

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 241-250

Unchosen 241`-250

Chapter 241

When Noelle came to find Bennett, she was instantly met with a swarm of lab **coats**—d
now around her

The moment they spotted her, they rushed over like a tidal wave.

—doctors, researchers, assistants—swarming around him and

“Mass Anderson!”

“Our mirade girl!

Noelle **blinked, completely** overwhelmed as she found herself surrounded in layers. She looked at them, puzzled. “Uh / what’s **going** on?***

They were staring **at** her like she was **a** holy relic. Not even the doctors at **Atoraka**—Nowedon Laboratory had been this enthusiastic.

One of the female researchers grabbed Noelle’s **hand**, beaming with excitement. “Noelle, you are our goddess. Af you free tomorrow? **Can** you come **back**? We’ll pay your appearance fee—whatever it **takes**”

“Appearance fee! Noelle echoed, bewildered

Before she could even figure out what that **meant**, another man—smiling like **a** shady uncle—added enthusiastically. “Noelle, why don’t you become our regular volunteer! The pay’s great, and the food here is top-notch

At the mention of food. Noelle’s eyes lit up. “Really! The food here is that good?”

The moment she showed interest, everyone locked in and replied in unison, “It’s amazing!”

“Our chefs are world-class. Doesn’t matter what kind of cuisine you like they’ve got it covered. And the ingredients Premium, every single one.

“Noelle come be **a** regular! The food alone will make you never want to **leave**

Noelle clearly wavered. “Is it really that good?”

“The best! C’mon, join us!”

“Well” Noelle smiled brightly. “If the food really is that good. I guess I could-

Just as everyone thought they had her hooked, Bennett elbowed his way into the circle and clamped a hand over her mouth.

He flashed the group a warning smile. “Alright, **that’s** enough. **You** guys trying to recruit her like she’s a kid **at a candy** stand?”

The lab team wasn’t having it. “Bennett, what the hell? She was **about** to agree to be **our** regular!”

Yeah, let her finish!”

Noelle batted at Bennett’s hand in protest.

Bennett, sighing at how she **was** about to sell herself for a decent meal, leaned down and whispered in her **ear**, “**Unless** you wanna be a lab rat again, zip ÌL”

The words lab rat jolted Noelle’s memory, and she instantly sobered.

Being a volunteer meant endless testing—again.

She blinked a few times, then fell silent and still.

Seeing **that** she’d cooled off, Bennett **turned back to** the group. “**Didn’t** I already tell you! Her appearance fee is sky-high. She can **earn** 3 million dollan just selling one **song**. You think you can **match** that kind of rate for test subjects?”

That shit everyone up. They exchanged helpless **glances**.

The lab did pay well—after all, human testing came with risk. But **even** top-tier volunteers barely fetched a million.

If Noelle was pulling in three times that for **a** single song, there was no way they could compric

They couldn’t let a subject like Noelle slip through their fingers. Someone who could handle the **test** for fifteen minutes without flinching! She was basically made for this project.

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Noelle glanced at Bennett, tugging his sleeve. “Bennen...”

She was about to say she wouldn’t mind coming in every y now and then.

But before she could speak. Bennett’s hand was already on her head, ruffling her hair.

With a laid-back tone, he said, “She might come back occasionally, but you all saw it—money’s not an issue for her. And she’s my precious line sister, so if she does help out, I expect everyone to treat her like gold”

“Of course!”

“Noelle’s a national In

| treasure—we’d never treat her badly!”

“Bennett, come on, do you **really** think we’d mistreat her? We’re all friends here!

Pleased with the reaction. Bennett smiled warmly.

“Well, that’s all I needed to hear. It’s getting late, and if I don’t get her home soon, the family’s gonna chew me out

That did the trick—everyone stepped aside immediately.

Then **get** going!

“Drive safe, take care of Noelle!”

“Hope to see you again soon. Noelle!”

Noelle waved at them all, still marveling. The warmth of these people really surprised her.

They weren’t like the cold, clinical staff back at Atoraka–Nowedon Laboratory. There, the doctors treated humans like objects—if a subject broke. they tossed them out without a second thought.

Even when she passed all the tests **back** then, the only reaction she ever got was a cold, mechanical, “Approved”

But here!

These lab coats actually felt human,

They had warmth. Emotion. It was **strange**—but nice.

The staff walked them all the way to the car. As Bennett opened the door, they all waved enthusiastically. “Noelle, we’ll have more delicious food waiting next time!”

Noelle beamed. “I like meat, Lots of it!”

“No problem!”

“We’ll have the head chef **prepare his** specialty just for you!”

“I fast the day before just to make room!”

“**Don’t** do **that**! Not good for your health!”

As they kept chatting, Bennett finally spoke up, amused, “Alright, alright. You can all talk next time. Let me get her home first.”

“Got it. Drive safe!”

They cleared a path and waved

“Noelle, **see** you next time!”

the

car pulled away.

“Bye, everyone!” Noelle **stuck** her head out the window, waving with both hands **as** they drove off

A few minutes **later**, once they were on the **road** and out of sight, Noelle leaned back in her seat, grinning,

“Bennett, I think your **lab** people are really different from the ones I used to know

Eyes on the road, Bennett nodded. “Different how!”

“They feel more... human, I guess? Like they actually care”

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Bennett chuckled. “So you don’t dislike them?”

“Nope. Not at all”

“Good,” he said calmly. “If you’re going to be involved in these tests, I want you surrounded by people who treat you well. That way, you won’t have to constantly be on edge.”

Noelle froze for a moment.

She turned her head and stared at Bennett with wide eyes.

“What?” Bennett glanced over, amused. “Why’re you looking at me like that?”

Noelle, still staring like she’d seen a UFO, mumbled. “Bennett... you sound like a good guy right now. It’s weird. I’m not used to it”

Bennett thought to himself, Wait... so in her eyes, I’ve always been the villain?

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Bennett pulled the car over to the side of the **road**.

Then he turned to look at Noelle with a smirk that didn't quite reach his eyes. "So what are you saying, Noelle! That in your eyes, I was never a good guy to begin **with**!"

"Nope," Noelle answered truthfully without hesitation. She blinked at him and shot back, "When have you ever acted like one?"

Bennett's eye twitched.

Noelle continued listing **his** sins matter-of-factly. "You manipulated Lela, watched **Dad** land in the hospital without lifting a finger, and you even scratched my hand on purpose to secretly test my blood. Every time you show up, it's because you're up to something. Look at everything you've stirred up just in the few days since you came back—and you call that being a good guy?"

For once, Bennett, the silver-tongued master of deflection, was left speechless.

He'd **always** known he **wasn't** a "good" person—sarcastic, scheming, **and** constantly putting on a polite front just for his own amusement. Still, he was used to everyone buying into the persona.

But Noelle? She had just torn the mask right off.

And oddly enough it felt kind of refreshing.

