

MAGA Romance #1

Love, Lies, and Late-Stage Capitalism

Chapter 1: Breaking News—My Billionaire Nemesis Just Bought My Life

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Billionaire Tech Mogul Jaxon Cross Just Launched a Rocket Full of Dogecoin Into Space—Because He ‘Felt Like It’”

Savannah Steele had always considered herself immune to existential crises.

She had **written through them, laughed through them, and, on one particularly bad Tuesday, drank through them**—but she had never let them fully *consume* her.

That is, until **this morning**, when she realized her entire career—no, **her entire life**—had just been purchased **by a billionaire tech overlord with the self-awareness of a YouTube algorithm**.

Her phone, **shrieking with notifications**, confirmed the impossible:

Jaxon Cross now owned Bohiney.com.

Jaxon Cross, the man she had publicly humiliated in an article just 12 hours ago.

Jaxon Cross, the **walking stock market crash** who had single-handedly **invented a cryptocurrency called “CrossCoin” just to prove that anyone could do it.**

Jaxon Cross, the **man whose idea of a public statement was an all-caps Twitter thread**, often written at **3 a.m.**, likely while **standing shirtless on the balcony of some Dubai penthouse, drinking something that cost more than her annual salary.**

That man.

Owned.

Her.

Savannah stared at the headline on her phone, blinking twice.

“JAXON CROSS BUYS BOHINEY.COM FOR \$44 BILLION, CHANGES MISSION STATEMENT TO ‘MEMES FIRST, FACTS SECOND’”

Her brain short-circuited.

“Savannah,” a voice said. “Are you okay?”

She turned her head **very, very slowly** to face her best friend and **human espresso shot**, Riley Mercer.

Riley was **a stand-up comedian**, a self-proclaimed “disaster bisexual,” and the only person in Savannah’s life who could match her in both **caffeine consumption and sheer, chaotic energy**.

Currently, Riley was **sitting cross-legged on Savannah’s desk**, drinking an **obnoxiously large iced coffee** and watching Savannah spiral **like it was premium HBO content**.

Savannah took a deep breath.

“Okay,” she said, voice shaking. “I need you to tell me if this is real.”

She shoved her phone into Riley’s face.

Riley read the headline, **squinted**, then refreshed the page.

“Oh,” she said casually. “Yeah. This is happening.”

Savannah collapsed into her chair.

“Tell me this is a stress dream,” she muttered.

Riley took a long, **obnoxiously loud sip** of her coffee.

“Nope.”

Savannah groaned. “Why? Why does this keep happening? What is it about billionaires and their weird, deep-seated need to **own everything**?”

“Well,” Riley said thoughtfully, “Have you considered that maybe Jaxon Cross is just a lonely man who doesn’t know how to express emotions like a normal human, so instead he buys entire media companies in a desperate cry for attention?”

Savannah lifted her head, **eyes dark with rage**.

“I wrote an **exposé calling him the most dangerous, self-obsessed tech bro since Elon Musk**,” she said. “And he responded by *buying my job*.”

Riley blinked.

“Yeah. That’s... that’s actually kind of baller.”

Savannah threw a **stress ball** at her.

Twelve Hours Earlier...

HEADLINE:

“Jaxon Cross: The Man Who Accidentally Invented Late-Stage Capitalism”

By Savannah Steele

It started as **just another day at Bohiney.com**.

Savannah had spent her **morning** doing **what she did best**:

- **Mocking the absurdity of the ultra-wealthy**
- **Exposing corruption with brutal precision**
- **Pretending not to notice that Riley was stealing coffee pods from the break room**

And today’s article? **A masterwork**.

She had spent an **entire week** researching Jaxon Cross’s latest **public relations disaster**—a **bizarre** incident in which he had **accidentally fired 200 employees via meme** while trying to prove that **Twitter polls should replace corporate HR departments**.

The resulting article was a **savage, unrelenting takedown** of his **entire existence**.

In it, she **detailed his crimes against intelligence**, including but not limited to:

1. **Launching a rocket into space containing nothing but a single, gold-plated NFT of himself flexing**
2. **Buying a struggling AI startup, deleting all their work, and replacing it with a chatbot that only tweeted “I am a genius”**
3. **Attempting to purchase Greenland because he thought it would make a cool vacation home**

She ended the piece with **a truly devastating closer**:

“At this point, Jaxon Cross isn’t an innovator. He’s a billionaire toddler with a credit card and an army of lawyers preventing him from facing consequences. The real question is: how much longer can he keep failing upward before we finally let him crash?”

It was brutal. It was scathing. It was perfect.

She hit publish, closed her laptop, and turned to Riley.

“Drink?” she asked.

“Always,” Riley said.

And just like that, they walked out of the office, **completely unaware** that in a matter of hours, Jaxon Cross would **read the article**, get **angry**, and do the **most deranged thing possible**:

Buy Bohiney.com.

Present Day: Enter the Billionaire Villain

Savannah and Riley **stormed** into the Bohiney office—except **it wasn’t Bohiney anymore**.

The moment they stepped inside, Savannah realized **everything had changed**.

Gone were the **grungy, chaotic newsroom vibes**.

Gone was the **busted coffee maker that required a prayer to function**.

Gone were the **journalists openly screaming into the void at their desks**.

Instead, the office had been transformed into a **horrific, dystopian vision of Silicon Valley excess**.

- **Everything was minimalist, which meant everything was also completely useless.**
- **There were “wellness pods” where desks used to be, because apparently nobody needed to actually work anymore.**
- **A giant, 30-foot hologram of Jaxon Cross loomed over the room, staring down at them with an expression that screamed ‘I am better than all of you.’**

Savannah turned to Riley.

“I feel like I just walked into a cult.”

Riley nodded. “Yeah. But, like, a cult with kombucha on tap.”

Before Savannah could process this, a voice rang out.

“Ah. Savannah Steele.”

She turned, **and there he was.**

Jaxon.

Cross.

Standing before her like a **living monument to unchecked wealth**, dressed in a **perfectly tailored suit that somehow screamed both “venture capitalist” and “future criminal defendant.”**

He was **obnoxiously attractive**, in that **infuriating, powerful, morally gray way** that made even the **most feminist parts of Savannah’s brain glitch for just a second** before recovering.

