

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother

c 95-100

A Woman Worth Billions, Dated the Wrong Brother c 95

I had heard the speech before, just with different audiences.

I tilted my head slightly and let my gaze wander around the room.

Guards at the door.

Two more near the windows.

Henry standing by the desk like he owned the world.

And above the door...

A camera.

I narrowed my eyes slightly.

Something was different.

The small indicator light above the lens should have stayed solid green, meaning the internal system was running normally.

Instead, it flickered.

Green.

Red.

Green.

Red.

Fast.

Too fast.

Someone had hacked the feed.

Then I saw it.

OPENC

+15 Bonus

Outside the window.

Just for a second.

A shadow drifting past the glass.

A drone.

Jason.

Of course it was him.

Between the flickering camera signal and the drone hovering just outside the window, it was practically a flashing neon sign.

He was watching.

I knew he would come.

Of course he would.

My husband was many things, but predictable in one very important way.

He never let someone take what belonged to him.

And right now, I very much belonged to him.

Uncle Henry kept talking.

“...a union between our families would restore the proper order...”

I tuned him out again.

Instead, I focused on the guards.

One near the door.

One pacing slowly.

And one standing far too close.

Adrian shifted in his chair next to me.

Apparently my cousin had finally decided to test the patience of the men holding us.

“Could you stop pacing?” Adrian snapped. “You’re making me dizzy.”

The guard didn’t like that.

Before anyone could react, he struck Adrian across the face with the back of his hand.

The crack echoed across the room.

Adrian gasped, nearly tipping out of his chair.

My head snapped toward them instantly.

Something inside me tightened.

“Careful,” I said evenly.

The guard turned to look at me.

A slow, ugly smile spread across his face.

+15 Bonus

“Oh The heiress speaks.”

He stepped closer.

Too close.

My patience was thinning rapidly.

“Please keep your distance,” I said calmly.

He didn’t listen.

Instead he leaned down slightly, looking me over in a way that made my skin crawl.

“Pretty thing like you,” he muttered, “I’m surprised they tied you up.”

I took a slow breath.

One.

Two.

“Step back,” I repeated.

He laughed. 1

And then his hand reached toward my face.

That was enough.

My restraint snapped.

In one smooth movement I twisted my wrists, letting the loose rope slip free. My hand shot up, grabbing the guard's wrist before he even realized what was happening.

He barely had time to react.

I pulled him forward sharply, using his own momentum against him.

My knee drove into his ribs.

Hard.

The air left his lungs in a violent gasp.

Before he could recover, my hand slid to the gun at his belt.

Click.

I ripped it free.

Then pivoted and slammed the butt of the gun against the side of his head.

Once.

Twice.

He dropped instantly.

The room fell into stunned silence.

The other guards froze.

Dronna

Adrian blinked at me, still half-slumped in his chair.

“...Well,” he muttered weakly, “that escalated quickly.”

I ignored him.

Instead, I turned slowly.

And raised the gun.

Straight at Uncle Henry.

The room was silent enough to hear the faint buzz of the lights above us.

Henry stared at me.

Not frightened.

Surprised.

Very surprised.

I tilted my head slightly.

“You should have listened,” I said calmly.

Then I glanced toward the camera above the door.

The light was still flickering.

Green.

Red.

Cedella

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Borrowed textbooks 96

Jason was definitely watching now.

I gave the camera a slow, amused smile.

Then I mouthed clearly.

Hello, husband.

And before anyone could react-

Bang.

The gun fired.

The camera exploded into sparks and shattered plastic.

Pieces rained down onto the floor.

The room plunged into stunned silence.

I lowered the gun slightly and turned back toward my granduncle.

“Now,” I said coldly, the weapon steady in my hand, “let’s start this conversation again.”

+15 Bonu

Drang

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free foy you

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

Best Heir trial ever

Jason POV

Marcus nearly slammed the brakes,

“She shot the camera!”

I leaned back slowly.

Marcus looked at me.

“What the hell was that?”

I ran a hand over my face.

“She said hello husband before she shot it.”

Marcus stared.

“...Okay.”

Silence filled the car.

“... What does that mean exactly?”

I looked out the windshield.

Honestly?

Even I wasn't completely sure.

“That,” I said finally, “means she knew we were watching.”

Marcus looked horrified.

