

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother c 85

“All the growth analysis and ruarket projections indicate that by the end of the week...”

I let the words land slowly.

“...they’ll be operating in the red.”

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+15 Bonus

fundu

+15 Bonus

funds.

Adrian stood there for a moment, clearly trying to regain control of himself.

The whispers around the ballroom were growing louder.

Several investors were already checking their phones.

He straightened his jacket slowly.

Then forced a smile.

“Well,” he said loudly, stepping toward the stage, “since it seems my cousin has already begun her attempt to sabotage my presentation...”

The room quieted again.

He climbed the stage steps and took the microphone from the podium.

“As I mentioned earlier,” he said, glancing briefly toward me, “White Real Estate was only the beginning of my investments.”

He clicked the remote beside the screen.

The presentation behind him changed.

A sleek logo appeared.

FOODIEX

“Allow me to properly introduce the company,” Adrian continued confidently.

“Foodiex.”

He began pacing slowly across the stage.

“A revolutionary restaurant platform that operates multiple brands within centralized locations.”

“Efficient kitchens.”

“Optimized delivery systems.”

“Minimal overhead.”

Several investors nodded slightly.

Adrian’s confidence returned as he continued.

“Foodiex is already operating successfully across several locations in the city.”

Then he turned directly toward me.

“And despite what my cousin is trying to imply...”

His voice hardened.

“Her claims about my company losing money are nothing more than slander.”

A few murmurs spread through the room.

“She is attempting to manipulate the market and damage my company’s reputation,” Adrian continued, raising his voice slightly.

“All in an effort to gain an advantage in this heir trial.”

1654

+15 Bonus

He spread his arms toward the audience.

“Because she knows that if the family looks at the numbers objectively...”

His eyes flashed with anger.

“...her chances of winning disappear.”

Several cameras zoomed closer.

Adrian looked satisfied.

“Foodiex is not collapsing,” he declared.

“It is expanding.”

Then he looked back at me.

“And unlike certain people...”

His voice carried across the room.

“I do not need to sabotage others to prove my success.”

He paused dramatically.

“I will now present the numbers.”

The screen behind him shifted again.

Charts appeared.

Revenue projections.

Growth curves.

But something was wrong.

Several investors leaned forward.

Frowning.

Because the numbers were... projections.

Not actual revenue.

And in the front row-

Jason leaned slightly toward me.

Whispering just loud enough for me to hear.

“He just walked straight into your trap.”

Adrian turned toward me slowly.

A smug smile spread across his face.

“Well,” he said loudly, clearly enjoying the attention, “is my cousin quiet now because she realizes she has just been caught publicly trying to sabotage my company?”

A few murmurs moved through the room.

+15 Bonus

Cameras shifted toward me.

I tilted my head slightly.”

Then I gave a small apologetic smile.

“Oh,” I said calmly. “I’m not quiet because of that.”

I gestured lightly toward the stage.

“It’s simply not my turn to speak.’

A few people in the audience chuckled.

Adrian’s smile stiffened.

“But since you mentioned it,” I continued politely, “I should apologize.”

His brows furrowed. 1

“I truly did not know that Foodiex was your company.”

The room grew still.

“After all,” I continued, “it isn’t listed under your name.”

A ripple of whispers spread through the audience.

“I simply analyzed it as a possible failed investment.”

Adrian scoffed loudly.

“That’s ridiculous.”

I folded my hands calmly.

“Is it?”

I looked around the ballroom.

“You see, now that I’ve regained control of my properties and they are no longer being managed by White Real Estate....”

I paused slightly.

“...the rent prices will return to their proper market value.”

Several investors exchanged glances.

“And based on the current lease agreements Foodiex holds...”

I smiled politely.

“...their operational costs will far exceed their projected earnings.”

Adrian slammed his hand on the podium.

“That’s not true!”

His voice rose.

“The buildings are still under White Real Estate management!”

The room turned toward him.

+15 Bonus

I nodded thoughtfully.

