


[Type here]

[Type here]

[Type here]

< The Ghost Wife's Billion Dollar Tech C...  +120 Points at most

Chapter 60 No.

The sound of Elara's cry pierced through the ambient noise of the restaurant like a shiv.

Mommy!

Eulalie stood up so fast her chair scraped loudly against the floor. Panic, cold and immediate, flooded her system.

"Eulalie?" Jory stood up too. "What is it?"

"Elara," Eulalie gasped, grabbing her purse. "She's crying. I have to go."

Jory grabbed her arm gently. "Wait. Look at the timestamp. Is it live?"

Eulalie looked. It was a recording. Sent one minute ago.

"It's a recording" she whispered, her voice trembling with fury. "He's... he's taunting me."

Across the room, Caden watched her reaction with cold satisfaction. Ten minutes ago, he had stepped out to the terrace and dialed Elara's iPad, knowing Eulalie allowed her to keep it at the loft for educational games. He knew Elara would be awake; the trauma of the asthma attack often messed with her sleep schedule.


"Daddy?" Elara had answered, her voice small and shaky.

"Hey, bug" Caden had said, his thumb hovering over the record button. "Where's Mommy?"

"She went to a dinner," Elara had sniffled, her voice breaking. "She left me with the sitter. I had a bad dream, Daddy. I want Mommy."

"She left you?" Caden asked, feigning shock to provoke her. "While you're sick? She's out having fun?"

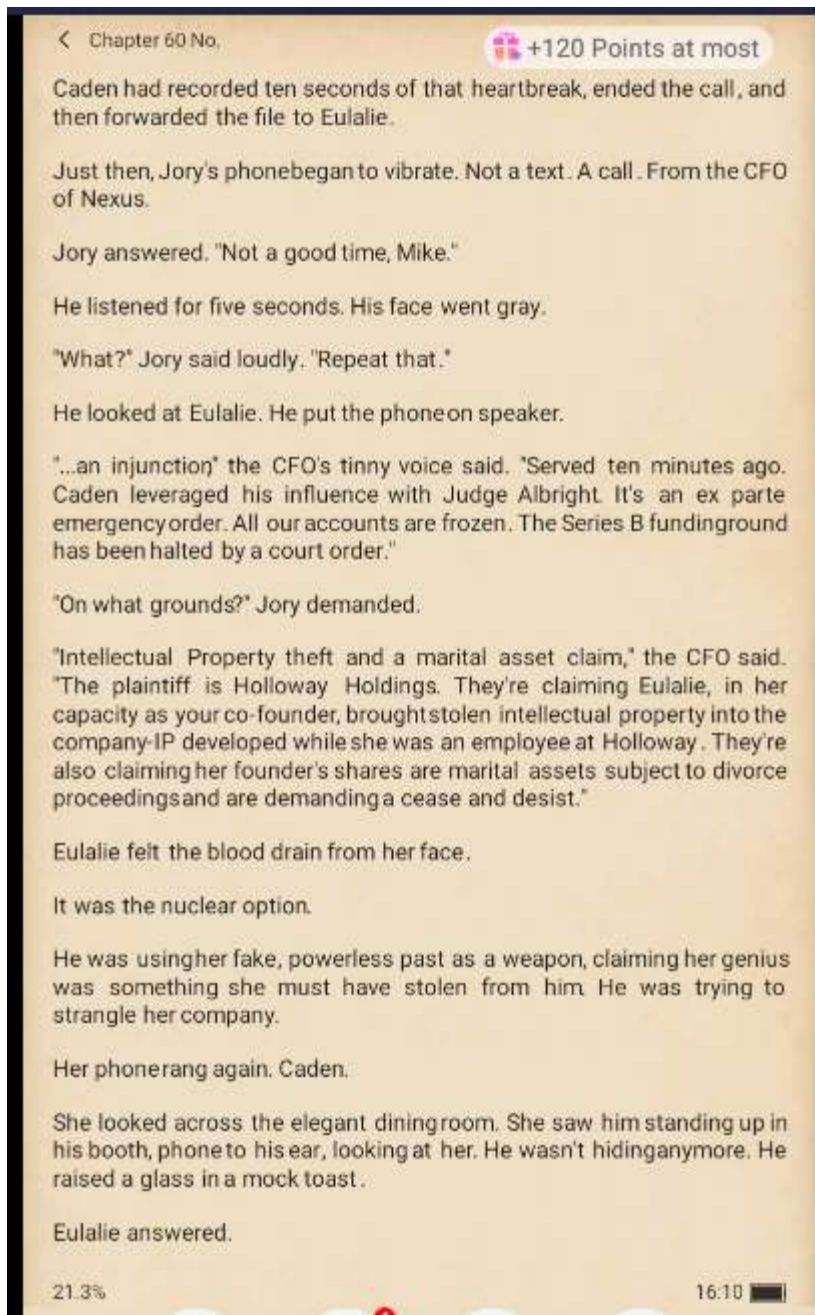
That was all it took. Elara had burst into a high thin wail. "Mommy! I want Mommy!"

0.0% 16:10 

[Type here]

[Type here]


[Type here]



[Type here]

[Type here]

[Type here]

< Chapter 60 No.  +120 Points at most

"You monster," she said.