“And she still destroyed the camera?”

I closed the tablet.

“That's Amber telling me she's handling things.”

Marcus exhaled slowly.

“You two are terrifying.”

Amber POV

The room had gone very quiet.

The guards weren't sure what to do.

Their leader was unconscious on the floor.

Their employer was staring at me like he had just realized something had gone terribly wrong.

And I was holding a gun.

I walked calmly across the room.

No rush.

No panic.

+15 Bonu!

Just steady steps:

Henry Watson's eyes followed me the entire time.

I reached the desk and sat down casually in the chair behind it.

Then I leaned back.

Comfortable.

In control.

Only then did I glance over my shoulder.

Adrian was watching me.

And to my surprise-

He was smiling. 1)

Not the smug smile he usually wore during the heir trial.

This one was different.

Real.

Amused. 1

I sighed softly.

Then turned toward the nearest guard.

He still looked frozen, unsure if he should attack or run.

I moved before he could decide.

Two quick steps.

My hand twisted his wrist.

The gun slid from his holster before he even understood what happened.

I spun it once in my hand.

Then tossed it behind me.

Adrian caught it easily.

Apparently he had already slipped free of the rope binding his wrists.

“Try to be useful for once,” I said calmly.

For a moment there was silence.

Then Adrian laughed.

A real laugh.

The first sincere one I had heard from him since this ridiculous heir trial began.

“You know,” he said, checking the weapon, “the last time we ran an escape scenario like this...”

I leaned my elbow on the desk.

+15 Bonu

“...was during training with grandfather.”

He nodded.

“Exactly.” 1

Then he looked toward Henry Watson.

And shook his head slowly.

“You really messed up,” Adrian said.

Henry's face darkened.

Adrian gestured toward me.

"Because during all those training exercises..."

He smirked.

"...Amber was the only one none of us could ever beat."

Henry Watson looked back at me.

I tilted my head slightly.

Then raised the gun.

"Now," I said calmly, "let's talk about my grandmother."

His jaw tightened.

"What about her?"

"Her belongings."

Silence.

"The jewelry."

His eyes narrowed.

"The shares."

I leaned forward slightly.

す

"And everything she was forced to leave behind when she married my grandfather."

The room was silent.

Finally Henry spoke.

"They're at the Watson residence."

Good.

I stood up.

“Well,” I said, brushing imaginary dust from my sleeves.

“Then we should go pick them up.”

He stared at me.

+15 Bonu

“You think I’m just going to walk you there?”

I pointed the gun at him.

“Yes.”

Adrian chuckled behind me.

“This is getting interesting.”

We walked toward the door.

Then something occurred to me.

I stopped.

Right.

My phone.

Still at the banquet.

I turned back toward the desk and grabbed a piece of paper.

Adrian raised an eyebrow.

“What are you doing?”

wrote quickly.

Gone to the Watson residence.

Then I placed the note directly under the broken camera mount.

Exactly where the drone had been watching.

ason would see it.

I turned back toward the door.

“Alright,” I said calmly.

“Let’s go get my grandmother’s things.”

Adrian grinned behind me.

“Best heir trial ever.”

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

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+15 Bonus

Plan

We moved quickly through the hallway.

Adrian walked behind me, gun raised, covering the corridor while I forced Henry Watson forward.

The mansion was quieter than expected.

Too quiet.

Which meant either the guards were regrouping...

or Jason was already on his way.

I glanced over my shoulder.

Adrian looked different.

Not smug.

Not mocking.

Focused.

For a moment it reminded me of when we were teenagers during grandfather's training exercises-back when he actually tried.

"You're smiling," I said quietly.

Adrian snorted.

"Because this is the first time in months things have gone according to plan."

I stopped walking.

Slowly turned to him.

"...Plan."

He froze.

Henry Watson shifted nervously between us.

"Adrian," I said calmly, "start talking."

He sighed.

For a second I thought he might dodge the question again like he had for the last year.

Instead he lowered the gun slightly.

"You remember Clara."

My eyes narrowed.

Of course I remembered Clara.

"She works for me now," I said evenly.

Adrian blinked.

"What?"

"She's my assistant. Head of operations actually."

For the first time since the heir trial began, Adrian looked genuinely stunned.

"She... works for you?"

"Yes."

I watched his expression carefully.

