

MAGA Romance #2

Love, Lies, and Offshore Accounts

Chapter 1: We're Not Fugitives, We're Just... Traveling Quickly

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Billionaire Jaxon Cross and Investigative Journalist Savannah Steele Missing—Government Labels Them ‘Persons of Interest’”

Savannah Steele woke up to the sound of **Jaxon Cross swearing**.

Which, under normal circumstances, would be **fairly typical**—considering that Jaxon was a **billionaire with a chronic inability to handle minor inconveniences**.

But **today?**

Today was **different**.

Because today, they were **technically fugitives**.

Twelve Hours Earlier...

Savannah had been **at home, minding her own business**, when the **FBI showed up at her door**.

"Miss Steele," one of them had said, flipping open a **very official-looking badge**.

Savannah had **blinked**.

"Uh. Can I help you?"

The agent had sighed.

"You are **a person of interest** in an ongoing investigation into Jaxon Cross and potential **financial crimes, tax evasion, and securities fraud.**"

Savannah had **laughed.**

Because obviously, this was **a joke.**

She was **not a criminal.**

She was a **satirical journalist who spent 90% of her time making fun of rich people.**

And now, apparently, she was **suspected of committing financial crimes with the most unhinged billionaire in America.**

Amazing.

Meanwhile, Jaxon Cross Was Doing What He Did Best: Making Everything Worse

At the exact moment Savannah was being **interrogated by federal agents**, Jaxon Cross was in **his penthouse, drinking an espresso and committing some light insider trading.**

His phone rang.

It was **his assistant, Jackie.**

"Sir," she said, "just a heads-up—**the FBI is actively trying to arrest you.**"

Jaxon took a sip of his coffee.

"On what grounds?"

"Uh, well," Jackie said. "They've got **a few theories.** Something about ****offshore accounts, falsified tax documents, securities fraud—**"

"That's all **circumstantial,**" Jaxon muttered.

Jackie sighed.

"Sir. They **froze your assets.**"

Jaxon **paused.**

Then, **very calmly,** he picked up his phone, opened a banking app, and checked his **net worth.**

It had gone from **\$42 billion** to **negative \$35 in a matter of seconds**.

Jaxon **stared**.

Jackie **cleared her throat**.

"Would you like me to book you a **therapy session** or a **private jet**?"

Jaxon finished his espresso.

"Both."

Savannah Steele, Unwilling Accomplice

Savannah was **in the middle of arguing with the FBI** when **her phone buzzed**.

She glanced at the screen.

It was **Jaxon**.

She sighed and **answered**.

"What do you want?"

Jaxon's voice was **infuriatingly calm**.

"Savannah, how do you feel about Monaco?"

Savannah frowned.

"...The country?"

"Yes. The very rich, very extradition-free country."

Savannah **blinked**.

"Jaxon. Are you **fleeing the country right now**?"

Jaxon **ignored that**.

"Hypothetically," he said, "if I sent a private jet to your location, would you be interested in a vacation?"

Savannah turned to the **FBI agents currently searching her apartment**.

She **sighed**.

Then she said the **dumbest thing imaginable**.

"Fine. Pick me up in an hour."

The Billionaire's Escape Plan (Which Was Not a Plan at All)

Jaxon's idea of a 'low-key getaway' was **chartering a jet the size of a small shopping mall**.

The moment Savannah **stepped inside**, she knew she had made **a terrible decision**.

Because Jaxon?

Jaxon was **completely unbothered**.

He was **lounging on one of the plush leather seats**, scrolling through his phone like he wasn't currently **a fugitive**.

Savannah **collapsed into the seat across from him**.

"Jaxon," she said, **rubbing her temples**. "Explain to me, in very clear terms, why I am currently on a **private jet with you, fleeing federal authorities**."

Jaxon looked up, **dead serious**.

"Because you love me."

Savannah **threw a throw pillow at him**.

Jaxon **dodged effortlessly**.

"I hate you," Savannah muttered.

Jaxon **grinned**.

"You **keep saying that**."

Monaco: The Billionaire's Playground (and Their New Hideout)

The jet landed in **Monaco**, the **world's most suspiciously rich country**.

Jaxon led Savannah to a **penthouse that absolutely should not exist.**

It was the kind of place that looked **less like a home** and more like **a Bond villain's lair.**

- **There was an infinity pool.**
- **There was an indoor waterfall.**
- **There was a private art gallery filled with paintings Jaxon absolutely did not acquire legally.**

Savannah **groaned.**

"Jaxon," she said, "this is **not laying low.**"

Jaxon tossed his jacket onto the couch.

"I don't do 'low-key.'"

Savannah **collapsed into a chair.**

"I am **going to jail.**"

Jaxon **poured himself a drink.**

"Nah," he said. "I'm **too rich for jail.**"

Savannah narrowed her eyes.

"Correction: You **were** too rich for jail. **Your accounts are frozen, remember?**"

Jaxon took a **very long sip.**

"Ah," he said. "Right. That is a problem."

Savannah groaned.

"How do you still have the audacity of a man with \$42 billion?"

Jaxon smirked.

"Because I'll have it back in **48 hours.**"

Savannah **stared.**

Jaxon's grin widened.

"Ever heard of **offshore accounts?**"

The Part Where Savannah Realizes She's in Way Too Deep

Savannah was **done**.

Absolutely **done**.

Because not only was she **hiding out in Monaco with an international fugitive**, but now?

Now she was apparently part of a billionaire money-laundering scheme.

Jaxon handed her a glass of champagne.

Savannah **did not take it**.

Instead, she **glared**.

"Jaxon. Tell me **very clearly** what you've done."

Jaxon took a **slow sip**.

"Nothing **technically illegal**."

Savannah **scoffed**.

Jaxon grinned.

"Okay, fine. Maybe a little illegal."

Savannah **wanted to scream**.

Instead, she grabbed **his stupid glass of champagne** and took a long, **long** sip.

Jaxon **watched her with interest**.

"So," he said. "Now that we're here, what's next?"

Savannah **exhaled slowly**.