"Welcome to my empire," he said smoothly, his voice dripping with **both charisma and extreme narcissism.**

Savannah clenched her fists.

"You **bought my job.**"

"I prefer to think of it as an **investment in satire journalism,**" Jaxon said, smirking. "And, coincidentally, an investment in **owning you.**"

Riley let out an **audible gasp.**

"Oh my God," she whispered. "Is this an **enemies-to-lovers romance?**"

Savannah turned to her, **horrified.**

"Riley, I swear to God—"

Riley **slowly sipped her iced coffee, watching the tension between Savannah and Jaxon like a woman who had just realized she was sitting front row at the world’s messiest reality show.**

Savannah turned back to Jaxon.

"You can’t just **buy** a journalist because she wrote something mean about you," she snapped.

Jaxon raised an eyebrow.

"Can’t I?"

And **just like that**, Savannah knew:

She was **absolutely screwed.**

Chapter 2: Love in the Time of Late-Stage Capitalism

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“EXCLUSIVE: What Happens When a Billionaire Tries to Buy Satire? Inside Jaxon Cross’s Hostile Takeover of Journalism”

Savannah Steele had **three very simple rules** when it came to billionaires.

1. **Never trust a man whose net worth is more than the GDP of a small country.**
2. **If he calls himself a "genius," he probably hasn't paid taxes in five years.**
3. **Under no circumstances, EVER, should you make direct eye contact with a tech CEO. That's how they trap you into an unsolicited TED Talk.**

And yet, **here she was**—trapped in a **conference room designed to look like a \$44 billion fever dream**, sitting across from **Jaxon Cross, the most dangerous man to ever own a Twitter account.**

Everything about the situation was unacceptable.

- **The chairs?** Minimalist, ergonomic, and completely **designed to make you feel inferior.**
- **The view?** A skyline so **obnoxiously high-class** that Savannah swore she could see **tax evasion happening in real-time.**
- **The man sitting across from her?** Smug, insufferable, and **making direct eye contact.**

*"So," Jaxon said, steepling his fingers like some kind of **billionaire Bond villain**. "Let's talk about your future at Bohiney.com."*

Savannah exhaled **slowly**, gripping the arms of her chair like she was **physically restraining herself from lunging across the table and strangling him with his own tie.**

"You **bought my company** out of **pure spite** because I roasted you in an article."

Jaxon smirked. "I prefer the term '**strategic acquisition**.'"

Savannah narrowed her eyes. "Is that what we're calling **meltdown purchases** now?"

Jaxon leaned forward.

*"You called me a **billionaire toddler with a credit card**."*

"Because you **are** a **billionaire toddler with a credit card!**"

There was a **beat of silence**.

Then, to Savannah's absolute **horror**, Jaxon laughed.

Not just any laugh—a **low, rich, deeply amused laugh** that made the **smallest, traitorous part of her brain** short-circuit.

Savannah's eye **twitched**.

Nope. Absolutely not. She would **not** find him **attractive**.

Not **even** if his **stupidly sharp jawline looked like it had been chiseled by the gods themselves**.

Not **even** if his **rolled-up sleeves showcased forearms that suggested he was capable of physical labor—despite all evidence to the contrary**.

Not **even** if his **confidence was just the right mix of arrogance and charisma that made her want to throw something at him and then maybe kiss him immediately after**.

No. **Absolutely not**.

She was **immune**.

Mostly.

"Look," she said, forcing herself back into reality. "You can't just buy a satirical news site because you didn't like an article. That's not how journalism works."

Jaxon tilted his head. "You're acting like journalism still works at all."

Savannah inhaled sharply. "Are you **kidding** me right now?"

Jaxon gestured vaguely. "Be honest, Savannah. Bohiney.com wasn't exactly winning Pulitzers. The last article your team published was about whether **pigeons are government spies**."

"That was a **deeply** important investigation!"

Jaxon smirked. "Uh-huh. And I'm sure the *CIA's* pigeon division was quaking in their tiny boots."

Savannah glared. "They don't wear boots."

Jaxon leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. "So you're saying you actually **believe** pigeons are real?"

Savannah faltered.

"... That's **not** the point."

Jaxon grinned, **obnoxiously victorious**.

"Fine," she huffed. "Whatever. You bought Bohiney. **What do you want from me?**"

Jaxon leaned back, exuding the **supreme confidence of a man who had never once experienced consequences**.

"I want you to keep doing exactly what you do best."

Savannah narrowed her eyes. "And what's that?"

Jaxon's smirk **deepened**.

"Pissing me off."

Enter Riley: Comedic Chaos in Human Form

Before Savannah could form a **proper response** (which would have definitely included several expletives and possibly throwing a **anti-stress ball** at Jaxon's stupidly symmetrical face), the **conference room door burst open**.

In stormed **Riley Mercer**, Savannah's best friend, Bohiney's **resident chaos agent**, and **one of the only people alive who could make Savannah look emotionally stable**.

Riley was wearing **ripped jeans, an aggressively loud Hawaiian shirt, and an expression that said "I have a plan, and it's going to be deeply illegal."**

"Alright, billionaire boy," she said, slamming a **McDonald's bag** onto the conference table. "If you're gonna ruin my best friend's career, the **least** you can do is buy me lunch first."

Jaxon **blinked**. "I... didn't ruin anyone's career."

Riley raised an eyebrow. "Oh, sorry. Let me rephrase."

She turned to Savannah.

"Hey, bestie. How's it feel knowing your entire ****journalistic integrity** is now owned by a man who once tried to launch himself into space using only a **homemade jetpack?**"

Jaxon scoffed. "That's an **exaggeration**."

Savannah crossed her arms. "The jetpack **exploded on impact.**"

Jaxon shrugged. "Science is about **trial and error.**"

Savannah **turned to Riley.** "See? **This is what I'm dealing with.**"

Riley ****plopped** into a chair, unwrapped a cheeseburger, and stared directly at Jaxon like she was **trying to solve a murder mystery.**

"So what's your deal?" she asked, mouth full. "You here to **ruin Savannah's life**, or are we doing an **enemies-to-lovers thing?**"

Savannah choked on air. "RILEY!"

Jaxon, completely **unfazed**, just smirked. "Why can't it be both?"

Savannah's brain **short-circuited.**

Billionaire Business Proposals (aka: Corporate Blackmail, But Make It Sexy)

"Let's get one thing straight," Savannah said, rubbing her temples. "I have no **interest** in working for you."