Even so, Bennett's ironclad composure remained intact. He leaned forward, resting his hands and head on the steering wheel, then tilted **his** face to the side, giving Noelle **a** playful, half-pouting look.

"Noelle," he said, voice laced with mock hurt, "Admit **I'm** not a good guy...

my

feelings for **you are genuine**."

"Oh yeah!" Noelle gave him a skeptical look.

"Yep, totally" Bennett nodded with a **sunny** smile. "Tell **you** what—how about I treat you **a** little better from now on! Sound good?"

"Sounds great." Noelle responded cheerfully, flashing him a bright grin. "If **you're** really turning over a new leaf, then welcome to Team **Good**."

Bennett

Bennett raised **an** eyebrow, surprised by how **easily** she accepted it. His gaze swept over her, studying her reactions—the expression, her tone, her body language.

She was being totally sincere. Not faking it.

So she knew he wasn't a good person... but the moment he said he'd try to be better, she believed him?

Bennett thought to himself, Her heart's way too soft. She doesn't hold grudges. As long as someone treats her with sincerity, she'll give it back without hesitation. She's... kinda dumb, honestly

But still, despite that, he **didn't** dislike her for **it**

In fact, he found oddly charming.

With a more

a more genuine **smile** curling at the corners of h

his **lips**, Bennett said, "You really are something else, Noelle

"Really?" Noelle tilted her head, unsure if he was being sincere

Then again, she thought she was pretty is

interesting—full of fun, fun to be around. Everyone said—sol

With that thought, she grinned and said proudly, "I think I'm super interesting, too! Nicolas always says I'm fun to be around. He says he never gets bored when he's with me!

Bennett's smile stiffened slightly at the mention of that name.

He'd heard that Noelle had been smitten with Nicolas from day one. It didn't seem like something that developed over time—it felt more like

instant obsession.

But Nicolas didn't exactly have the best reputation.

So Bennett asked directly. "Noelle, do you really like Nic

Nicolas

"Mhm, I do, she nodded sweetly.

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"And what exactly do you like about him?" Henment pressed

Without hesitation. Noelle answered, "He's so handsome! I've never seen anyone that good-looking before?

So she's just a shameless face-enthusiast, Bennet thought, amused.

He chuckled. "So you like Nicolas just for his face?!"

"Well, yeah..... but not just for his face." Noelle frowned, meeting him earnestly.

She then launched into a passionate explanation. "He's a really good person. Super nice to Nicolas helps me figure things out. Like when I first came to the Anderson family, I didn't know how to act around everyone, so he explained your Home. I don't always understand how your minds work, so personalities and taught me how to get along with you all

"And then there's Leia. She always tries to

tries to pick on me, and sometimes she really gets under my skin, but Nicolas taught me how to fight back. He said she's a poser, and to deal with a poser, you have to outdo them with their own tricks. And it totally works

Bennet listened to her go on, slightly dumbfounded so that's where she got those spraky messes from. Noelle told her sometimes she was weirdly cunning – and now he knew why. She had Nicolas coaching her behind the scenes.

seem innocent, but

More importantly, he realized just how deeply Noelle liked Nicolas. Every time she talked about him, her whole being lit up.

Bennet's gaze narrowed slightly

Noelle was an experimental subject from **Atoraka** Nowedon Laboratory. Someone as rare and valuable as her probably wasn't even allowed to be in a relationship. And yet, no one from the lab seemed to be stopping it.

It all smelled a little off

While he was

he was still lost in thought. Noelle suddenly gasped beside him.

Bennet's attention snapped back. "What's wrong?"

Noelle was clutching her phone, her expression panicked. She shoved the screen toward him.

"Bennet, look! It says **Nicolas's** shares might be getting taken back by the Sawyer family!"

"What?" Bennett took the phone, scrolling through the news article.

Sure enough, the headline read: Are Nicolas Sawyer's Shares Being Reclaimed?-question mark and all,

“What’s going on? **Why** would they try to take his shares” Noelle huffed, visibly furious. “Bennett, his family’s awful. They smeared his mom’s name, called her a homewrecker, and after she left him the shares, they even hired an assassin to kill him! Now they want to take everything back? They’re monsters!”

She looked ready to storm the Sawyer estate and start throwing punches,

Bennett held her by the shoulders, trying not to. allowed this story to leak ”

laugh. “Calm down. Nicolas isn’t the type to let people walk all over him. For all we know, he

“**Ol...** right. **Nicolas** is amazing” Noelle relaxed again.

In her mind, Nicolas was practically untouchable—a flawless, all-powerful force of nature,

Seeing how confident she was in him. Bennen couldn’t help but chuckle. “Well, now that this is out in the open, why not give Nicolas a call and

“Great tales” sically immediatele called an

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The call connected quickly.

“Hello. Noelle A calm, velvety male voice came through the phone—it was Nicolas

His tone was **steady**, gentle, even laced with a faint smile. There wasn’t a hint of stress or tension, **as** if that breaking news headline about his shares meant nothing to him.

“Nicolas,” Noelle’s voice, in contrast, was filled with urgency. “I just saw the headlines—they’re saying the Sawyer family is trying to reclaim 30% of your shares!”

“Mhm, that’s right,” Nicolas replied, with an easy chuckle, as if it were nothing.

“They can’t do that!” Noelle huffed, **clearly** upset. “Those shares were passed down to you from your mom! What right do they

y have

to take them

hark?”

But Nicolas—didn’t seem bothered in the slightest. Patiently, he explained,

“It’s because Reyna quit the industry. The Sawyer family found out I was the one who orchestrated it behind the scenes, which caused their stock to plummet. So now, they’re using the excuse of damaging family harmony to try and reclaim the shares.

“What Just for that?” Noelle gasped. She remembered Reyna’s **drama** well—how she tried to get her canceled online, and even pushed to get her thrown **in** jail. Nicolas had been the one to step in, clear her name with evidence, and expose Reyna’s dirty laundry in the process

Now the Sawyers were punishing Nicolas for that? Didn’t that mean... she was the one dragging **him** down!

“Nicolas, this was my fight with Reyna! Should I talk to your family and **explain** it was one who pushed you to go after her?” she offered anxiously.

Nicolas let out a warm laugh. “You silly girl, you really think I’d let you go beg the Sawyer family on my behalf?”

“But what about your shares!” Noelle still sounded distressed. She knew Nicolas was **wealthy** in his own right, but the Sawyer shares were his mother’s legacy. It wasn’t fair for them to just take them away.

While Noelle was stressing herself out, **Nicolas** on the other end se be quietly amused.

Nicolas, what are you laughing at?” she demanded, suspicions.

Nicolas, unable to hold **back** anymore, finally **said**, “Alright, I’ll be honest—I’m the one who leaked the news to the Sawyer family”

“What?!” Noelle was

le was stunned

Bennett, sitting beside her, raised an eyebrow. Just as I thought. He leaked it himself. That means he’s got something big planned.