“And she’s pregnant.”

The words hit him like a physical blow.

His shoulders stiffened.

“You knew.”

I tilted my head.

“You really thought I wouldn’t notice?”

For a moment Adrian looked like he might sit down on the floor.

Instead he dragged a hand through his hair.

“...Good,” he muttered. 1

That surprised me.

“You’re not angry?”

He gave a tired laugh.

“No. That means she’s safe.”

Something in my chest loosened slightly.

“So you married Sally Vinni because they threatened Clara.”

Adrian shook his head.

“No.”

I blinked.

“What?”

“I never legalized the marriage.”

I stared at him.

“What do you mean?”

He actually smiled.

“They don’t know.”

“You never submitted the paperwork.”

“Exactly.”

Henry Watson muttered something under his breath.

I ignored him.

+15 Bonus

215

Pon

“And Clara?”

“She thinks I betrayed her.”

His voice was quieter now.

“That was the only way to protect her.”

The hallway lights flickered faintly.

I studied him.

“And the Vinni family?”

Adrian’s smile disappeared.

“They have leverage.”

“What leverage?”

He hesitated.

“They have my sister,”

“You don’t have a sister,” I said bluntly.

Adrian looked at me for a long moment.

Then he exhaled slowly.

“I do, she is just thirteen.”

I frowned.

“No you don’t.”

“Yes,” he said quietly.

“My father had an affair.”

The words hung in the air.

“With the Vinni heir.”

I felt the pieces click together instantly.

“...Their daughter.”

He nodded.

“Illegitimate.”

My stomach tightened.

“She was kept secret,” Adrian continued.

“The Vinni family has hid her for years.”

Henry Watson chuckled softly.

“Political families and their secrets.”

I ignored him.

+15 Bonus

315

“And now they have her.”

Adrian nodded again.

“They’ve had her for months.”

Cold anger settled in my chest.

“They’re using her to control you.”

“Every time I hesitate,” Adrian said quietly, “they remind me.”

I looked away for a moment.

Suddenly the heir trial made a lot more sense.

“You idiot,” I muttered.

Adrian smiled faintly.

“I know.”

“You should have told me.”

He laughed softly.

“And let you destroy the Vinni family immediately?”

I didn’t deny it.

That was exactly what I would have done.

“And then they would have killed my sister,” he said.

Silence settled between us.

For the first time since the heir trial began...

I saw the truth.

Adrian wasn’t competing with me.

He was drowning.

“So White Real Estate...” I said slowly.

“A trap,” Adrian replied.

“And Foodiex?”

“Funded by Vinni and Becker money.”

Understanding snapped into place.

“And you planned to bankrupt them.”

He smiled slightly.

“Exactly.”

I exhaled slowly.

“Grandfather always said you were reckless.”

+15 Bonu

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“Turns out I was just patient

Henry Watson shifted nervously again.

“You two are insane.”

I raised the gun slightly.

“Quiet.”

Adrian stepped beside me again, checking the hallway.

“So,” he said lightly.

“Still planning to win the heir trial?”

I smiled faintly.

“Of course.”

He chuckled.

“Good.”

Then his expression hardened.

“Because when this is over...”

“...we’re going to burn the Vinni family to the ground.”

I nodded once.

Behind us, somewhere outside the mansion-

Sirens began to echo faintly in the distance.

Jason was getting closer.

I adjusted my grip on the gun and looked toward the exit of the hallway.

The Watson residence wasn’t far.

And it was time for us to leave...

and get my grandmother's legacy.

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

get it

My cousa

+15 Bonus

My cousin

The night air was cooler outside.

For a moment no one spoke as we stepped out of the building. The guards that had been stationed outside were gone-either called away or already hiding after hearing the gunshot.

Good.

That made things easier. 1

Henry Watson walked ahead of us with careful steps. Adrian stayed close behind him while I followed last, the gun still steady in my hand.

The car waited at the front of the driveway.

A black sedan.

Predictable.

“Keys,” I said.

Henry sighed but pulled them from his pocket.

A minute later we were inside.

Henry Watson behind the wheel.

Adrian in the passenger seat.

And me in the back.

My gun rested comfortably against the back of Henry’s seat, angled just enough that he could see it in the rearview mirror.

“Drive,” I said calmly.

The engine started.

The car rolled slowly down the long driveway and out toward the main road.