Jaxon smiled. "That's adorable. But legally, you already do."

Savannah clenched her jaw. "I am going to **burn this office to the ground.**"

Jaxon leaned forward. "And yet, you won't. Because you love Bohiney. Because this site is your entire career. Because, deep down, you know that **without a platform, your voice disappears.**"

Savannah **hated that he was right.**

Hated **even more** that he was staring at her like she was a **particularly interesting puzzle he was dying to solve.**

She folded her arms. "And what exactly do **you** get out of this?"

Jaxon grinned. "A challenge."

Savannah frowned. "A... challenge?"

Jaxon leaned back, his **sharp blue eyes glinting with something dangerously close to intrigue.**

"You fascinate me, Savannah," he admitted. "You're **brilliant**. You're **relentless**. You're the **only journalist who's ever made me genuinely angry**."

Savannah **stiffened**.

Jaxon's smirk deepened.

"I want to see if you're actually as **ruthless** as you think you are."

Savannah narrowed her eyes. "You think I'll **sell out**?"

Jaxon just shrugged. "I think everyone has a price. I'm just curious to see what **yours** is."

Savannah clenched her fists.

She wanted to argue. Wanted to tell him that she would **never**—under any circumstances—compromise her integrity for a **paycheck**.

But then, **he said something that made her blood run cold**.

"Walk away now, Savannah... and I'll shut Bohiney down by morning."

Her breath **caught**.

Riley, for once, was **completely silent**.

Jaxon's **expression never wavered**.

"Stay," he said, voice low. "And I'll let you keep writing exactly what you want. No censorship. No interference. Just... you. And me."

Savannah's pulse **pounded in her ears**.

Her **entire career** hung in the balance.

And Jaxon Cross **knew it**.

She was absolutely screwed.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 3: Sensitivity Training or Foreplay?

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“STUDY: Billionaires Now Legally Required to Undergo Sensitivity Training, but Can We Train Them to Have a Soul?”

Savannah Steele had experienced a lot of **unbearable** things in her journalism career.

- She once sat through a **three-hour TED Talk** from a startup CEO who invented an app that just **played rain noises**.
- She covered an **entire election cycle** while consuming nothing but **Red Bull and spite**.
- She **spent an entire week** investigating a lead that turned out to be a **guy who just really, really hated dolphins**.

But **nothing—nothing**—had prepared her for the **absolute, soul-crushing** reality of being trapped in **corporate-mandated sensitivity training** with **Jaxon Cross**.

It was **torture**.

Not just because **the room was filled with glass walls** and the whole aesthetic screamed **“billionaire dungeon”**, but because **Jaxon himself was completely insufferable**.

He was **leaning back in his chair, smirking**, and **doing everything in his power to look both deeply uninterested and devastatingly attractive**.

It was working.

Savannah gritted her teeth.

She would not let him win this.

The HR instructor—an **exhausted-looking woman named Linda**—stood at the front of the room, flipping through **PowerPoint slides with the enthusiasm of a woman who had long given up on life**.

“Sensitivity Training: Creating a Safe, Inclusive, and Non-Threatening Work Environment,” the slide read.

Jaxon squinted at it. “Is this training... mandatory?”

Linda sighed. “Yes, Mr. Cross.”

Jaxon smirked. "Even for **me**?"

Linda's left eye **twitched**.

"**Especially** for you, sir."

Savannah smothered a laugh.

Linda **cleared her throat**, flipping to the next slide.

"Lesson One: What Counts as Harassment?"

Jaxon **leaned forward**, resting his chin on his palm like this was the **most fascinating thing he'd ever heard**.

"So," he said smoothly. *"Is sarcasm considered harassment?"*

Savannah stiffened.

Linda **rubbed her temples**.

"Technically, no, but if used in an aggressive—"

Jaxon turned to Savannah.

"See? I'm legally allowed to mock you as much as I want."

Savannah **glared**. "Oh, great. I'm so relieved."

Linda **clicked her pen aggressively**.

"Moving on."

The next slide appeared.

"Lesson Two: Proper Workplace Boundaries."

Jaxon lifted an eyebrow. "Oh, this should be good."

Savannah shot him a **murderous** look. "You have **never** respected a boundary in your entire life."

Jaxon placed a hand on his chest, **mock-offended**. "That's not true. Just last week, I waited **a full five minutes** before responding to a congressional subpoena."

Linda **blinked in horror**.

Savannah **massaged her temples**. "Linda, please move to the next slide before I physically throw him out a window."

Linda nodded **gratefully**.

"Lesson Three: How to Engage in Constructive Workplace Conversations Without Causing Emotional Damage."

Jaxon snorted. "That sounds **boring**."

Savannah gritted her teeth. "Not **everything** has to be about you, Cross."

Jaxon turned his gaze on her, and Savannah **immediately regretted speaking**.

Because there it was—that **dangerous, amused, ridiculously smug look** that meant he was about to **say something deeply infuriating**.

"You know, Savannah," he said smoothly, "you accuse me of never respecting boundaries, but let's be honest—"

He **leaned in**.

"You wouldn't like me half as much if I did."

Savannah's **brain short-circuited**.

Riley—who had **somehow** snuck into the training—choked on her coffee.

Linda **looked seconds away from quitting**.

Savannah **narrowed her eyes**.

"I do **not** like you," she hissed.

Jaxon **grinned**. "You keep telling yourself that, Steele."

Linda **smacked the next slide button like her life depended on it**.

Disaster Bisexual and the Billionaire Whisperer

Three **excruciating hours later**, sensitivity training was **finally over**.

Savannah **stormed out of the room**, Riley **hot on her heels**.

"Okay," Riley said, **grinning wildly**. "I'm gonna need you to unpack **whatever the hell just happened in there**."

Savannah **groaned**. "Nothing happened."

Riley's **entire face screamed disbelief**.

"Girl. You just spent **three hours in the world's most sexually tense HR seminar**. Jaxon Cross was **flirting with you so hard it physically hurt to watch**."

Savannah **stopped walking**.

She turned to Riley, **dead serious**.

"Riley. I need you to listen to me **very carefully**."

Riley nodded, **intrigued**.

Savannah took a deep breath.

