

Chapter 104

Seeing me hesitate, Teri urged, "Come on! He's definitely online right now."

"How should I contact him?" I asked.

Teri rolled her eyes. "Use your account to message him on Twitter."

"I forgot my login details."

With an exasperated sigh, Teri helped me set up a new account.

After a bit of hassle, I finally logged in and sent a message.

"Hello, I'm Elijah's wife, Ariana. May I have your contact info? I'd like to discuss some things."

A few minutes later, he replied, "Sure."

I waited a bit longer, and eventually, he sent a phone number. I added him to my contacts and sent him a message on WhatsApp right away.

His profile picture was a dark, animated character with a mischievous look. Something about the image felt oddly familiar.

I typed, "Hi. Could you let me know where you got those photos you posted?"

After a few moments, he began typing and replied, "From someone else."

I quickly followed up, asking, "Would it be possible to get more of those? I'm looking for solid evidence."

There was a long pause before he began typing again, and I grew a little impatient, so I added, "I'm willing to pay. As long as the evidence is substantial and genuine."

This time, his response was surprisingly quick. "No payment needed."

His refusal piqued my curiosity, but I politely thanked him.

"Would you be able to share the material you have with me?" I asked.

After another pause, he replied lazily, "Sure, but I'd prefer to meet in person."

"Why is that so?" I asked, puzzled.

"Ha ha. Because I've already had over ten people claiming to be Elijah's wife reaching out to me."

I blinked. Didn't see that coming.

Then he added, "How about this? Take a selfie and send it to me. I'll check if you look like the real Mrs. Linden. Do it now."

After a moment's hesitation, I positioned myself in good lighting and took a quick photo, which I then sent over.

He replied shortly after, "Alright. I'll believe you for now. Let's meet tonight. Here's the location." He sent a location pin to me.

I thanked him and closed the chat.

Teri, watching with interest, asked, "So? Will he share the photos?"

I nodded. "But he wants to meet in person. He said he's been contacted by a bunch of women pretending to be Elijah's wife."

Teri shook her head in disbelief. "People are crazy these days. They'll do anything to chase clout."

Despite her exasperation, Teri seemed thrilled. After all, Elijah was the one person she truly despised. Watching him get dragged through the mud online was pure entertainment for her.

And she didn't stop there—she put her skills to work editing posts, crafting captions, setting up accounts, reposting, and spreading the word.

I couldn't help but shake my head with a smile. Teri was getting a little too obsessed.

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In the afternoon, Mr. Webb arrived.

Compared to his team's anxious expressions yesterday, they seemed far more confident today. As soon as he sat down, Mr. Webb got straight to the point.

"After working overtime on this, our team now believes you have a 70% chance of recovering the five-billion-dollar investment." 1

My eyes lit up. "Really? What changed?"

He smiled, explaining, "The bank has strict regulations for large transactions. Essentially, that five billion was an enormous sum under your name. So, for it to be withdrawn, the bank would have required you to sign a fund transfer purpose declaration."