If Nicolas was willing to orchestrate this kind of maneuver he wasn’t just smart—he was downright dangerous. But, thankfully, Bennett thought. This **dangerously** cunning man **is** on Noelle’s side. That kind of loyalty is priceless.”

“Why would you do that?” Noelle asked, flustered.

As always, Nicolas answered her with patience and o

I clarity.

“Because I’m done with the Sawyer family. I’m using Reyna’s scandal as **a** starting point to take over the entire group”

He continued, “**Reclaiming** those shares **isn’t easy**—they’d have to buy them back. And that would cost the Sawyer family a massive amount of capital. They probably think **that** once they get the shares back, everything will return to normal. But without that money, their stock will drop. even further. At that point, Ell use the very money they **gave** me to buy back even more of their shares. Eventually, the company will be mine.”

Noelle's eyes widened in awe. "Wait... so you're planning to let them buy the shares hack, then use that money to scoop **up** their stocks at a **discount**?"

"Smart girl," **Nicolas** chuckled. "Exactly"

"Savage" Bennett couldn't help but **laugh**. That's not just business. That's psychological warfare"

Nicolas paused for a second. "Noelle, is someone with **you**! That sounded like Bennett

"Yral, it's Rennes, Noelle answered.

Bennett leaned closer to the phone and greeted him with a **pleasant** voice, "Long time no see. Nicolas"

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There was a beat of silence before Nicolas replied—his tone still polite, but clearly cool.

Bennett, unfazed, added casually. "I **didn't** mean to eavesdrop, but Noelle saw the headline and was worried about you, so she called right away- and I happened to be in the car?"

Nicolas didn't particularly like Bemen. He still hadn't forgotten the time Bennett purposely cut Noelle's hand to get a blood sample. And now the guy had the nerve to be all uniled

But both men were skilled at hiding their true thoughts, Nicolas responded with his usual elegance, "It's fine. You're Noelle's brother—so **that** makes us family, in a way. Just... please keep what I said between us."

The acquisition plan had to be confidential. If the Sawyers caught wind of it, they might delay or block the sale entirely.

"You have **my** word." Bennett said smoothly. Then he asked. "But Nicolas, the Sawyer Group is massive. Reyna's scandal didn't dent their stock that much. If you're buying shares, you'll still need a huge amount of capital, right?"

"Don't worry." Nicolas replied calmly. "I've **already** got a plan in motion to **drive** their stock even lower,

"Is **that** so?" Bennett didn't push further. If Nicolas said he had a plan, then he definitely did.

But Noelle was way too curious to let it go. "Nicolas, what's the plan?" she asked **eagerly**.

And **just** like that, she exposed how completely she trusted Nicolas—even in front of someone like Bennett.

But Nicolas didn't mind. He was more than happy to keep her in the loop.

"You remember what I told you about how the Sawyer family slandered my mother, right? That they labeled her a homewrecker!"

Noelle nodded hard. “Of course I remember. The Sawyers are awful.”

ther

She recalled everything Nicolas had once told her; how his mother, a naive **and** sheltered heiress, had been tricked by his father. She’d given up family, her fortune, everything—just to marry a man who turned out to be a widower with two sons from a previous marriage

She’d even donated her personal wealth to rebuild the failing Sawyer empire...

any bounced back, the **so**-called “deceased” first wife returned—and public opinion turned on Nicolas’s mother.

Then when the company

Rumors spread like wildfire. People **said** she’d tried to murder the first wife to steal her place. The family shunned her, the public vilified her, and in the end, she died from depression—alone and disgraced.

ings worse, Nicolas’s father remarried the first wife before his mother’s seven-day mourning period **was** over

To make things

What the world called “a beautiful reunion,” **was**, in reality, a grotesque betrayal

Noelle remembered all of it—and her **heart** ached fiercely for Nicolas,

Then **his voice** came through the line again, softer this time.

I’ll settle everything with

“It’s been long enough. It’s time the truth came out. It’s time my mother’s name was **cleared—once and** for all. This **time**. I’ll set the Sawyer family”

ADvv

Chapter 245

“Alright, Marissa, I know this has all been hard on you”

Braiden walked over to his wife, gently **placing an arm** around her shoulders.

held onto those shares, Luciano **and Marshall** would essentially be working for him.

“Paying 10% over market value was **Nicolas’s** condition. If he held on Now that he’s finally agreed to sell, paying a little extra **is** worth it.”

“Still calling him Nicolas like you’re close?” **Marissa** scoffed, clearly annoyed.

She shrugged his **hand** off and sneered, “Don’t tell me you still have feelings for that tramp Amelie. Is that why you’re indulging her bastard’s *ridiculous demands

Braiden let out a humorless chuckle. A shadow flickered across his face.

“The media’s already running wild **with** the story. Everyone thinks Nicolas committed some serious blunder, which is why he’s being forced to sell. We’ll let that **narrative** spread. The bigger his supposed mistake, the more generous we look for ‘graciously buying him out. great

for our

“**And** anyway.” Marshall chimed in, voice calm but eyes cold, “even if he gets the money—he’ll never get the chance to spend it.”

Marissa numed sharply toward her son, “Marshall, **what** do you mean by that?”

A chilling smirk spread across Marshall’s face. “I’ve hired someone. After the transaction’s complete, he’ll be eliminated. The money will be ours again in no time”

Marissa’s eyes widened in shock. She immediately glanced at Braiden, wondering if he’d be outraged. But Braiden? Didn’t even flinch.

Instead, he looked at his son, expression unreadable. “Are you sure this time? The **last** top-tier **assassin**’ you hired got wiped out by Nicolas’s people before he even got close.

“This one’s different, Marshall said confidently. Tve seen their skills firsthand. These people aren’t your average killers—they’re monsters. Nicolas’s security is good, sure, but they’re just human. These guys? Something else entirely.”

“I hope you’re right.” Braiden muttered. “If this goes wrong again, **Nicolas** will suspect us for sure. And if he turns it back on us...

“Trust me, **Dad**. This time, it’s foolproof.

Marissa looked between the two of them, still shaken.

“So **you** knew about this, Braiden?” she asked in disbelief. “You’re actually okay with Marshall’s plan to kill your own son?”

Braiden wrapped an arm around her again, smiling **darkly**

“Marissa Nicolas is nothing more **than** a parasite—living off the family’s wealth, contributing nothing, and taking a third of the profits every year. You **think** I don’t resent that?”

His words **seemed to** soothe her. She smirked, “You’re not worried you’ll suddenly get sentimental? After all, he’s **Amelie’s** son.

Braiden **gave** an exaggerated sigh, his tone coaxing,

|

“How many times do I have **to say** it I only ever loved you. You faked your own death to help this family scam Amelie out of her fortune. Everything you’ve done—I saw it all. Nicolas? He was just part of the con. To me, he’s not even worthy of **carrying** Luciano or Marshall’s shoes”

Finally satisfied, Marissa softened. Though she was in her forties, she giggled like a girl, giving Braiden a playful punch in the chest.