"I would rather **swallow a USB drive** than ever **develop feelings for that man**."

Riley blinked.

Then she **grinned**.

"Oh my God," she whispered. "You're already in love with him."

Savannah **made an inhuman noise**.

The Art of the Billionaire Power Move

Savannah made a **beeline** for her office, **desperate to get some actual work done**, but the moment she walked in—

Jaxon was already there.

Sitting in her chair.

Drinking **her** coffee.

Looking **infuriatingly comfortable, like he owned the place**.

Which—unfortunately—**he did**.

Savannah slammed her hands on the desk.

"GET. OUT."

Jaxon looked up, **completely unfazed**.

"You know," he said, sipping her coffee, "I expected you to have a stronger caffeine preference. This is... disappointingly weak."

Savannah stared at him.

Jaxon **smirked**.

Savannah **launched a anti-stress ball at his head**.

He **dodged it effortlessly**.

"Wow," he said. "Violence **before noon**? You must really be into me."

Savannah **groaned**.

"Why are you in my office?" she demanded.

Jaxon took another **obnoxiously slow sip** of her coffee.

"Just wanted to check in on my star journalist."

Savannah scoffed. "**Star journalist**? You literally tried to fire me last night!"

Jaxon shrugged. *"That was before I realized I actually enjoy arguing with you."*

Savannah **gaped at him**.

"That is **not** a reason to keep someone employed."

Jaxon smirked. *"It is in capitalism."*

Savannah **ripped the coffee out of his hands**.

Jaxon **grinned wider**.

"I knew you liked me."

Savannah **wanted to scream**.

Instead, she **did the most dangerous thing possible**.

She sat down.

And, **against all logic**, she met his gaze.

"Why did you really buy Bohiney?" she asked, voice low.

Jaxon leaned forward, **something unreadable flickering across his face**.

"Because you fascinate me."

Savannah's **heart pounded**.

She **hated that answer**.

But **even worse...**

She didn't **hate the way it made her feel**.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 4: Twitter Polls and Marriage Proposals

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“NEW SOCIAL EXPERIMENT: Should Major Life Decisions Be Decided by Twitter Polls? Billionaire Jaxon Cross Thinks So”

Savannah Steele had **always** suspected that Jaxon Cross was **one catastrophic decision away from breaking the world.**

She just **didn't expect** to be part of that decision.

Because **right now, as she sat in her office**, desperately trying to write an article titled *“Billionaires Are Just Goblins in Gucci Suits,”* her phone **exploded with notifications.**

She frowned, grabbed it, and read the first **truly horrifying** thing she had ever seen.

Jaxon Cross @Jaxon_X

“Should I date Savannah Steele, fire her, or buy The New York Times just to shut it down?”

[ Date her (45%)]

[ Fire her (12%)]

[ Investigate her for collusion with the deep state (43%)]

Savannah stared.

Her brain refused to function.

Her body refused to move.

Her entire **existence** shattered into **a million tiny pieces.**

Then, from across the office—

"OH MY GOD," Riley screamed.

Savannah **threw her phone at the wall.**

Welcome to Absolute, Unhinged Chaos

Riley **stormed into Savannah's office**, holding **her own phone like it was a smoking gun**.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?" she screeched.

Savannah was **still trying to breathe**.

Riley **threw the phone down** on the desk, and there it was, still glowing like **a portal to hell**.

Jaxon's **stupid** tweet.

His **stupid** Twitter poll.

His **stupid, smug, billionaire energy** radiating through the screen.

Savannah **pressed her hands into her temples**.

"Okay," she said, **very, very slowly**. "I am going to need someone—anyone—to explain to me how my **love life** just became a **democracy**."

Riley **cackled**. "This is the funniest thing that has ever happened to anyone, ever."

Savannah **threw a anti-stress ball at her**.

Riley **dodged it**.

"NO, BUT SERIOUSLY," Riley continued, **still grinning like an absolute menace**. "Your entire romantic future is now in the hands of Twitter users. **This is how democracy dies**."

Savannah groaned. "This is not funny."

Riley **wiped away an imaginary tear**. "Oh, bestie. It is **hysterical**."

Savannah grabbed her phone, **shaking with rage**, and **started typing furiously**.

Savannah Steele @SavannahBitesBack

"DELETE THIS POLL IMMEDIATELY OR I WILL FILE A RESTRAINING ORDER."

Jaxon's **response was instant**.

Jaxon Cross @Jaxon_X

"Afraid of the results? Democracy is a beautiful thing, Savannah."

Savannah **let out an actual scream.**

Meanwhile, in the Villain's Lair

Jaxon Cross was having **the time of his life.**

He sat at **his massive desk**, feet kicked up, phone **refreshing in real-time** as thousands of people **voted on Savannah's fate.**

Across from him, his assistant **Jackie**, a woman who had **absolutely zero patience left for his nonsense**, was **staring at him like he had just declared war on reality.**

"Jaxon," she said, **very slowly**, "You **cannot** turn a woman's love life into a Twitter poll."

Jaxon shrugged. "Why not?"

Jackie **massaged her temples.** "Because that is **objectively insane.**"

Jaxon smirked. "So is **owning Twitter**, but look where we are."

Jackie inhaled sharply. "You **do not own Twitter.**"

Jaxon gave her **an infuriatingly lazy grin.** "Yet."

Jackie groaned. "Oh my God."

Jaxon **refreshed the poll again**, watching the votes **tick up.**

"Forty-five percent," he mused. "Not bad. **Not great, but not bad.**"

Jackie stared. "Are you—are you **worried** about your approval rating??"

Jaxon raised an eyebrow. "Jackie, my **entire life** is an approval rating."

Jackie threw up her hands. "I need a raise."

Jaxon smirked. "Consider it done."

How to Respond to a Billionaire's Meltdown Purchase

Back at **Bohiney HQ**, Savannah was **spiraling**.

Because **not only was this poll real**, but it was also **gaining traction**.

Journalists were reporting on it.

Celebrities were weighing in.

A sitting U.S. Senator had just quote-tweeted it with the words, "The American people deserve answers."

Savannah's entire body **went numb**.

She turned to Riley, **completely blank-faced**.

"I think I'm going to faint."

Riley patted her on the back. "That's valid."

Savannah groaned. "How do I stop this?"

Riley **took a long sip of her iced coffee**, looking **deeply entertained**.