For a few minutes the only sound inside the car was the low hum of the tires on the asphalt.

Henry Watson spoke first.

“You remind me of my sister.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Oh?”

He glanced at me through the mirror.

“You have the same spark she did.”

My grip on the gun didn't change.

"She had spirit. Stubborn. Dangerous when cornered."

Adrian chuckled quietly from the passenger seat.

"That tracks."

Henry ignored him.

I wish my son had inherited more of that," he continued.

Instead his tone turned bitter

'He's a good-for-nothing man

tilted my head slightly.

‘That’s not entirely accurate.’”

Henry frowned.

“What?”

‘Your son has several underground businesses,’ I said casually.

Both men in the front seats went still.

‘He’s quite capable actually.’

Henry blinked.

“...What?”

shrugged slightly.

‘You shouldn’t underestimate him.’

Adrian laughed under his breath.

‘See? Even kidnappers learn new things.’

Henry Watson muttered something under his breath and focused back on the road.

The Watson estate appeared twenty minutes later.

Large.

Old money.

ron gates opened automatically when the sensors recognized Henry’s car

We drove up the long driveway and stopped in front of the main house.

Lights were on inside.

Someone was awake.

Good.

Henry turned off the engine slowly.

“Well,” he muttered.

“This should be interesting.”

We stepped out of the car.

The front door opened before we even reached the steps.

A man appeared in the doorway.

Tall.

+15 Bonus

Cedella

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Borrowed textbooks 99

Sharp features.

And standing beside him was another man, clearly his boyfriend judging by how naturally they stood together.

The moment his eyes landed on me-

He froze.

Recognition flashed instantly.

“Amber Asher.”

His gaze dropped to the gun in my hand.

Which was pointed directly at his father.

“WHAT THE HELL-”

He stepped forward quickly.

“Dad?!”

Henry lifted a tired hand. 1

“Calm down.”

“CALM DOWN?!” Shane shouted.

His eyes moved between me and his father.

“Amber is standing on our driveway pointing a gun at you!”

Adrian sighed beside me.

“Oh this is going well.”

Shane’s hand slipped inside his jacket.

In one quick motion he pulled out the gun he had hidden there and raised it.

“Step away from my father!”

I didn’t move.

Instead I raised one eyebrow.

“Put the gun down.”

“No!”

His hands trembled slightly.

“What did you do to him?!”

I exhaled slowly.

“He kidnapped me.

Silence fell instantly.

Shane blinked.

“...What?”

+15 Bonus

“For a forced marriage.”

I tilted my head slightly.”

“With you.”

His boyfriend behind him whispered:

“...Oh my god.”

Adrian added helpfully from the side.

“They called it Operation Wedding.”

Shane’s face went pale.

He slowly turned toward his father.

“Dad.”

Henry Watson looked mildly uncomfortable.

“It was a political strategy.”

Shane screamed.

“YOU KIDNAPPED AMBER ASHER, MY COUSIN TO MARRY ME?!”

Adrian leaned back slightly.

“Well that escalated quickly.”

Shane’s hands were shaking now.

“You’re insane!”

Henry sighed.

“I was negotiating.”

I stepped forward slightly.

“Don’t shoot him.”

Shane looked at me.

I gestured toward Henry with the gun.

“I still need him alive.”

He blinked.

“...Why?”

“Because he still has my grandmother’s belongings.”

That stopped him instantly.

Shane slowly lowered the gun he had drawn from his jacket.

“The inheritance from your grandmother?”

I nodded.

+15 Bonus

My s

“yes

He looked back at his father

Then back at me.

“... Honestly,” he muttered.

“This feels fair.”

I smiled faintly.

“Thank you.”

Then I gestured toward the house.

“Now if you don’t mind...”

“I’d like my grandmother’s things.”

P

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

+15 Bonus

looking for you

Shane stared at me for a moment longer before lowering the gun completely.

The tension in his shoulders slowly eased, though the disbelief on his face remained.

Then he glanced at the man beside him.

“Oh-right.”

He cleared his throat slightly.

“Amber... this is my boyfriend, Yael.”

Yael gave me a small, polite nod.

“Nice to finally meet you.”

I studied him for a moment.

He looked... calm.

Almost too calm.

