

Chapter 105 No.

The attack came on Monday morning digital and dirty.

Adalynn posted the video at 8:00 AM. It was a masterpiece of editing. It showed Eulalie's boot crushing the phone. It showed Eulalie shouting "Get away from my daughter!" with a twisted, angry face. It cut out Adalynn grabbing Elara. It cut out the horse spooking.

The caption read: Violent outburst from my sister today. Worried about her mental stability around children. Does insanity run in the family? SaveElara MentalHealthAwareness

By 9:00 AM, the hashtag was trending. Reporters were camped outside the Nexus AI headquarters.

Eulalie sat in the conference room, watching the view count tick up. 500k. 1 million.

"We need a statement," Jory said, pacing the room. "They're calling you 'The Mad Queen' on Twitter."

"Let them," Eulalie said. She was typing on her laptop. "I'm not issuing a statement. I'm issuing a correction."

"You have the raw footage?"

"I hacked the club's security server ten minutes after I left," Eulalie said calmly. "I have everything. Including audio."

She hit enter.

At 9:15 AM, the Nexus AI official account posted a single video link. No caption. Just the file.

The video played. It showed the full two minutes. Adalynn dragging a terrified child. The horse kicking Elara screaming. Eulalie reacting with the speed of a mother protecting her young.

The audio was crisp. Just one cute one for the story!

The internet paused. Then, it pivoted.

The comments shifted instantly. She almost got the kid kicked! That's not a crazy mom, that's a hero mom. Adalynn Pennington is a monster.

Eulalie watched the tide turn. It was satisfying, but it wasn't enough. She needed the final nail.

At 9:30 AM, a notification popped up on her screen.

@CadenHollowayOfficial has posted a new tweet.

Eulalie clicked it.

Caden hadn't tweeted in two years. His account was strictly corporate. But there it was.

Adalynn Pennington's actions at the stable endangered my daughter. Eulalie Bradford acted exactly as a mother should. Any further defamation of my ex-wife will be met with immediate litigation. TeamEulalie

Eulalie stared at the screen. The hashtag. He used the hashtag.

Jory whistled. "Well. Hell has officially frozen over."

Outside, the reporters were checking their phones. The narrative had flipped. They weren't there to hunt a madwoman anymore. They were there to witness a coronation.

Eulalie's phone buzzed. It was Caden.

Did you see it?

Eulalie typed back. I saw it.

Is it enough?

Eulalie hesitated. She looked at the video of Adalynn grabbing Elara. She thought of the drill in the night.

It's a start, she typed.

She closed the laptop. Adalynn was finished. The internet would eat her alive by lunch. But Caden... Caden was just beginning to understand the rules of the game.

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