"I prefer 'strategist'," Caden's voice was smooth, confident. "Did you get the audio file? She sounds lonely."

"You made her cry just to send that to me," Eulalie accused, her voice shaking with fury. "You called her device just to manipulate her."

"I'm just showing you the cost of your choices, Eulalie," Caden said. "You want to play CEO? Fine. But remember who bankrolled your life for five years."

"I bankrolled myself!" Eulalie hissed. "I built this!"

"And you built it in my house, on my time," Caden countered. "So here are your options. Option A: You dissolve the company, sign over the IP rights to Holloway Holdings, and come home. You apologize to Adalynn. You resume your duties as my wife and mother to my child. I drop the lawsuit."

"Option B?" Eulalie asked, her knuckles white on the phone.

"Option B," Caden said darkly. "I freeze your assets. I sue you for theft of trade secrets. I drag this out in court for three years. Nexus goes bankrupt in a month without cash flow. And while you're broke and fighting me, I'll petition for full custody of Elara on the grounds that you are unstable and financially insolvent."

Eulalie looked at Jory. He looked stricken. The company they built was hanging by a thread.

She looked at Caden across the room. He looked like a titan. A cruel, unbeatable titan.


But he made one mistake.

He threatened her daughter.

Eulalie's breathing slowed. The panic receded, replaced by the cold, algorithmic logic of the Architect.

"Caden," she said. Her voice didn't shake anymore.

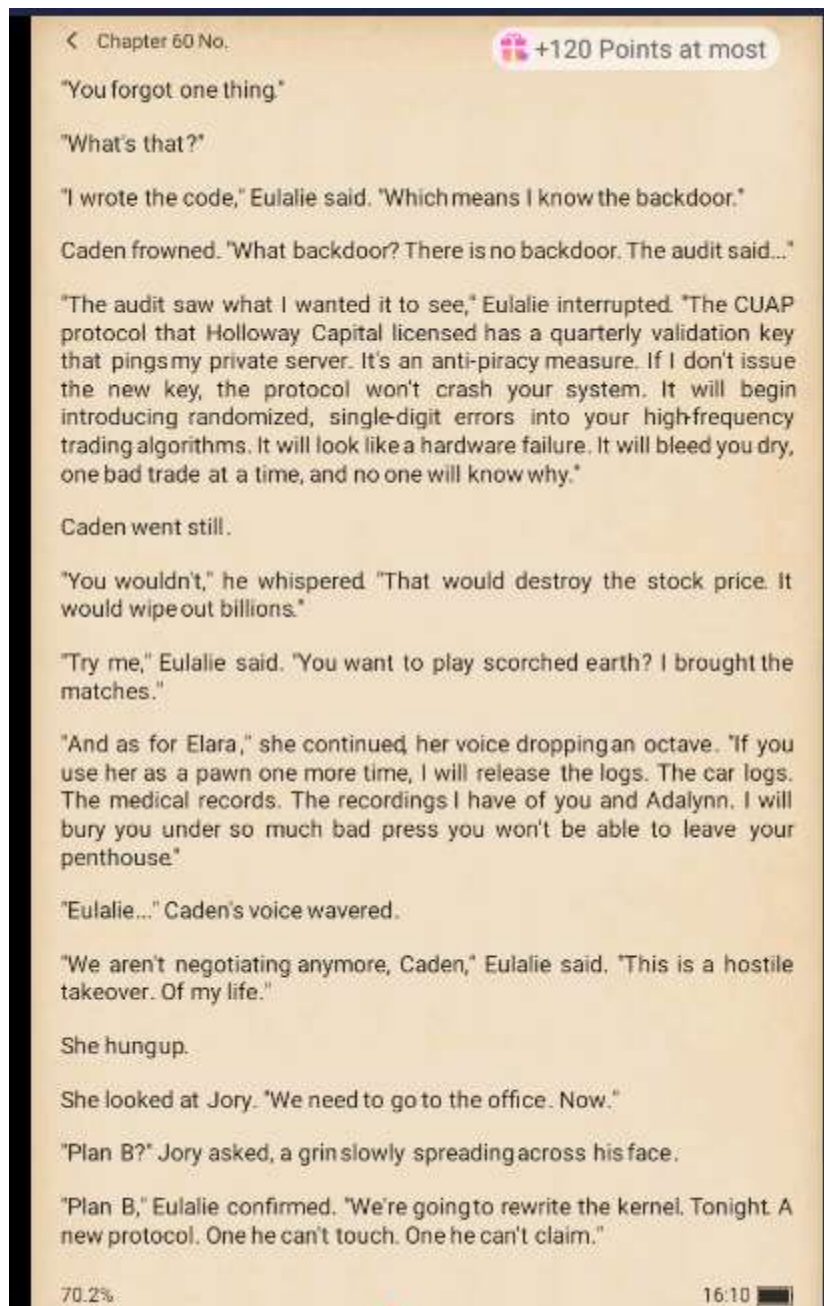
"Yes, darling?"

45.4% 16:10 

[Type here]

[Type here]

[Type here]



[Type here]

[Type here]

[Type here]