“Oh?”

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A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

“Well, if that’s the case, perhaps you should move Foodiex operations to one of the buildings White Real Estate actually owns.”

A few quiet laughs escaped from the audience.

“Since covering rent payments should be much easier when the building belongs to your own company.”

Adrian opened his mouth-

But no words came out.

I gave a small nod.

“Now, if you’ll excuse me.”

I turned back toward the audience.

“My turn.”

The room quieted again as I stepped fully to the center of the stage.

“My vision for the future of the Asher family,” I began, “is not simply about business expansion.”

The screen behind me changed.

A new presentation appeared.

“It is about family stability.” 1

Several older relatives leaned forward.

“I propose the creation of an Asher Family Trust.”

The room grew silent.

“A structured trust fund for every child born within the first, second, and third branches of the family.”

Whispers spread immediately.

“The trust will ensure full coverage of education expenses, including schooling, university, and specialized training.’

I gestured toward the screen.

“Children will be grouped by age and enrolled in development programs designed to prepare them for leadership, entrepreneurship, and family business responsibilities.” 1

Several investors nodded.

“Instead of waiting until adulthood to determine who is capable of leading...”

I looked around the room.

“...we will begin preparing them from childhood.”

Then I added calmly.

“Because the future of a family should never depend on a single heir.”

funds

Silence fell across the ballroom.

Then, slowly-

Applause began to rise.

Adrian stood frozen beside the stage.

Because while he had tried to humiliate me—

I had just presented a plan for the next three generations of the Asher family.

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P

Support

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VOIC

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Voices

From the corner of my eye, glanced toward Adrian.

His face had gone pale.

Not the theatrical kind of pale meant to provoke sympathy.

No.

This was the color of someone who had just realized something had gone terribly wrong.

His fingers trembled slightly around his phone.

He must have checked the rent invoices.

Interesting.

I kept my expression neutral and continued as if nothing had happened.

The last slide of my presentation faded from the screen.

Grandfather rose from his chair.

The room immediately quieted.

“Thank you,” he said calmly, his voice carrying easily across the ballroom.

His gaze moved between Adrian and me.

“Both presentations have now been heard.”

A few investors nodded thoughtfully.

“The closing of the Heir Trial will take place in three days.”

A soft murmur spread through the room.

“Until then,” Grandfather continued, “the family and our investors are encouraged to review the proposals presented tonight,”

Polite applause filled the ballroom.

Measured.

Controlled.

The kind of applause reserved for important business events.

Grandfather nodded once more.

“Thank you all for attending.”

He cleared his throat.

“This concludes the public portion of the evening.”

His gaze swept across the ballroom.

“This is a family event. I must ask the media to leave.”

One of the reporters near the entrance raised his voice.

“Sir, we were granted access by Mr. Wyatt.”

1/64

All eyes turned toward Adrian.

Grandfather didn't even look at him.

“That is not my concern,” he replied evenly.

Then he gestured toward the doors.

“Please leave politely.”

For a moment, everything seemed normal.

Then-

The doors burst open.

A group of armed men stormed inside.

Black uniforms.

Black masks.

Weapons raised.

Gasps and screams rippled through the crowd.

“EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU ARE!”

The command echoed through the ballroom.

People froze.

Some relatives instinctively moved closer to their families.

My first instinct was the children.

My eyes shot toward the main table.

Alice and Alex were sitting beside Grandfather.

Jason was already standing beside them.

Alert.

Ready.

The armed men moved quickly through the room, pushing guests aside.

One of them stepped forward.

His voice was calm.

Almost controlled.

“We are not here to harm anyone.”

The room went silent.

“We are looking for Amber Asher and Adrian Wyatt.”

Every head in the ballroom turned toward us.

“They are the only ones we need.”

+15 Bonus

26

My heartbeat began to slow.

Strangely.

Danger has a way of sharpening the mind.

The man continued.

“If they come with us willingly, no one here will get hurt.”

My first instinct was to refuse.