"Option one," she said, **counting on her fingers**. "You could just... ignore it."

Savannah **stared**. "I AM PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF IGNORING IT."

"Fair," Riley admitted.

"Option two," she continued, "You could **play into it**. Get Twitter on your side. **Start a campaign**."

Savannah frowned. "What kind of campaign?"

Riley grinned.

"One that **tanks his poll**."

Operation: Tank Jaxon's Poll

Ten minutes later, Savannah was typing **furiously**.

Savannah Steele @SavannahBitesBack

"If you vote 'fire me,' I'll leak Jaxon's tax records. If you vote 'investigate me,' I'll drop a tell-all. CHOOSE WISELY."

The response was **instant**.

The votes **shifted dramatically**.

Jaxon **saw it happen in real-time** and nearly **spit out his whiskey**.

Jackie, standing nearby, **grinned**. "Oh, she's good."

Jaxon **gritted his teeth**.

"She thinks she can beat me," he muttered.

Jackie smirked. "She already is."

Jaxon refreshed the poll **again**, and there it was—

Date her: **35%**

Fire her: **30%**

Investigate her: **35%**

Jaxon **narrowed his eyes**.

Then, with a slow, **devious smirk**, he typed:

Jaxon Cross @Jaxon_X

"If you vote 'date her,' I'll donate \$10 million to animal shelters."

Savannah's **jaw dropped**.

Riley **snorted so hard she almost fell over**.

"Oh my God," Riley gasped, "He's **weaponizing puppies against you**."

Savannah **let out an actual scream**.

Meanwhile, in the Senate

At that **exact moment**, somewhere in Washington, D.C., a room full of **very old, very confused** politicians were staring at **a giant screen displaying Jaxon's poll**.

A Senator squinted. "So... is she fired?"

A Congressional aide whispered, "Sir, we don't actually have jurisdiction over billionaire Twitter polls."

The Senator frowned. "Then why am I **reading about this in The New York Times**?"

Silence.

The aide cleared his throat. "Sir... Jaxon is considering buying The New York Times."

The Senator **had to sit down**.

The Results Are In...

One hour later, the poll **ended**.

Savannah's **phone buzzed**.

She opened Twitter.

She stared.

She went **completely still**.

Then, she slowly **turned to Riley**.

Riley **leaned in**. "What happened?"

Savannah swallowed.

Then, with **the most exhausted, horrified voice imaginable**, she whispered:

"I think I just got engaged."

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chapter 5: Viktor's Yacht, Russian Sanctions, and the Love Triangle That Could Start a War

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: The U.S. Government Has No Idea How to Handle Billionaire Love Triangles, Sources Say”

Savannah Steele was **having a very bad day**.

She had woken up that morning expecting **to drink a full pot of coffee, write a scathing takedown of capitalism, and avoid making eye contact with Jaxon Cross**.

Instead, she had:

1. **Become a trending topic on Twitter.**
2. **Unwillingly participated in the first-ever crowdsourced engagement proposal.**
3. **Received a text message from a literal Russian oligarch that simply read: "Dinner?"**

She was **one bad decision away** from starting an international incident.

Enter: Viktor Orlov, Suspiciously Charming Billionaire

Viktor Orlov was the kind of man who **made spies nervous**.

He had **a smile that could end negotiations, an accent that made reporters swoon, and more shell corporations than actual hobbies**.

And for **some inexplicable reason**, he had taken a very keen interest in Savannah.

So when she received an **invitation to meet him on his yacht**, Savannah had **exactly three thoughts**.

1. **This is probably a trap.**
2. **If it's a trap, at least I'll die with good champagne.**
3. **Jaxon is going to absolutely lose his mind.**

And because **self-destruction was her brand**, she went anyway.

Meanwhile, Jaxon Cross Was Not Okay

Jaxon Cross was experiencing an emotion he did not recognize.

It was **ugly, inconvenient, and vaguely reminiscent of the time he tried to corner the cryptocurrency market and accidentally tanked his own stock.**

In other words: **he was losing control.**

Jackie, his assistant, watched as he **paced his office**, refreshing Twitter like a man on the verge of committing an **FBI-monitored crime.**

"Sir," she said. "Do you need me to book you a therapy session?"

Jaxon **stopped pacing.**

"She's on his yacht," he muttered.

Jackie blinked. "Oh. We're in that stage already."

Jaxon **threw his phone onto the couch.**

"He's going to try to recruit her," he snapped.

Jackie tilted her head. "Recruit her? Or steal her?"

Jaxon **scowled.**

Jackie smirked. "Oh. You have **feelings.**"

Jaxon pointed at the door. "Get out."

Jackie **did not move.**

"Sir," she said. "You could just... I don't know. Admit you like her and do something **normal** about it."

Jaxon folded his arms. "I'm a billionaire. I don't do **normal.**"

Jackie nodded. "Right. My mistake. Would you like me to call in an airstrike instead?"

Jaxon considered it.

Jackie **stared.**

Jaxon sighed.

"Fine," he muttered. "Get me a helicopter."

Jackie **grinned**. "Now we're talking."

Meanwhile, on the World's Most Suspicious Yacht...

Savannah had been on **exactly two yachts in her life**.

The first time, she was **reporting on a Wall Street scandal**, and she spent **the entire time being offered champagne by men named Chad who thought insider trading was a personality trait**.

The second time? **Right now**.

And this was **not a normal yacht**.

It was a **floating fortress**—easily the size of a **small country**, complete with a **private chef, an infinity pool, and a very ominous number of security guards**.

Viktor Orlov was waiting for her at the **grand dining table**, dressed in a **tailored suit that probably cost more than her entire life**.

"Ah," he said, standing as she approached. "Savannah Steele. Finally, we meet in person."

Savannah **stopped just short of the table**.

"You invited me onto your yacht," she said, arms crossed. "Should I be concerned?"

Viktor **smiled slowly**.

"That depends," he murmured. "Are you afraid of power?"

Savannah sighed. "Okay. Yeah. That's a **deeply** suspicious answer."

Viktor **laughed**, motioning for her to sit.

"You are interesting," he said. "Smart. Dangerous. A journalist who understands the game better than most politicians."

Savannah **raised an eyebrow**.

"Are you **flirting with me** or **recruiting me**?"

Viktor **smirked**.

