

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

c 71-84

Borrowed textbooks 71

+15 Bonus

“mcollege,” I clarified, my voice softer now. “I had a crush on you.”

For the first time since I met him

Jason Sun looked genuinely stumped.

“You... what?”

I laughed quietly.

“Don’t look so shocked.”

“I didn’t even know you liked me or knew me.”

“You were always serious. With the real grownups, just two years older. Always two steps ahead.” I said with a smile

His expression shifted.

“You noticed me?”

I tilted my head.

“You were hard not to notice.”

A faint flush crept up his neck.

“And Oscar knew,” I added calmly.

That got his attention. 1.

“What?” 1

“He knew.”

My tone was matter-of-fact. 1

“He used to tease me about it at first. Said I looked at you differently during events.”

Jason’s jaw tightened slightly.

“He won me slowly,” I continued. “Gifts. Time. Patience. Consistency.”

“I didn’t think you were interested, he said he approached you about me, but never got a word” I replied honestly.

The room felt still.

“Oscar knew I liked you before I even realized It” I admitted.

Jason’s eyes darkened.

“He knew?”

“Yes.”

There was no anger in my tone.

Just clarity.

“He knew I watched you walk into rooms, followed you on social media, i had to be drunk to approach you that day, i was so nervous”

A small smile curved my lips.

‘I just thought you were out of reach.”

He stepped closer instinctively.

‘You were out of reach, always with someone by your side, laughing owning the world”

‘I thought you were,” I countered softly. “You carried yourself like someone who belonged to a different world.”

We held each other’s gaze.

fears of misalignment compressed into one breath.

‘If you had stepped in back then,” I said quietly, “I might have chosen you.”

His thumb brushed lightly against my side.

‘And now?”

didn’t hesitate.

‘I did.”

The answer was steady.

Not won.

Not claimed.

Chosen.

His forehead rested against mine again.

‘All those years,” he murmured.

‘All those years,” I echoed.

And suddenly-

The balcony.

The gala.

The waiting.

The missed timing.

It all felt less tragic.

More inevitable.

He let out a quiet breath.

“Oscar knew.”

“Yes.”

“And he still...”

“He still let me go.”

The silence between us wasn’t about him anymore.

It was about us.

+15 Bonus

Because this wasn’t stolen.

It wasn’t betrayal.

It was timing.

And timing had finally aligned.

P

Support

Share

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Oscar kaw

Oscar lieu

Oh this is GOLD.

This softens Jason publicly. Humanizes him. And turns the narrative romantic instead of strategic.

Let’s write it cinematic.

It wasn’t planned.

It wasn’t curated.

It wasn’t staged.

That’s why it worked.

The podcast clip was still circulating when a new video began trending.

Shot vertically.

Slightly shaky.

Captioned:

“Is that Jason Sun???”

The footage was clearly amateur.

A restaurant patio.

Midday sunlight.

Muted city noise.

Jason sat across from Marcus at a small outdoor table.

No security detail in sight.

No press.

Just two men having lunch.

The audio was faint – but loud enough.

Someone had been listening to the livestream nearby.

Jessica’s voice echoed faintly from another table:

“In college, Amber had a massive crush on Jason.”

The camera zoomed slightly.

Jason froze.

Actually froze.

Fork mid-air.

Eyes lifting slowly.

Marcus looked up too.

Jessica’s voice continued:

+15 Bonus

115

“And Jason was worse.”

Jason’s expression shifted.

Confusion.

Then realization.

Then-

The line:

“It was obvious to everyone.”

The camera caught it perfectly.

Jason blinked.

Once.

Twice.

His brows pulling together.

As if recalculating the past ten years of his life.

Then Oscar’s recorded confession played faintly in the background:

“Yes, she had a crush on Jason.”

And-

“Yes, he liked her too.”

The camera zoomed closer.

Jason’s lips parted slightly.

Surprised.

Genuinely surprised.

Not smug.

Not victorious.

Just... stunned.

Marcus burst out laughing.

The video captured him leaning back in his chair, slapping Jason's shoulder hard.

"Oh my God," Marcus mouthed.

Jason ran a hand through his hair.

A rare crack in composure.

He looked down at the table.

Shook his head slowly.

Then-

+15 Bonus

He smiled

Not arrogant.

Not triumphant.

Soft.

Disbelieving.

Almost boyish.

Marcus leaned forward again, clearly teasing him.

Jason said something the camera barely caught.

But lip readers online did not hesitate.

"She liked me too?"

Marcus burst out laughing.

Patting his back.

But Jason didn't laugh.

He was still staring ahead.

Still recalculating.

"She liked me..." he murmured again.

Marcus was grinning now.

"Apparently the entire campus knew except you two idiots."

Jason ran a hand through his hair.

But then-

Something changed.

The softness faded.

Jessica's clip replayed in the background:

"Oscar knew."

The smile disappeared.

Jason's jaw tightened.

Marcus noticed first.

The video caught it.

That shift.

From boyish realization-

To something colder.

"Oscar knew," Jason repeated.

+15 Bonus

Marcus stopped laughing.

The camera zoomed slightly

Jason leaned forward slowly.

“He knew we liked each other.”

The words were quiet.

But dangerous.

Marcus didn’t respond.

Because he knew.

Jason stared at the table for a long moment.

Then said it plainly.

“He was my brother.”

The air around him changed.

This wasn’t about winning anymore.

This wasn’t about timing.

This wasn’t about destiny.

It was about betrayal.

“It wasn’t me stealing her,” Jason said lowly.

Marcus’s smile was gone.

“She was always supposed to be mine.”

The video ended abruptly there.

But not before catching Jason pulling out his phone.

His thumb moving decisively.

Dialing.

The internet detonated.

The video ended with Marcus patting his back again while Jason stared off, processing, dialing Oscar again and again.

Pamela burst into my office without knocking.

“Tell me you’ve seen this.”

She turned her tablet toward me.

The footage played.

I watched him.

That moment.

The exact second realization hit him.

+15 Bonus

He had thought he was the only one waiting.

The only one watching.

The only one calculating timing

And now-

He was learning I had been there too.

All along.

The comments were ruthless in the best way.

“LOOK AT HIS FACE.”

“That is not a man faking.”

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

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“Golden broody boy just realized he won.”

“Marcus is all of us.”

“He looks like someone just told him Christmas came early.”

And the most viral comment:

“He waited years and didn’t even know she liked him back. Protect this man.”

Within minutes, hashtags shifted.

#SheLikedHimToo

#OscarKnew

#BrotherBetrayal

Public opinion pivoted hard.

Because now-

This wasn't a man chasing his brother's fiancée.

This was a man who stepped back for years-

Only to realize his brother stepped in knowing full well.

That changes everything. 1

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P

Support

Share

get it

X

+15 Bonus

YOU

You

I called Jason.

No answer.

Again.

Voicemail.

My chest tightened.

I called Marcus.

He answered immediately.

“Where is he?”

A pause.

“He’s on his way to his father’s house,” Marcus said carefully. “Oscar made bail.”

My stomach dropped.

“And?”

“He took his car keys when Oscar didn’t answer his calls.”

I closed my eyes briefly.

“Is he calm?”

Marcus hesitated.

“No.”

That was enough.

I didn’t wait for more.

I grabbed my purse and headed downstairs, telling Pamela I’d be back.

I had just stepped outside the Phoenix Asher building when I heard an engine slow behind me.

I turned.

A black car pulled into the parking lot.

Jason's.

For a second I thought I was imagining it.

He parked.

Sat there for a moment.

Then stepped out.

He didn't look enraged.

He didn't look wild.

But I could see the storm that had passed through him.

+15 Bonus

I walked toward him immediately.

“I thought you were at your father’s house.”

His jaw flexed.

“I was on my way.”

The admission was quiet.

“What happened?”

He looked at me for a long second.

Then exhaled.

“I realized I cared more about you than I did about being angry at him.”

The words were steady.

Deliberate.

“I was ready to fight him,” he admitted. “But halfway there I asked myself what that would solve.”

He stepped closer.

“I wasn’t going to let my brother drag you into another spectacle.”

My heart thudded harder.

“You turned around?”

“Yes.”

He closed the distance completely now.

His hand sliding firmly around my waist.

Not possessive.

Anchoring.

“You are more important than my anger.”

The Phoenix Asher sign gleamed behind me.

Employees were filtering in and out.

A few phones were definitely angled our way.

Jason didn't look away from me.

"You are loved," he murmured against my ear.

Low.