To fight.

But then my eyes landed on the children again.

Alice looked confused.

Alex looked scared.

Jason had stepped slightly in front of them.

His body tense.

Ready to move.

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“I’m Amber Asher.”

Adrian immediately shouted.

“What?! Are you insane?!”

Two of the men grabbed him.

“You’re coming too.”

“Get your hands off me!” Adrian snapped.

Jason took one step forward.

I raised my hand quickly toward him.

“Jason.”

He stopped.

His jaw tightened.

“Leave it,” I said quietly.

“The kids are here.”

His eyes flicked toward Alice and Alex.

Then back to me.

I gave the smallest shake of my head.

+15 Bonus

Not here.

Not like this.

One of the men moved behind me.

Cold metal brushed my arm as he secured my wrists.

Another man pulled a black bag over Adrian's head.

He struggled violently.

"What the hell is this?!"

"QUIET."

Then the same darkness swallowed my vision.

A rough cloth bag dropped over my head.

Everything went black.

My breathing slowed automatically.

Focus.

Listen.

Behind us chaos erupted.

People shouting.

Furniture scraping.

I heard Jason's voice somewhere behind me.

Sharp.

Angry.

But he wasn't moving.

Good.

They were keeping their promise.

Hands grabbed my arms.

They pushed us forward.

Fast.

The floor changed beneath my shoes.

Carpet.

Then marble.

Then outside air.

Cool.

We were being dragged away.

+15 Bonus

voxcer

The last thing I heard before the doors slammed shut behind us-

Was Jason shouting my name

Then the sound of engines starting

We were being dragged toward vehicles.

Adrian was still struggling somewhere beside me.

“You idiots have no idea what you’re doing!” he shouted from inside the bag. “Do you know who I am?!”

One of the men shoved him forward harder.

“Keep moving.”

The voice was calm.

Too calm.

I forced myself to slow my breathing.

Panic helps no one.

Behind us chaos erupted.

People shouting.

Furniture scraping.

Security yelling orders.

Cold metal pressed briefly against my back as someone guided me forward.

The doors of a vehicle opened.

We were pushed inside.

The engine started almost immediately.

Tires rolled over gravel.

The car accelerated.

I sat there in darkness, hands bound, the rough fabric of the bag brushing against my lips every time I breathed.

Adrian was still muttering threats somewhere beside me.

But I wasn't listening to him.

I was listening to them.

To the voices around us.

One of the men spoke again.

And something about the sound of his voice made a chill run down my spine.

It was familiar.

Not the words.

The tone.

+15 Bonus

The cadence.

I had heard it before.

I was sure of it.

But I couldn't place it.

My mind raced through possibilities.

Family gatherings.

Business meetings.

Political events.

It was possible...

Just possible...

That the voice belonged to someone from one of the Main Families.

The thought made my stomach tighten.

Because if that was true-

Then this wasn't just a kidnapping.

This was something much bigger.

And no matter how hard I tried...

I just couldn't remember who the voice belonged to.

Support

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+15 Bonus

Od man

+15 Bonus

Uld inan

The car ride felt endless.

Adrian had stopped shouting after the first ten minutes.

Probably realizing threats meant nothing when no one bothered responding.

I focused on breathing slowly.

Listening.

Counting turns.

Estimating distance.

But eventually the car slowed.

Gravel again.

A gate opening.

The engine rolled forward before finally stopping.

A door opened.

Prev

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Hands grabbed my arms again and pulled me out.

Adrian was dragged beside me, still muttering under his breath.

We walked a few steps.

Then the bags were ripped from our heads.

The sudden light made me blink.

We were inside a large office.

Not unfamiliar.

Not random either.

Elegant.

Old money.

Heavy wooden furniture.

Political portraits lining the walls.

Then I saw him.

And my stomach dropped.

“Hello, Amber.”

The man standing behind the desk looked older than the last time I had seen him, but the sharp eyes were exactly the same.

My grand uncle.