"I don't know," she admitted. "Probably **prison**."

Jaxon smirked.

"Not if we play our cards right."

Savannah **glared.**

Jaxon leaned in slightly.

"You trust me, don't you?"

Savannah's heart **skipped a beat.**

She **shouldn't.**

She **absolutely shouldn't.**

But instead of saying that?

She just whispered:

"I think that's the problem."

Jaxon **grinned.**

And Savannah?

She had **no idea how she was going to survive this man.**

To Be Continued...

Chapter 2: Welcome to Monaco, Don't Get Arrested

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Billionaire Jaxon Cross Spotted in Monaco, Likely Evading Taxes—Oh, and He Took Our Journalist With Him”

Savannah Steele had **several regrets**.

Regret #1: **Stepping onto Jaxon Cross's private jet.**

Regret #2: **Not immediately jumping out of it.**

Regret #3: **Becoming an international fugitive before her morning coffee.**

Because now?

Now she was **in Monaco**.

And Monaco was **exactly as unhinged** as she had expected.

Bohiney.com's Monaco Bureau (aka: Savannah in a Bathrobe, Screaming at Jaxon Cross)

Savannah sat on **the balcony of Jaxon's penthouse**, wearing a very expensive hotel bathrobe, staring at her laptop like it was **the last remaining connection to her former life**.

Because, despite being **on the run with an alleged billionaire fraudster**, Savannah was **still technically employed**.

And Bohiney.com?

They were **demanding an article**.

So she typed:

HEADLINE:

"I Am Not a Fugitive (I Think): Dispatches from a Billionaire's Getaway in Monaco"

By Savannah Steele

Look, I never thought I'd have to **write an article defending my own legal status**.

And yet, here we are.

For those of you following along at home, you may have seen my **name trending on Twitter**, attached to phrases like:

- **“Billionaire’s Runaway Bride?”**
- **“Did Savannah Steele Sell Out?”**
- **“BREAKING: Where Is She and Does She Have Offshore Accounts?”**

The answer to that last one, for the record, is **no**.

Unfortunately, **Jaxon Cross does**.

And that is **why I am currently in Monaco, drinking espresso on a billionaire’s balcony, trying to figure out if I am legally obligated to be here**.

More updates soon.

Savannah hit **publish**, slammed her laptop shut, and let out a **long, frustrated sigh**.

And then?

She heard **Jaxon’s voice**.

"So," he said smoothly, stepping onto the balcony. "What scandalous things are you writing about me today?"

Savannah **did not look up**.

"If I tell you, will you finally leave me alone?"

Jaxon **chuckled**. "Doubtful."

Savannah sighed **dramatically**.

"Jaxon," she said, **rubbing her temples**, "we need to talk about the fact that I am currently a **wanted woman**."

Jaxon took a sip of his coffee.

"Correction," he said. "You are currently **a woman drinking coffee in Monaco.**"

Savannah glared at him.

"Jaxon, the **U.S. government literally froze your accounts.**"

Jaxon **smirked.** "Only the ones they could find."

Savannah **threw a croissant at him.**

Jaxon **dodged effortlessly.**

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Profiting Off the Chaos

Back at Bohiney HQ, Riley Mercer was **having the best day of her life.**

Because **Savannah's escape to Monaco** had done **the impossible—**

It had made Bohiney.com **go viral.**

The website's **traffic had tripled overnight.**

And Riley?

She was **capitalizing on every second of it.**

NEW HEADLINES:

- *"BREAKING: Our Journalist Is in Monaco, and We Have Questions"*
- *"Billionaire Love Triangle? Why Viktor Orlov Might Also Be Involved"*
- *"Jaxon Cross and Savannah Steele: Is This the Most Unhinged Romance of Our Time?"*

Riley **kicked her feet up on her desk, sipping her iced coffee.**

"God," she muttered, scrolling through the chaos. "This is journalism at its peak."

Monaco: A Great Place to Hide (Unless You're Savannah Steele)

Savannah had been **in Monaco for exactly six hours**, and already, things were **getting out of hand.**

Because **somehow, people had figured out she was here.**

And by **people**, she meant **paparazzi**.

Lots of them.

She had been **casually walking through the hotel lobby**, trying to figure out **how to escape Jaxon Cross's orbit**, when suddenly—

FLASH.

She turned.

More cameras.

More photographers.

And then?

The yelling started.

"Savannah! Are you and Jaxon officially together?"

"Is Viktor Orlov involved?"

"Did you help Jaxon commit financial crimes?"

Savannah **froze**.

And then, before she could even process what was happening—

A hand grabbed her wrist.

A familiar voice murmured in her ear:

"Keep walking."

Jaxon.

Because of course it was Jaxon.

The Art of the Strategic Getaway

Jaxon **led Savannah through the hotel**, moving like a man who had done this before.

Because, to be fair, **he had**.

Being a **billionaire tech mogul with a questionable moral compass** meant **regular encounters with the press.**

And now?

Now Savannah was **part of the circus.**

Jaxon pulled her into **a side hallway, pressed a button, and—**

A secret elevator door slid open.

Savannah **blinked.**

"You have a **secret elevator?**"

Jaxon **smirked.**

"Sweetheart, I have secret everything."

Savannah **was going to scream.**

Welcome to the Monaco Safehouse (aka: Savannah's New Prison)

Savannah had **exactly zero time** to process what was happening before she found herself **inside yet another penthouse.**

This one was **less Bond villain, more luxury spy headquarters.**

- **The furniture?** Expensive and suspiciously untouchable.
- **The security system?** Probably monitored by an AI that could launch a missile if needed.
- **The kitchen?** Unused, because Jaxon Cross had never cooked a meal in his life.

Savannah **crossed her arms.**

"Okay," she said. "Where the hell are we?"

Jaxon **poured himself a drink.**

"Somewhere safe."

Savannah **narrowed her eyes.**

"Jaxon. **Is this an offshore hideout?**"

Jaxon sipped his drink.

"Legally?" he said. "No."

Savannah groaned.

Jaxon **grinned**.

