

32.

32.

"Can you see his doom coming? Because I can feel it—like a storm closing in, dark and inevitable, and there's nothing left to stop it."

[Ads-free >](#)

Ryan sat at the far end of the long, sleek conference table, his hands clenched tightly under the surface. The endless tirade of accusations against Estelle was pushing him to the edge, and what made it worse was Hunter's unsettling calmness.

"Her actions were despicable," one of the senior shareholders sneered, his voice dripping with contempt. "It doesn't matter if that woman was his mistress—pushing someone into a pool, especially a mother, is unforgivable."

Ryan's jaw tightened. He could feel his blood begin to boil, the heat crawling up his neck and into his skull. For hours, they had slandered Estelle, spinning her into some kind of villain, and yet the one man who should have spoken up remained silent. Hunter. He sat across the table, arms resting casually, his chin propped on his hands as if the entire conversation didn't involve a woman he had once loved, once vowed to protect. The only reaction was the persistent locking of his jaw.

Ryan clenched his fists tighter under the table, fighting the urge to lash out. It wasn't his business—but he had been there that night. Call it curiosity—or maybe something more—but he had been drawn to Estelle, unable to look away as she glided through the party, confidence radiating from her every movement, even though he had noticed her discomfort that she tried so hard to hide. He had followed her, on the pretence of talking about the company, but really just wanted to be in her presence. And there, he had watched

the entire incident unfold in the shadows. He knew Carla had lied.

He could have spoken up then and there, but something in him wanted to see how Hunter would respond. Surely, he would defend Estelle, but he didn't. And even now, after enduring hours of horrid accusations, he still didn't, and Ryan's patience was beginning to wither.

"Someone like her isn't fit to be here," another shareholder sneered, cutting through Ryan's internal struggle. "Let's be honest, Hunter's life was peaceful during her absence. Her presence brings chaos—it's bound to affect the company."

Murmurs of agreement rippled around the room, followed by one of disagreement, and soon enough the room fell into a noisy bicker of power. Ryan's jaw clenched so hard his teeth ached. He had enough. He had hoped, even expected, Hunter to step in—to defend the woman who had once been his wife. But he remained infuriatingly calm, staring at the wall with a look of cold indifference. It was time to end this nonsense. His patience was gone.

"Do none of you feel even an ounce of shame?" Ryan's voice cut through the noise like a blade, instantly silencing the murmurs, and all eyes

turned to him. "You're sitting here, bad-mouthing a woman who did nothing wrong. How disgusting!"

"Disgusting?" one of the older men snapped back. "A woman whose actions could ruin our hard-earned work? Her reputation---"

"Her reputation?" Ryan spat, his fury booming through the word, and all their mouths snapped shut. Eyes widened as they fixed on him, including Hunter's. "What about yours? Slandering someone without proof? If any of you had a shred of decency, you'd have looked into the truth before running your mouths."

The room fell into a tense, icy silence. Ryan's eyes flicked at Hunter, his gaze sharp, daring him to say something. But Hunter's face remained unreadable, his cold stare meeting Ryan's challenge.

"If you believe it's a lie," one of the bolder shareholders challenged, "do you have proof for your defence?"

Ryan's lips curled into a smirk. "Do you?"

The man faltered, clearing his throat as he leaned back in his chair, unable to respond nor meet Ryan's piercing gaze.

32.

+10 Points

"I didn't think so," Ryan said, his voice tight with anger, though his lips still carried a smirk. "But I do."

The room erupted into murmurs again, filled with interest and disbelief. For the first time, Hunter's posture shifted, his interest piqued. His eyes narrowed as Ryan nodded toward the door. A young man entered, carrying a tablet, and bowed respectfully.

"I was there that night," Ryan began, his voice steady. "I don't need to explain why I was there, but fortunately, I witnessed the whole thing."

He gestured toward the screen at the front of the room, and with a flicker, the CCTV footage from that night began to play. The room grew cold, the chill of realization sinking into every shareholder's bones as the video revealed the truth—the moment Carla had roughly grabbed Mara and the moment slipped into the pool without Estelle's interference, as she had claimed.

Gasps filled the air, followed by stunned silence as the footage continued, showing Estelle saving her. Hunter's posture straightened his calm exterior, cracking. His jaw twitched, and a flash of anger crossed his face, though his hands remained resting on the table. He slowly dragged his eyes

from the screen to Ryan, who was already watching him with interest.

Deep down, Hunter had believed Estelle wouldn't push Carla—not because he had known her for so long, but because of Carla's newfound character, which still left him confused. She was like a snake shedding its skin, revealing a new side of herself day by day. He had this lingering doubt, but never did he want it exposed—not like this, in front of people he was trying to win over, and especially not by a stranger who seemed interested in Estelle. His jaw clenched even tighter as they continued their silent battle of stares.

"I didn't think anyone here would take the time to check the facts, as you all pointed fingers without a second thought," Ryan said after the footage ended, his voice low and cutting, and his eyes meeting those already staring at him. "But I expected at least a little trust in someone you've known for a long time, if not personally," his gaze slid to Hunter, holding it for a few seconds before looking away and continuing, "but through her family, rather than a stranger."

Hunter's eyes blazed with anger, but Ryan continued, unconcerned. "Now the truth is out, and the footage is public as well." His gaze settled on

32.

the shareholders, then shifted to Hunter, who seemed red-faced and inflated with barely contained fury. "I believe all misunderstanding has been cleared. So before any of you speak and slander someone next time, remember—you'll be

Ads-free >

judged for your words, just like you judged her."

.....

Across town, Carla sat still in her hospital bed, red with fury. How had her perfectly crafted lie been exposed to the world? She had spun it so carefully, playing the emotional and pitiful victim, and it had worked—until now. Who dared expose

32.

the footage—and to the media, for crying out loud? What had Hunter been doing to allow this? Her body shook with anger. Her phone buzzed incessantly beside her, and when she finally picked it up, her breath hitched at the sight of the ID on the screen. Her hand trembled as she opened the text message that had just come in:

"Stay low. Don't try anything else and ruin my plan, or you'll face the repercussions."

Carla's pulse quickened as she stared at the screen, her mind racing with both fear and anger.

*This was that b***h's fault .*

Estelle had always been the only obstacle in her life that she could never defeat, and now she was showing her power, trying to ruin Carla's reputation in front of people who trusted her. Carla gripped the phone tighter, her heart thudding in her chest.

"I won't forgive her," she thought. She would do anything to destroy Estelle—and this was just the beginning.

17
Comments47
Vote

Watch videos get points (0/20) >