“You still know how to **sweet**-talk a woman”

“Always,” Braiden said, **giving** her a theatrical wink. TU always love you, Marissa

“Oh Mop it. Humico. Your son’s still here”

“What’s the big deal? It’s just Adriel. He’s seen worse?”

“You’re awful,” she giggled.

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Chapter 2:5

Because Braiden was so desperate to reclaim control of the Sawyer Group, he scraped together the massive funds needed for the buyout.

The headlines went wild.

The headlines went wild.

Speculation was everywhere—most assumed the Sawyer Group would skyrocket now that the power was consolidated. The public was optimistic, believing the company was about to expand its empire.

But in

in a private office, a small, doll-like girl **sat** curled up in the lap of a tall, elegant man.

Noelle’s cheeks puffed in frustration as she scrolled through social media.

“Nicolas! Everyone online’s saying the Sawyer family is about to rise again—and some of them are talking trash about you!”

Nicolas chuckled softly and took her phone away. He popped a piece of beef jerky into her mouth.

“Stop reading comments, sweetheart. The show’s only just begun. Don’t let irrelevant people get you upset.”

Noelle munched her snack, still pouting

She looked **back** at him, complaining, “Radiance Media’s PR team is so slow. They still haven’t released anything?”

Nicolas had already laid everything out. The moment the contract was signed, the next step would begin all the dirt on the Sawyer family—the lies, the schemes, the way they trapped his mother—would be exposed to the world.

That same day, it would all go public.

But Nicolas wasn’t in **a** rush. He held Noelle’s hand in **his**, absentmindedly tracing circles on her palm **as** his eyes glinted with a dangerous light. **With** a slow, **wicked** smile curving his lips, he murmured, “Let them celebrate a little longer. Do you **know** how to truly destroy someone, darling?”

“How!” Noelle blinked, curious.

Nicolas’s grin deepened. “**Give** them hope. Then crush it **right** in front of them.”

Right now, the Sawyer family was probably over the moon. They thought they’d regained control of everything. They were dreaming up grand new

visions for the future.

But soon

those

very shares would end up **back** in Nicolas’s **hands**, And the money they **paid**? It

It would fund their own downfall.

“When they find out,” **Nicolas** whispered, “when they realize they funded their own demise... imagine how furious they’ll be. How helpless”

Just the thought sent a shiver of satisfaction down his spine.

In that moment, Nicolas’s dark, vengeful side fully emerged

The hatred had been boiling inside him for years. He couldn’t forget his mother’s devastation. He couldn’t forget how she died, broken and alone, while the Sawyer **family** went on living like heroes.

own father had **tried** to kill **him** more than once.

Amelie’s family hadn’t helped. He learned early on never depend on anyone.

So he planned. He built an empire with the shares his mother left behind—so that one **day**, he could destroy the very people who fed off her

Now, the day **had** come.

He would show no inercy.

Maybe the intendly of his aura was too much—**because** Noelle, sitting quietly in his lap, was **staring** at him, wide-eyed and silent.

Her **gaze** was so hot it felt like it might burn a hole right through him.

Noticing her silence, Nicolas blinked and snapped out of **his** thoughts.

He looked down **and** saw her still staring. Was she afraid? Had far shown her too much of the real him?

He'd always **hidden** this side **from** her, giving her only gentleness and warmth. **But** now....

maybe he'd gone too far.

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Chapter 245

With a soft sigh, he lowered his head and brushed his fingers along her cheek.

His voice dropped, soft and sweet. “Sweetheart did I scare you?”

Noelle still didn't blink. Still stared at him

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“Not even a little bit.”

Noelle's answer came swift and sure—without a trace of hesitation.

Nicolas couldn't help but chuckle softly.

He leaned down and pressed **a light** kiss to her smooth, radiant forehead, his voice teasing as he murmured.

Really not even a little scared? My face minst've looked pretty terrifying just now. Why were you staring **at** me so hard then, hmm?”

But Noelle, ever the logical little genius, tilted her head and countered,

“Well, if I were actually scared, wouldn’t I not be able to look at your Why would I keep staring if I was frightened

“Could it be,” Nicolas mused with a faux-serious tone, “that maybe you’re just not quite normal?”

“Huh? I’m not normal!!” Noelle puffed up immediately, her cheeks flushing with indignation.

Seeing her turn into a little angry pufferfish. Nicolas couldn’t help himself—he kissed her again, this time on the cheek, and laughed..

“Okay, **okay** I was joking, baby. Don’t take it seriously.”

“I was staring at you” she said, “because I thought that side of you was kind of fascinating

“Fascinating **Nicolas** raised an eyebrow.

Noelle nodded seriously

“You’re always so gentle and kind with me. That’s the side of you I know best. But I **also** know **that’s** not all of **you**. **And** I want to know all of you- every part. The good and the bad. So when I got **to see** this side of you for once..... honestly, I was really happy. It feels like I understand you just a

little more now.

Her words were simple, but they hit him straight in the heart.

Nicolas had been weighed down by the darkness stirred up from thinking about his mother. But now, hearing Noelle **speak** so honestly, that heaviness seemed to lift.

He pulled her into a tighter embrace, burying his face in the crook of her neck. His shoulders trembled slightly as he laughed low and quiet.

“Baby, where did you learn to say stuff like that? Who taught you such sweet lines! Tell me the truth,” he teased softly against her skin.

Noelle blinked. “No one taught me,” she **said**, utterly serious. “That’s just really how I feel

Nicolas was quiet for a beat.

Then he lifted his head, looking at her with a s

a soft smile tugging at his lips.

“I can see it,” he said gently. “You really do love me”

Even among couples who’d been together for **years**, it **was** rare to find someone who could say—and mean—that they accept everything about their partner. The light and the dark. **Strengths** and flaws

But Noelle, sweet, straightforward Noelle, who still didn't fully understand the complexities of love, had **said** it so naturally.

How could he not be moved

He used to think he could endure anything alone. That he didn't need anyone.

But now he couldn't imagine life without her.

If she were ever taken from him—he was sure he'd survive it,

Meanwhile, just as Nicolas had promised he let the Sawyer family enjoy their brief moment of triumph.

At the Sawyer estate, the entire family had gathered to celebrate the return of the 30% stake in the Sawyer Group.

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Chapter 216

Braiden looked like he might cry tears of joy. "Finally. Those shares are back where they belong"

Marshall **was** equally thrilled. "It's been over a decade. We finally reclaimed what's ours"

No more working under **Nicolas**. That bastard never did a damn thing and still made more than us every year. I've hated him for

Luciano scowled. "No

so long"

Now that the shares are back." Braiden declared, we focus on expanding the group. No more distractions"

"Yes, sir." Marshall and Luciano echoed in unison.