"Relax," he said. "We're just **laying low for a bit**."

Savannah **stared**.

"Jaxon, there are **probably arrest warrants out for us right now**."

Jaxon shrugged. "Which is why we are here, **drinking very expensive whiskey and avoiding reality**."

Savannah **rubbed her temples**.

"I cannot believe I'm **hiding out in an offshore safehouse with you**."

Jaxon **leaned in**.

"You could always leave," he murmured.

Savannah's breath **hitched**.

Because **they both knew she wouldn't**.

She **was in too deep now**.

And worst of all?

Some **very stupid part of her** didn't actually want to leave.

Meanwhile, Viktor Orlov Was Making His Move

Somewhere, across Monaco, **Viktor Orlov sat in his private suite, sipping vodka, watching the news**.

His phone buzzed.

He glanced at the screen.

A message.

From **a government contact.**

"She's with Jaxon. For now."

Viktor smirked.

"Not for long," he murmured.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 3: The Art of Faking a Marriage for National Security Reasons

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Jaxon Cross and Savannah Steele to Wed? Monaco’s Most Wanted Couple Caught in Lavish Wedding Scheme”

Savannah Steele was **having an out-of-body experience**.

Which was **probably the only logical response** when you wake up **in a billionaire’s offshore safehouse**, turn on the news, and see **your own face next to the words "SURPRISE WEDDING" on a live broadcast**.

She stared at the screen.

Then at Jaxon, who was **casually scrolling through his phone like he hadn’t just ruined her entire life**.

Savannah inhaled **deeply**.

"Jaxon."

Jaxon **didn’t look up**.

"Jaxon Cross."

Still nothing.

Savannah grabbed **the nearest throw pillow and launched it at his face**.

Jaxon caught it **without even blinking**.

"Darling," he said smoothly, "is this how you greet your fiancé?"

Savannah **screamed into her hands**.

Twelve Hours Earlier...

Savannah had been **mid-mental breakdown** when Jaxon **casually dropped the world's worst idea on her lap.**

"We should get married."

Savannah had **choked on her drink.**

Jaxon, **infuriatingly calm**, had **continued talking like he wasn't actively committing psychological warfare.**

"Think about it," he said. "Right now, the government thinks you're my accomplice. If we're married, they can't force you to testify against me."

Savannah **stared.**

"Jaxon," she said slowly, **"that is the dumbest thing you have ever said to me."**

Jaxon shrugged.

"Give it five minutes, I might top it."

Savannah **threw a coaster at him.**

Jaxon **dodged effortlessly.**

Savannah **wanted to die.**

The 'Fake Wedding' Spiral of Doom

The problem with **Jaxon Cross** was simple—

He didn't believe in bad ideas.

So the second he **suggested something insane**, he **immediately started making it happen.**

Which was how, **less than twelve hours later**, Savannah Steele found herself in a meeting **with Jaxon's PR team, an elite Monaco wedding planner, and a lawyer who looked like he had been bribed into silence.**

Savannah, **seething**, crossed her arms.

"Just to be clear," she said, **"we are NOT actually doing this."**

Jaxon leaned back, **completely at ease**.

"Oh, sweetheart. We already are."

Savannah let out **a strangled scream**.

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Losing Its Mind

Riley Mercer **was thriving**.

Because **this story?**

This was career-defining.

Savannah Steele—her best friend, investigative journalist, and noted **hater of billionaires**—was **allegedly marrying Jaxon Cross**.

And Riley?

Riley was **milking it for everything it was worth**.

NEW HEADLINES:

- *"Savannah Steele: Bride or Hostage?"*
- *"Jaxon Cross's Last Attempt at Avoiding Prison?"*
- *"Inside the Wedding That Will Break the Internet"*

Riley sat back, **grinning at her screen**.

Savannah was **going to kill her**.

But first?

She had **to survive her own wedding**.

The Monaco Wedding of the Century (That Shouldn't Be Happening)

Savannah had **one last chance to escape**.

One **final opportunity** to stop this train wreck.

And yet?

Somehow?

She was **standing in front of a mirror, wearing a wedding dress, absolutely horrified at her own reflection.**

Jaxon's assistant, Jackie, stood nearby, looking **unbothered.**

Savannah turned to her, **desperate.**

"Jackie," she whispered. "I need you to help me **fake my own death.**"

Jackie **sipped her drink.**

"That would be very expensive."

Savannah groaned. "Jackie. **Please.**"

Jackie **patted her shoulder.**

"You look great. Now go get fake-married."

Savannah **wanted to throw herself into the ocean.**

Jaxon Cross, Groom from Hell

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

Because, despite everything, **he was winning.**

Savannah?

She was **trapped.**

The government?

Couldn't touch them.

And best of all?

He got to see Savannah Steele **walk down the aisle in a wedding dress, looking furious enough to commit murder.**

Jaxon smirked.

God, he loved his life.

Meanwhile, Viktor Orlov Was Plotting Something

Viktor **watched the entire event unfold from a private villa across Monaco.**

Sipping his vodka, he scrolled through the headlines.

Savannah Steele Marries Jaxon Cross.

Viktor smirked.

"Not for long."

Wedding Vows (That Should Have Been Arrest Warrants)

Savannah **stood across from Jaxon**, staring at him **like she was actively plotting his assassination.**

The officiant, **blissfully unaware of the absolute circus unfolding**, cleared his throat.

"Do you, Jaxon Cross, take Savannah Steele to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Jaxon **grinned.**

"Legally? Yes. Emotionally? We'll see."

Savannah **kicked him under the altar.**

Jaxon **barely flinched.**

The officiant **blinked in horror.**

"And do you, Savannah Steele, take Jaxon Cross—"

Savannah **grabbed the microphone.**

"For legal reasons, I plead the Fifth."

The officiant **looked at Jaxon.**

Jaxon smirked.

"That's a yes."

