

# THE ULTIMATE TRILLIONAIRE BOSS

## c 6

### THE MAN THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED

The officer's question still hung in the air, sharp enough to slice through the tension choking Terminal 4.

"Sir... how exactly did you obtain this Special Services access card?" Ethan Ward lifted his head slowly. His eyes were calm, cold, and stripped of every emotion except a quiet certainty. The humiliation, the heartbreak, the exhaustion — all of it had fallen away, leaving behind a man who had nothing left to fear. "I got it from the airport authorities," Ethan said quietly. "I earned it." His voice wasn't loud, but it carried. The officer blinked, he looked surprised. Caleb Stone stared with open disbelief. "Earned it?" Caleb scoffed loudly. "You? Earned it? Please." The officer looked down at Ethan's badge again, as if trying to make sense of something impossible. He recognized the name. Everyone did. Ethan Ward — the former tech prodigy whose company had collapsed overnight. The man who had paid his employees their full severance until he had nothing left. The man trending on business news for losing everything trying to save his marriage. The officer frowned. "But... this kind of access is extremely expensive. Higher than first class. Higher than VIP class. Only private jet passengers and high-ranking officials have it." A murmur rippled through the terminal. Caleb seized the moment like a starving wolf. "Exactly!" he shouted, raising his hand dramatically. "This man is broke! Bankrupt! He can't afford a train ticket, much less Special Services!" Ethan didn't move. He simply stared straight ahead, indifferent to the ridicule. Caleb stepped closer, face gleaming with malicious triumph. "Officer, this badge must be fake. I want him investigated. Thoroughly." The officer hesitated, but doubt was already in his eyes. He knew Ethan's reputation — and he also knew Special Services wasn't something a fallen man could access. And Caleb took advantage. He pulled out his phone and dialed immediately. "Hello, this is CEO Caleb Stone!" he announced loudly. "Yes. Fraud report. A man is impersonating a Special Services passenger. His name is Ethan Ward — yes, the failed former CEO of the now disbanded WardTech dynamics. I believe he has hacked the system or stolen a badge." A few people nearby gasped. Someone whispered, "Ethan Ward? The guy from the news?" Another murmured, "Is he being arrested?" Ethan closed his eyes briefly. The humiliation hit hard, but not in the way Caleb hoped. It didn't break him — it lit something slow and dangerous inside him. Within minutes, two policemen raced into the terminal. Their shoes hit the tiles with sharp, intimidating thuds. "Where is he?" one barked. Caleb pointed eagerly. "There! That man! He's using a fake Special Services badge!" The policemen approached Ethan with zero patience. "Stand up," one ordered harshly. Ethan didn't move immediately. Not out of defiance — but because part of him simply couldn't believe how quickly life had dragged him from one humiliation to the next. "What's going on?" he asked quietly. "Don't play innocent," the officer snapped. "Special Services misuse is a federal offense." Caleb folded his arms, triumphant. "Go on, officers. I understand that

you all have to do your job, but what do you have to prove that this special service access card is fake.” The second policeman not ready for any formalities quickly grabbed Ethan’s arm and twisted it behind his back. Ethan winced. Not in pain, but in anger he refused to display. “Hold still,” the officer said sharply. “If this badge is fake, that’s prison time.” “It’s not fake,” Ethan said calmly. Caleb laughed. “Oh? Then who gave it to you? Santa Claus?” The crowd chuckled nervously. The officers didn’t wait for an answer. One reached for his cuffs. The cold metal brushed Ethan’s wrist. And then— A loud announcement blasted through every speaker in Terminal 4. “Attention all passengers: A high-grade private aircraft has now landed in Brookhaven International Airport. All normal passengers must clear Terminal 4 immediately. Repeat: Terminal 4 must be evacuated at once for VVIP protocol.” The terminal froze. The officer holding the cuffs paused. Passengers gasped and stared at the windows. Even Caleb’s mocking smile shattered. A mother whispered, “A high-grade private plane? Those are for world leaders...” An elderly man whispered back, “Or for billionaires... or royal families.” Another passenger said, “Who’s arriving? Why clear an entire terminal?” Everyone looked around — confused, excited, intimidated. The policemen exchanged glances. Even they seemed unsettled. Only the highest of the highest got this kind of clearance. Caleb swallowed hard. His voice suddenly cracked. “W-what’s happening? They shut down the whole terminal... for who?” Airport guards rushed in from every direction. “Everyone, please evacuate this area!” “Step back!” “Terminal 4 is on VVIP lockdown!” “Move away from the barriers!” The officers tried to maintain control while being pushed aside by the new security wave. People stared at Ethan as they passed him: “Is he someone important?” “Why hasn’t he been moved?” “Are they arresting a man in front of a VVIP arrival?” The terminal emptied rapidly until only a handful of people remained: Ethan, Caleb, the policemen, a few airport guards, the heavy, electric silence settled over them. Then— The glass doors of the terminal entrance slid open with a soft mechanical hiss. Three figures stepped inside. One in front. Two behind him. The man in front walked with a dignified urgency, dressed in a black formal coat that flowed with each step. His silver-rimmed glasses glinted under the bright airport lights. His name was Steward James Leonard, the head of Magnus Xavier household and loyal servant of Magnus Xavier. Behind him were two tall, broad-shouldered enforcers in perfectly tailored black suits. Their posture was military-level. Their expressions unreadable. Earpieces blinked softly at their ears. They weren’t normal bodyguards. They were the kind of men who protected presidents — or emperors. Every guard in the terminal stiffened reflexively, recognizing the aura of true power. Steward Leonard scanned the area with worried eyes... Then he saw Ethan, held by policemen. His arm was twisted, almost handcuffed. His old face twisted from confusion to shock. He hurried forward, his voice cracking with disbelief. “Master Ward...?”

“Sir... how exactly did you obtain this Special Services access card?”

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