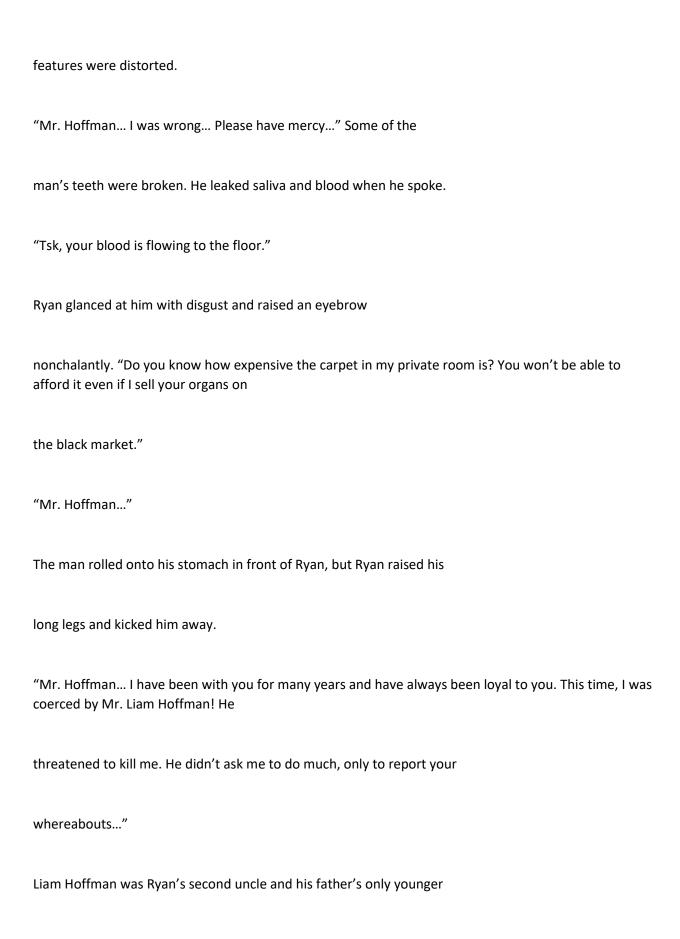
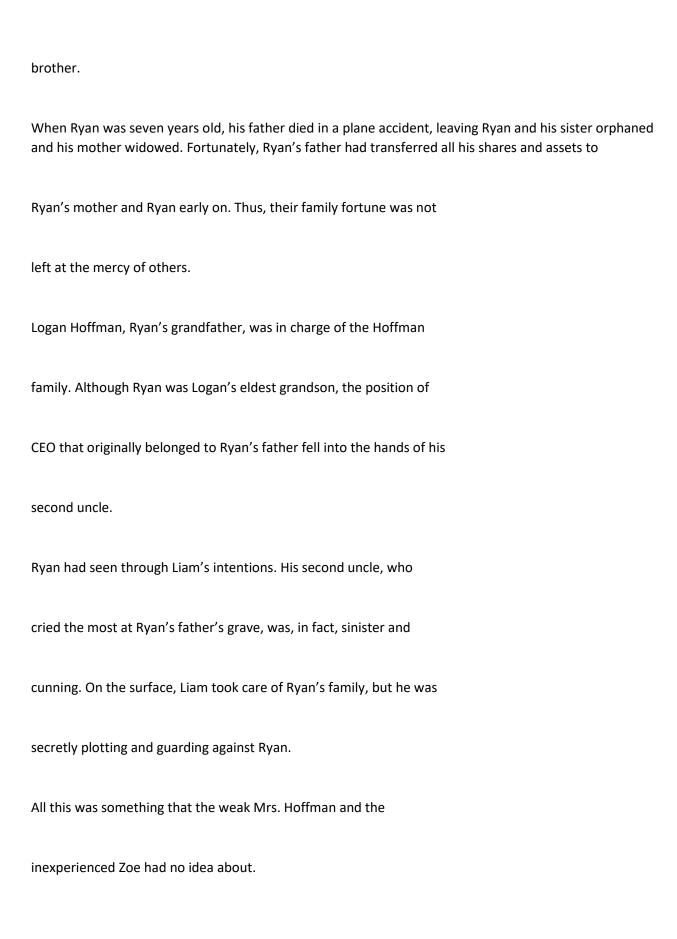
Heiress's 397

Cha	pter	397
Cita	Pici	33,

The music in the ACE club was blasting at full volume, but the
luxurious private room was so quiet that everyone could hear their
own heartbeat.
Ryan was wearing a black suit and a dark-patterned silk shirt with a wide collar. A silver necklace dipped between his solid chest
muscles. He held a glass of red wine, sipping on it leisurely with his long legs crossed.
A drop of bright red blood oozed from the corner of his lips, which he had wiped away with his thumb. His expression was languid and frivolous, but his charming eyes held a hint of coldness that deterred people from approaching him."
His gaze was so icy, like a cold abyss.
Ryan's bodyguards stood in a row in the private room.
Ryan raised his head and drank the red wine in his glass before
snapping his fingers.
Then his bodyguards dispersed. A tied-up man kneeled on the ground
in front of Ryan. His face was bruised and swollen, and his facial





As the backbone of the family, Ryan shouldered all the responsibility
and pressure. Even his best friend, Justin, was unaware of the
hardships Ryan went through.
"You're quite good at pleading for yourself. You know that you've
been working for me for the longest time, so you want to please both sides and save more money for yourself, right? Hah! You ought to know that you might be able to earn more, but you might not have the life to enjoy all that money." Ryan let go of his hand. The wine glass he was holding shattered. The cold light in his charming eyes was
terrifying.
The man kept kowtowing to Ryan, so much so that the floor covered
with luxurious velvet rugs made a clunking sound.
"I don't care that you lied to me. It's expected for the boss of a big conglomerate to have one or two traitors around them. That's a show
of success, isn't it?"
Ryan leaned forward slightly. His broad shoulders cast a beautiful
shadow on the floor.
The moment Ryan lowered his long eyelashes and smirked slowly,



Ryan stood up slowly, put his left hand in his pants pocket, and
smoothed back his hair.
"Wrap it up and send it to my second uncle. He can eat it as an appetizer for his next meal."

In the private room on the other side of the club, Zoe ordered the staff to broadcast the hundreds of surveillance cameras in the entire club
on the large screen. That way, they could watch Carrie from various
angles.
Carrie was like a deer lost in the forest-flustered, frightened, and
helpless.
Zoe and her friends watched it with interest.