Marissa, glowing with satisfaction, leaned in toward her husband. "Braiden, now **that** we've got the shares, what about... that **plan**?"

She was, of course, referring to the plan to eliminate Nicolas.

They'd given him a fortune—just to get the shares back. And she wasn't about to let him enjoy a cent of it,

Braiden grinned slyly and gave her a wink "Don't worry, Marissa. I **know** how much you hate **that** bastard. I promise, you won't have to see his face much longer

"Good. Let him rot with that dead mother of his," she **spat** coldly.

Just as the Sawyers

were basking in their imagined victory, Marshall's phone rang.

He glanced at the screen—his assistant

He picked up

Moments later, Marshall shot up

p from his seat, **his** expression tightening, color draining from **his** face.

“What did you **say**?!”

“What’s going **on**?” Braiden frowned.

Everyone turned to look at **Marshall**, puzzled by his reaction.

Marshall didn’t answer. He unlocked his phone and **opened** Twitter. The top pinned post was all it took—his face darkened as he hissed,

“Damn it No. This can’t be happening”

“What is it Braiden **asked**, his tone turning urgent.

Marshall **wiped** a hand down **his** face, **his** voice grim. “Dad, we have a problem.”

“What kind of problem”

Just look at your phones. You’ll

Everyone pulled out their phones and opened the trending **news**,

There it was

A headline dominating every major platform—The Truth Behind the Sawyer Family’s Dirty **Past**.

Evidence after evidence spilled out: the lies, the traps they set for Amelie, the staged death, the embezzlement of her wealth. It was all there, laid out for the world to see.

The internet exploded. What **was** once a golden, respected family **was now** being crucified.

“Who did this! Marissa shrieked, her whole body shaking

“Who leaked this **garbage**!! They’re trying to **ruin us**!”

“Who else?” Marshall growled. “It’s Nicolas. That **bastard** was never going to let this go. He played us. Sold us the **shares** just so he could turn around and burn everything down”

“I told you he was no good! And we

e gave him **all** th

money—now he’s using it to buy

uy **headlines**:

and smear us!” Marissa screamed, beyond livid. Even her fake death had been revealed—and the comments were tearing her **to** pieces. The ‘**noble** matriarch’ image she’d cultivated for years was shauered in a moment.

2/3

Chapter 216

Braiden stared at the article, his face a storm of fury

That damin brat. He wasn’t just trying to ruin Amelie’s name he was going for the whole family.

“Marshall, call the PR team. Get this headline buried on every platform. I don’t care what it costs,

“On it Marshall nodded, grabbing his phone.

But just as he reached for it-

A housekeeper burst through the door, panicked “Mr. Sawyer—it’s the police. They’re here!”

“The police!”

Marissa shot to her feet, panic flashing in her eyes. “What are the police doing here??

The housekeeper flinched under her gare, then stammered, T-They’re here for you... because of the reports on all the platforms. The authorities need to investigate whether you used illegal means to take Amelie’s assets.

“You bastard”“” **Marissa** shrieked. “That money was offered by Amelie! Since when does that count as fraud?! And you—how dare you call that wretched woman by her name **in** front of me! Are you trying to piss me off to death??”

“S-Sorry. Mrs Sawyer, the housekeeper said, shrinking back.

Just then, a group of uniformed police officers entered the room—led by a familiar face.

“Mr. Sawyer, Mrs. Sawyer, said the man with impeccable manners.

It **was** Bryan—Nicolas’s trusted assistant..

“Bryan! What are you doing here?” Braiden asked wanly.

Bryan offered a polite smile.

I'm here on behalf of Mr. Sawyer to file a formal complaint against you all—for conspiracy to defraud Miss Amelie. We'll need you to come to the station to cooperate with the investigation

"You little punk—" Marissa exploded. "That bastard dares to sue his own parents?! He's gone completely insane! Get that good-for-nothing outta here—tell him to show his face!"

Bryan **calmly** looked her up and

and down, then

he replied with a light smile,

"Ms. Olson, I suggest you choose your words carefully. You and Mr. Sawyer share no blood relation, so calling yourself his mother is a bit of a stretch. If **you** ask me, 'enemy' seems more appropriate."

Marissa lunged at him in fury.

Bryan took a graceful step **back** and turned to the officers with a smile,

"Officers, thank you for your assistance."

Two of them immediately stepped forward, **standing** between **Bryan** and Marissa

"Mr. Olson," one said firmly, "please come with us. We need your cooperation for the investigation"

"I haven't **done** anything wrong!" **Marissa's** voice faltered a little as the **uniformed** presence began to intimidate her. She instinctively took a step

back

You—

Before she could argue further, **Braiden** stepped **forward** and put a hand **on** her **shoulder**. "Don't fight it. Let's go to the station and sort this out.

ng him aside.

"Braiden—" Marissa hissed, pulling

him away. "Do you have a plan?"

She looked **into his** expression and narrowed her eyes

"More or less," Braiden replied coolly. He turned to Marshall and added in a low voice,

“While we’re gone, do nothing. Understand?”

Marshall looked worried. “Are **you** sure that’s a good **idea**, Dad”

Braiden’s lips curved into a cold sneer. “That brat thinks he’s clever, pulling a stunt like this—but he doesn’t realize he’s playing right into my hands. A on publicly suing his own father? In our circles, that’s uiterly disgraceful. No matter what evidence he digs up, the world won’t side with him. What’s die gott A puny little entertainment company? He dares go up against the Sawyer **Group**? Pathetic. Once I’m out, we’ll **deal** with him properly”

“Right, Marshall nodded. “We underestimated him. Who’d have thought he was running **an** entertainment business in secret? But no matter **what**. he’s still nothing compared to the Sawyer empire. We’ll take care of him once you’re back.”

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Braiden nodded, then **walked** away with Marissa in tow, both escorted by the officers.

But as he left. Braiden turned and threw a vicious glare **at** Bryan. “Tell that **bastard** to brace himself. I’ll deal with him the moment I get out

Bryan responded with his usual mild-mannered smile.

Don’t worry. 111 be sure to **pass** along the message.

Braiden snorted and walked out proudly, head held high

Bryan watched him go, a knowing **smile** playing on his lips.

Braiden might think Nicolas only had Radiance Media and couldn’t possibly stand up to the Sawyer Group.

But what he didn’t know was that Nicolas’s reach extended far beyond entertainment,

His businesses touched every industry the Sawyer Group operated in—and more. And while Braiden was celebrating, those same businesses were silently, steadily buying up Sawyer Group **stock** at bargain prices.

Each company might look unrelated on the surface. But behind them **all...** was one

one man. Nicolas Sawyer.

Braiden believed he’d be out in a few days and would return to his role as the triumphant head of the Sawyer family.

He had no idea that in just a few days, the entire industry landscape would shift beneath his feet.

As the police took Braiden away, Bryan pulled out his phone and dialed Nicolas.