My grandmother’s brother.

The man my grandfather avoided mentioning whenever possible.

715

Old man.

“Uncle Henry,” I said slowly.

Adrian looked between us, confused.

“You know this old man?”

Henry Watson smiled.

“That’s Mayor Watson to most people.”

Of course.

The Watsons.

My grandmother’s family.

The ruling political dynasty of the neighboring city.

One of the most powerful families in the region.

And the family my grandfather had distanced himself from decades ago.

Henry leaned back in his chair.

“I apologize for the dramatic entrance,” he said calmly. “But sometimes diplomacy requires... persuasion.”

Adrian scoffed.

“You kidnapped us!”

Henry ignored him completely.

His eyes remained on me.

“You see, Amber,” he continued, “your grandfather has been making decisions lately that concern us.”

I crossed my arms.

“And those would be?”

Henry’s smile thinned slightly.

“For decades the Ashers and the Watsons stood together.”

His fingers tapped the desk lightly.

“My sister understood that.”

My grandmother.

“The Watson family has no problem supporting the Sun family,” he continued calmly.

“In fact, we consider them respectable allies.”

Adrian blinked, confused by the direction of the conversation.

Henry’s gaze sharpened.

“But what we do have a problem with...”

He leaned forward.

“...is the Asher family refusing to support us.”

+15 Bonus

213

Ituted my head slightly.

“So you kidnapped me.”

Henry shook his head calmly.

“No.”

“I invited you.”

I laughed softly.

“With guns?”

“People respond faster to urgency.”

Adrian slammed his hands on the chair arms.

“Enough games! What do you want?!”

Henry finally glanced at him.

“You are here as leverage.”

Then he looked back at me.

“But you, Amber...”

He steepled his fingers.

“...are here for something much more important.”

I already knew.

I just wanted him to say it.

“You are the future head of the Asher family.”

“And the Watson family intends to make sure the Ashers remember where their true alliances belong.”

My voice was cold.

“Meaning?”

Henry leaned forward slightly.

“You will marry my son.” 1

For a moment the room was silent.

Then I laughed.

Not politely.

Not nervously.

Just genuine disbelief.

Because the situation was so absurd it almost felt like a joke.

My cousin Shane Watson.

Henry's beloved heir.

+15 Bonus

Did mon.

+15 Bonus

The same Shane who had come out publicly three years ago.

The same Shane who had dragged his boyfriend to half the family events just to irritate his father.

The same Shane who once told me very dramatically over champagne – that if anyone ever forced him to marry a woman he would fake his own death.

And then there was the second problem.

I lifted my left hand slightly.

The wedding ring caught the light.

I was already married.

Henry seemed to mistake my laughter for panic.

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“You kidnapped us for marriage politics?”

Henry looked almost amused.

“Your marriage will unite the Ashers and Watsons.”

“And once the families are joined...”

“...your grandfather will remember exactly who the Ashers should be supporting.”

He folded his hands calmly. 1

“A reasonable solution.”

I leaned back in my chair, still smiling.

“You kidnapped the wrong granddaughter.”

Henry’s smile faded slightly.

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

I leaned forward.

“Because first, your son will oppose this marriage faster than I will.”

His eyes narrowed slightly.

“And second...”

I raised my hand again, letting the ring catch the light.

“...I’m already married.”

The room went silent.

Then I added calmly.

Did man.

“And the inornent my husband realizes where I am..”

The air seemed to turn colder

“...this will turn into a war.”

Henry’s eyes sharpened.

“Jason Sun?”

I smiled slowly.

“You should have kidnapped someone easier.”

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P

Support

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+15 BonL

get it

John POW

Jason POV

Jason POV

The ballroom had descended into chaos.

People were shouting.

Security guards were moving quickly through the crowd, checking exits and shouting orders into radios.

Relatives were gathering their families, investors arguing with staff, reporters being pushed outside the building.

But none of it mattered.

Amber was gone.

