

THE ULTIMATE TRILLIONAIRE BOSS

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The morning sunlight spilled across Brookhaven like a spotlight meant for one person only.

HER CELEBRATION, HIS SILENCE

Across the street, standing in the shadow of a bus stop billboard, Ethan Ward watched customers flood into Yvonne Blake's boutique.

They moved with purpose, excitement, even worship. As if they were stepping into a palace, not a fashion store.

News drones hovered above the building.

Billboards flashed her face.

People gathered around the entrance, taking photos and tagging the boutique online.

A woman passing by whispered to her friend, "Blake Fashion enterprise is top three now. That rise? It is insane. Yvonne Blake is becoming the queen of Brookhaven's fashion style."

Another replied, "Unbelievable, right? She built this from scratch."

Ethan felt his throat tighten.

No. She didn't build it alone.

But nobody knew that.

He shoved his hands into his pockets and kept watching.

The curtains framing the boutique windows were new—premium velvet. The signboard had been replaced with a sleek gold finish. Reporters were lined up outside, hoping for an interview.

Yvonne was inside, smiling, glowing, thriving.

She had earned her success, yes. She was smart. She was ambitious. But none of this... none of this would exist without the patents Ethan her husband had surrendered. The patents that used to be the backbone of his own tech company.

The same patents that had taken everything from him when he gave them away.

The same sacrifice that caused the total collapse of his own company.

Someone beside him murmured, "She deserves it. Hardest-working designer in the city."

Ethan lowered his head.

If only they knew.

He let out a slow breath and turned away from the boutique. The morning air felt heavy. Sticky. Like it clung to him with all the things he couldn't say.

His phone buzzed.

A message from an unknown source: "Blake Fashion celebrates tonight. All VIPs invited."

His name wasn't on the list.
It didn't need to be. He was her husband.
Technically.
Even if he didn't feel like one anymore.
He crossed the street, moving with the crowd but never part of it. The cheers behind him felt distant, like echoes from a world that wasn't his.
He whispered under his breath, "Congratulations, Yvonne."
He meant it. He really did.
But the ache in his chest did not fade.
By evening, the Blake mansion burst with noise.
Cars lined the gates.
Guests in expensive suits and glittering dresses poured through the doors.
A string orchestra played soft music under crystal chandeliers.
Ethan stepped inside quietly, unnoticed.
Nobody greeted him.
Nobody even glanced his way.
He moved toward a corner near a window and stayed there, watching from the shadows.
People whispered as they walked by.
"There he is."
"The useless one."
"The one whose company collapsed in two weeks."
"He should be grateful Yvonne hasn't kicked him out."
Their words landed like stones, but Ethan kept his face still.
This was her night, not his.
He saw Yvonne moving through the crowd, with a red dress flowing behind her like fire.
She laughed. She dazzled. She thanked sponsors, shook hands, posed for photos.
She didn't look in his direction once.
Not even by accident.
Margret Blake—her mother—noticed him, though. She walked over with a glass of champagne in hand and a smile that didn't reach her eyes.
"Well, look who showed up," she said loudly, making sure nearby guests heard. "Ethan Ward. The man who brings bad luck with him."
Ethan drew a deep breath. "Good evening, Aunt Margret."
"Don't call me that," she snapped. "I don't accept greetings from dead weight."
A small circle of guests turned their heads, pretending not to listen while listening closely.
Ethan kept his tone calm. "I'm not here to cause trouble."
Margret stepped closer, her voice was sharp. "Your company is gone. Your investors ran. You had to use nearly every single penny of yours to settle your former workers and pay off your debts. You have lots everything, and now you want to stay here like some parasite feeding off my daughter?"
He clenched his jaw. "I supported Yvonne from the beginning. I—"
"Oh, here we go," she scoffed. "Your sad little story again."
His hands tightened at his sides. "Without the patents I gave her boutique, it would have collapsed three months ago. You know this. Those patents carried design algorithms, materials tech, supply-chain—"
"STOP." Margaret raised her hand. "You think anyone cares about what you gave away?"

Before he could speak again, a relative nearby muttered, “He wants credit when his bank account is down to bare bones, how shameful.”

Another said, “He’s finished. Let him go.”

A man added, “He wants a role in the company now? A shareholder? That’s what he said at the last dinner.”

Ethan swallowed. He said quietly, “Yes. I deserve a place. I deserve a chance to rebuild.”

Margret laughed so loudly heads turned. “A place? In our company? You destroyed your business. You want to destroy hers too?”

Yvonne stood not far away, speaking with guests. She heard everything. She didn’t look over. She didn’t defend him.

That hurt more than the insults.

Ethan stepped back, feeling something inside him quietly crack.

He had given up everything for her. His patents. His company. His future.

The least she could do was stand by him tonight.

But she didn’t.

Then Yvonne’s phone rang.

She checked the caller ID.

Her eyes lit up.

She lowered her voice. “It’s... Senator Adrian Cole.”

The room buzzed instantly.

Margret beamed proudly. “Go ahead, dear. Take it.”

Yvonne hesitated for one heartbeat—then walked toward the balcony and answered.

“Hello, Senator...” Her tone softened instantly. Sweet. Warm. Intimate. “You watched the interview? Thank you... Yes, I enjoyed last time too.”

Her giggle cut through him like a blade.

Ethan froze.

His wife was flirting with another man.

At her celebration.

Right in front of him.

His fingers trembled. His breath caught. The room felt too bright, too loud, too sharp.

Something inside him finally gave way—quietly, without drama, the way a heart breaks when it’s tired of fighting.

He turned away.

He couldn’t stay here another second.

Without a word, he walked out of the dining hall.

No one stopped him.

No one noticed.

The garden outside was silent.

Cool air brushed his face.

He closed his eyes and let the quiet settle around him.

For the first time in months, he let himself feel everything at once—the humiliation, the betrayal, the loneliness. The crushing weight of giving everything and receiving nothing.

He whispered, “I just need a break. Just a moment.”

Just then his phone vibrated.

He almost ignored it.

Then he saw the caller ID.

It was an international number.

He frowned and answered.

The screen lit up with the face of an old man in a black suit. Silver glasses. Perfectly combed hair. Stern expression.

Ethan's breath caught.

"Steward James Leonard...?"

The old man bowed slightly. "Young Master Ethan. I was ordered to contact you immediately."

Ethan straightened. "What happened?"

The steward's voice was heavy. "It is your grandfather, Master Magnus Xavier. He demands your presence... right away."

Ethan's heart skipped.

The night that broke him had just opened a door he never expected.