

Chapter 94 No.

The spa at the resort was designed to be a sanctuary of silence. Stone walls, trickling water, the scent of eucalyptus. Eulalie had escaped there at 4:00 PM, desperate for an hour where no one asked her for anything.

She was in the quiet lounge, a serene space with heated stone beds and floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a snow-covered Zen garden. She was alone, reading a technical journal on a tablet, a cup of herbal tea steaming beside her. Daisy was in the supervised children's play area down the hall.

A shadow fell across her page. She looked up, annoyed at the interruption.

Through the glass wall of the lounge, she saw him. Caden. He was standing in the main corridor, just outside the lounge's entrance, staring in at her. He was a predator outside a glass cage. He couldn't get in without a key card, but his presence was a violation, a deliberate act of intimidation that made the hair on her arms stand up.

Her heart began to pound, a slow, heavy drum of anger, not fear. He was testing the boundaries, seeing how much he could get away with. She watched as he lifted his phone to his ear, and a moment later, her own phone lying on the table beside her, began to vibrate.

She let it go to voicemail.

He lowered his phone, his eyes still locked on hers. His expression was a storm of jealousy and rage. He mouthed a single word through the glass: "Whore."

Eulalie didn't flinch. A profound, icy calm washed over her. A physical altercation was beneath her. A shouting match was a currency he understood, and she no longer traded in it. She would dismantle him with the law, with the cold, hard facts of his own behavior.

She calmly picked up her phone. She didn't call him back. She opened her camera app and, holding it steady, took a clear, time-stamped photo of

him standing in the hallway, his face contorted with rage. The flash was subtle, but he saw it.

His eyes widened for a fraction of a second, realizing his mistake.

At that exact moment, Harrison Sterling rounded the corner, holding Daisy by the hand. He stopped dead, taking in the scene in an instant: Eulalie, calm and composed inside the lounge, and Caden, a menacing statue of fury just outside it.

"Daisy, why don't you go wait with your nanny," Harrison said, his voice dangerously soft. He handed the little girl off and turned his full attention to Caden. "Holloway. I believe the court was clear. Five hundred feet."

"I'm in a public hallway," Caden spat, not taking his eyes off Eulalie. "I'm just making a phone call."

"You are harassing the mother of your child and a key partner in my new venture," Harrison said, stepping between Caden and the glass door, blocking his view. "You are violating a court order in front of witnesses."

Harrison pulled out his own phone. He didn't pretend to dial. He simply held it up. "Resort security has your photo on file. They are on their way. I suggest you disappear before they arrive and make a formal report, which my legal team will be delighted to add to the file for your custody hearing."

Caden looked from Harrison's implacable face to the glass wall where Eulalie was now calmly gathering her things as if he were nothing more than a piece of trash to be swept away. The impotence was suffocating. He was powerless.

He shot one last venomous look toward the lounge and then turned, stalking away down the corridor just as two uniformed security guards appeared at the far end.

Harrison watched him go, then entered the lounge. "Are you alright?"

Eulalie stood up, her composure perfect. "I'm fine. And I have a new exhibit for my lawyer." She looked at the photo on her phone. "Thank you for the assist."

"He is a fool," Harrison said quietly. "He just lost the only thing that made

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+120 Points at most

him a man."

Eulalie deleted the photo. She didn't need it. The memory, and Harrison's testimony, was more than enough. She walked out of the lounge without looking back, leaving the scent of eucalyptus and victory in the air.



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