“Mr. Sawyer, the Sawyers have been taken into custody. Everything is going exactly as planned.”

News of Braiden’s **arrest** spread like wildfire.

When Luciano found out, he flew into a rage. “I knew something was off with Bryan showing up in person! That bastard must’ve leaked the video of Mom **and** Dad being taken away. Damn it! Everyone’s **panicking**—stock prices hit rock bottom the moment the market opened!”

Marshall was seething, **his** fists clenched tight. “**That** damn Nicolas. All he knows is how to play these dirty **tricks**”

Luciano **paced** in frustration. “What do we do now, Marshall Rumors are flying, and a bunch of companies are trying **to** scoop up our stock for cheap!

“Dad said to sit tight.” **Marshall** said through gritted teeth.

“But **can** we really afford to do nothing?” Luciano said, panicked. “Something doesn’t feel right.

“Which is exactly why y we stay put. If we panic, it’ll only confirm to the public that we’re guilty. Don’t **make** a move **until** Dad’s back. Got it??

Luciano shrank **a** little. “Get it”

Meanwhile, in Nicolas’s office, he was... playing block tower with Noelle.

It was a pivotal week, yet Noelle had stuck close to Nicolas every day. The Andersons, surprisingly, didn’t object—they all seemed to **silently** approve of the time they spent together.

A tower of wooden blocks now stood taller than either of them.

Noelle balanced on **Nicolas’s** chair, her arm stretched high as she **said**, ‘Nicolas, hand me another block!’

One of his arms supported her slim waist, the other **passed** her another piece. He chuckled.

“You sure you want to build this all the way to the ceiling?”

Most people could barely stack half a meter. Leave it to Noelle **to try and** break records.

Noelle beamed. “Why not? Bu

not? But **I’m** not tall enough. That’s the only problem”

Nicolas grinned.

Chapter 247

“Then I’ll build you a platform”

“And what if I do reach the ceiling and still want to keep stacking?” she asked

Whatever space you need, I’ll make sure you have it.”

Without missing a beat, Nicolas said. “Then I’ll have the ceiling torn off. W

“Deal!” Noelle laughed brightly.

She tiptoed even higher. “Okay—next block!”

“Here”

Just as Nicolas handed her another block, Bryan walked in... **and** immediately paused.

What he saw was strange. Nicolas was sitting **in a** chair, legs apart, and Noelle was standing between them—on the chair. Nicolas had one hand on her waist, keeping her steady. The whole scene looked... awkward. Very awkward. And undeniably intimate.

Bryan cleared his throat. “Mr. Sawyer

“Speak.” Nicolas didn’t even glance at him—his eyes remained on Noelle, completely unbothered

Bryan **broke** out in a cold sweat. The whole internet’s on fire, the Sawyers are spiraling—and this man is playing block tower with Miss Anderson like it’s Sunday morning

So this... this was what real composure looked like. No wonder he’s the boss. Bryan swallowed, steeling himself to deliver the next update.

AD

Chapter 248

“The Sawyer Group’s stock has hit the limu—down for several days straight,” Bryan reported. Our acquisitions have now surpassed 10%

“Oh!” Nicolas finally gave him a proper glance. “**That’s** faster than expected”

According to their original timeline, it would take at least a week to quietly acquire enough shares. Yet it had only been three days, and they’d already sirpassed the halfway point.

“And the Sawyers? Any reaction yet? Has Luciano or Marshall started tightening the reins?”

“**Not at** all” Bryan said, shaking his head.

It was almost comical. Even as over half the company’s shares were quietly scooped up, Luciano and Marshall remained **calm**—stubbornly insisting on their “wait-and-see” strategy. In a way, it was impressive how delusional they could be

Most likely, they assumed the buying spree was just a bunch of unrelated companies jumping on the panic train. They believed that once Braiden was released and stock prices rebounded, those companies would dump the shares and they could easily reclaim them.

What they didn't realize **was** that all those companies were tied to one man—the very person they had always looked down on: Nicolas.

Nicolas let out a cold chuckle. Those two clowns—take away their puppet master, and they're completely useless"

Then he turned to Bryan with a calm smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Go ahead. Tell the police they can release Braiden now"

"Already?" Bryan blinked, surprised

They had spent weeks digging up the evidence to have Braiden arrested, and now Nicolas was just letting him go! Yep. Time to let him out"

A beautiful smile curved Nicolas's lips—but his eyes were icy cold, carrying a cruel edge. "I want him out." Nicolas said softly, "so he can watch— watch with **his** own eyes as the company he cares about most gets torn apart by the son he loathes the most. I want to see the exact moment his pride shatters

He wanted Braiden, and the entire Sawyer family, to witness the fall of the company they had built on his mother's bones—watch it crumble piece by piece, and **know** exactly who brought it down.

The very idea made Nicolas chuckle low in his throat, like a predator savoring the hunt

That laugh made the hairs on Bryan's **arms** stand up. He'd been working with Nicolas for a long time now, but moments like these still sent a chill down his spine.

Nicolas was terrifying. Cold. Calculating. Merciless.

He didn't hesitate to crush anyone who crossed him—even his without blinking

own blood. If **Nicolas** wanted you destroyed, he would do it with absolute precision,

Bryan couldn't help but wonder, 'If one day, I ended up on the wrong **side** of this man!

That thought alone was enough to make him shudder.

Just then, a soft **voice** broke the tension.

"Nicolas more blocks, please

It **was** Noelle.

Bryan snapped out of his thoughts and looked over—only to witness a complete transformation.

The oppressive chill that had surrounded Nicolas moments **ago** vanished instantly. His features softened as he turned back to Noelle, smiling with warmth that seemed impossibly genuine.

He handed her a few blocks and asked gently,

“Sweetheart, do you want me to get you a step ladder?”

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Chapter 215

“Yes” Noelle chirped, bright-eyed

She tied her head, assessing the precations tower she’d been building

Nicolas, these blocks you gave me men’t working. Get me different ones

“Sun” He swapped them out.

T

But Noelle frowned again. ““Nope, these aren’t right either“.

–“How about these?”

“Nope! Still not balanced. I’ll pick them myself”

She crouched down to grab a few, but because she was standing on the edge of a chair, the shift in weight sent her toppling forward with a startled **yrip**

Nicolas reacted instantly, catching her mid-fall and pulling her safely into his arms. He let out a relieved sigh and gluckled, “You really have no concept of danger, do you?” :

Before he could finish the sentence, the towering stack of blocks collapsed in a dramatic cascade across the desk and floor.

Noelles face turned pale as she stared at the chaos. “My tower. I spent so long building that.

Her arms hovered mid-air in disbelief. Nicolas couldn’t help but smile. He lifted her onto his lap, **seating** her sideways on one leg, and comforted her

it’s okay. **You** can build it again. You’ve been **playing** for a while now–how about a snack? Hungry?”

The mention of food instantly hit her back up. “Yes! I want pizza!”

