

THE ULTIMATE TRILLIONAIRE BOSS

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THE AIRPORT OF BROKEN VOWS

The airport was crowded, noisy, and bright—yet somehow, Ethan Ward felt completely alone.

He stepped out of the taxi with his rolling suitcase trailing behind him. Brookhaven International Airport loomed ahead like a giant glass beast, swallowing thousands of people with dreams, destinations, and ambitions. But Ethan was not like them. He wasn't traveling for work. He wasn't leaving for vacation. He wasn't chasing excitement. He was walking toward a future that no longer included the people who broke him. Every step he took toward the entrance felt heavier, as if invisible chains wrapped around his chest, pulling back with memories he desperately wanted to forget. As he entered the terminal, his mind replayed the scene he had just left behind—the decorated cars rolling into the Blake family estate, the bright ribbons, the flowers, the voices whispering about Adrian Cole's marriage rituals. Marriage rituals? Less than a month after his company collapsed. Just a few months since he gave up everything for Yvonne. Less than a month since she was still calling him "husband." Now she stood in her mansion, divorcing him with a smile while preparing for another man's arms. A sharp, stabbing ache hit him again. He found an empty seat near Terminal 4 and sank into it. The cold metal pressed against his back, grounding him in the present. But the pain in his chest would not fade. He closed his eyes briefly. He remembered the nights he stayed awake helping Yvonne design her brand strategy. The hundreds of pages of documents he drafted. The patents he surrendered—worth millions—because he believed in her. And how she repaid him... with betrayal delivered like a bullet to the heart. His hands trembled slightly. He swallowed the bitterness rising in his throat. He wasn't supposed to feel this angry, he was supposed to feel free. But freedom didn't feel like relief, it felt like revenge. His phone buzzed. It was Steward Leonard. Ethan answered quietly. "Steward Leonard... I've arrived at Brookhaven International Airport." "Oh! Young Master Ethan!" The elderly steward sounded relieved. "Thank heavens. The private jet has departed Verdanis about four hours ago and will arrive soon in Brookhaven, Westeria. Please wait in the Special Services lounge. Everything will be arranged for you." Ethan nodded even though the steward couldn't see him. "Alright." He hung up and stared at the crowd again. Everyone looked so certain of where they were going. He had no certainty left. Not after losing his company, not after losing his wife, and not after being humiliated in front of her entire family. He felt a burning weight in his chest—the kind that comes when betrayal is too deep to swallow. "Running away now, Ethan?" A voice cut sharply through the noise. Ethan's eyes snapped open. Standing a few steps away was a man he recognized immediately. Caleb Stone. He was tall, dressed in an expensive navy suit, hair styled like he had just stepped out of a board meeting. His expression was filled with cruel amusement, like a vulture who had just found a dying animal. Caleb Stone was the CEO of ZealTech Innovations, Ethan's long-

time rival. Mr Stone was a jealous man who had celebrated when Ethan's company collapsed. Caleb walked closer, dragging his sleek leather briefcase. He smiled mockingly. "Well, well, well... if it isn't the fallen genius of Brookhaven." Ethan said nothing. He refused to give him energy. Caleb laughed. "What's wrong? No smart comeback? No lecture about algorithms or innovation? I expected more from the once-great Ethan Ward." Ethan still didn't respond. Caleb leaned closer. "I heard you spent ninety percent of your net worth paying off your employees after the collapse. Admirable, yes..." He paused, then laughed cruelly. "...but that was stupid." People nearby began turning their heads. Ethan's jaw tightened but Caleb's voice grew louder. "You always bragged about being a visionary. A genius. A leader. But in the end? You couldn't even save your own company." Ethan clenched the handle of his suitcase. Caleb tapped his suitcase with his shoe. "So, tell me, Ethan. Where are you going now? Another interview to beg for a job? Or—" he grinned "—are you running away from all your failures?" Ethan inhaled slowly, trying to breathe past the anger building in his chest. He looked away. Caleb blinked, confused. "You're not even going to defend yourself?" Caleb scoffed. "Lost your courage along with your fortune, huh?" Ethan said nothing. Then it happened. Caleb's eyes drifted to the card around Ethan's neck—a small rectangular badge. At first, he looked amused. Then his eyes widened. He froze. The card read: "SPECIAL SERVICES — PRIORITY CLEARANCE." His lips parted slightly as he was shocked to his bone marrow. "What... is that?" Caleb whispered. Ethan ignored him. Caleb's eyes darted back to his own boarding pass hanging around his neck: "Business Class." His pride cracked. He knew what "Special Services" meant. It meant private jets, VVIP lounges, Exclusive security, Reserved access, it meant wealth, It meant power, it meant a level of travel he himself was not allowed to touch. Caleb's voice turned shaky. "Wait—Ethan... how did you get that card? That badge is only given to private aviation passengers and high-ranking officials." Ethan remained silent. Caleb stepped back, breathing harder. "No... no way." He shook his head. "This must be fake. There's no way someone like you—" he gestured at Ethan with disgust "—is using a private jet." Then Caleb did something stupid. He raised his hand and shouted, "Officer! Officer! Over here!" A uniformed airport officer approached, his footsteps were sharp against the polished floor. "Yes sir? Is everything alright?" Caleb pointed aggressively at Ethan's badge. "This man—this man has a Special Services clearance. I want you to check how he obtained it." The officer turned to Ethan, eyebrows tightening. He stepped closer. "Sir," the officer said, voice firm, "how exactly did you obtain this Special Services access card?" The entire terminal seemed to pause. People stopped walking. Eyes turned. And Caleb stood there with a triumphant smirk, convinced he had caught Ethan in some kind of lie. Ethan slowly lifted his head. His eyes weren't filled with pain anymore, or sadness, or helplessness. They were cold. Very cold. Like a man who had nothing left to lose. Like a man who was about to rise again. And with that look—

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