Savannah **let out an actual scream.**

The Kiss That Broke the Internet

The moment their **lips touched**, Twitter **exploded.**

- *"WHAT IS HAPPENING???"*
- *"SAVANNAH STEELE IS NOW SAVANNAH CROSS?"*
- *"THIS IS THE WORST THING I'VE EVER SEEN (I NEED MORE)"*

Savannah pulled away, **glaring.**

"Jaxon."

Jaxon **smirked.**

"You're my wife now."

Savannah **punched him in the arm.**

Jaxon **laughed.**

And Savannah?

She realized **she was officially doomed.**

To Be Continued...

Chapter 4: Offshore Accounts and Other Sexy Secrets

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“EXCLUSIVE: Savannah Steele Marries Billionaire Jaxon Cross—But Did She Just Inherit a Financial Crime Scene?”

Savannah Steele had **made many questionable decisions** in her life.

She had **dropped out of law school** to write satire.

She had **once eaten gas station sushi**.

She had **accidentally married a billionaire**.

But somehow, **none of that compared** to what she was about to do next:

Investigate her own husband for fraud.

The Morning After: Legally Married, Emotionally Unstable

Savannah woke up **in a ridiculously large bed**, surrounded by **Egyptian cotton sheets and the lingering scent of Jaxon’s cologne**.

For half a second, she forgot where she was.

And then—

The reality of **her situation** hit her like a **high-speed yacht crash**.

She was **Mrs. Jaxon Cross**.

Legally.

Publicly.

Disastrously.

Savannah sat up so fast she nearly **catapulted herself off the bed**.

And that’s when she saw **him**.

Jaxon.

Standing in the doorway, **smirking like he had just single-handedly won capitalism.**

"Good morning, Mrs. Cross."

Savannah threw **a decorative pillow at his face.**

Jaxon Cross, Billionaire Menace, in Full Smug Mode

Jaxon **caught the pillow effortlessly**, looking **obnoxiously pleased with himself.**

Savannah **glared.**

"Jaxon, I am **going to kill you.**"

Jaxon, **completely unfazed**, **poured himself a cup of coffee.**

*"Sweetheart, if you were going to kill me, you should have done it **before** the wedding."*

Savannah **seethed.**

She had spent **the past 24 hours trapped in a luxury PR stunt**, playing the role of **“happy newlywed”** while secretly **plotting her escape.**

Unfortunately?

Jaxon was **always one step ahead.**

"Pack a bag," he said, sipping his coffee.

Savannah frowned.

"Why?"

Jaxon flashed **his signature, billionaire-troublemaker smile.**

"We're going on a honeymoon."

The ‘Honeymoon’ (aka: A Suspiciously Timed Trip to a Secluded Private Island)

Savannah should have known **something was off** the moment they arrived.

Because this?

This was **not a normal honeymoon**.

This was **a strategically planned getaway to avoid the SEC**.

- The island? **Suspiciously private.**
- The staff? **Trained to say “we’ve never heard of the U.S. government.”**
- The WiFi? **Strangely spotty whenever Savannah tried to check her bank account.**

Savannah turned to Jaxon, arms crossed.

"Jaxon," she said. "Are we here because you love me, or because you're trying to hide offshore money?"

Jaxon **grinned**.

"Why can't it be both?"

Savannah **threw her drink at him**.

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Having a Field Day

Back at **Bohiney HQ**, Riley Mercer was **working overtime**.

Because **Savannah Steele, her best friend and former co-worker, was now tabloid royalty**.

And Riley?

She was **capitalizing on every second of it**.

NEW HEADLINES:

- *“Honeymoon or Financial Evasion? Jaxon Cross and Savannah Steele Disappear to a Secret Island”*
- *“Is She Investigating Him or Falling for Him? The Savannah Steele Dilemma”*
- *“EXCLUSIVE: Viktor Orlov Spotted in Monaco—Is He Planning a Rescue?”*

Riley **sat back, grinning**.

Savannah was **going to kill her**.

But first?

Savannah had to **survive her own marriage.**

The Investigation Begins

Savannah had **exactly two options.**

1. **Go full billionaire housewife.**
2. **Secretly investigate Jaxon's finances while pretending to be a billionaire housewife.**

Obviously, she chose **Option 2.**

Which was why, instead of **relaxing by the infinity pool**, she was currently **hacking into Jaxon's offshore accounts from his private study.**

"What are you doing?"

Savannah **jumped.**

Jaxon was **standing in the doorway, arms crossed, watching her like she was the most interesting thing in the world.**

Savannah **slammed the laptop shut.**

"Absolutely nothing."

Jaxon **raised an eyebrow.**

"Sweetheart, if you wanted to go through my financials, you could have just asked."

Savannah **scoffed.**

"You would have handed them over?"

Jaxon **smirked.**

"Of course not. But it would have been cute watching you try."

Savannah wanted to **throw something at him.**

Instead, she said:

"Jaxon. Tell me the truth. How much money do you actually have hidden offshore?"

Jaxon's smile **widened.**

"Enough to make it very, very difficult for you to leave me."

Savannah's heart **stopped**.

Because **damn him**.

That was the **most dangerous thing he had ever said to her**.

Meanwhile, Viktor Orlov Was Making His Move

Viktor Orlov was **not a patient man**.

And watching **Jaxon Cross publicly claim Savannah?**

That was **intolerable**.

Which was why, at that **exact moment**, Viktor was sitting in a **high-security Monaco penthouse**, planning his next move.

A government contact had just sent him **a message**.

"They're on the island. Alone."

Viktor smirked.

"Not for long."

How to Fall in Love with a Billionaire in Three Terrible Steps

Savannah was **in trouble**.

Because **Jaxon was no longer playing games**.

Every time she tried to **pull away**, he found **a new way to pull her back in**.

And the worst part?

She was **starting to like it**.

Which was why, that night, when Jaxon leaned in and whispered—

"Are you going to keep running from me?"

Savannah's breath **hitched**.

And instead of answering, she **kissed him first**.

Because she was **a disaster**.

And so was he.

And together?

They were going to **burn everything down**.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 5: Breaking Into a Government Facility Was Not on My Honeymoon Itinerary

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Savannah Steele and Jaxon Cross Caught in Midnight Operation—Are They Billionaire Criminals or the World’s Sexiest Spies?”

