Since college.”

My breath stilled.

“That night on the Fundraising Gala,” he continued softly. “You probably don’t remember.”

I did.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

But let him speak.

“You were drunk,” he said, a faint ghost of a smile appearing. “You sat next to a stranger and told him he wasn’t built to follow.”

My lips parted slightly.

“You gave me Marcus’s card.”/

I blinked. 1

“You kept it?” 1

“Of course I did.”

His tone was almost offended.

“I called him the next morning.”

That surprised me more than anything.

“You did?”

“Yes.”

He stepped back slightly, just enough to look at me properly.

“Marcus is like a brother to me because of you.”

The words landed heavy. 1

“You were the first person I ever let in,” he continued. “The first person I ever spoke honestly to about not wanting to be an heir.”

His jaw tightened slightly at the memory.

“I got my parents’ legacy back because of that call. Because Marcus helped me fight it. Because you told me to lead instead of

run.”

My throat tightened.

“You don’t even know what that did,” he said quietly. 1

“You were the first time I ever felt supported.”

His voice was steady now.

Honest.

“And I’ve been after you ever since.”

Silence stretched between us.

I studied him for a long moment.

Then I surprised even myself.

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

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