Mr. Asher stood near the center of the room, his usually calm demeanor completely shattered.

He was on the phone, his voice cold and sharp.

“Find her.”

A pause.

“I don’t care how.”

Beside him, his assistant was already calling half the city’s security network.

I forced myself to stay still.

Because the children were watching.

Alice clung to my arm.

Alex stood quietly beside her, trying to look brave.

My grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Sun, arrived moments later.

My grandmother walked straight toward me.

Her eyes searched my face.

“Jason.”

I looked down at her.

“I tried to be good,” I said quietly.

For months I had tried to do things the civilized way.

The diplomatic way.

The political way.

Tried to avoid turning every conflict into a war.

My grandmother studied me for a moment.

Then she nodded once.

“You did. ”

She placed a hand on my cheek.

+15 Bonus

PO

Then her voice softened.

“Now go get your wife backs

Permission.

That was all I needed.

We left the ballroom shortly after.

The children, my grandparents, and I returned to the Asher estate.

The moment we arrived, the house was already filled with activity.

Security teams.

Family staff.

Phones ringing nonstop.

But none of them had answers.

Not yet.

I sat down at one of the study desks with my laptop.

Amber had designed most of the security protocols around the family properties.

Which meant breaking into the building’s system was... complicated.

“Of course you secured it like a fortress,” I muttered.

The irony was not lost on me.

I was hacking into my own wife’s system.

It took longer than usual.

Several firewalls.

Encrypted access points.

At one point I actually laughed.

“She really didn’t want anyone getting inside this system.”

But eventually-

I broke through. 1

The ballroom security footage loaded.

I slowed the recording.

Replayed the moment the doors opened.

The armed men entering.

Then I focused on the vehicles outside.

A black SUV.

Another.

+15 Bonus

Then I found the camera angle I needed.

License plate.

Captured clearly.

“Got you.”

I ran the plate through several databases.

Then zoomed in on the driver.

A face.

I froze the frame.

Cross-referenced it.

Name.

Employment history.

Connections.

And then-

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I understood.

“Of course.”

The driver wasn't random.

He worked for a Watson security company.

My jaw tightened.

The Watson family.

Which meant this wasn't a kidnapping.

This was politics.

Later that night I tucked the children into bed.

Alice had fallen asleep quickly.

Alex took longer.

He looked up at me.

“You'll bring Amber back, right?”

I placed a hand on his head.

“Yes.”

There wasn't even a second of hesitation.

“Yes, I will.”

After the children were asleep, I went to Mr. Asher's study.

He was standing by the window when I entered.

+15 Bonus

Looking older than usual.

More tired.

He didn't turn immediately.

"You know who took her."

It wasn't a question.

"The Watson family," I said.

He closed his eyes briefly.

I stepped closer.

"There's something I don't understand."

He turned toward me.

"Why would someone from your wife's family kidnap Amber?"

Mr. Asher sighed.

The sound carried decades of weight.

"Because of me."

He walked slowly to his desk and sat down.

"When I was young," he began, "I fell in love with a woman I had no right to marry."

"A Watson."

He smiled faintly.

"Her family hated me." 1

"They said I had nothing."

"No power."

"No influence."

He leaned back in the chair.

“So I married her anyway.”

“And then I built everything you see now.”

The Asher fortune.

The empire.

“All of it.”

His eyes hardened.

“Out of spite.”

“And because I promised her I would give her the best life possible.”

I crossed my arms.

+15 Bonu

“And the Watsons never forgave you.”

“No.”

His gaze moved to the window again.

“They believe the Ashers owe them loyalty.”

“But Amber...”

He shook his head slowly.

“She chose her own path.”

And now they wanted to control it.

I looked at the frozen image of the driver still glowing on my phone.

Then back at him.

“They made a mistake.”

Mr. Asher raised an eyebrow.

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

My voice was calm.

Because the decision had already been made.

“They took the wrong woman.”

“And they made the mistake of letting me see who did it.”

Silence filled the study.