Savannah Steele had **one rule for survival** when dealing with billionaires:

Never get involved in their insanity.

Unfortunately?

She had **already failed.**

Because it was **1 a.m.**, she was wearing **all black**, and she was **hiding behind a security fence, about to break into a government data center with her billionaire husband.**

Savannah let out **a deep breath.**

"Jaxon."

Jaxon Cross, standing beside her, **completely unbothered**, smirked.

"Yes, darling?"

Savannah glared.

"I hate you."

Jaxon grinned.

"Noted. Now, do you want the laser-cutting tool or the security override codes?"

Savannah **wanted to scream.**

Twelve Hours Earlier...

Savannah had spent **the entire morning plotting her escape.**

Because **between the fake wedding, the offshore accounts, and the ever-present media circus,** she was **officially in too deep.**

And yet, **before she could make a run for it...**

Jaxon had casually dropped **the worst idea of all time** into her lap.

"Sweetheart, we need to break into the Financial Crimes Enforcement Network."

Savannah had **choked on her drink.**

"I'm sorry, WHAT?"

Jaxon, **completely serious,** slid **a tablet across the table.**

"We need to erase some files."

Savannah **stared at the screen.**

Because there, **highlighted in bold, capital letters,** was her own name.

And next to it?

A government report listing her as a suspected co-conspirator in a multi-billion-dollar offshore fraud case.

Savannah **rubbed her temples.**

"Jaxon. You have ruined my life."

Jaxon, **smirking,** took a sip of his coffee.

"It's only illegal if they catch us."

Savannah **threw a croissant at his head.**

Operation: Let's Not Get Arrested

Savannah had **broken many rules in her life.**

But breaking into a **high-security government facility** was **definitely a new low.**

She crouched next to Jaxon, **heart pounding**, as he effortlessly bypassed the security system with what was **definitely an illegal device**.

"How do you even HAVE this?" Savannah hissed.

Jaxon grinned.

"Sweetheart, I build rockets for fun. You think I don't have a hacking device?"

Savannah exhaled sharply.

"Jaxon. We are going to FEDERAL PRISON."

Jaxon, **still grinning**, finished overriding the door locks.

"Only if we get caught."

Savannah **hated him**.

But worse?

He was kind of hot when he committed felonies.

The Billionaire and the Journalist: Now With More Felonies

Inside, the facility was **eerily quiet**.

Jaxon moved with **infuriating confidence**, leading them through the hallways **like he had done this before**.

Savannah, **meanwhile**, was **one panic attack away from a full breakdown**.

"Jaxon. Do you even KNOW where you're going?"

Jaxon smirked.

"Trust me."

Savannah **stared**.

"That is literally my biggest problem."

Jaxon **ignored her**.

Instead, he stopped in front of a **vault-like door**, pulling out a second hacking tool.

Savannah folded her arms.

"You carry TWO hacking devices?"

Jaxon **winked**.

"Always have a backup plan, sweetheart."

Savannah groaned.

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Losing Its Mind

Back at **Bohiney HQ**, Riley Mercer was **tracking Savannah's phone location in real time**.

And what she saw?

Was **not good**.

Savannah's **tracker had pinged inside a government facility**.

Riley **stared**.

Then, **very calmly**, she sent out a new headline.

"BREAKING: Savannah Steele and Jaxon Cross Are Either Committing Treason or Filming a Netflix Heist Movie"

Savannah was **going to kill her**.

If the government didn't **do it first**.

The Files That Could Ruin Everything

Inside the vault, Savannah's hands **shook** as she scrolled through the government database.

And what she found?

Was **worse than she expected**.

Because **not only** was she listed as Jaxon's accomplice, but there were **files connecting her to Viktor Orlov, offshore accounts, and a list of classified transactions.**

Savannah's stomach **dropped.**

"Jaxon," she whispered.

Jaxon turned to her.

And for the first time?

He didn't look **smug.**

He looked... **concerned.**

"Savannah. What did you find?"

Savannah slowly turned the screen toward him.

And Jaxon?

Jaxon **went still.**

Because there, **in black and white**, was something neither of them expected.

Viktor Orlov had **funded Jaxon's entire empire.**

The Part Where Everything Falls Apart

Savannah's mind **raced.**

Because **if this was true...**

Then **everything she knew about Jaxon was a lie.**

"You told me you built this company from nothing."

Jaxon's jaw **tensed.**

"I did."

Savannah gestured at the **evidence.**

"THEN EXPLAIN THIS."

Jaxon **exhaled sharply.**

"I didn't take Viktor's money. He invested—once. Years ago. Before I knew who he really was."

Savannah **felt sick.**

Because **this wasn't just fraud.**

This was **international-level corruption.**

And she?

She was **right in the middle of it.**

The Getaway That Turned Into a Disaster

Jaxon grabbed her wrist.

"We have to go. Now."

Savannah's pulse **spiked.**

Because **outside the door—**

The alarms started **blaring.**

And down the hallway?

Armed guards were **rushing toward them.**

Savannah's heart **slammed into her ribs.**

"Jaxon. We are going to DIE."

Jaxon smirked.

"Not if you can run in heels."

Savannah **screamed.**

And together?

They **took off running.**

Meanwhile, Viktor Orlov Was Watching Everything

Viktor Orlov **sipped his vodka**, watching the **security footage from the comfort of his penthouse**.

Because of course he was **tracking them**.

He leaned back, smiling.

"Interesting," he murmured.

Then, he picked up his phone.

And dialed a number.

"It's time to bring them in."

To Be Continued...

Chapter 6: The Billionaire's Grand Romantic Gesture (aka: Financial Crimes, But Make It Sexy)

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Jaxon Cross and Savannah Steele Flee Government Facility—Is It Love, or Just Another Felony?”

Savannah Steele **was running for her life.**

Which was, unfortunately, **becoming a common theme** in her relationship with Jaxon Cross.