Certain

"And my brother is an idiot."

Despite everything, I laughed softly.

Then he kissed me.

+15 Bonus

YOU

+15 Bonus

Hard

Publicly.

In the parking lot of my company

Not for show.

Not for strategy.

But because he chose me over fury.

When he pulled back, his forehead rested briefly against mine.

“I won’t let anger decide anything that involves you,” he said.

This time- 1

I believed him completely.

Behind us, someone gasped quietly.

A camera shutter clicked.

But neither of us moved.

Because this wasn’t about Oscar.

It wasn’t about rivalry.

It wasn’t about proving anything.

It was about choice.

And today-

He chose me.

We left Phoenix Asher together.

He opened the car door for me without a word, and we drove in silence to the Asher estate. Not heavy silence. Just... processing.

When we arrived, the children were in the garden with Grandfather.

He took one look at us stepping out of the car-close, composed, unbothered-and shook his head slowly.

“Youth these days.”

Jason raised a brow. “Good afternoon to you too.”

Grandfather sighed dramatically.

“Did you know the marriage agreement between the Sun and Asher families was dissolved when you were in college?”

Jason and I both froze.

“What?” I asked.

“Yes,” Grandfather continued, almost amused. “The elders decided you were too different to maintain a steady marriage. Too stubborn. Too ambitious. Too... combustible.”

Jason looked at me.

7/18

TCAL

+15 Bonus

I burst out laughing

“You could have saved us years of emotional incompetence,” I said.

Grandfather snorted. “If we had told you about it, you probably would have married out of spite.”

He wasn’t wrong.

“Maybe,” I replied lightly. “Or maybe we would’ve done something about it.”

Jason squeezed my hand subtly.

Grandfather waved us off. “In any case, destiny clearly ignored paperwork.”

Before we could respond, his assistant came rushing across the terrace, tablet in hand.

“Sir? Ms. Victoria just released a statement.”

Of course she did.

The assistant handed me the tablet.

The video was filmed vertically, as if taken by a concerned passerby. Victoria stood in front of an elegant backdrop, perfectly composed, voice soft with feigned concern.

“I hope Amber is careful,” she was saying. “Jason can be... intense. Possessive. That is ultimately why I ended our engagement.”

A subtle pause.

“I wouldn’t want her to mistake obsession for love.”

I didn’t flinch. 1

Jason didn't move.

Grandfather muttered something under his breath that would have scandalized a bishop.

I handed the tablet back calmly.

"She's reframing," Pamela said from behind us. "Turning the kiss into dominance."

I considered that for exactly three seconds.

Then I turned to Jason.

"Let's film."

Not angry.

Not reactive.

Intentional.

We didn't reference Victoria.

We didn't mention possessiveness.

We didn't defend.

We simply recorded from the garden terrace, the late afternoon sun warm behind us.

I held the phone myself.

Cedella

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Jasau stood beside me—not gripping me, not towering –just there.

Equal.

“Hello everyone,” I began lightly “We’ve seen the beautiful photos circulating from earlier today.”

Jason smiled faintly.

“I’d like to thank whoever took them,” I continued. “They’re some of the best candid pictures I now have with my husband.”

Jason’s eyes shifted to me slightly at that.

“Also,” I added warmly, “thank you to the podcast for reminding me of my college days. Apparently, I was less subtle than I thought.”

A soft laugh.

“If you take anything from this week,” I continued, “let it be this-say what you feel. Don’t wait years. Don’t assume timing will fix itself.”

Jason spoke then.

“Clarity saves everyone time.”

I nodded.

“And no one is forcing me to stand here,” I finished calmly. “I’m exactly where I choose to be.”

No anger.

No mention of Victoria.

Just steadiness.

We ended the video.

Pamela uploaded it within minutes.

The contrast was immediate.

Victoria: concerned, insinuating, warning.

Amber: calm, grateful, amused.

Jason: composed, steady, not looming.

Public sentiment shifted again.

Not dramatically.

But decisively.

Grandfather hummed approvingly.

“You fight differently,” he said.

I smiled.

“Yes.”

And this time, it wasn’t about proving anything.

It was about control.

30

nd we had it.

Support

Share

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? your..

+15 Bonus

2 years

A month went by.

No scandals.

No livestreams.

No emergency board meetings.

Just... life.

We took the children to Disney.

Not for publicity.

Not for strategy.

Just because they deserved magic without cameras.

Jason wore a cap and sunglasses and still got recognized twice.

Alice insisted he scream on every ride.

Alex pretended he wasn't scared and then clutched my hand the entire rollercoaster.

We worked in the mornings, traveled in between, and for the first time in years-

I felt light.

I found myself laughing more.

Teasing Jason in meetings.

Goofing around in the kitchen at the estate.

Not calculating every word.

Not bracing for impact.

Free.

I took Alice and Alex to a white hacker conference with my college friends. Their children were around the same age, and the chaos was beautiful.

Alex was in love.

Not with a girl.

With code.

His eyes lit up when he saw the hardware displays.

He asked questions no ten-year-old should be able to articulate. 2

By the end of the day, I bought him professional equipment.

We built his first real computer together on the living room floor that weekend.

I showed him:

“This,” I told him, tightening a cable carefully, “is power. But what matters isn’t what you can break. It’s what you can protect.”

He listened.

Really listened.

Alice was different.

She didn’t care about circuits.

She cared about buildings.

“Can I come with you to work?” she would ask, almost every morning.

She sat in my office during meetings, coloring quietly.

Sometimes she’d whisper:

“That building is too dark. People won’t like it.”

She wasn’t wrong.

She brought laughter into the office.

Sunshine.

Employees adored her.

The last day before school resumed, we were having breakfast on the terrace.

The air was warm.

Peaceful.

Jason looked at Alice over his coffee.

“So,” he said casually, “you want to work with Amber when you get older?”

“Yes,” she replied confidently. 1

He smiled slightly.

“Is that what you want to do?”

She shook her head.

“No.” 1

Jason paused.

“Oh?”

“I want to be a big sister.”

The silence that followed was immediate.

“When will I have a baby brother or sister?”

I coughed.

Hard.

Alex looked up slowly.

“I wouldn’t mind,” he added calmly.

+15 Bonus

215

2 years.

I stared at both of them.

Jason looked at me.

Very slowly.

Very deliberately.

“Well,” I started carefully.

Alice and Alex were staring at me with complete seriousness.

“First,” I said, tapping the table lightly, “we have to find the ingredients, you know?”

Alice gasped.

“Like for a cake?”

“Yes,” I nodded solemnly. “Exactly like a cake.”

Jason pressed his lips together, clearly fighting a smile.

“And then,” I continued, “once you have the ingredients, you have to mix them properly...”

Alex squinted. “Properly?”

“Very properly,” I confirmed. “And then you have to wait for it to cook.”

Alice leaned forward eagerly.

“How long?”

Before I could answer-

Jason spoke.

“How long?”

His tone was different.

Calmer.

Lower.

He wasn’t looking at the kids.

He was looking straight at me.

Eyebrows slightly raised.

Waiting.

My stomach twisted.

I snapped my fingers lightly as if calculating.

“Well... I think at least two years.”

The children groaned in unison.

“Two years?!” Alice protested. “That’s forever!”

Alex frowned thoughtfully.

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“Because... preparation?” I offered vaguely.

Alex crossed his arms, very serious now.

“Our textbook says it only takes nine months.” 1

Jason choked on his water.

I stared at Alex.

“You have a textbook that says that?” 1

“It's biology,” he replied calmly. “Nine months.” 2

Alice nodded enthusiastically. “Nine months isn’t two years.”

Jason cleared his throat and leaned forward, recovering faster than I did.

“Well,” he said evenly, “the cooking part may take nine months...”

I shot him a warning look.

“...but,” he continued smoothly, “you have to prepare everything first.”

Alex narrowed his eyes.

“Prepare what?” 1

Jason didn’t hesitate.

“A stable home. Schedules. Space. Emotional readiness. Financial forecasting.”

I blinked.

Alice looked confused.

“That sounds boring.”

“It’s extremely important,” Jason replied seriously.

I finally found my voice.

“Yes. Very important. You don’t just bake a cake without preheating the oven.”

Jason’s thumb brushed slowly against my hand under the table.

“Or without choosing the right recipe,” he added quietly.

I felt heat creep up my neck.

Alex nodded slowly.

“That makes sense.”

Alice sighed dramatically.

“Fine. But I’m going to start practicing.”

