

## Chapter 76 No.

The air in the exclusive 'Empyrean Club' was stale with the scent of old money, leather, and quiet desperation. It was Caden's sanctuary, a place where his name had always been a key. Tonight, it felt like a cage.

He sat in a deep armchair in a shadowed corner, nursing a whiskey. He was supposed to be meeting with investors, shoring up support. But the few who showed up offered clipped condolences and transparent excuses before melting away.

His power, once a gravitational force that bent rooms to his will, was failing. He could feel the shift. The whispers that stopped when he approached. The averted eyes. They didn't see a titan anymore. They saw a man who had been outmaneuvered by his wife.

Quentin Knight slid into the chair opposite him, signaling the waiter for two more drinks. Dressed in a perfectly tailored velvet jacket, he looked as impeccably unbothered as ever.

"Rough day at the office?" Quentin asked, his tone light, but his eyes sharp. Quentin had always been the court jester in their circle, using humor to deliver brutal truths.

"Save it," Caden muttered.

"No, really," Quentin leaned forward. "I have to hand it to her. The Ghost. It's got flair. Much better than 'Mrs. Holloway.' Always thought that sounded a bit... temporary."

Caden shot him a glare. "Whose side are you on?"

"I'm on the side of good drama, and my friend, you are currently starring in a tragedy of your own making," Quentin said, taking a sip of the freshly delivered whiskey. "You know, I was there at that Stanford benefit where you met Adalynn. You were with Eulalie. She was trying to explain a concept to some idiot senator, and her eyes were on fire. You looked bored out of your mind. Then Adalynn walked up, touched your arm, laughed at your joke, and you lit up like a Christmas tree."

Caden stared into his glass. He remembered that night

"I watched you," Quentin continued, "trade a supernova for a disco ball because the disco ball was shinier and played your favorite song. And now you're surprised the sun burned your house down?"

"She was complicated," Caden defended weakly. "She wasn't... happy."

"She wasn't a sycophant," Quentin corrected. "There's a difference. You didn't want a partner, Caden. You wanted a mirror. And Adalynn is a magnificent, perfect, empty mirror. But Eulalie... she was a telescope. She was trying to show you the stars, and you were angry she wasn't reflecting your own face."

Quentin finished his drink and stood up. "The lawsuit is foolish. The affair story is tacky. It makes you look weak. You're not fighting a company, you're fighting a person. And you've forgotten who she is. But the rest of the world is just finding out."

He placed a hand on Caden's shoulder. "My advice? Stop trying to prove she's a monster. You'll only succeed in proving you were stupid enough to marry one. Cut your losses. Settle. Or she's not just going to take half. She's going to take the whole kingdom" 

Quentin walked away, leaving Caden alone in the shadows. The whiskey tasted like poison. For the first time, not as a CEO or a titan, but as a man, Caden felt the chilling certainty that he was going to lose.



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