They had **just broken into a high-security government facility**, uncovered a **billionaire-level corruption scandal**, and were now **being actively hunted by armed guards.**

So, naturally—

Jaxon **was smirking.**

*"Jaxon!" Savannah hissed as they **dodged behind a loading dock.** "Do you ever take anything seriously?"*

Jaxon, **completely unbothered**, glanced at his watch.

"Sweetheart, I take exactly three things seriously: money, revenge, and you."

Savannah **threw a traffic cone at him.**

The Getaway Plan (Which Was Not a Plan at All)

Savannah's **entire body was screaming at her to panic.**

But Jaxon?

Jaxon was **calm, collected, and absolutely infuriating.**

"Stay close," he murmured, pulling her through a **side exit** as alarms **blared in the distance.**

Savannah **glared**.

"Jaxon, we are in the middle of a full-scale government lockdown. There is NO way you planned for this."

Jaxon winked.

"I always have an escape route."

Savannah **hated how attractive he looked while breaking the law**.

But before she could yell at him (**again**), she heard it—

The sound of **approaching sirens**.

Jaxon's smirk widened.

"Showtime."

The Art of Billionaire-Level Escapes

Savannah expected **a car**.

Maybe a helicopter.

What she **did not expect** was a **goddamn speedboat**.

Sitting **just off the dock**, sleek and gleaming under the moonlight, was **a black speedboat with twin jet engines**.

Jaxon **climbed in like he did this every weekend**.

Savannah, however, **stopped cold**.

"You have GOT to be kidding me."

Jaxon extended a hand.

"Get in, darling."

Savannah **crossed her arms**.

"I will drown myself before I go on a high-speed boat chase with you."

Jaxon **grinned**.

"That's the spirit."

And before she could **object**, he **grabbed her wrist, pulled her into the boat, and floored the throttle**.

Savannah **screamed**.

High-Speed Boat Chases and Other Relationship Milestones

Savannah had **two immediate thoughts** as they tore across the water:

1. **She was definitely going to die.**
2. **Jaxon looked way too hot while committing federal crimes.**

Behind them, **a fleet of black security boats** roared after them, **floodlights sweeping the water**.

Savannah **clutched the side of the boat**.

"Jaxon. They have GUNS."

Jaxon, **completely relaxed**, adjusted the throttle.

"Correction: They have guns, but they don't have MY boat."

Savannah **swore violently**.

"DOES THAT EVEN MATTER RIGHT NOW?"

Jaxon **flashed a grin**.

"Only if they can catch us."

And then?

He slammed the boat into turbo mode.

Savannah **had never screamed louder in her life**.

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Completely Losing It

Back at Bohiney HQ, Riley Mercer had **officially stopped trying to keep up.**

Savannah had gone from **satirical journalist to government fugitive to billionaire's wife to ACTION MOVIE PROTAGONIST.**

And Riley?

Riley was **milking it for everything it was worth.**

NEW HEADLINES:

- *"BREAKING: Savannah Steele's Honeymoon Includes High-Speed Boat Chase"*
- *"Jaxon Cross and Savannah Steele: The Bonnie and Clyde of Offshore Banking?"*
- *"Is This the World's Sexiest Criminal Love Story?"*

Riley **sipped her coffee.**

"This is either going to end in **prison or marriage counseling.**"

Either way?

It was **fantastic content.**

The Part Where Viktor Orlov Shows Up

Savannah had just **stopped screaming long enough to breathe** when she spotted **a much bigger problem.**

A massive yacht appeared ahead of them.

And on the upper deck?

Viktor Orlov.

Smiling.

Like he had been **waiting for them.**

Savannah's stomach **dropped.**

"Jaxon."

Jaxon **cursed.**

"Son of a—"

Viktor lifted **a glass of vodka**, toasting them.

"Ah, my favorite runaway couple."

Savannah **wanted to throw herself into the ocean.**

Viktor's Offer (and Jaxon's Immediate Rejection)

Jaxon **pulled the speedboat alongside Viktor's yacht**, jaw clenched.

"What do you want, Orlov?"

Viktor **smirked.**

"Nothing much. Just your wife."

Savannah **choked.**

"EXCUSE ME?"

Viktor **grinned.**

"You see, Savannah, I believe you're... wasted on him."

Jaxon's **eyes darkened.**

"You're out of your goddamn mind."

Viktor **leaned against the railing.**

"Come now, Jaxon. You know as well as I do—she was always meant to be mine."

Savannah's pulse **skyrocketed.**

Because Jaxon?

Jaxon **looked murderous.**

The Part Where Jaxon Cross Actually Loses It

Savannah had never seen Jaxon **genuinely furious**.

But now?

Now he looked **one step away from throwing Viktor off his own yacht**.

"Let me be very clear," Jaxon said, voice dangerously low.

"Savannah. Is. Mine."

Savannah's breath **hitched**.

Viktor chuckled.

"Are you sure about that?"

And then?

Viktor **threw something at Jaxon's feet**.

Savannah **stared**.

Because there, lying on the deck—

Was a **government document**.

Stamped with **Savannah's name**.

Jaxon picked it up, **reading quickly**.

Then his **entire body went still**.

Savannah frowned.

"Jaxon...?"

Jaxon turned to her.

And for the first time **since she met him**—

He looked **shaken**.

"Savannah," he said. *"You're not just on the FBI's watchlist."*

Savannah's **heart pounded**.

"Then what the hell am I?"

Jaxon met her gaze.

"You're a national security threat."

To Be Continued...

Chapter 7: The Government Calls It Treason, We Call It Date Night

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Savannah Steele Named National Security Threat—Is She America’s Most Dangerous Woman or Just a Woman in Love with Bad Life Choices?”

Savannah Steele had been called many things in her career.

- **Fearless journalist.**
- **Billionaire skeptic.**
- **The reason five different CEOs had nervous breakdowns.**

But **“national security threat”** was a new one.

And it wasn’t just a Twitter conspiracy.

It was **federal**.

Stamped, classified, and now **sitting in Jaxon’s hands as he stared at her like she had just become the human embodiment of a stock market crash.**

Savannah folded her arms.

