

## Heiress's 397

### Chapter 397

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

features were distorted.

“Mr. Hoffman... I was wrong... Please have mercy...” Some of the

man’s teeth were broken. He leaked saliva and blood when he spoke.

“Tsk, your blood is flowing to the floor.”

Ryan glanced at him with disgust and raised an eyebrow

nonchalantly. “Do you know how expensive the carpet in my private room is? You won’t be able to afford it even if I sell your organs on

the black market.”

“Mr. Hoffman...”

The man rolled onto his stomach in front of Ryan, but Ryan raised his

long legs and kicked him away.

“Mr. Hoffman... I have been with you for many years and have always been loyal to you. This time, I was coerced by Mr. Liam Hoffman! He

threatened to kill me. He didn’t ask me to do much, only to report your

whereabouts...”

Liam Hoffman was Ryan’s second uncle and his father’s only younger

brother.

When Ryan was seven years old, his father died in a plane accident, leaving Ryan and his sister orphaned and his mother widowed. Fortunately, Ryan's father had transferred all his shares and assets to

Ryan's mother and Ryan early on. Thus, their family fortune was not

left at the mercy of others.

Logan Hoffman, Ryan's grandfather, was in charge of the Hoffman

family. Although Ryan was Logan's eldest grandson, the position of

CEO that originally belonged to Ryan's father fell into the hands of his

second uncle.

Ryan had seen through Liam's intentions. His second uncle, who

cried the most at Ryan's father's grave, was, in fact, sinister and

cunning. On the surface, Liam took care of Ryan's family, but he was

secretly plotting and guarding against Ryan.

All this was something that the weak Mrs. Hoffman and the

inexperienced Zoe had no idea about.

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,

the miserable man in front of him looked so afraid, as if Ryan were

the grim reaper.

“What you did wrong was to expose yourself. Since you’ve deceived me, you should’ve continued lying to me. This way, you won’t ruin my

mood, and you can even live longer.”

“Mr. Hoffman... Please...” The man’s body was shaking, and he

almost peed his pants.

Ryan narrowed his eyes and drawled, “It’s been a long time since I visited my second uncle. I should’ve been more courteous. Yasmin.”

A charming woman wearing a deep V backless slit dress came out of a dark corner. She was Ryan’s secretary.

“Mr. Hoffman,” Yasmin said respectfully.

Ryan’s smile suddenly disappeared. “Cut off his treacherous tongue!”

“Yes, sir.”

“No, no, no! No... Ah! Mm!”

Yasmin’s face was expressionless as she raised a knife and cut out the man’s tongue with more skill than a butcher.

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.