Cute, actually. Soft features, dark eyes, and a quiet confidence that didn't quite match the chaos currently happening in his driveway.

Most people would have been panicking.

Yael, however, looked almost curious.

“You handle family drama well,” I told him.

He shrugged lightly.

“When you grow up around the Watsons, you learn to adapt.”

Adrian snorted behind me.

“That checks out.”

Henry Watson cleared his throat loudly.

“If introductions are over...”

I gestured with the gun.

“Lead the way.”

Henry sighed and walked toward the house.

As we entered the manor, several guards appeared in the hallway.

They froze the moment they saw the weapons.

Henry raised his hand. 1

“Stand down.”

The guards exchanged uneasy looks.

“They’ve already seen the security footage,” he muttered.

exting for you

None of them moved.

Smart men.

Henry continued walking through the long hallway, past polished marble floors and old portraits.

Finally we stopped in front of a heavy wooden door.

“My office.” 1

He pushed it open and stepped inside.

I followed.

Adrian stayed near the doorway.

Shane and Yael entered behind us.

Henry walked straight toward a large painting behind his desk.

He moved it aside and revealed a steel safe built into the wall.

He entered the code slowly. 1

Click.

The safe door opened.

Inside were several folders, velvet boxes, and sealed envelopes.

He removed the contents one by one and placed them on the desk.

“Your grandmother’s legacy,” he said quietly.

I stepped forward.

First came the documents.

Legal ownership papers.

Share certificates.

I scanned them quickly.

Shares transferred directly to my grandmother’s descendants.

Including me.

Then came property deeds.

Locations scattered across the world.

London.

Singapore.

Dubai.

New York.

My eyebrows rose slightly.

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Next came the financial documents.

Accounts.

Trust funds.

Numbers large enough to make most people faint.

And finally-

The jewelry.

Old pieces.

Family heirlooms.

Beautiful.

I gathered everything calmly.

“All of it,” I said.

Henry nodded once.

I placed the documents back into the folders and stacked them neatly.

Then I looked toward Shane.

“You should probably have a conversation with your father.”

He frowned slightly.

“About what?” T

“About your underground businesses.”

Henry turned slowly.

“... His what?”

Shane closed his eyes briefly.

Yael muttered under his breath.

“Well... that was going to come up eventually.”

I pointed toward the hallway.

“You two should talk.”

Shane groaned softly.

“This night just keeps getting better.”

Then he turned to Adrian.

“Wait outside.”

Adrian gave me an amused look.

“Yes, boss.”

He stepped out of the office.

+15 Bonu

214

looking for you

+15 Bonus

The door closed behind him.

Now only three of us remained inside.

Henry Watson.

His son.

And me.

I leaned slightly toward Henry.

Lowering my voice so only he could hear.

“Next time...”

His eyes met mine.

“...there won’t be a next time.”

For the first time that night-

Henry Watson looked genuinely nervous.

A knock sounded at the door.

Before anyone could answer, it opened a crack.

Adrian stuck his head inside, looking far too amused for someone who had been kidnapped earlier-which, to be fair, seemed to be his default mode for the day.

He cleared his throat.

“Um... hey, cous?”

I turned toward him.

He grinned.

“So... your husband is looking for you.”

BIG SALE: 3500 bonus free fou you

P

Support

Share

get it

Goodback

+15 Bonus

Good luck

I wasn't surprised Jason had found me.

Only that he had arrived this fast

Which, if I was being honest with myself, said more about him than he probably wanted me to know.

Jason had always been careful about the image he presented to the world.

Successful.

Calm.

Calculated.

The respectable heir running Sol Management.

But I had known him since college.

And even back then there were... hints.

Like the time Oscar had been complaining about a professor's impossible assignment and suddenly the homework submission portal mysteriously crashed.

Or when a rival team's robotics presentation disappeared ten minutes before judging.

Jason had simply shrugged and said the school servers were terrible.

At the time I had suspected something.

Now I was certain.

Because hacking the camera feed of a building miles away, locating me, and sending a drone to monitor the room wasn't something an average businessman could do.

It meant resources.

Infrastructure.

Connections.

It meant the version of Jason I knew was only the surface.

And somehow...

I wasn't bothered by that. 1.

As I stepped outside the manor, the cool night air greeted me again.

And there he was.