"Jaxon, I need you to stop looking at me like I just detonated the global economy."

Jaxon, for once, **did not smirk.**

"Savannah. This is serious."

Savannah exhaled **deeply.**

"Yeah, I gathered that from the fact that my NAME is on a government blacklist."

Jaxon **ran a hand through his hair.**

"How the hell did this happen?"

Savannah stared.

"I don't know, Jaxon. Maybe because you dragged me into a multi-billion-dollar financial conspiracy and now we're fugitives in Monaco?"

Viktor Orlov, watching from the yacht deck, **sipped his vodka.**

"You two are adorable when you fight."

Savannah and Jaxon **both turned to glare at him.**

"Shut up, Viktor."

Viktor **smirked.**

How to Escape an International Crisis in Three Questionable Steps

Jaxon had exactly **one plan.**

Savannah hated it **immediately.**

"We need to fake your death."

Savannah **choked on air.**

"I'm sorry, WHAT?"

Jaxon **leaned against the railing, completely serious.**

"Savannah, as long as the government thinks you're alive, you're a threat."

Savannah **massaged her temples.**

"Jaxon. People fake their deaths in crime movies. I WRITE SATIRE."

Jaxon raised an eyebrow.

"Sweetheart, at this point, your life IS satire."

Savannah **threw a champagne glass at him.**

Jaxon **dodged effortlessly.**

Viktor **sighed dramatically.**

"If it helps, Savannah, I can arrange the funeral."

Savannah turned to him, **horrified**.

"WHY ARE YOU BOTH LIKE THIS?"

Jaxon shrugged.

"We're billionaires."

Savannah groaned.

She was **going to die**.

Or worse—

She was **going to end up actually married to Jaxon Cross**.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Government Was in Full Panic Mode

In Washington D.C., **a team of very stressed-out government officials** were staring at a **giant screen displaying Savannah Steele's face**.

A senator sighed.

"Someone explain to me how a satire journalist just became the most wanted woman in America."

A CIA analyst cleared his throat.

"Sir, she married Jaxon Cross."

Silence.

Then—

"Goddamn it."

The Part Where Savannah Fakes Her Own Death (and Possibly Her Marriage, Too)

Three hours later, Savannah was **standing on a secluded Monaco beach, wearing a stolen FBI bulletproof vest and actively regretting all of her life choices**.

Jaxon, **adjusting his watch**, smirked.

"Alright. Let's kill you."

Savannah **glared**.

"Jaxon, I swear to GOD—"

Viktor, standing nearby, **pressed a button on his phone**.

And just like that?

A massive explosion rocked the water.

Savannah turned just in time to see **a boat—her boat—go up in flames**.

She stared.

Then turned back to Viktor.

"YOU BLEW UP MY BOAT?"

Viktor **sipped his vodka**.

"Would you rather I blew up Jaxon's?"

Savannah considered it.

"...That's fair."

Jaxon **rolled his eyes**.

*"Sweetheart, focus. As of this moment, you are officially **dead**."*

Savannah exhaled sharply.

"And what happens next?"

Jaxon **grinned**.

"We run."

Savannah **sighed**.

"Of course we do."

The Great Escape (Which Was Actually a Private Jet to an Undisclosed Location)

Savannah had **very few rules in life.**

But she was **pretty sure one of them should have been “Don’t fake your death and flee the country with Jaxon Cross.”**

Too late for that now.

Because **two hours later**, she was sitting in a **ridiculously expensive private jet**, sipping champagne and actively trying not to think about the fact that she was **officially a ghost.**

Jaxon, **completely relaxed**, watched her over the rim of his glass.

"You look tense."

Savannah **glared.**

"Jaxon, I just DIED."

Jaxon shrugged.

"Legally, yes."

Savannah took **a long sip** of her drink.

"This is a nightmare."

Jaxon smirked.

"Welcome to marriage, sweetheart."

Savannah **threw a mini pretzel at him.**

Meanwhile, Bohiney.com Was Making Millions Off the Story

Riley Mercer had **exactly zero shame.**

Because Savannah Steele was **officially dead.**

And the internet?

The internet was **going absolutely feral**.

NEW HEADLINES:

- *“Savannah Steele: Murdered, Missing, or Just Married to the World’s Most Chaotic Billionaire?”*
- *“What Did Jaxon Cross Know?”*
- *“EXCLUSIVE: Viktor Orlov Offers to ‘Avenge’ Savannah Steele”*

Riley sat back in her chair.

"This is the best day of my career."

Savannah was **going to kill her**.

Assuming Savannah was, you know.

Alive.

Jaxon’s Final Move (That Was Possibly a Proposal?)

Savannah was **ready to throw herself out of the jet**.

But then—

Jaxon turned to her.

And for the first time?

He actually **looked serious**.

"Savannah."

Savannah **froze**.

Because his voice?

It was **different**.

Not smug.

Not playful.

Just... **real**.

"You have a choice."

Savannah **blinked**.

"A choice?"

Jaxon leaned forward.

"You can disappear. Start over. Be free."

Savannah's breath **caught**.

"Or?"

Jaxon's eyes darkened.

"Or you can stay with me."

Silence.

Savannah's heart **slammed into her ribs**.

Because **for the first time since this all started...**

She realized something terrifying.

She **didn't want to run**.

Not from Jaxon.

Not from this.

Not anymore.

Savannah took a slow breath.

And then?

She **smirked**.

"Jaxon."

Jaxon arched an eyebrow.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

Savannah leaned in.

"Shut up and kiss me."

And Jaxon Cross?

He did exactly that.

To Be Continued...

Chapter 8: Happily Ever After (Pending Federal Investigation)

From the Archives of Bohiney.com:

“BREAKING: Savannah Steele and Jaxon Cross Reappear After Fake Death—Was It True Love, or Just an Elaborate Tax Evasion Scheme?”

Savannah Steele had been **many things in her life.**

A journalist.

A fugitive.

A billionaire’s **fake wife.**

But today?