"Why not both?"

Jaxon Cross, Certified Homewrecker

Jaxon **was not the kind of man who waited**.

So when he **landed a helicopter** on Viktor Orlov's yacht **without permission**, Savannah was **not even remotely surprised**.

Viktor, however, looked **very amused**.

Jaxon strode onto the deck, **radiating billionaire entitlement**, and stopped directly in front of the table.

"Ah," Viktor said, sipping his wine. "I was wondering when you'd arrive."

Savannah put her head in her hands. "This is my life now."

Jaxon **ignored her**.

Instead, he **focused entirely on Viktor**.

"She's leaving," Jaxon said flatly.

Viktor **smirked**. "And she cannot decide for herself?"

Jaxon clenched his jaw. "She's not **stupid enough** to work for you."

Savannah **sighed dramatically**.

"I'm **literally right here**," she muttered.

Jaxon glanced at her. "Get up."

Savannah **arched an eyebrow**. "Excuse me?"

Jaxon **grabbed her hand**, pulled her to her feet, and **very deliberately** looked her in the eyes.

"I said," he repeated, voice **low and commanding**, "get. up."

Savannah's **heart stopped**.

Because Jaxon **wasn't just demanding.**

He was **daring her.**

Viktor, still lounging in his chair, **watched the entire exchange with blatant amusement.**

"Well," Viktor murmured. "This is fun."

Savannah **glared at Jaxon.**

"I hate you," she said.

Jaxon **smirked.**

"No, you don't."

Savannah **hated** that he was right.

Because she was already **getting up.**

Already **walking toward the helicopter.**

Already **choosing him.**

And Jaxon?

He **knew it.**

International Incident, Aisle Five

The moment they were **in the air**, Savannah **rounded on him.**

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?" she shouted.

Jaxon **smirked.** "That was me rescuing you."

Savannah **threw her hands up.** "RESCUING ME FROM WHAT? A FREE DINNER?"

Jaxon **tilted his head.** "A trap."

Savannah narrowed her eyes. "Or maybe you just didn't want him to steal me from you."

Jaxon's smirk **vanished.**

Savannah **froze**.

Because **for the first time ever**, Jaxon **didn't have a comeback**.

She **exhaled sharply**.

"Oh my God," she whispered. "You're actually jealous."

Jaxon **looked away**. "Don't be ridiculous."

Savannah's **brain short-circuited**.

"Jaxon."

Nothing.

No sarcastic remarks.

No arrogant smirk.

Just... **silence**.

Savannah's **heart did a thing**.

A **very, very dangerous thing**.

Because Jaxon Cross?

He wasn't **playing games anymore**.

And Savannah?

She had **no idea what to do about it**.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 6: Congressional Hearings and Romantic Monologues

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Billionaire Love Triangle Accidentally Becomes Congressional Crisis—Again”

Savannah Steele had always known that **dating a billionaire would be a bad idea.**

She just **didn’t expect it to be a national security threat.**

Because **right now**, as she sat in front of a **packed congressional hearing**, she realized **her life had fully spiraled into absolute chaos.**

At the witness stand, a **U.S. senator was holding up a blown-up image of Jaxon’s infamous Twitter poll**, pointing at it **like it was a crime scene photo.**

Savannah **wanted to die.**

Meanwhile, Jaxon Cross Was Loving Every Second of This

Jaxon Cross had **never been to a congressional hearing before.**

But if **this** was what they were like? **He might start attending for fun.**

Because this was **hysterical.**

A room full of **deeply confused politicians** were **grilling Savannah like she was a hostile witness**, and Jaxon was **watching from the back, sipping an overpriced espresso and enjoying the show.**

Across from him, **Viktor Orlov was also watching, completely unbothered.**

Every so often, they would **exchange looks**, like two men who were **very aware they were breaking the world in real-time.**

The Official Investigation into Savannah Steele’s Love Life

"Miss Steele," Senator Graham said, squinting at her. "Are you aware that your **romantic entanglements** have caused an **international crisis**?"

Savannah's **left eye twitched**.

"Sir," she said slowly, "I am a journalist. I am **not** a national security risk."

The senator **cleared his throat**.

"Miss Steele, you are ****currently in the middle of a love triangle involving the most reckless billionaire in America and the most suspicious billionaire in Russia. How is that not a national security risk?**"

Savannah sighed.

"With all due respect, sir," she said, "I don't think my dating life should be the **government's** business."

Another senator **leaned in**.

"Miss Steele," he said. "There is currently **a Twitter account dedicated to tracking your every move**. How do you respond?"

Savannah's **jaw dropped**.

"Wait, WHAT?"

One of the aides **clicked a remote**, and a **giant screen** lit up, revealing a Twitter page:

@SavannahWatchdog

Follower Count: 1.2 Million

Pinned Tweet: *"BREAKING: Savannah Steele seen getting coffee. WHO PAID FOR IT??"*

Savannah **stared**.

She turned to the senators.

"Is... is this **real**?"

One of them nodded. "It's very real."

Savannah **threw up her hands**.

"Okay, so, just to recap," she said, voice rising, "I am currently sitting in a **congressional hearing** about **my love life**, while **1.2 million people** are stalking me **in real time**. Is that where we're at??"

"Yes," the senator said gravely.

Savannah let out an **exhausted groan**.

Meanwhile, the Billionaire Rivals Were Completely Unbothered

In the back of the room, **Viktor Orlov turned to Jaxon Cross**.

"Your government is fascinating," Viktor murmured.

Jaxon smirked. "Oh, this is nothing. You should've seen them **try to regulate cryptocurrency**."

Viktor chuckled. "They think I'm dangerous?"

Jaxon took a sip of his coffee. "Oh, you definitely are."

Viktor smiled. "And you are not?"

Jaxon shrugged. "I'm a genius. That makes me **predictably dangerous**."

Viktor **leaned back, amused**.

"You think she will choose you?"

Jaxon smirked.

"She already has."

Viktor's **eyes darkened**.

"Careful, Cross," he murmured. "There are some things even your money can't buy."

Jaxon **just smiled**.

"We'll see."

The Moment That Broke the Internet

The hearing had been a **disaster**.

But then, **Jaxon decided to make it worse**.

Because just as Savannah **thought she was free to leave**, Jaxon **stood up in the back of the room and said—**

"For the record, she's not just my employee. She's my fiancée."

