

Chapter 6 Perfect for the Trash

Scarlett had anticipated Ryan's visit.

In fact, her secretary had asked for her approval when he arrived at Ford Tower, and she had instructed security to let him through.

Boston Group had taken a hit from Ford. She knew Ryan would undoubtedly blame her for it.

So, clearing things up wouldn't hurt.

Scarlett stood up and poured him a cup of coffee.

But Ryan, eyes red with anger, swatted the cup away, sending it crashing to the oor.

"What the f**k do you want?" he growled. "Did you demand a divorce just to use my money to expand Ford Group?"

"Mr. Boston, why so agitated?"

Andrew entered the room, looking vibrant and condent as he sized Ryan up.

"Is Boston Group really this sore about fair competition?"

Though Andrew spoke casually, every word was meant to provoke Ryan.

Andrew wasn't typically combative, to the point that even his family sometimes forgot he was an Alpha, too.

In fact, he wasn't unassertive; he would merely wait for the right moment.

Now, the time had come. Scarlett was by his side!

It was time to retaliate for years of mistreating her!

Facing Ryan's erce gaze, Andrew smiled and spoke in a threatening tone. "If you're here to visit, you're welcome anytime, Ryan. But if you're here to stir up drama, I won't tolerate it. Please leave, or I'll have security escort you out."

But Ryan ignored him entirely.

Turning to Scarlett, he glared at her, his eyes bloodshot.

"Is he your new sugar daddy?" he asked coldly.

Scarlett felt a chill in her heart.

Was this how he saw her?

Given everything that had happened, what else could she expect? He was always like this, anyway.

He always saw Caroline as the perfect angel but saw her as a cunning manipulator.

With a bitter smile, Scarlett shook her head.

She returned to her desk, tapped a few keys, and the real-time stock price displayed on the large screen switched to the midday news.

"Generosity at its best! Ford Group donated 300 million to municipal works!

"Senator praised Ford Group and awarded an Honorary Medal...

"The funds will fully support the suburban landll conversion into a men's prison project, alleviating our city's scal emergency..."

The broadcaster's excited tone contrasted sharply with Ryan's icy realization.

Three hundred million? Donated?

For a landll conversion into a men's prison?

At that moment, he knew he had misjudged her, but that realization was quickly replaced by a peculiar kind of anger.

"Are you crazy?" Ryan growled.

Their gazes locked, an invisible werewolf tension sparking between them.

The teacup on a nearby table shattered under the pressure with a loud bang, shards scattering everywhere.

However, neither of them broke eye contact.

Scarlett stepped forward, meeting his gaze head-on. "Mr. Boston, don't you think your money is perfect for the landll conversion?"

Ryan clenched his teeth, his eyes xed on her neck as if he wanted to tear it apart. "You did this on purpose."

At that moment, he realized more strongly than ever before—she had once been his Luna.

No, she still was.

The bond between werewolves didn't dissipate with a mere divorce paper.

They were equally matched.

Strangely, despite his fury, Ryan felt a faint hint of expectation...

But then, Andrew stepped between them, breaking their intense stare.

"May I remind you," Andrew said politely, "that Boston Group has a bidding meeting this afternoon. Ryan, you won't waste more time breaking my teacups, I hope?"

Everyone in the nancial world knew Boston Group was determined to win this bid, and Ryan had been preparing for this meeting for months.

Seeing Ryan's expression, Andrew continued to taunt, "I've heard Boston Group's cash ow is tight. My friends told me you've paused several projects, haven't you? If you're short on funds, I won't make you pay for the cups. But if money is an issue, perhaps you shouldn't stretch yourself for the downtown bid. It's not cheap."

Ryan's expression turned icy.

He swept his gaze over Scarlett and Andrew before leaving. "Don't worry. Nobody can get what I want."

The oce fell silent.

Scarlett and Andrew exchanged a long look before she nally asked, "Did you reconcile with your father?"

"No." Andrew shrugged. "My father is very stubborn, you know that."

"Then where did you get the money?" Scarlett was astonished. "Poaching Boston Group's long-term clients must have cost a fortune!"

Andrew hesitated brieiy and then waved his hands with a smile. "Don't worry. All right, I'll tell you... It was your father. A few days ago, he invested two billion."

Scarlett stood frozen in shock.

Andrew continued, "He did it for you, you know. He hopes we can achieve something significant. Someday, he'll hand over Stuart Group to you."

Scarlett closed her eyes, lost in memories.

She had been away from home so long that she had almost forgotten the harsh words exchanged when she and her father had parted ways...

Maybe it was time to go home...

At seven o'clock in the evening, the Empire Hotel was crowded.

Outside the venue, a red carpet was already laid out. Reporters were everywhere, cameras clicking.

Caroline was ready to walk the red carpet. Dressed in a silk gown with high-end jewelry around her neck, she stood beside Ryan, who looked grim and avoided her gaze.

"Ryan." She smiled sweetly, subtly brushing her chest against his arm. "You just got divorced. Is it okay for us to attend this event together?"