

Chapter 100

Entering the office, the lawyer took a seat.

Across from him sat the McCarthy family, Mr. McCarthy in the center, his expression looked very professional, Mrs. McCarthy to his right, looking composed, and Elizabeth to his left, her legs crossed.

After a long, weighted silence, Mr. McCarthy finally turned toward the door and called out, "Sasha!"

The door clicked open almost immediately, and Sasha his secretary, stepped in briskly with a notepad and pen in her hand.

"Yes, sir?" she said, ready for instructions.

Mr. McCarthy gestured toward the lawyer. "Please get our guest here a cup of coffee. Also get ready because they are other lawyers and other investors on their way here as well, this is just one if them."

"Get him something, perhaps something light from the kitchen. He'll be waiting a while for the gentleman he's representing."

The lawyer lifted a hand slightly, offering a calm smile. "That's very kind of you, but there's really no need. I'm perfectly fine."

Mrs. McCarthy waved dismissively, leaning forward a touch. "Nonsense. You're our guest and while we may be discussing business, hospitality is still a virtue."

"Exactly," Mr. McCarthy echoed, offering a polite smile. "This company might be leading in artificial intelligence and robotics, but we still know how to treat people." They all chuckled..

The lawyer nodded graciously. "In that case, thank you, I'll accept."



Sasha smiled and gave a quick nod. "Right away," she said before disappearing through the doors again.

As soon as she was gone, the silence returned. But this time it was kind of awkward, as the lawyer didn't speak up as they had expected.

Elizabeth sighed lightly and uncrossed her legs only to recross them again. Her fingers tapped on the side of her phone restlessly as she became impatient and bored.

"You'd think someone buying a percentage of a company would show up on time," she muttered under her breath.

Mr. McCarthy gave her a sharp look, but didn't comment. Instead, he turned back to the lawyer and leaned in slightly on the table.

"Forgive my curiosity," he said, his fingers threading together, resting on the table. "But I'm assuming your client is someone of substantial wealth. Not many can pull off a surprise acquisition of that magnitude."

The lawyer gave a subtle nod. "That would be a fair assumption."

Elizabeth raised her brows, intrigued. "So, what are we talking about here?" she asked. "Is that why he hasn't appeared here yet?"

The lawyer's lips curved faintly, barely a smirk. "Let's just say he's a busy man."

"That doesn't really narrow it down," Elizabeth replied, slightly irritated by the vagueness. "At the very least, he should be punctual. Business is about presence and respect."

Mrs. McCarthy joined in, brushing a dust off her blouse. "I'm sure he has his reasons. The higher up you go, the more... flexible time becomes."

“Flexible or inconsiderate?” Elizabeth asked, more to herself than anyone else.

Before anyone could respond, Sasha returned with a small silver tray in her hands. On it sat a cup and saucer with a steaming cappuccino topped with foam art. She placed it carefully in front of the lawyer, who nodded his thanks.

“Thank you, Ms. Sasha,” he said sincerely.

“You’re welcome, sir,” she replied, offering a polite smile before taking her place by the wall near the door, ready for any further instructions.

Mr. McCarthy glanced at the wall clock. He noticed it was 10:20 AM, and it was odd enough that no one had showed up for the other 6 buyers yet. And then only person who showed up was the lawyer of the 7th buyer. It made him worry a little.

He exhaled sharply and tapped the table. “This meeting was scheduled for ten sharp. Your client is twenty minutes late. I trust this isn’t a habit?”

The lawyer didn’t act like he noticed the time pass. Instead, he reached into his jacket, pulled out a black phone, and unlocked it with a flick of his thumb. “Let me check in with him. It’s possible he’s already arrived and is simply preparing.”

He typed a message quickly and then looked back up at them.

“I’ve sent a ping to his assistant. I’ll let you know as soon as I receive word.”

Mr. McCarthy sat back in his chair, his brows furrowed, his mind ticking behind his eyes. “You must understand our concern. When someone acquires 10 percent of my company without a formal sit - down



beforehand, then doesn't arrive on time to their first meeting... it creates a certain tension."

"That's understandable, Mr. McCarthy," the lawyer said with a small nod. "But I assure you, he's well aware of the significance of this meeting."

Elizabeth scoffed quietly. "Does he have a name, or do we keep referring to him as 'he who must not be named'?"

The lawyer smiled faintly again. "You'll know him very soon. He prefers direct introductions."

"I don't like these games," Mr. McCarthy said firmly.

"And neither does he," the lawyer replied, meeting his gaze directly for the first time. "He simply prefers to do the introductions himself."

Just then, the lawyer's phone buzzed lightly on the table.

He picked it up, read the message, and looked up slowly. "He's here."

The room stilled instantly, all of them beginning to adjust their clothes as if trying to look presentable.

"He's arriving now," the lawyer continued calmly, placing the phone back on the table. "In fact, he should be at the boardroom doors in less than sixty seconds."

Everyone turned toward the glass doors.

Elizabeth uncrossed her legs. Her heart beat just a little faster.

Mrs. McCarthy reached instinctively for her necklace, running her fingers over the small sapphire pendant.



And Mr. McCarthy who is ever the composed businessman, leaned forward, his jaw tightening.

"Let's see what kind of man he is," he muttered.

He had barely touched the screen of his phone when the doors to the boardroom creaked open.

Sasha reentered with a troubled face. She stepped inside with caution.

"There's a problem, sir," she said carefully, her eyes flitting toward Mr. McCarthy, then toward the lawyer, unsure whether to speak freely in his presence.