The room **erupted**.

Viktor **went completely still**.

Savannah **lost all ability to function**.

The senators **looked personally offended**.

The press **descended like vultures**.

Jaxon just **smirked**.

Savannah **snapped**.

How to Ruin a Billionaire in 60 Seconds

Savannah **marched up to Jaxon, grabbed him by the collar, and whispered—**

"I. Am. Going. To. Kill. You."

Jaxon **grinned**.

"But then who will take you to the wedding?"

Savannah **screamed internally**.

Viktor, **watching all of this unfold**, sighed.

"This is becoming very inconvenient," he muttered.

Savannah whirled on him.

"Oh, **you** think this is inconvenient?"

Viktor smiled. "Deeply."

Jaxon **leaned in, completely unfazed.**

"Face it, sweetheart," he murmured. "I win."

Savannah **hated him.**

But worse?

She was **starting to think he was right.**

To Be Continued...

Chapter 7: Building Walls (Around Our Hearts)

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Billionaire Jaxon Cross Allegedly Builds Emotional Wall Around Heart, Says Ex ‘Will Pay for It’”

Savannah Steele **was running out of patience.**

She had **survived** a billionaire Twitter poll deciding her fate, a **yacht rendezvous with a suspiciously attractive Russian oligarch**, and a **literal congressional hearing about her love life.**

But **this?**

This was **worse.**

Because **right now**, Jaxon Cross—the **human equivalent of an economic recession**—was **standing in front of a blueprint for an actual wall.**

A literal. Physical. Billionaire-funded. Wall.

And Savannah was **two seconds away from strangling him.**

Jaxon Cross, the Man Who Had Never Heard of ‘Personal Space’

Savannah stood in **the center of Jaxon’s absurdly large office**, arms crossed, watching as he **gestured dramatically toward the giant architectural plans behind him.**

"You have **lost your entire mind**," she said flatly.

Jaxon smirked. "That is **factually incorrect.**"

Savannah exhaled **deeply**. "Okay. So just to be clear—you are actually **building a wall** around your mansion."

"Yes."

"Because...?"

Jaxon shrugged. "Security. Privacy. Aesthetic. You know, the usual."

Savannah **stared**. "Jaxon. Your house already has **gates, guards, and a retina scanner**."

Jaxon took a sip of his espresso. "And now it will also have **a wall**."

Savannah threw up her hands.

"Okay, so you're **physically building a barrier around yourself**. How very on-brand."

Jaxon **tilted his head**. "Are you suggesting this is a **metaphor** for my emotional unavailability?"

Savannah **narrowed her eyes**. "I'm suggesting that **if you had a therapist, they would be having an aneurysm right now**."

Jaxon **chuckled**. "Good thing I don't have one, then."

Savannah let out an **actual groan**.

Meanwhile, Riley Was Absolutely Losing Her Mind

Riley Mercer was **having the time of her life**.

Because **across the room**, she was sitting on Jaxon's **very expensive leather couch**, sipping an **obnoxiously large iced coffee**, and watching her best friend **slowly implode**.

"Okay, wait," she said, **grinning**. "So, just to summarize—you two are basically in an **enemies-to-lovers slow burn** where instead of communicating, you just do **wildly dramatic things to annoy each other**?"

Jaxon **smirked**. "I don't see a problem."

Savannah **glared**. "I hate you."

Jaxon grinned. "I love that for us."

A Billionaire's Guide to Self-Destruction

Jaxon **knew** Savannah would react like this.

He had known **from the moment he had the idea**.

But that **didn't stop him from doing it anyway.**

Because Jaxon Cross **didn't do things halfway.**

So when he decided to **emotionally barricade himself**, he did what any **reasonable** tech billionaire would do.

He **called an architect.**

He **designed the plans himself.**

And now?

Now, he was **building an actual, fortress-level wall around his estate.**

The best part?

Savannah was **furious.**

Which meant it was **working.**

The Art of the Stupidly Dramatic Gesture

Savannah paced the room, **completely at her wit's end.**

"Jaxon," she said, "this is **not** normal behavior."

Jaxon shrugged. "Neither is a **congressional hearing about your relationship status.**"

Savannah groaned.

"This is just like your **Twitter poll disaster.** You can't just—just—**solve your emotional issues with public displays of insanity.**"

Jaxon **grinned.** "Can't I?"

Savannah **threw a pillow at him.**

Jaxon **caught it effortlessly.**

"You know," he said, **completely unbothered,** "I think you're just mad because you're part of the problem."

Savannah **froze.**

"What?"

Jaxon smirked. "You heard me."

Savannah narrowed her eyes. "Elaborate."

Jaxon **tilted his head**. "If I'm emotionally unavailable, then why are you still here?"

Savannah **felt her stomach flip**.

Because **damn it**—he was right.

She had every reason to walk away.

Every reason to tell him to **go build his stupid wall and leave her out of it**.

And yet?

Here she was.

Still **standing in his office**.

Still **arguing with him**.

Still **not leaving**.

Savannah **hated this**.

Hated **him**.

Hated that she was **so damn predictable**.

But most of all?

She hated that **part of her didn't actually want to walk away**.

The One Thing Money Couldn't Buy

Jaxon watched Savannah's expression shift.

She was thinking.

Calculating.

Trying to decide if she should **stay or burn the entire building down.**

And God, he **loved that about her.**

So he did something **wildly reckless.**

Something that **defied every billionaire instinct in his body.**

He took a step closer.

And said, very, **very softly—**

"What if I took the wall down?"

Savannah **stilled.**

Her breath **hitched.**

Jaxon **leaned in slightly.**

"What if I stopped running?"

Savannah's **pulse skyrocketed.**

Because suddenly?

This **wasn't a game anymore.**

Suddenly, it wasn't about **winning or losing.**

It wasn't about **walls or Twitter polls or public scandals.**

It was just **him.**

Standing **right in front of her.**

Asking her **the one question she never expected.**

And **for the first time ever...**

Savannah **didn't have an answer.**

Meanwhile, the Internet Was Having a Meltdown

At that **exact moment**, Savannah's phone **buzzed aggressively**.

She **snapped out of her trance**, yanked it out of her pocket—

And **immediately screamed**.

Riley, still lounging nearby, **squinted at the screen**.