Jason leaned casually against his car, arms crossed, looking entirely too calm for a man who had just tracked his kidnapped wife across two cities.

The headlights of another vehicle illuminated the driveway briefly.

He looked up.

Our eyes met.

Neither of us said a word.

Good Luca

I walked toward him.

Stopped just close enough.

Then leaned forward and placed a quick kiss on his cheek.

Still nothing.

No dramatic reunion.

No questions.

Just understanding.

Jason opened the back door.

I slid into the seat.

A second later the door on the other side opened and he got in beside me.

The driver started the car immediately.

Behind us, Adrian jogged down the steps of the Watson manor.

He caught up just as the car began pulling away. 1

“Hey!”

He knocked lightly on the window.

Jason lowered it slightly.

Adrian leaned down.

“Hey, cous,” he said, looking at me with a hopeful grin.

“You giving me a ride back home?”

I slowly raised an eyebrow.

He looked so sincere it was almost impressive.

I tilted my head slightly.

“After everything you did?”

Adrian opened his mouth to argue.

I continued calmly.

“Even if it was to protect your sister.”

His grin faded slightly.

“You think you’re getting out that easily?”

Adrian blinked.

“...What?”

I smiled sweetly.

“Find your own way back.”

+15 Bont

216

lootluck

+15 Bonus

hen I reached over Jason and pressed the window button.

The glass slid up smoothly.

Adrian stood there, frozen in the driveway.

The car rolled down the long path away from the Watson manor.

And for the first time that night-

He actually looked shocked.

The ride back was tense.

Four hours of silence. 1

Marcus drove, occasionally glancing at us through the rearview mirror, clearly trying to gauge whether speaking was a good idea.

Eventually he tried.

‘So... interesting night.’

No response. 1

ason sat beside me, arms crossed, staring out the window.

Marcus cleared his throat.

‘I mean... technically the rescue mission was successful.’

ason answered without looking at him.

‘Yes.’

One word.

Cold.

Marcus shifted slightly in his seat.

“...Right.”

A few minutes later he tried again.

“You know, the drone footage was impressive. I didn’t even know those cameras could —”

“Marcus.”

Jason’s voice was quiet.

But sharp enough to cut through the air.

Marcus shut up immediately.

The rest of the ride passed in complete silence.

By the time the Asher estate gates appeared ahead of us, even the hum of the engine felt loud. 1

The car rolled through the gates and stopped in front of the main entrance.

Marcus parked.

Gond suck

Then he turned around slowly

“Well,” he said carefully.

“Good luck.”

Before either of us could respond he opened the door, stepped out, and almost jogged toward his own car.

A moment later his engine started.

And he drove away.

Smart man.

Jason opened the door.

We walked inside the estate without speaking.

Grandfather was already waiting in the entrance hall.

The moment he saw me he crossed the distance quickly and pulled me into a tight hug.

His hands moved to my shoulders, then my arms, checking for injuries.

“Are you hurt?” 1

“Grandpa,” I laughed softly.

“I’m fine.”

He stepped back slightly, still studying my face.

“You’re sure?”

“Yes.”

Then I lifted the folder and velvet boxes slightly.

“And look.”

His eyes dropped to the items.

“My grandmother’s things.”

For a moment he simply stared.

Then something in his expression softened.

“You got them back.”

“All of it.”

We moved into the sitting room.

Grandfather sat across from me while I placed the documents and jewelry on the table.

Then I explained everything.

The kidnapping.

Henry Watson's plan.

The forced marriage idea.

+15 Bonus

416

Good luck

+15 Bonus

Shane's reaction:

The safe.

The inheritance.

And finally Adrian.

Grandfather listened quietly.

When I finished explaining Adrian's story-about Clara, the Vinni family, and the sister they were holding hostage-he leaned back slowly.

"That..." he murmured.

"...explains quite a lot."

"You didn't know?" I asked.

He shook his head.

“No.”

His eyes hardened slightly.

“But I will deal with my sister.”

I nodded.

That part didn’t surprise me.

Grandfather had always been very good at handling family problems.

Through the entire conversation-

Jason hadn’t said a word.

He stood near the window, hands in his pockets, staring out at the dark garden.

Silent.

Still.

Waiting.

Grandfather glanced toward him briefly.

Then back at me.

“Well,” he said gently.

“You should get some rest.”

I nodded.