Then I turned toward the door.

Because there was only one thing left to do.

Go get my wife back.

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c 91

Imon POW

Jason POV

Jason POV

The house was quiet.

Too quiet.

The kind of silence that only exists when something has gone terribly wrong

I stood in the study, staring at the security footage looping endlessly on the screen.

Amber being taken.

The moment the car doors closed.

The moment she disappeared.

I had watched it twelve times already.

Each time my hands clenched tighter.

Each time I reminded myself to breathe.

Because losing control now would only make things worse.

Amber deserved better than that.

She deserved better than me.

Or at least... the version of me I used to be.

For months I had tried to become someone else.

Someone calmer.

Cleaner.

A man worthy of standing beside her.

She built empires.

She believed in growth, in opportunity, in people.

She believed the law could protect those who needed protection.

That justice eventually found its way.

That everyone deserved a second chance.

I believed in something much darker.

But I had tried.

God, I had tried.

Because Amber deserved a cleaner version of me.

And deep down I knew something else too.

If she ever saw the man I truly was...

She might walk away.

+15 Bonu

And if that happened, I wouldn't blame her.

But even if I lost her...

I would still save her.

I closed the laptop slowly.

The door behind me opened.

My grandmother stepped inside.

She had always had the unsettling ability to read my thoughts before I spoke them.

"You're thinking about it," she said calmly.

I didn't respond. 1

"You promised Amber you would behave."

"I did."

She walked further into the room, her eyes sharp.

"And you did behave," she said quietly.

"For her."

I looked at her then.

"You know what I am capable of."

"Yes."

Her voice did not waver.

Because she had known for years.

Months ago, when the other families began pulling their investments, I had already offered a solution.

A brutal one.

I could have destroyed them quietly.

Uncovered the secrets they buried.

Turned allies into enemies.

Collapsed their companies overnight.

But my grandmother had stopped me.

“No,” she had said.

“Amber is building something different.”

“Let her lead.”

So I listened.

For Amber.

Because the woman who smiled at me every morning deserved a better version of me.

+15 Bonus

But then the Watsons made a mistake.

They took her.

My grandmother studied my face carefully,

“You tried to do this the right way,” she said softly.

Then she placed her hand on my shoulder.

“Bring her home.”

The words landed heavily in the quiet room.

An hour later I was in my office.

Not the public one.

The other one.

The one almost no one knew existed.

Three monitors lit the room in cold blue light.

I opened a secure terminal.

Several layers of encryption appeared.

Keys.

Passwords.

Old protocols.

On the final screen, a single prompt waited.

ENTER IDENTIFICATION

I typed one word.

CRONOS

For a moment the screen remained blank.

Then the system opened.

Messages flooded the interface immediately.

Notifications.

Requests.

Information exchanges.

Contacts from every corner of the world.

Cronos had been silent for months.

And the network had noticed.

One message appeared at the top.

Cronos is online.

+15 Bonus

37

Jason Pav

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c 92

Who did they touch?

I leaned back in the chair slowly.

The name Cronos had been given to me years ago.

Not by choice.

By reputation.

I didn't run a criminal empire.

That would have been simpler.

Instead, I ran something far more valuable.

Information.

Secrets.

Leverage.

Under my umbrella were companies Amber didn't even know existed.

Private security firms.

Data brokers.

Intelligence networks hidden behind legitimate corporations.

Casinos.

Luxury bars.

Places where powerful men drank too much and talked too freely.

Every secret had a price.

And I knew most of them.

That was why the dark web knew my name.

Cronos.

The businessman who destroyed those who harmed the innocent. 4

Not with guns.

Not with violence.

But with exposure.

Bankruptcy. 3

Ruined reputations.

And once their empires collapsed...

I took everything they had left.

I typed one message into the system.

+15 Bonus

Target: Watsun family.

The response was immediate

Political or financial?

I stared at the screen.

Then answered.

Both.

More messages appeared.

Authorization level?

I didn't hesitate.