“For what?” I asked cautiously.

+15 Bonus

A/5

“For being the best big sister.”

Jason and I exchanged a look

Two years had sounded like a joke

A buffer.

A safe distance.

But the way he was looking at me now-

It didn't feel theoretical.

It felt like planning.

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P

U

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

+15 Bonus

Recipe

The rest of the day slipped by faster than I expected.

Meetings.

Homework.

A quick call with Clara.

A race around the garden that I absolutely lost to Alice.

By the time dinner arrived, the house was louder than usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Sun were visiting.

Grandfather, in what he declared a “moment of culinary rebellion,” decided he would cook personally.

It was... ambitious.

The smoke alarm disagreed.

Fifteen chaotic minutes later, we were opening windows and ordering Chinese. 1

Jason leaned back in his chair, amused.

“Mr. Asher, perhaps empire management is more your strength.”

Grandfather gave him a look.

“Leadership requires diversification.”

Mrs. Sun waved a hand dismissively as she rearranged the takeout containers.

“At least no one is poisoned this time.”

Grandfather muttered something about ovens conspiring against him and last time not being his fault.

Dinner settled into a comfortable rhythm.

Laughter.

Plates clinking.

Alice attempting to use chopsticks with dramatic flair.

Then Mr. Sun cleared his throat.

Jason looked up immediately.

“When are you two planning to host a proper wedding celebration?” his father asked calmly.

I paused mid-bite.

Jason didn’t.

“Define proper.”

Mr. Sun folded his hands on the table.

“A wedding is not just a romantic gesture. It secures funding. Strengthens alliances. Improves public image. Consolidates influence.”

14

Rech

+15 Bonus

Of course it did.

Mrs. Sun nodded slightly.

“There are investors who would prefer ceremony.”

Jason leaned back, unreadable.

“We are already married.”

“Yes,” Mr. Sun agreed evenly. “Legally.”

Grandfather sipped his tea, watching carefully.

“But a public celebration,” Mr. Sun, continued, “signals stability.”

I felt Jason’s hand brush against my knee under the table.

Before either of us could respond-

Alex cleared his throat.

Everyone turned.

He looked very serious.

“Actually,” he said, “a wedding is one of the important steps before making a baby.”

The table froze.

I closed my eyes. 1

Jason inhaled slowly.

Mrs. Sun blinked.

Grandfather coughed violently.

Mr. Sun stared at his grandson.

Alex nodded confidently.

“I looked it up.”

Alice leaned forward eagerly.

“So we need the wedding first?”

Jason rubbed his temple.

“Alex...”

“It said commitment is important,” Alex continued, completely unbothered. “And weddings are about commitment, and you said it would take 2 years.”

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

Mrs. Sun recovered first.

“Well,” she said delicately, “that is... one interpretation.”

Jason finally leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table.

+15 Bonus

“A wedding,” he said calmly, “is about celebration. Not permission.”

Alex considered that.

“So we don’t need it?”

Jason glanced at me briefly.

“No,” he answered carefully. “We don’t need it.”

Mr. Sun raised a brow.

“But,” Jason added smoothly, “we might want one.” 1

That shifted the energy.

I felt my stomach tighten slightly.

Mrs. Sun smiled faintly.

“A celebration,” she said, “can be powerful.”

Grandfather leaned back in his chair.

“You two will do what you want.”

Jason’s fingers intertwined with mine under the table.

“Exactly.”

Alice, who had been unusually quiet for a full thirty seconds, suddenly looked up at Mrs. Sun.

“Grandma,” she asked brightly, “what kind of cake do you like?”

Mrs. Sun smiled gently. “Chocolate, usually. Why?”

Alice nodded seriously.

“Good. Because we’re baking one.”

Jason froze.

I slowly lowered my chopsticks.

Mrs. Sun blinked. “You are?”

“Yes,” Alice continued confidently. “I’m getting a little brother or sister.”

Silence.

Alex nodded as if confirming official minutes.

“And they said,” Alice added, pointing casually between Jason and me, “that in order to make the baby, they have to plan it, mix the ingredients, and let it bake. Like a cake.”

I closed my eyes. 1

Grandfather stopped mid-sip.

Mr. Sun’s expression did not move.

Mrs. Sun turned her head slowly.

All three of them

Grandfather.

Mr. Sun.

Mrs. Sun.

Turned toward Jason and me.

All eyebrows raised.

Jason did not look at them.

He looked at me.

And squeezed my hand under the table.

“Well,” he said evenly, “it appears our internal planning discussions have leaked.”

Grandfather leaned back in his chair.

“Youth these days,” he muttered again.

Mr. Sun cleared his throat.

“Two years,” he said dryly. “Was that the timeline Alex was talking about?”

I stared at my plate.

Jason did not miss a beat.

“It is a team effort.”

Mrs. Sun’s lips twitched.

“Oh, I am well aware.”

Alice beamed proudly.

“So we’re baking it?”

Jason looked at me again.

That look.

Not pressure.

Not demand.

Possibility.

“We’re... considering the recipe” he replied.

And somehow, that answer felt dangerously close to yes.

+15 Bonus

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Jaqueline Wright

The Sun estate had never looked more alive.

Golden lights draped across the gardens, musicians played softly near the fountain, and the entire elite circle of the city seemed to be gathered under one roof.

Fifty years.

That was how long Mr. and Mrs. Sun had been married.

A marriage that had survived wars in the business world, family feuds, and enough scandals to fill several lifetimes.

Jason stood beside me, one hand resting lightly at the small of my back as guests approached to congratulate his grandparents.

approache

Inside the ballroom, laughter rose from every corner.

At one point Pamela appeared beside us, a glass of champagne in her hand and mischief written all over her face.

“As the official representative of the younger generation,” she announced loudly, drawing the attention of several nearby guests, “I think it is only fair to remind everyone that the next generation is already being planned.”

My eyes widened.

“Pamela-”

She pointed at me dramatically.

“I heard the dinner conversation!”

Jason groaned softly.

“Oh no.”

Pamela grinned.

“Cake ingredients, two-year timelines, the whole thing.”

Several guests laughed.

Mrs. Sun covered her mouth, clearly amused.

Grandfather Asher shook his head slowly.

“Young people truly have no discretion.”

The moment could have ended there.

Light.

Harmless.

But someone nearby had been listening.

Anton's date.

A tall woman with sharp features and sharper eyes.

She leaned toward another guest and whispered something.

Then another.

Then another.

200

Whispers moved through the crowd like ripples through water.

I felt Jason stiffen beside me

“What is it?” I asked quietly.

Before he could answer-

The woman stepped forward.

Loud enough for the surrounding guests to hear.

“Oh my,” she said with false concern. “So the rumors are true.”

The room quieted slightly.

Jason’s hand tightened on my waist.

“What rumors?” he asked calmly.

The woman tilted her head.

“That Mrs. Asher is pregnant.”

Several guests gasped.

I froze.

“That’s wonderful news-” someone began.

But the woman laughed softly.

“Yes... wonderful,” she said.

Then she added sweetly,

“Especially considering it’s common knowledge in Victoria’s circle that Jason Sun is sterile.”

The words landed like shattered glass.

Silence spread across the ballroom.

Jason didn't move.

Didn't blink.

"You should be careful with rumors," he said coldly.

The woman shrugged.

"Am I wrong?"

Jason's voice hardened.

"Yes."

But she smiled wider.

“Really? Because I have proof.”

Several people shifted uncomfortably.

Anton stepped closer, watching with interest.

+15 Bonu:

+15 Bonus

“Of course you would deny it,” the woman continued lightly. “After all, becoming head of the Sun family requires heirs.”

Her gaze flicked toward the children playing near the garden doors.

“And since you cannot produce any...”

Her voice lowered.

“That’s why you adopted your nephews, isn’t it?”

I felt Jason’s entire body go still. 2

Not anger.

Not embarrassment.

Something far worse.

Rage.

I leaned slightly toward Jason.

“What’s her name?” I asked quietly.

Jason didn't take his eyes off the woman.

"Jaqueline Wright," he said calmly. "Her father owns Wright Co. One of my main competitors."

I nodded slowly.

"Well," I murmured, "I think it's time to crush them, don't you?"

Jason glanced down at me.

I pulled out my phone and sent a quick message.

Clara.

Look into Wright Co. Buy as many stock options as possible. I want controlling interest as soon as it becomes possible.

Jason leaned slightly over my shoulder, reading the message.

One eyebrow rose.

“Feeling a little angry there?”

