

Chapter 103

I gave a wry smile.

"Ultimate, hopeless romantic? Really?" I thought.

"I know you're trying to call me naive, but this 'corpse' of mine isn't feeling too great right now," I replied.

Teri chuckled and patted my shoulder. "Look, at least this whole mess works in your favor. Just let them tear each other apart like two dogs fighting over a bone."

I shook my head. "That's not going to happen. Elijah isn't the type to retaliate. He has more self-control than that."

Teri looked at me, puzzled. "What makes you say so?"

I gave her a weak smile. "Think about it. You said it yourself—I spent five years in this marriage pushing Elijah to his limit.

"If he could tolerate me all that time, why would he care if Jocelyn acts out? He'd probably just tell her to calm down and stop making a scene."

Teri's surprise quickly turned into laughter, and she doubled over, tears in her eyes. She gave me a thumbs-up.

"You're finally starting to get it, girl."

...

Once Teri woke me up, I couldn't go back to sleep. After a

quick wash, I headed to the kitchen for breakfast.

Curiosity got the better of me. As I ate, I opened my phone, scrolling through the replies under Jocelyn's tweet.

I had to admit, people loved a scandal.

Jocelyn had always cultivated an image of the "artistic goddess," amassing a following of over 300 thousand fans who admired her "serene" and "high-minded" approach to life. So, the sudden release of such a juicy scandal was stirring up all kinds of chatter.

The post had racked up over four thousand replies in just two hours.

I was a little stunned. At this rate, it was bound to go viral. Could it be that Jocelyn hired paid commenters?

I clicked on the replies section. Most of them were full of sympathy for their "goddess" and condemnation for the "jerk".

"So what if he's rich? Deceiving our goddess for ten years is unforgivable!"

"Elijah is such a scumbag! But wait. Why would the goddess willingly be a mistress for so long? Was it love?"

"Don't twist things. He manipulated her by using his 'career' as an excuse to keep her as his side piece."

"Just wondering, with all the money Mr. Linden threw her way, did she fall for him because of love or... something

else?"

"A brilliant young CEO? Turns out he's just another fake prince. Support for our goddess only! No haters allowed."

Most comments were from fans empathizing with Jocelyn, with any negative remarks about her character quickly drowned out or deleted. It seemed like Jocelyn knew exactly how to steer public opinion.

Teri came rushing over. "Look! Someone else is piling on, exposing Elijah's affair with Jocelyn!"

I glanced at the notification and saw that a new account with the username "Sweetie_xoxo" had posted a series of tweets about the scandal.

Each tweet was packed with photos, nine per tweet, each more revealing than the last.

I clicked on one and felt a wave of nausea. The images showed Elijah and Jocelyn in various intimate moments — holding hands as they walked, sneaking a kiss when no one was around, and whispering to each other at a restaurant.

And there were even shots of the two letting loose, having fun, and kissing in a dimly lit club.

I barely got through a few pictures before I had to look away, stomach churning. It was sickening.

The level of betrayal was enough to make even someone like me, with a partial memory loss, feel physically repulsed.

Teri, relentless, pointed at the screen. "Contact this guy! He's got way more dirt. Compared to Jocelyn's harmless texts and screenshots, these photos are solid evidence that could actually help you get a clean break from Elijah."

Pushing aside the nausea, I opened the person's profile. Sure enough, the timestamps on the photos showed they'd all been taken during my marriage to Elijah. In other words, this person held proof of Elijah's affair.

My focus snapped back. "What should we do now?"

"Get in touch with him!" Teri urged.

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