"Uh," she said. "Why is Jaxon trending again?"

Savannah **threw her phone onto the couch**.

Jaxon raised an eyebrow. "What now?"

Riley picked up the phone, **started reading**, and **cackled**.

"Oh my GOD," she wheezed. "You two have **officially** lost control of the narrative."

Savannah **whirled on Jaxon**.

"This is **your fault**."

Jaxon smirked. "Technically, **everything is my fault**."

Savannah **let out an actual scream**.

The World's Most Chaotic Love Story, Coming Soon

By the time Savannah **escaped Jaxon's office**, she had exactly **three goals**.

1. **Avoid him.**
2. **Avoid the Internet.**
3. **Avoid whatever existential crisis she was now experiencing.**

Spoiler alert?

She would fail at **all three**.

Because this story?

It was **far from over**.

And Savannah Steele?

She was about to realize that **once Jaxon Cross set his sights on something... he never let it go.**

Especially not **when that something was her.**

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chapter 8: Fake News and Passionate Kisses

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“EXCLUSIVE: Jaxon Cross Finally Breaks—Billionaire Admits Feelings, World Braces for Impact”

Savannah Steele had survived **a billionaire Twitter poll engagement, a congressional hearing about her love life, and an oligarch’s yacht with a suspiciously large number of armed security guards.**

But **this?**

This was the final boss battle.

Because right now, she was standing **at the top of Jaxon Cross’s penthouse**, the skyline of Manhattan glowing behind them, and she was faced with **the single most terrifying thing she had ever encountered.**

Jaxon.

Being **emotionally vulnerable.**

Twelve Hours Earlier...

Savannah had spent **the entire morning** trying to **avoid the internet.**

Which was **nearly impossible**, considering that **she was still trending.**

People were **debating her life like it was a Supreme Court case.**

- *Should she marry Jaxon?*
- *Was Viktor Orlov the better choice?*
- *Did she secretly work for the CIA?*

And, of course, the most **important question of all:**

- *Why did billionaires keep falling in love with her?*

Savannah **would like to know the answer to that one herself.**

Jaxon Cross, Billionaire Menace, in Full Damage Control Mode

Meanwhile, Jaxon was **losing his entire mind**.

His PR team was **screaming**.

His board members were **having heart attacks**.

And Viktor Orlov had **just texted him a single champagne emoji**.

Which meant **one thing and one thing only**.

Jaxon was losing.

And Jaxon Cross?

He **did not lose**.

The Billionaire's Grand Gesture, or, The Part Where Jaxon Cross Finally Breaks

Savannah had just **sat down to drink her third coffee of the day** when her phone **buzzed aggressively**.

She looked at the screen.

And **froze**.

Jaxon Cross @Jaxon_X
"Savannah Steele. Rooftop. Now."

Savannah **blinked**.

Riley, sitting across from her, **read the tweet over her shoulder and choked on her coffee**.

"OH MY GOD," she shrieked. "DID HE JUST SUMMON YOU?"

Savannah **groaned**.

"I hate him so much."

Riley **gasped dramatically**. "No, you don't."

Savannah grabbed her coffee and stood.

"This is probably a trap."

Riley grinned.

"Then I **cannot wait** to see what happens next."

The Rooftop Showdown of the Century

Savannah stepped onto **Jaxon's penthouse rooftop**, fully prepared for **whatever brand of nonsense he had planned**.

But she was **not prepared** for this.

Because Jaxon?

He wasn't smirking.

He wasn't making **some ridiculous quip**.

He was just... **watching her**.

Like she was **the most dangerous thing in the world**.

Savannah's **stomach flipped**.

"Okay," she said, crossing her arms. "What's your problem now?"

Jaxon exhaled sharply.

"You, Savannah," he muttered. "You are my problem."

Savannah's **breath caught**.

Jaxon **took a step closer**.

"You're in my head," he admitted. "You're in my life. You're in **everything I do**. And for the first time in my entire existence, I can't just... fix it with money or power or some **stupid, reckless business decision**."

Savannah **stared**.

Because this?

This was real.

Jaxon Cross—the **most untouchable man in the world**—was **finally, finally breaking**.

And it was because of **her**.

Savannah's pulse **hammered**.

"Jaxon," she whispered.

He closed the distance between them.

"You drive me insane," he muttered. "You fight me at every turn. You make my life **absolute hell**. And somehow..."

His voice dropped lower.

"Somehow, I don't want to live in a world where you're not by my side."

Savannah's heart **stopped**.

Because this?

This was **dangerous**.

She had spent her entire life **tearing down men like him**.

And now?

Now she was **falling for one**.

Jaxon cupped her face, tilting her chin up.

"Tell me to stop," he murmured.

Savannah's breath **shook**.

She should.

She absolutely **should**.

But instead?

She closed the distance.

And kissed him like **her life depended on it**.

The Internet Absolutely Implodes

Within **seconds**, Twitter **exploded**.

Because a **paparazzi helicopter** had caught the entire thing.

The footage was **everywhere**.

Savannah Steele, known **billionaire critic and chaos magnet**, kissing **Jaxon Cross** on a **rooftop like it was the goddamn finale of a rom-com**.

Riley, watching the video, **screamed**.

Viktor Orlov, sipping his vodka, **laughed**.

And the entire world?

Lost. Their. Minds.

The Fallout, or, The Billionaire Who Finally Fell

The next morning, Savannah woke up to a **phone call**.

She answered groggily.

"Hello?"

"You have ruined me," Jaxon muttered.

Savannah **snorted**.

"Good."

She could hear him **smirking**.

"I don't think you understand," he said. "I am no longer a billionaire. I am simply **a man in love with Savannah Steele**."

Savannah **laughed**.

"Wow," she teased. "Sounds awful."

Jaxon **sighed dramatically.**

"Truly the worst thing that has ever happened to me."

Savannah rolled her eyes.

And smiled.

Because somehow, some way...

This absolute **disaster of a love story had actually worked.**

And Jaxon Cross?

Was **hers.**

For better.

For worse.

And for **every single scandal yet to come.**

The End.

Next in the Series:

Title: Love, Lies, and Offshore Accounts

Tagline: *They survived a Twitter poll engagement, a congressional hearing, and a yacht showdown—now, can they survive marriage, billion-dollar scandals, and an international manhunt?*