I looked at him.

“Well she insulted you,” I said evenly. “And the kids.”

My eyes flicked toward the woman.

“Of course I’m going to destroy them.”

Jason’s lips curved faintly.

“Don’t worry,” he said quietly. “I already have Mason working on destroying her public image.”

He tilted his glass slightly.

“That should help reduce the stock price.”

We both smiled.

215

+15 Bonus

Sometimes doing something slightly wicked together felt suspiciously like bonding.

I stepped forward.

The crowd instinctively shifted.

“Mrs. Wright, I presume?” 1

The woman lifted her chin.

“Of course.”

“Perfect,” I said pleasantly.

I could feel several cameras pointing toward us.

“First,” I continued calmly, “I would like to clarify that I am not pregnant.”

A few murmurs rippled through the guests.

“As was already mentioned earlier tonight, Jason and I are simply planning for children.”

I paused deliberately.

“As for Jason being sterile...”

My smile widened slightly.

“You do know most family houses conduct fertility screenings before approving marriages, don’t you?”

Her expression flickered.

“Well of course I know,” she said quickly. “But planning children like that is tacky. Don’t you want them to grow up loved?”

She crossed her arms.

“Or are you planning them like a science experiment? Just for the sake of having them?”

Several people shifted uncomfortably.

“The public would be horrified,” she continued, “if they discovered you only wanted children to fulfill some requirement.”

I noticed more cameras turning toward me.

Perfect.

I smiled softly.

Cedella

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

Jaqueline Wright

The Sun estate had never looked more alive.

Golden lights draped across the gardens, musicians played softly near the fountain, and the entire elite circle of the city seemed to be gathered under one roof.

Fifty years.

That was how long Mr. and Mrs. Sun had been married.

A marriage that had survived wars in the business world, family feuds, and enough scandals to fill several lifetimes.

Jason stood beside me, one hand resting lightly at the small of my back as guests approached to congratulate his grandparents.

approache

Inside the ballroom, laughter rose from every corner.

At one point Pamela appeared beside us, a glass of champagne in her hand and mischief written all over her face.

“As the official representative of the younger generation,” she announced loudly, drawing the attention of several nearby guests, “I think it is only fair to remind everyone that the next generation is already being planned.”

My eyes widened.

“Pamela-”

She pointed at me dramatically.

“I heard the dinner conversation!”

Jason groaned softly.

“Oh no.”

Pamela grinned.

“Cake ingredients, two-year timelines, the whole thing.”

Several guests laughed.

Mrs. Sun covered her mouth, clearly amused.

Grandfather Asher shook his head slowly.

“Young people truly have no discretion.”

The moment could have ended there.

Light.

Harmless.

But someone nearby had been listening.

Anton's date.

A tall woman with sharp features and sharper eyes.

She leaned toward another guest and whispered something.

Then another.

Then another.

200

Whispers moved through the crowd like ripples through water.

I felt Jason stiffen beside me

“What is it?” I asked quietly.

Before he could answer-

The woman stepped forward.

Loud enough for the surrounding guests to hear.

“Oh my,” she said with false concern. “So the rumors are true.”

The room quieted slightly.

Jason’s hand tightened on my waist.

“What rumors?” he asked calmly.

The woman tilted her head.

“That Mrs. Asher is pregnant.”

Several guests gasped.

I froze.

“That’s wonderful news-” someone began.

But the woman laughed softly.

“Yes... wonderful,” she said.

Then she added sweetly,

“Especially considering it’s common knowledge in Victoria’s circle that Jason Sun is sterile.”

The words landed like shattered glass.

Silence spread across the ballroom.

Jason didn’t move.

Didn’t blink.

“You should be careful with rumors,” he said coldly.

The woman shrugged.

“Am I wrong?”

Jason’s voice hardened.

“Yes.”

But she smiled wider.

“Really? Because I have proof.”

Several people shifted uncomfortably.

Anton stepped closer, watching with interest.

+15 Bonu:

+15 Bonus

“Of course you would deny it,” the woman continued lightly. “After all, becoming head of the Sun family requires heirs.”

Her gaze flicked toward the children playing near the garden doors.

“And since you cannot produce any...”

Her voice lowered.

“That’s why you adopted your nephews, isn’t it?”

I felt Jason’s entire body go still. 2

Not anger.

Not embarrassment.

Something far worse.

Rage.

I leaned slightly toward Jason.

“What’s her name?” I asked quietly.

Jason didn’t take his eyes off the woman.

“Jaqueline Wright,” he said calmly. “Her father owns Wright Co. One of my main competitors.”

I nodded slowly.

“Well,” I murmured, “I think it’s time to crush them, don’t you?”

Jason glanced down at me.

I pulled out my phone and sent a quick message.

Clara.

Look into Wright Co. Buy as many stock options as possible. I want controlling interest as soon as it becomes possible.

Jason leaned slightly over my shoulder, reading the message.

One eyebrow rose.

“Feeling a little angry there?”

I looked at him.

“Well she insulted you,” I said evenly. “And the kids.”

My eyes flicked toward the woman.

“Of course I’m going to destroy them.”

Jason’s lips curved faintly.

“Don’t worry,” he said quietly. “I already have Mason working on destroying her public image.”

He tilted his glass slightly.

“That should help reduce the stock price.”

We both smiled.

215

+15 Bonus

Sometimes doing something slightly wicked together felt suspiciously like bonding.

I stepped forward.

The crowd instinctively shifted.

“Mrs. Wright, I presume?” 1

The woman lifted her chin.

“Of course.”

“Perfect,” I said pleasantly.

I could feel several cameras pointing toward us.

“First,” I continued calmly, “I would like to clarify that I am not pregnant.”

A few murmurs rippled through the guests.

“As was already mentioned earlier tonight, Jason and I are simply planning for children.”

I paused deliberately.

“As for Jason being sterile...”

My smile widened slightly.

“You do know most family houses conduct fertility screenings before approving marriages, don’t you?”

Her expression flickered.

“Well of course I know,” she said quickly. “But planning children like that is tacky. Don’t you want them to grow up loved?”

She crossed her arms.

“Or are you planning them like a science experiment? Just for the sake of having them?”

Several people shifted uncomfortably.

“The public would be horrified,” she continued, “if they discovered you only wanted children to fulfill some requirement.”

I noticed more cameras turning toward me.

Perfect.

Cedella

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c 77

My phone vibrated quietly in my hand.

Clara: What exactly did you do? Wright Co. stock just dropped. I secured 18% at a very good price.

I blinked, then glanced briefly across the room toward Jaqueline Wright, who was still standing stiffly near the crowd.

A small smile tugged at my lips.

Me: Nothing yet. Keep buying if the opportunity stays favorable.

Jason leaned slightly toward me.

“Good news?”

“Clara just bought eighteen percent of Wright Co.”

His brow lifted.

“That was fast.”

“Well,” I murmured, sliding my phone back into my clutch, “panic sells quickly.”

Before he could answer, the room shifted again.

The large doors of the ballroom opened.

Heads turned.

Victoria entered.

She was dressed impeccably, of course-silver gown, perfect hair, confidence sharpened like a blade.

Beside her walked her new fiancé, Mario Becker. 1

Jason’s posture stiffened almost imperceptibly.

When they approached, he spoke first.

“What are you doing here?”

Victoria smiled pleasantly.

“We’re representing the Becker family tonight.”

She glanced toward Mr. and Mrs. Sun.

“And we came to pay our respects to the elders.”

Her tone was polite.

Too polite.

Then she lifted a hand slightly.

Four men stepped forward behind her.

Each carrying a sleek black suitcase.

The metallic clasps clicked open one by one.

Inside were carefully arranged luxury gifts.

す

+15 Bonus

CHITN

Rare bottles.

Antique watches.

Jewelry pieces clearly worth a small fortune.

Victoria tilted her head sweetly.

“The elders deserve the best,” she said.

“And such an important anniversary should be honored properly.”

She turned slowly toward me.

Her eyes glinted.

“Tell us, Ms. Asher...”

A small pause.

“Where are your gifts?”

The room went quiet again.

Not hostile.

Anticipating.

Watching.

Waiting to see who would win the next move.

Mr. Sun approached them.

Mrs. Sun remained seated beside me, calm and composed, her expression unreadable.

Mr. Sun examined the open suitcases briefly before looking at Victoria and Mario Becker.

“Your consideration is appreciated,” he said politely. 1

“Thank you for honoring this celebration.”