Total dismantling.

Somewhere behind me the door opened.

Marcus walked in.

He froze when he saw the screen.

His eyes widened slightly.

"You logged in." 1

I didn't look at him.

"Yes."

Marcus let out a slow breath.

"I was hoping you wouldn't."

I finally turned my chair toward him.

"They took Amber."

He rubbed his forehead.

"Jason... once Cronos starts moving there's no putting it back."

I knew that.

That was why I had buried this part of myself.

For her.

But now it was too late.

Because someone had crossed a line.

I turned back to the screen.

New intelligence was already appearing.

Driver identities.

Vehicle routes.

+15 Bonus

50

Watson security personnel.

Every secret the Watson family had ever tried to bury.

And now all of it belonged to me.

Marcus watched the screen fill with information.

Then he shook his head slowly.

“You know what this means.”

“Yes.”

He looked at me carefully.

“This will start a war.”

I leaned forward slightly, studying the first location that appeared on the map.

The place where Amber was being held.

My voice was calm.

Almost cold.

“They started it.”

A knock sounded at the door.

Marcus and I exchanged a glance.

Almost no one knew this office existed.

“Come in,” I said.

The door opened slowly.

Mr. Asher stepped inside.

For a brief moment I was actually surprised.

Not that he had come.

But that he had found the office.

I stood immediately.

“Mr. Asher, I-”

I stopped myself, already preparing to explain.

To justify.

To tell him that whatever he had just seen or heard-

It was not something Amber knew about.

But he simply smiled.

A calm, knowing smile.

“You don’t need to explain yourself, Jason.”

+15 Bonu

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Marcus looked between us.

“You... knew?” I asked.

Mr. Asher walked further into the room, glancing briefly at the glowing monitors.

“At least enough.”

He folded his hands behind his back.

“You think a man who built an empire from nothing doesn’t recognize another man capable of doing the same?”

I didn’t respond. 1

He looked at me carefully.

“One of the reasons I approved of Amber marrying you...”

His voice softened slightly.

“...is because I knew she would have someone willing to protect her.”

The words settled heavily in the room.

Not judgment.

Not condemnation.

Approval.

Mr. Asher looked at the screen where the Watson family data continued appearing.

Then back at me.

“Well?”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Are you going to sit there...”

“...or are you going to bring my granddaughter home?”

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get it

Jason POV what?

Jason POV

The house was quiet again.

But this time the silence was different.

Not helpless.

Not chaotic.

Focused.

+15 Bonus

Purposeful.

The study had transformed into a war room.

Three large monitors showed maps of the neighboring city. Routes, traffic patterns, security networks, building permits, satellite overlays. Every feed was being analyzed in real time.

Marcus stood behind one of the monitors, scrolling through information faster than most people could read.

Mr. Asher stood near the desk, arms crossed, watching the operation with calm intensity.

I was already dressed to leave.

Dark jacket.

Holster secured.

Phone, tablet, and secure communications device lined up on the table.

Everything ready.

Because every second Amber spent there was one second too long.

Marcus looked up.

“We have a possible location.”

I walked over immediately.

The satellite map zoomed in.

An estate.

Large.

Private.

Bordering the edge of the Watson family’s territory in the neighboring city.

“Watson auxiliary property,” Marcus said. “Officially it’s registered under one of their investment companies.”

Of course it was.

Mr. Asher nodded slowly.

“They would keep her somewhere familiar.”

My tablet buzzed.

The drone feeds were coming online.

Three small surveillance drones were already flying over the property.

Another two were approaching from the south.

Security guards.

Perimeter patrol.

Two gates.

Private security vehicles.

Professional.

But not prepared for what was coming.

I picked up my jacket.

“I’m leaving.”

Mr. Asher stepped forward before I reached the door.

“You won’t be going alone.”

I stopped.

He gestured toward the hallway.

Five men entered the room.

Private security.

Not ordinary guards.

The kind of men who moved quietly and carried themselves like soldiers.

