

## Chapter 102

My heart fluttered a little.

I looked up, and he smiled, asking, "What's wrong?"

I mumbled something under my breath. He leaned closer, trying to hear. "What did you say?"

Feeling a bit stubborn, I turned and walked off.

"Take care. I'll pick you up for dinner tomorrow," he called after me.

Without looking back, I replied, "No thanks. Eating every day gets old."

He laughed. "Then how about a fun day out? I'll plan something."

I had already walked quite a distance, but I couldn't help turning around at his words.

There he was, leaning casually against his car, legs crossed effortlessly, hands tucked into his pockets. He smiled at me, his hair tousled by the breeze, a few strands playfully brushing across his forehead.

Under the streetlight, shadows danced across his face, turning him into an arrestingly beautiful scene that made my heart skip. I found myself staring, captivated.

He waved. "Go on up. I'll wait here until you're inside."

Blushing, I turned quickly and hurried up the stairs.

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The next morning, I was still asleep when Teri yanked me awake.

"Come on! Why are you still in bed? Get up! Something big just happened!"

Rubbing my eyes groggily, I slowly sat up. Teri hopped onto my bed, shoving her phone in my face.

I squinted at the screen, wincing. "It's too bright. What happened?"

After last night's events, I'd spent hours lying awake, my mind replaying everything, only finally dozing off sometime near dawn.

I glanced at the clock on the wall. It was only 9:00 a.m. I hadn't slept nearly enough.

I tried to lie back down, but Teri was relentless, dragging me up once more. She shoved her phone in front of me again.

"Look! You've got to see this. It's a big news!"

I rubbed my eyes and focused on the screen, and within seconds, I was wide awake.

Teri grinned gleefully beside me. "See? Finally, karma has caught up! No one escapes it forever."

Snatching her phone, I scrolled through the news quickly.

My eyes widened in disbelief.

"What does Jocelyn think she's doing?"

Teri had shown me Jocelyn's latest tweet from 8:00 a.m. It was a collage of screenshots—a grid of her messages with Elijah and a record of money transfers.

Her caption was a public complaint, accusing Elijah of deceiving her and stealing ten years of her life. She mentioned ten years because she'd posted evidence from when they started dating a decade ago.

My feelings were a tangled mess. I hadn't even confronted Elijah yet, and here was Jocelyn, the supposed "other woman," making the first move.

No wonder Teri enjoyed this so much, saying, "Revenge, finally served ice-cold."

Teri rolled around on my bed, laughing, phone in hand.

"Who would've thought, huh? That scheming Jocelyn has finally hit her breaking point. She's furious because Elijah refused to make things official."

I frowned. "That can't be. Elijah's always treated her like a prized possession."

As soon as I said it, I realized something didn't add up. It hit me—Elijah may have showered Jocelyn with affection, but he'd never acknowledged her publicly.

Of course, I didn't remember their whole sordid history, but

I'd picked up on this recently. Elijah had no intention of publicly claiming her.

Teri scoffed. "With guys like Elijah, a wife's a wife, and a mistress is just that—a mistress. He'll spoil a mistress but won't abandon his wife."

A chill crept down my spine. Who still talks about "spoiling the mistress and keeping the wife"? It felt archaic.

I rubbed my arms, uneasy. "What's Jocelyn's goal here? By going public like this, she's basically ensuring Elijah will never be with her."

Teri rolled her eyes. "What else could she want? She's after fame and money. She's got a bit of fame now, but taking down Elijah—the young talent and billionaire president—her status will skyrocket."

She sighed. "See, Ari? She's always strategizing. But you? You're just the ultimate, hopeless romantic."