His tone was courteous, but he made no comment about Victoria’s pointed question toward me.

Apparently, he did not expect a gift from me.

He was mistaken.

Of course I had brought one.

I was an Asher.

Appropriate decorum had been drilled into my head since I was practically in diapers.

Before anyone else could speak, Mrs. Sun finally addressed the matter.

Her voice was calm, but it carried across the table effortlessly.

“Amber Asher herself is already a gift to this family,” she said lightly.

Her gaze flicked briefly toward Victoria.

“Nothing else is necessary from her.”

+15 Bonus

214

Coffe

The statement settled over the table like a royal decree.

Jason, Marcus and Pamela looked at me, surprise on their faces.

Grandfather chuckled softly into his drink.

I rose from my chair.

Jason glanced at me but didn't stop me.

I walked calmly toward Victoria.

The ballroom seemed to quiet again as people followed the movement.

She lifted her chin slightly, clearly expecting some kind of reaction.

I stopped beside her. 1

Close enough that only she could hear me.

"The gifts are a surprise," I said quietly.

A small smile curved my lips.

"But they should arrive shortly."

Victoria's eyes narrowed slightly.

She had expected hesitation.

Embarrassment.

Perhaps even defeat.

Instead-

I simply returned to my seat.

Jason watched me with clear amusement.

Marcus leaned closer across the table.

"You actually brought something?" he murmured.

I picked up my glass calmly.

"Of course."

Mrs. Sun gave a soft hum of approval.

"An Asher never arrives empty-handed."

Across the ballroom, Victoria shifted slightly.

For the first time since she entered-

She looked uncertain.

And that was when the first commotion began near the entrance.

Several people turned toward the doors as voices rose.

Someone from the staff hurried inside.

+15 Bonus

214

Gats

Followed by a procession of attendants carrying large velvet-covered cases.

I allowed myself a small smile

Right on time.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

X

LOVE

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

ove

As the attendants approached the ballroom doors carrying the velvet-covered cases, the quiet murmur of the guests shifted into curiosity.

I stood.

Across the table, my grandfather gave a small approving nod.

Jason's eyes followed me, calm and amused, as if he had already guessed what was coming.

The attendants stopped a respectful distance from the elders' table.

I stepped forward.

“Mr. and Mrs. Sun,” I said clearly.

The room quieted again.

“As a show of the Asher family’s appreciation for the courtesy of extending friendship to our house... and for welcoming the union of our families...”

I gestured lightly toward the cases.

‘...we present you with the following gifts.”

The attendants carefully lifted the velvet covers.

A soft murmur rippled through the ballroom.

Inside the cases were several antique pieces.

Rare artifacts from the Asher private collection.

A jade sculpture from the early imperial period.

A pair of restored mechanical watches that had once belonged to one of the founding partners of the Sun family's earliest trade alliances.

And finally-

A framed document.

I lifted it gently.

"This," I continued, "is a copy of the original trade agreement between the Asher and Sun houses, signed nearly seventy years ago."

The room grew very still.

"It seemed appropriate," I added softly, "that on the celebration of fifty years of marriage, we also honor the decades of partnership that allowed both our families to grow."

Mr. Sun stared at the document for a moment longer than expected.

Mrs. Sun's expression softened.

The tension Victoria had attempted to create dissolved almost instantly.

My grandfather spoke then, his voice warm.

"The Ashers do not forget their friends."

Mr. Sun nodded slowly.

"Nor do the Suns."

Behind me, I heard Marcus whisper quietly.

"Well... that escalated."

Jason chuckled under his breath.

Across the ballroom, Victoria's smile had completely disappeared.

When I returned to the table, Jason stood.

He pulled me into a quick embrace, one arm wrapping around my waist as if he couldn't help himself.

Leaning close to my ear, he whispered softly,

"How did you hear?"

I hugged him back, lowering my voice.

"Grandfather's assistant notified him the moment the Sun main company's value began dropping."

Jason stilled.

“He was furious,” I continued quietly.

“And honestly... so was I.”

Jason pulled back slightly, searching my face.

“Why?”

I looked straight at him.

“Because the Sun family is being attacked by the other main houses,” I said calmly.

My eyes flicked briefly toward Victoria and the Beckers.

“And no one thought to ask the Asher family for support.”

Jason blinked.

“You’re angry about that?”

“Yes,” I replied simply.

My voice lowered just enough that only he could hear.

“We’re family now.”

I squeezed his hand.

“And families fight wars together.”

I saw Grandfather leaning toward Mr. Sun, whispering something quietly.

Mr. Sun listened, his expression shifting slowly.

For a moment he looked exactly like Jason did beside me.

Almost... pouting.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

As he had just been reminded of something obvious he had stubbornly ignored.

That they could have counted on us.

That they still could.

Mrs. Sun rose from her chair.

Before I could ask what she was doing, she took my hand.

Her grip was warm, firm, and determined.

“Come with me, dear.”

I blinked, confused, but allowed her to guide me.

The ballroom quieted again as she led me toward the stage.

Jason watched us go, clearly as surprised as I was.

Mrs. Sun turned to face the guests once we reached the small platform near the orchestra.

Someone quickly handed her a microphone.

She looked at the room for a moment.

Then at me.

Her eyes were shining.

“When my son and his wife died,” she began softly, her voice carrying easily through the hall, “the only wish I had left for my grandson...” 1

She glanced toward Jason.

“... was that he would one day marry someone he truly loved.”

The room remained completely silent. 1

“And that she would love him in return.”

Her hand squeezed mine gently.

“Never,” she continued, her voice trembling slightly, “did I allow myself to imagine that the woman he chose would also bring happiness back into my own life.”

She turned toward the guests again.

“The best gift tonight is not the treasures the Ashers have brought.”

Her gaze returned to me.

“Sometimes the greatest gift... is love itself.”

A warm murmur spread through the ballroom.

Mrs. Sun lifted our joined hands slightly.

“And this young woman,” she said warmly, “has brought that love back into our family.”

Applause began slowly, then grew louder.

Jason was looking at us now, something deeply emotional crossing his face.

And just as the moment was settling into something almost too heartfelt-

A voice from the crowd shouted playfully,

“And the babies coming in exactly two years!”

For a second the room went completely still.

Then laughter burst through the ballroom.

Even Mrs. Sun covered her mouth with amusement.

I turned toward Jason.

He was already laughing.

And just like that-

The tension of the entire evening dissolved into warmth and celebration.

P

Support

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

War

The next morning, the sharp sound of Jason's phone ringing dragged me out of sleep.

For a moment I didn't move.

The room was still dim, sunlight barely filtering through the curtains.

Jason groaned softly beside me and reached for the phone on the nightstand.

“Jason Sun.”

He barely finished the greeting before a voice exploded through the speaker.

Even from where I was lying, I could hear the shouting.

Jason sat up immediately.

“What do you mean investors are pulling out?”

My eyes opened fully.

I pushed myself up against the pillows.

Jason swung his legs off the bed, running a hand through his hair.

“How many?”

A pause.

His jaw tightened.

“Since when?”

Another burst of shouting came through the phone.

Now I could clearly hear several voices talking over each other.

Jason stood up and walked toward the window.

“The other three families?” he asked quietly.

My stomach sank.

That woke me up faster than the phone ever could.

“They’re backing out of agreements?”

Another pause.

His shoulders stiffened.

“Deals that have been in place for years?”

I slipped out of bed and walked toward him.

He lowered the phone slightly, covering the microphone.

“The three main families are withdrawing investments,” he whispered.

Cold dread crawled up my spine.

“All of them?”

+15 Bonus

Wor

+15 Bonus

He nodded once.

Then returned to the call

“Yes. Freeze any outgoing transfers for now,” Jason said calmly. “And call an emergency board meeting.”

He ended the call.

For a moment neither of us spoke.

Then my own phone buzzed.

A message from Pamela.

Pamela:

Victoria released a statement.

I opened the link.

The video began playing immediately.

Victoria appeared on screen, dressed elegantly, speaking with the same polished calm she always used when pretending to be the reasonable one.

“After careful consideration,” she said, “the court has reached a resolution regarding the case involving Oscar White and Amelie Carter.”

My stomach twisted.

“They have been found guilty of the charges brought against them,” Victoria continued.

Jason moved closer beside me to watch the screen.

“However, as this was a first offense, the court has ruled that they will pay financial penalties to the involved parties and complete community service.”

Jason scoffed.

“That’s convenient.”

Victoria continued speaking.

“Our families believe in accountability,” she said gently. “But we also believe in second chances.”