“They work for me,” Mr. Asher said.

“They take your orders tonight.”

I looked at him carefully.

“You trust me with your people?”

He gave a small smile.

“I trust you with my granddaughter.”

That was enough.

I nodded once.

“Good.”

Then I turned to leave.

But before we stepped outside, I needed to do one more thing.

The children were already in their rooms.

I pushed Alice’s door open gently.

+15 Bonu!

She was asleep

Curled up beneath the blankets.

Her small hand clutching one of Amber's scarves.

I adjusted the blanket over her shoulder.

Then I walked into Alex's room.

He wasn't asleep yet.

He sat up immediately when he saw me.

"Are you going to get Amber?"

"Yes."

His expression tightened slightly.

“Are you going to hurt people?”

The question caught me off guard.

Children saw more than adults thought.

I knelt beside the bed.

“I’m going to bring her home.”

That was the only answer he needed.

He nodded slowly.

Cedella

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Borrowed textbooks 94

I ruffled his hair gently.

“Get some sleep.”

Then I stood and walked to the door.

Because the longer I stayed...

The harder it would be to leave.

The convoy left the Asher estate twenty minutes later.

Two SUVs.

One unmarked van carrying equipment.

I drove the lead car.

Marcus sat beside me.

Behind us the security team monitored the feeds.

The neighboring city appeared on the horizon an hour later.

Lights stretching across the dark skyline.

My phone buzzed.

+15 Bonu

215

Jon

A secure line upened.

One of my contacts.

A bar owner who owed me several favors.

“We’ve got eyes on the neighborhood,” the voice said.

“Watson security presence is heavier than usual tonight.”

“Expected.”

“Local police are staying away.”

Also expected.

I ended the call.

Marcus glanced at the tablet in my hands. 1

“You still have assets here.”

“Yes.”

More than he realized.

Casinos.

Nightclubs.

Private security firms.

And the safehouse.

A place I had purchased years ago and never mentioned to anyone.

Just in case.

The drone feeds expanded across the screen.

Thermal cameras.

Security patrol patterns.

Guard rotations.

Escape routes.

Everything.

One of the drones zoomed closer to the estate.

Large stone building.

High perimeter walls.

Garden lights illuminating the grounds.

I studied every angle carefully.

Every guard.

Every door.

+15 Bonus

Every possible weakness.

Because when I moved-

It would be fast.

Then the interior feed appeared.

One of my people had managed to access a camera inside the building.

The image stabilized.

A room.

Two chairs.

A table.

And then-

Amber.

For a moment my brain refused to process what I was seeing.

She was sitting there.

Alive.

Hands tied.

But calm.

Composed.

Her posture straight, her eyes alert as if she were already analyzing the situation around her.

Like this was a negotiation instead of a kidnapping.

My chest tightened.

Relief hit first.

Hard enough to make my fingers tremble slightly.

But it lasted less than a second.

Because the reality of the situation slammed in immediately after.

Amber was there.

Inside a Watson compound.

Surrounded by enemies.

And yet she looked... almost amused.

I leaned closer to the screen.

“Zoom in,” I said quietly.

The drone operator enhanced the image.

Amber shifted slightly in the chair.

+15 Bonu

And then she looked directly toward the camera

For a brief second it almost felt like she could see me.

Like she knew I was watching.

Like she knew I was coming.

My grip tightened around the tablet.

My eyes widened.

Just what...?

I couldn't believe what I was seeing

The tablet dropped from my hands.

P

Support

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Drama

Draina

Family drama.

+15 Bonus

Honestly, I was getting tired of it

I shifted slightly in the chair, letting the ropes around my wrists rub just enough to make the guards think I was uncomfortable.

In truth, they had tied them loosely-political kidnappers rarely knew how to do proper restraints.

Across from me, Uncle Henry continued speaking.

Or droning.

It was difficult to tell the difference.

"...the Watson family has always believed in maintaining balance among the main houses..."

Yes, yes.

Balance.

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