“Alright” Nicolas replied with a laugh. He glanced at Bryan.

“Order some pizzas–make sure they’re loaded **with** meat”

Hearing “meat” Noelle’s eyes sparkled

She wrapped her arms around Nicolas’s neck and swung her legs happily.

“You know me too well. Yes, lots of meat!”

Nicolas let out a low chuckle, brushing her nose with his finger.

“How **about** some veggies,

gies, too! There’s a vegetarian place with really good dishes

Noelle wrinkled her nose

“Vegetables? Can they really be

that tasty??

“They’re better **than** the meat, I swear,” **Nicolas** said seriously.

“Really?” she asked, skeptical

“Trombe”

“Fuse. Il give it **a** shot”

Good girl.” He pinched her shoulder

cheek, then told Bryan, “Add a couple of veggie dishes to the **order**.”

“Two” Noelle **quickly** grabbed Nicolas’s hand. “One is **enough**, right?”

“Let’s make it two. The portions are small” he said smoothly,

Noelle looked reluctant

So **Nicolas** added, “Trust me—paired with incense, the flavors even better.

“Really?” Noelle looked intrigued

“Would I lie to you?”

2/3

1

Chapter 248

“Okay. Two then

“Perfect” Nicolas turned back to Bryan. “You heard her

“Yes, sir.” Bryan sighed, dutifully noting the order.

As he turned to go, he glanced back at the scene—the once–blood–chilling CEO now cuddling a girl in his lap, discussing vegetable portions like a doting husband

Maybe, Bryan thought, his heart’s not as cold as I imagined.

At least... not when it comes to her.

Chapter 249

When Braiden and Marisa were released from police custody, they retired straight to the Sawyer estate

Marshall **and** Luciano had been waiting at home for their return. As soon as their parents stepped through the door, both brothers rushed up to greet them.

“Dad, Mom—you’re finally home?”

Braiden nodded and gave them an approving look. Cloud work, both of you. I didn’t expect you to pull strings so quickly. I thought we’d be stuck inside for at least a week, but we were out in just three **days**”

surprisingly, that comment left Marshall and Luciano exchanging confused glances.

at their father and said, “Wait.. what do you mean we pulled strings?”

They looked at t

Braiden’s brow furrowed. “Wasn’t it you two who got the charges dropped and arranged our early release!”

Braiden immediately picked up on their hesitation.

His expression twitched for a second, then he brushed it off, offering a new interpretation to save face for his sons. “Well, whatever the case, looks **like** the evidence wasn’t strong enough to hold us. That bastard **Nicolas** must’ve thought he could send me to prison with just that. What a joke.”

At the mention of Nicolas, both Marshall and Luciano quickly chimed in.

“Exactly, Dad. He really thought he could bring you down that easily. But the authorities still fear the power of the Sawyer **family**”

Braiden nodded in satisfaction

“You two must be exhausted. Come, let’s sit in the living room and rest for a bit, Marshall offered, guiding his parents toward the couch.

Seeing that the house was in order **and** nothing appeared out **of** place, Braiden finally allowed himself to relax. But soon enough, he asked, “Alright, what about the company? Everything okay while I was gone?”

That question immediately caused the brothers to tense.

“Something happened?” Braiden narrowed his eyes. “Out with it

“Just... a small hiccup, **Marshall** muttered.

Luciano followed up, “Yeah, nothing major. It’s **just**.. Bryan, Nicolas’s assistant, secretly recorded your arrest and posted it online. Since then, the company’s stock has been limit-down every day. A bunch of **companies** started buying up shares at bargain **prices**, so a decent chunk of our holdings got diluted ”

“Whatt Braiden’s face went pale. He shot to his feet

“How much of our shares were bought up?”

Marshall hesitated before finally replying in a low voice, “Over half in just three days.”

“OVER HALF Braiden’s roar shook the entire house. He **was** livid.

u

He’d only been gone for three days. Three. And in that time, more than 50% of the Sawyer Group’s shares had slipped through their fingers. “What the hell were you two doing?” he shouted, face flushed with **rage**. “Three days! I was gone for three damn days, and you let the company slip away! Were you trying to land the empire over to **someone** else?!”

It was rare for Braiden to lose **his** temper like this. Both Marshall **and** Luciano were stunned

Marissa quickly stepped in, trying to calm things **down**. “Braiden You’re the one who told them not to make any moves while you were away. Now you’re yelling at them for doing what you asked?”

Braiden’s **chest** rose and fell as he tried to catch his breath. He turned to his wife, gritting his teeth. “Yes, I **told** them to hold back, but any idiot should’ve realized the shares were slipping away. They should’ve tightened their grip, consolidated our holdings. If someone was using that as cover

to launch a coordinated takeover

“**Dad**, relax, Marshall **cut** in. “The shares were bought by a bunch of scattered **companies**. None of them hold more than a small percentage, no way they’re a threat to our control”

percentage. There’s

Chapter 219

“Right.” Luciano added quickly. “We double checked. All those companies are unconnected. Unless they all teamed up impossible—we’re fine”

Branden slowly nodded, the logic sinking in

practically

Marissa saw his expression soften and jumped in to support her sons. “Exactly, Braiden. They’re not lions. You yell at them for doing what you said, but if they’d **taken** initiative and things had gone wrong, you’d be yelling at them anyway. No matter what, they’re still better than that lousy bastard, Nicolas. If it were him running the company these **past** few days, the whole place would’ve been in flames by now”

“Yeah,” Luciano muttered. “That idiot would’ve bankrupted the company

Marissa snorted. “Not surprising. His mother was just **as** clueless. How smart could he be

Braiden considered their words. He still didn’t think highly of Marshall or Landarm, but at least compared to Nicolas. Well, it could be worse

Now that he was back, things would settle. Stock prices would bounce back, and once the panic buyers sold off, they’d scoop the shares back up. Everything would return to normal.

He finally sighed and **said**, “just stay alert next time. This didn’t go too badly, but if someone had been orchestrating a coordinated attack, we’d be

“Don’t worry, **Dad**,” Marshall assured him. “Unless those companies all joined forces, there’s no way they could shake our control” Braiden nodded.

But just as he started to relax, Marshall’s phone rang

He answered

“Marshall—it’s his assistant said in a panic.

“What now!” Marshall tensed.

Almost simultaneously, the family’s butler came rushing into the room.

“Mr. Sawyer—something’s happened!”

“What is it?” Braiden barked.

The butler swallowed nervously. “It’s the headlines, sir. United Press just announced that it’s completed a majority **acquisition** of the Sawyer Group. They now own 52% of the company.”

“What did you just say?” Braiden bolted upright. He stormed over and grabbed the butler by the collar.

“That can’t be right! That’s fake news! I’ve never even heard of

United Press!”

have verified seals...

“I—I swear it’s true,” the butler stammered. “Their official documents have

“Impossible!” Braiden growled. “**Didn’t** you both just **say** the shares were scattered? Where did United Press **come from**!!”