Her expression shifted slightly.

“And unfortunately, recent events suggest that certain individuals have been using personal influence to manipulate markets and destroy long-standing business relationships.”

Her eyes seemed to look directly through the camera.

“At the expense of stability.”

My phone buzzed again.

This time it was Clara.

Clara:

This is bad.

Another message followed immediately.

33

Glard

+15 Bonus

They're blaming the Wright stock crash on you, mentioning that You Made their princess look back in order for you to buy their stocks at a low price.

Jason looked at me.

"So that's their move."

I set the phone down slowly.

"They're not just attacking the Sun family," I said.

“They’re starting a war, with both our families, the difference Is that they can’t win against the Ashers, as we have mayor investments in all their companys, if we withdraw our funds they might just crash, they plan to place someone else as they head of both families, this is war.” 3

Jason’s expression hardened.

“Yes, the might try to place my cousin as head of the Suns and your second cousin as head of the Ashers, they want someone they can mold and control, it is three against two, they think they win this war.”

He picked up his phone again.

“And if they want a war...”

His eyes met mine. 1

“...we’ll give them one.”

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Support

Share

get it

+15 Bonus

oft

got out of bed immediately and called my grandfather.

They made their move,” I said the moment he answered.

irandfather sighed on the other end of the line

Your cousin has made his move as well.”

Of course he had.

He is demanding that the heir trial be shortened,” Grandfather continued. “He wants the companies’ values exposed to the media within the week.”

clenched my jaw.

With the current public narrative surrounding you,” he added carefully, “I’m not certain that will work in your favor.” I

was furious.

But strangely... clearheaded.

still had a better public image than Adrian.

f he was pushing this aggressively, then he must have something else prepared.

‘Well, Grandpa,” I said slowly, “that means we still have time to help the Suns first.”

There was a pause.

‘The other families have withdrawn their investments and backed out of agreements they had with them,’ I continued. “Is there any way we can absorb those positions?”

Grandfather exhaled quietly.

‘Meet me at the office,’ he said.

Then his voice softened.

‘Just you, please, darling.’

ended the call and turned to Jason.

“I’m going to see my grandfather.”

He studied my face carefully.

“Alone?”

“Yes.”

Jason stepped closer and kissed my forehead.

“Alright.”

He looked calm.

But I knew better.

When I entered my grandfather’s office, I found him standing by the tall windows overlooking the city.

For a moment he didn’t speak.

Then he turned and took my hands gently, guiding me to sit beside him.

“Forty years ago,” he murmured, “when I lost your grandmother...”

His voice grew quiet.

“I lost myself.”

I stayed silent.

“Our deals fell apart,” he continued. “The other families backed away from us.”

His eyes darkened slightly.

“The only family that stood by us...”

He paused.

“...was the Sun family.”

I felt my chest tighten.

“And now,” he said softly, handing me a tablet, “we will return the favor.”

The screen lit up with financial records.

Investments.

Contracts.

Prev

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c 80

“This deal,” he said, pointing to the first entry, “was with the Becker family.”

“We chose not to renew the contract this year, but we continued supplying them in good faith.”

He tapped the screen.

“You can consider that agreement terminated.”

Another document appeared.

“The supplies they were receiving can be redirected to the Suns.”

The numbers were massive.

Then he scrolled again.

“This,” he continued calmly, “is our investment position in the Vinny family.”

My breath caught. 1

The numbers were staggering.

“Those funds can be withdrawn at any time,” he said.

“And if we do...”

He looked at me.

“...they will more than cover the investments the Vinny and Becker families just pulled from the Sun group.”

I stared at the screen.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

“Eight point nine billion,” I whispered

“Only in direct investments

Grandfather nodded.

“And as for the Beckers,” he added, “we supply more than sixty percent of the materials used by their production companies.”

I blinked.

“And judging by these numbers,” I said slowly, “we’ve been giving them a very generous price.”

He chuckled softly.

I turned toward him.

“You anticipated this.”

He smiled faintly.

“You grew the family fortune far beyond what anyone suspected,” I said.

“So we would never fall like that again.”

He didn’t deny it.

“Just how much capital do we actually have?” I asked.

Grandfather leaned back in his chair.

“In liquid reserves?” he said thoughtfully.

Then he chuckled.

“Well...”

“Roughly three hundred billion dollars.”

My eyes widened.

“Three trillion?” 1

He shrugged.

“You never know when a war might begin.”

I shook my head, half laughing.

“You’re doing all this for the Sun family.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“You’re a big softy, Grandpa.”

He pulled me into a quick hug.

“And don’t you dare tell anyone.”

fumo wan

+15 Bonus

family wars

Grandfather and i arrived at suns Co,’s headquarters early that morning.

The tension in the building was noticeable.

Assistants were moving quickly through the halls, phones ringing constantly, the quiet chaos of a coinpany preparing for a

financial storm.

The moment Amber and her grandfather stepped inside, the reception staff stood immediately.

“Mr. Asher, Ms. Asher,” the secretary said respectfully. “Mr. Sun is already waiting for you in the main office.”

Amber nodded.

“Thank you.”

They began walking toward the elevators together.

Halfway down the corridor, raised voices caught Amber’s attention.

A young man stood near one of the desks, leaning over an employee who looked visibly uncomfortable.

Amber recognized him instantly.

Liam Sun.

Jason’s second cousin.

He had one hand braced on the desk, towering over the employee. 1

“Do you know how much this mistake costs?” Liam snapped.

“I-I was following the instructions sent yesterday,” the employee tried to explain nervously.

“Well you followed them wrong,” Liam replied sharply.

Amber stepped forward.

“That’s enough.”

Liam turned.

He looked them over quickly.

Two people he clearly assumed were outsiders.

He smirked.

“And you are?”

Amber crossed her arms calmly.

“Someone telling you to stop harassing your employees.”

Liam laughed.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” he said mockingly. “I didn’t realize we had guests giving management advice.”

Grandfather remained silent beside me, observing the exchange with mild curiosity.

Amber didn’t react.

Farvy w

+15 Bonus

“You’re setting a poor example,” she said evenly.

The employee behind the desk looked like they wanted to disappear entirely.

Liam rolled his eyes.

“Look, whoever you are, this is none of your

Before he could finish, the secretary from the reception hurried down the corridor.

“Ms. Asher, Mr. Asher,” she said quickly. “Mr. Sun asked me to bring you both to his office immediately.”

The moment Liam heard the names, his entire posture froze.

He looked from Amber...

To Mr. Asher...

Then back again.

Color drained from his face.

Amber watched the realization dawn.

“Oh,” Liam said awkwardly.

“I... apologize.”

Amber tilted her head slightly.

“To me?” she asked.

He swallowed.

“I am sorry Emily” he added quickly.

Emily only nodded nervously.

Amber gave him a small reassuring smile.

“Good.”

Then she turned calmly toward the secretary.

“Lead the way.”

Behind them, Liam remained standing in the hallway, looking like he had just realized exactly how badly he had misjudged the situation.

As we entered the main office, Mr. Sun, Mrs. Sun, and Jason were already waiting.

The room felt heavy with tension.

Mrs. Sun stood the moment she saw me.

“Darling.”

She crossed the room and hugged me tightly.

Her composure from the gala the night before was gone.

“Jason is telling us you’re going to help us?” she asked softly.

formly we

+15 Bonus

Her voice was hopeful but careful.

“Even a minor investment would help at this point,” she added quickly. “There’s no need to go all out. We can survive, really.” 1

She said the words bravely.

But her hands trembled slightly where they held my arms.

And her eyes were watering.

Before I could respond, Grandfather stepped forward.

Without a word, he handed Mr. Sun a thick folder.

The room went quiet.

The two men simply looked at each other.

Years of history passing silently between them.

Mr. Sun didn’t open the folder.

He set it down on the desk instead.

“Richard,” he said quietly.

“You know we can’t accept this.”

Grandfather raised an eyebrow.

“You haven’t even looked.”

Mr. Sun shook his head.

“That’s exactly why.” 1

Grandfather sighed.

Then his voice softened.

“Besides,” he said calmly, “you’re the only reason my family is what it is today.”

Grandfather, Mr. Sun, and Mrs. Sun began discussing the documents immediately.

Numbers.

Contracts.

Timelines.

Within seconds the room filled with the quiet intensity of three people who had survived decades of corporate wars.

Jason tried to interrupt once.

“Grandfather, this-”

Mr. Sun raised a hand.