Then I gathered the folders and jewelry again.

As I stood, Jason finally turned.

His eyes met mine.

And something in them told me the conversation we hadn't had yet-

lood sca

Was about to happen.

Support

Share

+15 Bonus

Terra

+15 Bonu

Terra

Amber POV

I walked toward our shared room

I could feel the tension behind me.

Jason was walking a few steps back, his presence heavy and silent.

Cold.

Closed up.

Not like my Jason.

But the version of him I had seen before.

Before the marriage.

Before the chaos of the last few months.

For a moment it felt like we were back at square one.

I stopped in front of the door and took a deep breath before turning around.

The expression on his face made me pause.

His brows were scrunched together.

His gaze was fixed on the floor.

He wasn't even looking at me.

Was he worried?

I walked toward him slowly.

For someone who could control entire companies, track kidnappers across cities and dismantle empires, he suddenly looked..,

unsure.

Almost lost.

So I did the simplest thing I could think of.

I hugged him.

Just like that.

No speeches.

No accusations.

Just warmth.

His body went still for a moment before his arms slowly wrapped around me.

I pressed my cheek against his chest.

“Hey,” I murmured softly.

“I’m okay.”

Terra

+15 Bonus

Then I leaned back slightly so I could look up at him.

“Are you okay?”

Jason POV

I took a deep breath.

My chest felt tight, like every word I was about to say could shatter something fragile between us.

“Amber... I’m not who you think I am.”

She opened her mouth immediately.

“Jason-”

I raised a hand.

“Please... let me finish.”

My voice sounded rough.

“If you say anything before I finish this, I won’t be able to do it.”

She froze.

Watching me..

Waiting.

So I forced the truth out.

“I’m Cronos.”

The name hung in the air.

“The information broker. The one who buys secrets. The one who destroys companies quietly before anyone even knows what happened.”

Her expression didn't change.

That made me nervous.

“I've been watching you for years,” I continued.

“Long before we got married. Long before Oscar.”

My throat tightened.

“I dismantled entire companies. Some deserved it. Some... maybe didn't.”

I laughed bitterly. 1

“Half my businesses are practically stolen assets. Companies stripped apart and rebuilt under different names.”

I rubbed my hand over my face.

“My reach goes further than most people imagine.”

Silence filled the room.

I forced myself to meet her eyes.

Terro

“not a good man, Amber.”

The words felt heavy.

“Far from it.”

I paused.

“If you want to walk away... I’ll understand.”

My voice dropped.

“But please... before you decide anything... give me the chance to explain.”

Amber’s eyes widened.

For a moment I thought she would cry.

Instead-

She exploded.

“Jason!”

Her voice echoed in the room. 1

“Just who did you think was giving you half the intel you receive?!”

I blinked.

“I know you’re Cronos.”

My stomach dropped.

“I’m Terra.”

She crossed her arms.

“I thought you knew that already.”

Amber POV

Jason didn't answer.

He just kept staring at me.

Not blinking.

Not moving.

Like I had just turned into a ghost in front of him.

I waved my hand slightly in front of his face.

"Jason?"

Nothing.

His eyes were wide, his expression completely stunned.

I tilted my head.

“Are you okay?”

+15 Bonus

24

Terro

Still nothing

Then it clicked.

My eyes widened.

“Oh.”

I took a step back and crossed my arms.

“Oh.”

My voice dropped, slow and dangerous.

“You didn’t know.”

Jason blinked once.

Twice.

His mouth opened slightly.

And that was all the confirmation I needed.

My irritation exploded instantly.

“So you’re telling me-”

I pointed a finger at his chest.

-that you have been keeping tabs on me for years...”

I took another step closer.

“Watching me.”

“Tracking me.”

“Investigating everyone around me.”

My voice rose with every word.

“And at the same time-”

I threw my hands in the air.

“-you were taking intel from someone you thought was another woman!”

Jason opened his mouth.

“Amber-”

I cut him off immediately.

“Not just another woman,” I continued sharply.

“One who was clearly flirting with you while helping you out!”

His eyes widened in panic.

“And you didn’t know it was me?”

I leaned forward, glaring at him.

+15 Bonus

“And you still kept responding?!”

The room fell silent.

Jason looked like a man realizing he had just stepped on a landmine.

I stared at him.

Waiting.

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P

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