Luciano chimed in, equally confused. “Yeale, that name never showed up in any of the trades.”

Marshall finally spoke, his voice hollow. “They didn’t buy the shares directly. United Press is the parent **company**. They used multiple smaller firms to acquire the shares **piece** by piece so we wouldn’t notice they were all connected?”

Braiden and Luciano turned to him in stunned silence.

“Oh, they have a grudge,” Marshall murmured with a bitter smile, his face pale.

“What the hell are you talking **about**?” Braiden grabbed his shoulder tightly. “Who the hell is United **Press**? Why are they doing this? What did I ever

do to them?

He had made plenty of enemies in his life, sure. But United Press? He didn’t even know that

Anghe. At the very least, if he was going down, he wanted to know why.

Marshall looked at him, eyes wide, lips trembling.

the

Chapter 250

“O’s Nicolas.” Marshall’s voice trembled **as** he spoke the name..

“What did you just say?” Braiden blinked, momentarily stunned. Why was that waste of space being mentioned now?

Marshall’s face was pale, disbelief etched into every line. “Today, the man behind United Press is Nicolas

“That’s impossible?” Maria, who had been frozen in shock, leapt to her feet. She didn’t understand corporate warfare, but the name Nicolas hit her like a ship to the face.

To learn that the person responsible for crippling the Sawyer Group the very company she helped build—was the same boy she’d always looked down on... she couldn’t accept it

Back then, they had effortlessly played that little bastard’s another like a filalle. And now? That same “nobody had flipped the board on them?

“It’s true” Marshall’s voice cracked. “This cisture takeover was orchestrated by him. He had Bryan release damaging fories about the Sawyer family. tanking our stock price, while having United Press’s subsidiaries buy up our shares at bargain prices. We thought were outsmarting him, buying back his 300 stake – when really, we were just funding his hostile takeover. Nicolas now holds 52% of the Sawyer Group. He’s the majority shareholder

Braiden stageered, as if struck by lightning.

“No... that can’t be.” He shook his head, unable to process the words, His entire world tilted.

Luciano finally spoke, his voice strained. “So let me get this straight. He made us pay him for his 303—and then turned around and used our money to buy us out! **You** mean we bankrolled our own downfall?

were snatched

Just days ago, they were gloating over regaining full control. The shares hadn’t even had time to warm in their hands before they were away again.

“And all of it was done by the one person we never even saw as a threat?” Marshall’s voice broke. “Have we been underestimating him this entire time? Was he playing the long game, waiting for the perfect moment to devour everything we built? Why? Why turn against his own blood?” Braiden’s chest tightened as dread swept over him. The stress of the past few days, the shock of betrayal—it was too much. His knees buckled, and before anyone could react, his eyes rolled back and he collapsed to the ground.

“Mr. Sawyer!” the butler cried, rushing to catch him...

The rest of the family panicked.

“Dad”

“Braiden

“Call the ductor! Right now!”

“Don’t

i just stand there—get him upstairs!”

The grand Sawyer estate fell into chaos.

Noelle hadn't gone to school today. **As usual**, she was spending her day with him.

She leaned softly over the **edge** of his desk, her chin in her **hands**, eyes wide with curiosity as she watched him work.

Nicolas glanced **over**, a chuckle tugging at his lips. With no effort at all, he lifted her into his lap, wrapping an arm around her waist. "Baby, want to help me with some of this?"

"Really?" Noelle blinked in surprise. "I cae"

"**You** can do anything," he said, placing a gentle **kiss** on her cheek. "You are, after all, the company's lady boss. It's only right you get business

familiar with our

flutter. She beamed, rolling up her sleeves eagerly. "Alright, leave it to me! I pic

Hearing herself called the "lady boss" again made Nuelle's heart th things up super fast. Just teach me and I'll get the hang of it."

Nicolas smiled warmly at her enthusiasm. Then let's start with how the company's operations are structured—"

1/3

Chapter 250

Aknock at the door interrupted them

Bryan stepped i

dinside. "Mr. Sawyer, the Sawyer family is

vis here

After last night's revelation that Nicolas was the man behind United Press, it hadn't taken the Sawyers long to track down his headquarters.

Nicolas had expected this

He leaned back in his chair, a **lazy**, almost smug smile curling on his lips. "Let them in"

Yes, sir Bryan exited to fetch them.

Noelle, sensing the moment was shifting, instinctively began to slide off his lap. Hot Nicolas tightened his hold and pulled her back into place "Hmm" What are you doing?" he asked, brow lifted

Noelle blinked up at him with wide, innocent eyes. “Nicolas, your family’s coming isn’t this a bit

She was still seated on his **lap**

improperis

lap–intimately close–and now they were about to face his relatives. Surely this wasn’t the right posture to greet elders

Nicolas, however, only drew her closer. His eyes sparkled with mischief and warmth. Since when do we live by their rules! You sit right here. You’re Inine

“Really!” she hesitated

“I said so, didn’t

Noelle giggled and relaxed wrapping her arms around his waist. “Then I’ll listen to you”

Every little move she made, every shy smile, hit Nicolas straight in the heart.

His gaze lingered on her lips.

He wanted to kiss her so badly. But he knew doing so might make her uncomfortable. He didn’t want to put her in that position. Even though the heat between them was growing impossible to ignore, he reined it in

Instead, he placed **a** soft, lingering kiss on her cheek–dangerously close to her mouth.

Noelle froze. That kiss had been **too** close

She wanted to remind him not to **kiss** her lips–Brandon had made that rule very

ry clear

But when she looked up and met **Nicolas’s** eyes–tender, vulnerable, utterly shitten–her words caught in her throat.

Her heart thudded. Hard.

Whatever she had been about to say disappeared. She couldn’t bear to disappoint him. Now when he looked at her like “What’s wrong?” Nicolas murmured, brushing **his** nose lightly against hers, his tone intimate and coaxing Noelle had always adored Nicolas’s face. It had been **love** at first sight, after all.

Like that.

Now, with him gazing at her like **that**, practically begging for affection...

She couldn’t resist.

Noelle reached out, cradled his face in

Her heart swelled with love.

in her ha

hands, and kissed him—firmly, warmly on the forehead.

Nicolas felt it. Felt the shift in her. His restraint cracked

He wondered. What if I did **kiss** her lips? Would she let me?

His **fingers** slid under her chin, tilting her **face** toward his. His lips hovered a breath away from hers.

“Noelle.” he murmured, his voice deep, wanting

She sensed it. Her breath hitched. Her pulse skyrocketed.

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12:21 PM c

Chapter 250

She knew she should stop him.

But staring at that face—the one she could never resist—the strength to push him **away** just wasn't there.

They inched closer. So close she could hear the rhythm of his heartbeat echoing her own.

Their lips were **about** to meet when the office door slammed open with a forceful thud.