“We will finish the planning ourselves.”

Mrs. Sun nodded firmly.

“Yes. You two have done enough already.”

215

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Supply agreements.

+15 Bonus

Grandfather looked at us both and waved toward the door.

“Out.”

Jason blinked.

“Out?”

Grandfather pointed again.

“This is old people business.”

Mrs. Sun added gently, “Go. We’ll call you when we’re done.”

A moment later Jason and I found ourselves politely but firmly escorted out of the office.

The door closed behind us.

Jason looked at the door.

Then at me.

“They just kicked us out of our own war room.”

I shrugged slightly.

“They’ve been fighting corporate wars longer than we’ve been alive.”

We began walking down the corridor together.

That’s when I noticed it.

Phones.

Several employees standing farther down the hall were clearly filming.

Others were whispering, taking pictures.

The news had already spread.

Jason noticed too.

Without hesitation he stepped closer, pulling me into a firm embrace, one arm wrapping protectively around my shoulders.

“I can make them delete everything,” he murmured near my ear.

I could hear the whispers echoing through the corridor.

“That’s Amber Asher...”

“That’s Jason Sun...”

“The families are meeting...”

The rumors were already spreading.

I shook my head slightly.

“No. Let them.”

Jason looked down at me.

“Are you sure?”

I smiled faintly.

“I got some really nice pictures of us the last time people started filming.”

His lips twitched.

“Besides,” I continued quietly, “maybe it will help my public image.”

Jason raised a brow.

“The heir trial?”

“My cousin wants to end it before the end of the week,” I said.

His expression hardened slightly.

“Then I guess we should give the public something interesting to look at.”

His arm tightened around me as we continued walking down the hallway together.

Behind us, the cameras kept recording.

And this time-

I didn't mind at all.

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P

Support

Share

get it

X

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

slander

We got into my car and drove straight to the Asher estate.

Neither of us spoke much during the drive.

The city moved around us as usual-traffic, pedestrians, the distant hum of construction-but inside the car everything felt strangely quiet.

The calm before a storm.

Jason rested his arm along the door, staring out the window, clearly deep in thought.

I knew that look.

He was already planning.

By the time we reached the estate gates, the guards had been alerted. The gates opened immediately and we drove up the long stone path toward the main house.

As soon as I stepped out of the car, the front doors opened.

Alice burst out first.

“Amber!”

She ran straight toward me and wrapped her arms around my waist.

Alex followed a little more calmly, though the relief on his face was just as clear.

“You’re back,” he said simply.

I hugged them both tightly.

“Of course I am.”

Inside the house, the atmosphere was far less peaceful.

Pamela was sitting at the large living room table, surrounded by tablets and open laptops.

Clara stood beside her, flipping through a folder with rapid efficiency.

Both women looked up the moment I walked in.

“There you are,” Pamela said, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “I was starting to think you’d been kidnapped by the elder council.”

Clara gave me a quick nod.

“We have updates.”

Across the room, Marcus stood near the fireplace, arms crossed.

He wasn’t looking at me.

He was looking at Jason.

Clearly waiting.

Jason sighed quietly beside me.

“Well,” he muttered, loosening his tie slightly, “that look means trouble.”

Marcus raised a brow.

“Oh, it’s definitely trouble”

He straightened.

“We need to talk.”

He straightened.

“Victoria is suing you.”

Jason frowned.

“For what?”

“Slander.”

Jason blinked.

“When exactly did I slander her?”

Marcus spread his hands slightly.

“That,” he said dryly, “is the ridiculous part.”

Jason crossed his arms.

“What do you mean?”

Marcus sighed.

“She refuses to say.”

Jason stared at him.

“She said she will only present the accusation in front of a judge.”

Before anyone else could react-

Pamela and Clara both jumped from their seats at the same time.

“What?!” Pamela blurted.

Clara looked between Marcus and Jason.

“You’re kidding.”

Marcus raised a brow.

“What?”

Pamela pointed straight at me.

“Because Oscar and Amelie are suing her for the same thing.”

The room froze.

Jason turned slowly toward me.

“They’re what?”

Clara nodded, still clearly stunned.

+15 Bonus

215

“They filed the claim this inorning.”

Jason looked back at Marcas

Marcus rubbed his temple.

“You’re telling me all three of them filed lawsuits today?”.

Pamela snorted.

“Oh it gets better.”

She leaned forward over the table.

“The funny part is...”

She raised her phone.

“They’re also refusing to say when exactly Amber slandered them.”

Marcus stared at her.

Jason blinked.

Then he laughed once.

A short, incredulous sound.

“They’re coordinating.”

Clara nodded.

“Three lawsuits.”

Pamela leaned back in her chair.

“Three different courts.”

Marcus looked at Jason again.

“Well,” he said dryly, “on the bright side...”

Jason raised a brow.

“Yes?”

Marcus shrugged.

“At least they’re consistent in their stupidity.”

I crossed my arms, thinking for a moment.

“No,” I said calmly.

Everyone looked at me.

“This isn’t stupidity.”

Jason’s expression sharpened.

“What do you mean?”

“This screams of a plot,” I continued.

+15 Bonus

2/15

“My cousin.”

Pamela frowned.

Prev

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“He wants the heir trial shortened and my company valuations exposed to the public within the week.”

Clara's eyes widened slightly.

“And if you're dealing with three lawsuits at the same time...”

“Then my public image takes a hit,” I finished.

Marcus nodded slowly.

“And you look unstable.”

Jason’s jaw tightened.

“Exactly.”

I leaned against the table.

“He doesn’t care if the lawsuits win.”

Pamela snapped her fingers.

“He just needs the headlines.”

“Three lawsuits against Amber Asher,” Clara said quietly.

“Right before the heir trial.”

Jason exhaled slowly.

“He’s trying to sabotage you.”

I nodded once.

“Yes.”

Then I smiled slightly.

“But he made one mistake.”

Marcus raised a brow.

“What’s that?”

“He thinks I’ll be too busy defending myself,” I said calmly.

“But if he wants a legal fight...”

My eyes flicked toward Marcus.

“...then we’ll give him one.”

+15 Bonus

JOOUND..

+15 Bonus

Foodiex

Amber leaned back slightly in her chair, watching Clara work through the numbers on her tablet.

“The best part,” I said calmly, “s that I didn’t even need to destroy Oscar’s company.

Jason looked at me.

“You mean White Real Estate?”>

I nodded.

“Yes. The company his father keeps paying to keep alive.”

Marcus crossed his arms.

“That company has been bleeding money since You left.”

“Exactly,” I said. 1

“And Adrian made it worse.”

Pamela frowned.

“What do you mean?”

I tapped the table lightly.

“He bought it.”

Jason blinked.

“He bought White Real Estate?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Not because it was profitable.”

I smiled faintly.

“He bought it to make me angry and because he thought that as an established business it was much safer to invest in it than in starting his own company, I believe the Becker family proposed the idea.” 1

Pamela snorted.

“That sounds about right.”

“He assumed it was the company managing the properties used by his real business as the payment he gave before were under that name.”

Clara looked up.

“His real company?”

“Yes.”

“Foodiex.” 1

Clara immediately began searching.

I continued explaining.

“It’s a ghost-kitchen model. Multiple restaurants operating in the same building.”

“Different brands.”

“Different menus.”

“But they’re all delivered through food service apps.”

Pamela leaned forward.

“That’s actually pretty smart.

I nodded.

“It is, if you do it right and don’t have to pay rent.”

Jason looked thoughtful.

“And that’s where his real money is.”

“Yes.”

Clara looked up from the screen.

“Amber...”

My lips curved slightly.

“I already own shares.”

Jason blinked.

“You what?”

“Not enough,” I admitted. “But enough to know how the structure works.”

Marcus leaned forward slightly.

“You’re sure?”

I nodded.

“I only know because their two restaurant hubs operate inside my buildings.”

Jason raised a brow.

“Your buildings?”

“Yes.”

I folded my arms. ¹

“Adrian doesn’t know those properties belong to me.” ¹

Clara slowly lowered the tablet.

“Wait...”

“The buildings he’s operating Foodiex out of...”

“Yes,” I said calmly.

“Are part of the properties I recovered a few days ago.”

The room went quiet.

Jason stared at me.

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

‘sa the leases...

‘Are mine.”

Marcus let out a low whistle.

‘amela’s eyes widened.

‘Amber...”

shrugged lightly.

‘He thought White Real Estate was handling those leases.”