Today, she was **the single most wanted woman in America—and possibly the world.**

And somehow?

She was **okay with it.**

Because today, for the first time in months—

She **wasn’t running.**

She was **walking straight into the fire.**

With Jaxon Cross **at her side.**

Twelve Hours Earlier...

Savannah **had woken up in paradise.**

Or, more specifically, **a luxury penthouse on a private island that probably wasn’t on any official maps.**

Jaxon, **as always,** was already awake, fully dressed, and sipping an espresso like he hadn’t **just faked both of their deaths.**

Savannah, **barely conscious**, squinted at him.

"Tell me that this isn't real."

Jaxon **grinned**.

"Sweetheart, this is the realest thing you've ever done."

Savannah groaned.

"I regret every decision that led me here."

Jaxon **smirked**.

"No, you don't."

Savannah **threw a pillow at him**.

Jaxon **dodged effortlessly**.

Meanwhile, the World Was in Full Meltdown Mode

At that **exact moment**, the internet was **losing its collective mind**.

Because Savannah Steele?

She was **back from the dead**.

And everyone—from the FBI to Bohiney.com to conspiracy theorists on Reddit—had **one question**.

- *Did she fake her death to protect Jaxon?*
- *Was she secretly running the offshore accounts the whole time?*
- *Was this the greatest love story of our time or the biggest financial crime since Enron?*

Bohiney.com, naturally, had **no shame**.

NEW HEADLINES:

- *"SHE'S ALIVE! Savannah Steele Breaks the Internet"*
- *"Billionaire or Criminal? The Jaxon Cross Dilemma"*
- *"EXCLUSIVE: Viktor Orlov Speaks—'I Would Have Treated Her Better'"*

Riley Mercer, Savannah's **best friend and living embodiment of chaos**, kicked her feet up on her desk and grinned.

"This is better than reality TV."

Savannah was **going to kill her**.

The Final Play: A Public Return, A Billionaire's Gamble

Savannah had **no idea what Jaxon was planning**.

Which, to be fair, was **nothing new**.

But this?

This was **next-level insanity**.

Because **instead of continuing to hide—**

Jaxon was taking them **straight to New York**.

To the press.

To the FBI.

To everyone who wanted them in handcuffs.

Savannah, **sitting across from him on his private jet**, stared.

"Jaxon. Have you finally lost your mind?"

Jaxon, **infuriatingly calm**, smiled.

"Sweetheart, I lost my mind the moment I met you."

Savannah **threw a mini pretzel at him**.

Jaxon **caught it effortlessly**.

The Press Conference That Shook the World

The moment Savannah and Jaxon stepped onto the **massive stage in Manhattan**, the crowd **erupted**.

Journalists.

Cameras.

Government officials **lurking in the background**.

The **entire world** was watching.

Jaxon, **standing confidently at the podium**, leaned into the microphone.

"Good evening. I'm Jaxon Cross. Billionaire. Alleged criminal. And, apparently, America's most controversial newlywed."

Savannah **buried her face in her hands**.

Jaxon **continued**.

"I know there have been... questions. About the offshore accounts. About the investigation. About my wife."

Savannah, **standing next to him**, **muttered**—

"I hate you."

Jaxon smirked.

"No, you don't."

The reporters **yelled over each other**.

"JAXON, DID YOU FAKE HER DEATH TO AVOID PROSECUTION?"

"IS THIS A LOVE STORY OR JUST REALLY GOOD MONEY LAUNDERING?"

"SAVANNAH, DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS?"

Savannah **exhaled slowly**.

Then, **against all logic**, she stepped up to the microphone.

"Let's be real," she said. "If I had offshore accounts, do you really think I'd still be working in journalism?"

The room **erupted**.

The Twist That No One Saw Coming

The press conference **should have ended there**.

But then?

Jaxon pulled out **a USB drive**.

And **everything changed**.

"This," he said, "is everything they don't want you to see."

The room **went silent**.

Jaxon turned to Savannah.

And in that moment—

She realized.

This wasn't **just a public stunt**.

This was a **reckoning**.

Jaxon plugged in the USB.

And on the **giant screen behind them**—

Classified documents appeared.

Offshore transactions.

Government-backed funds.

An entire **web of corruption**.

And at the **center of it all?**

Not Jaxon.

Not Savannah.

But **Viktor Orlov**.

The Fall of a Russian Oligarch

Savannah's **blood ran cold.**

Because in that moment—

She **understood.**

This wasn't just about **Jaxon's money.**

This was about **power.**

And Jaxon?

Jaxon had just **destroyed Viktor Orlov in front of the entire world.**

Viktor, watching the broadcast from his Monaco penthouse, **exhaled sharply.**

He downed his vodka.

Then he smiled.

"Clever bastard."

And just like that?

The entire investigation flipped.

Viktor was now the **most wanted man in the world.**

And Savannah and Jaxon?

They were **free.**

For now.

The Final Scene (That Should Have Been a Marriage Proposal, But Was Actually Just Jaxon Being Jaxon)

The press conference ended in **absolute chaos.**

Jaxon, **grabbing Savannah's hand, pulled her off stage** before the government could decide whether they still wanted to arrest them.

Savannah, **completely out of breath, stared at him.**

"Jaxon. You just ruined a Russian oligarch's life on live television."

Jaxon smirked.

"Yeah. Wasn't that fun?"

Savannah **shoved him.**

"Are you insane?"

Jaxon **caught her wrists.**

And suddenly?

They were **too close.**

Too much history.

Too much adrenaline.

Too much of **everything.**

"You could have told me your plan," she whispered.

Jaxon's smirk softened.

"And miss the look on your face?"

Savannah's heart **pounded.**

And then?

She grabbed his face.

And kissed him.

Like she **was done pretending.**

Like she **wasn't running anymore.**

Like **she had chosen him.**

Because maybe—

Maybe she had.

The Last Line

Savannah pulled away, breathless.

"Jaxon," she whispered. "What the hell happens now?"

Jaxon grinned.

"Whatever we want, sweetheart."

THE END.

(Pending several lawsuits.)

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?*