‘But since I got the properties back, that management structure disappeared, Rent is due for tomorrow, the manager already got in contact with me and asked to reduce the Rent prices, I declined and they are going to be maintained exactly as high as before.’

Clara began scrolling rapidly through financial records.

‘Oh wow...’

Jason leaned closer.

“What?”

Clara turned the screen toward him.

‘If they planned their finances assuming those leases were stable...’

“They’re not anymore,” I finished.

‘Exactly.’

Marcus shook his head slowly.

‘So instead of making money...’

“They’re about to start losing it.”

I nodded.

“And the leases aren’t small.”

They all looked at me.

“They’re high,” I said calmly.

“Really high.”

Jason’s brow lifted slightly.

“Higher than market?”

“Much higher.”

Pamela burst out laughing.

“Oh that’s brutal.”

I shrugged

“He would have done better buying his own building instead of renting, he started that project 9 months ago.”

Londe

Marcus rubbed his chin.

“But Adrian thought White Real Estate controlled the leases.”

“Yes.”

Jason leaned back in his chair.

“So he believed he was saving money.”

I smiled faintly.

“When in reality...”

“He’s paying you.”

“Exactly.”

Clara shook her head slowly.

“This is incredible.”

Marcus crossed his arms again.

“So what do you want to do?”

I looked at Clara.

“Sell.”

Clara blinked.

“Sell?”

“Yes.”

“The shares I already own.”

Jason frowned slightly.

“You’re not going to buy more?”

I shook my head.

“I’m not in the business of losing money and starting tomorrow he Will loose.”

Clara nodded slowly, already typing.

“If the leases are paid and the operating costs increase...”

“Foodiex will start bleeding cash,” Marcus finished.

Pamela leaned back in her chair, smiling.

“And when investors realize that....”

Jason looked at me.

“The stock will crash.”

I gave a small nod.

“Exactly”

+15 Bonus

Clara looked up again.

“How many shares do you want to sell?”

“All of them,” I said calmly.

“If Adrian wants to gamble on that company

I leaned forward slightly.

“...he can do it without my investment.”

Across the table, Marcus chuckled quietly.

“You’re terrifying.”

I shrugged.

“Adrian thinks I don’t know about his ace.”

I tapped the table once.

“He’s wrong.”

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

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A preview

The heir trial was approaching

As tradition dictated, any candidate seeking to lead the Asher family had to present their vision-their plans, their investments, and the direction they intended to take the family fortune.

It was meant to show not only ambition, but capability.

Adrian was ecstatic.

So much so that he even offered to cover the cost of the banquet and the venue.

Ironically-though he had no idea-it happened to be one of my most expensive properties to rent.

The same building that hosted the main offices and kitchen hubs of his precious company, Foodiex.

The event was meant to be private.

Family members.

And the main investors of the Asher houses.

But when Jason and I arrived, the entrance was already crowded with media.

Cameras flashed the moment we stepped out of the car.

Jason took my hand naturally.

The children walked between us. 1

Alice immediately waved toward the cameras, her smile bright and completely fearless.

The photographers loved it.

‘Over here!’

‘Alice, look this way!’

She laughed, clearly enjoying every second.

ason shook his head slightly.

‘She’s going to be a natural with the press.’

Alex stayed closer to us, more reserved but still composed.

We walked into the ballroom together.

The room was already full.

And I spotted Grandfather immediately.

The children did too.

Without hesitation they ran toward him.

“Grandpa!”

Grandfather's face softened instantly as they reached him.

Then Adrian's voice cut across the room.

Apuvmys

+15 Bonus

"Well," he said loudly, clearly making sure everyone heard him, "as always, bringing children that don't belong to the family."

The room went quiet.

I felt Jason stiffen beside me.

But my attention went to Grandfather.

I had seen him angry before.

But this-

This was different.

His hands trembled slightly from the force of his fury.

For a moment I thought he might actually stand up and throw Adrian out himself.

Instead, he turned slowly toward him.

His voice was calm.

Too calm.

“Well,” he said thoughtfully, “I might be mistaken...”

Adrian smirked.

“But wasn’t your father adopted by my sister?”

The smirk faded.

Grandfather continued casually.

“That would mean you were adopted into this family as well.”

He paused.

“Considering we share no blood relation whatsoever.”

A ripple of quiet laughter spread across the room.

Adrian’s face flushed red instantly.

Grandfather turned away as if the conversation had already ended.

He sat down at the main table in front of the stage.

And without another glance toward Adrian-

He pulled the children onto the chairs beside him.

Leaving Adrian standing there.

Completely flustered.

In front of the entire family.

Family members came and went throughout the ballroom, exchanging greetings and polite smiles, but whispers followed me everywhere I walked.

I noticed something else too.

+15 Bonus

Press

Not just a few curious reporters at the entrance

Actual cameras inside the ballroom.

A major breach of family decorum.

And I was clearly not the only one thinking the same thing.

Family reunions were meant to be private. Relaxed. A place where business could be discussed openly without the pressure of cameras, judgment, or media narratives. Even tonight-despite the presentations scheduled before the heir election in three days-it was supposed to remain a family affair.

Adrian, however, seemed perfectly comfortable with the situation.

He ignored the increasingly irritated looks from several of the elder family members.

Soon, Grandfather's assistant stepped onto the stage.

The room slowly quieted. 1

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for gathering tonight.”

He briefly explained the purpose of the evening.

Then Grandfather himself rose from the main table and walked to the stage.

His presence alone commanded silence.

“Tonight,” he began calmly, “we will hear the proposals of the two candidates seeking to lead the Asher family.”

He gestured toward us.

“My granddaughter, Amber Asher.”

“And her cousin, Adrian Wyatt.”

Murmurs moved through the room.

Grandfather continued.

“Each candidate will present their vision in intervals of five minutes.”

He looked between us.

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Borrowed textbooks 84

“You will each have multiple opportunities to speak.”

Then he stepped aside.

Adrian was the first to take the stage.

He walked confidently to the podium, clearly enjoying the attention.

“I’m proud to announce,” he began loudly, “that I recently acquired White Real Estate.”

A few whispers spread through the room.

He smiled wider.

“Since my arrival, the company has already begun showing tremendous growth.”

He spoke about expansion, opportunities, market capture.

3/69

+15 Bonus

But something important was missing.

Numbers.

Everything he said was vague.

Speculation.

Promises.

Then he leaned forward dramatically.

“However,” he added, “White Real Estate is only the beginning.”

“I also control a second company.” 1

He paused for effect.

“I will present that company during my second time slot.”

He stepped away from the podium to polite but unimpressed applause.

Then it was my turn.

I walked calmly to the stage.

“My name is Amber Asher,” I began.

“Founder of Phoenix Ashes Conglomerate.”

I briefly presented my company’s development strategy.

Transparent investments.

Sustainable expansion.

Long-term stability.

Then I shifted the tone.

“One of the principles I believe the Asher family should follow moving forward,” I said calmly, “is more cautious investment.”

I paused.

“Allow me to give a recent example.”

Several people leaned forward.

“Just yesterday,” I continued, “I sold the last shares I held in a company called Foodiex.”

That got attention. 1

“They currently rent several of my properties.”

The moment the words left my mouth-

Adrian shot up from his chair.

The legs scraped loudly against the floor.

“That’s a lie!” he shouted.

He slammed both hands onto the table so hard that glasses rattled.

416

+15 Bonus

“You’re lying!”

His face was red with fury.

“You’re trying to manipulate the market!”

I looked at him calmly from the stage.

“As I was saying,” I continued, my tone even, “Foodiex currently operates several of its restaurant hubs in buildings owned by my company.”

Adrian pointed at me.

“You’re making this up!”

“And based on their financial structure,” I continued without raising my voice, “the company will begin losing money very soon.”

“THAT’S A LIE!”

His shout echoed through the ballroom.

“You have no idea what you’re talking about!”

He slammed the table again.

“Foodiex is making millions!”

I tilted my head slightly.

“Is it?”

Silence fell across the room.

Then I added quietly:

“Because the building we are currently standing in...”

I glanced around the ballroom slowly.

“...is also one of the properties they are renting.”

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

Adrian’s expression froze.

“And the lease,” I finished calmly, “is extremely expensive.”

I folded my hands.

“Frankly, Adrian...”

A small smile crossed my face.

I paused, letting the silence stretch across the room.

Then I added lightly, almost as if giving friendly advice.

“If you happen to own any shares in Foodiex...”

I looked directly at him.

“...I recommend you sell them.”

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