

Chapter 101

Mr. McCarthy straightened in his chair, visibly tense. "What kind of problem?"

Sasha still looked between him and the lawyer. Mr. McCarthy had warned her once not to allow certain people into his office, but she didn't know if he'd get angry at her for saying it there in front of the lawyer, whom he was trying to impress.

"Speak up, Sasha... as you can see, I'm in a meeting, there's no time for nonsense!" Mr. McCarthy said quickly through his clenched teeth.

"There's someone outside asking to be let in," Sasha replied. "He says he's here for the meeting, but..." She hesitated, visibly struggling to phrase it. "He doesn't seem... appropriate, I am afraid I think he is lying, he doesn't belong to this class at all."

Mrs. McCarthy's brow creased. "What do you mean? In what way does he not look appropriate?"

Sasha shifted slightly, lowering her voice as though reluctant to be overheard. "Well... he's dressed casually. He uhhh.. he is putting on a plain shirt and jeans, he didn't have any suit on or tie, for a fact, he looks poor or below average."

"Jeans?" Mr. McCarthy repeated, blinking. "You're telling me someone showed up to this boardroom, dressed like that?"

"Are you sure you saw correctly? Not even my staff puts on jeans to work, they know very well how I want my staffs to dress," he said, raising his voice slightly.

Elizabeth leaned forward and scoffed. "That's absurd. This isn't a co -

working space. Who shows up to a shareholders' meeting of a billion-dollar company looking like they're on their way to a garage band rehearsal?"

Mr. McCarthy turned toward the lawyer with an expectant, almost accusatory look.

But the lawyer merely looked up, he still looked calm and carefree. "That would be him."

Silence gripped the room as everyone's attention shifted to the lawyer. Everyone's ears were on alert for the lawyer's next words.

Mr. McCarthy blinked. "You're joking, right?"

The lawyer shook his head once, to show he knew exactly what he was saying. "I'm not joking, Mr. McCarthy. How could I joke with such a delicate matter?"

"That man," Elizabeth said slowly, a note of disbelief in her voice, "that person in jeans, is your client?"

"Yes. I finalized the paperwork with him early this morning via secure video call," the lawyer explained. "He said he preferred to remain private until today. We handled the entire process digitally. I haven't met him in person until now, but the description fits."

Elizabeth let out a disbelieving laugh and ran a hand through her hair. "You're telling me someone casually walked in wearing jeans and bought 10% percent of our company?"

"It appears so," the lawyer said simply.

Mrs. McCarthy's voice had become tight. "What's his name? Ever since you stepped in here, we haven't heard the name of this client of yours.

Now, tell us, what's his name?"

The lawyer hesitated. "I don't know."

It didn't look like he was faking it, he looked like he was really clueless about the name of his client.

"You don't know?" Mr. McCarthy's voice rose slightly.

The lawyer held up both palms calmly. "He made the investment through a series of legal entities. The funds were transferred using a secure digital wallet. I have all the valid credentials, authorizations, and compliance clearances, but no formal name. He said he would introduce himself today."

Elizabeth was stunned by the details provided by the lawyer. Stunned or maybe disappointed by what he just said?

"How can you be here to represent someone you don't even know?" She said coldly, her false polite expression was fading now, her true cold nature was coming out slowly already.

The lawyer didn't speak another word yet. And it even made Elizabeth believe he wasn't even serious, neither was the client.

"Is this a prank?" Elizabeth asked, turning toward her father. "This has to be some kind of twisted stunt. Who buys a 1 million dollar share in a company without giving a name?"

Mr. McCarthy exhaled heavily, rubbing his temples. "It.. It was not a prank. The shares were legally sold out from our website and I authorized the sales. It was all Verified by our team. The accounts department confirmed it, everything is clean. But then, where are the rest of the seven buyers, at least we could attend to them while this lawyer tells us

who he is really representing.”

The lawyer leaned back slightly, his hands resting on the arms of his chair. 1

“Unconventional, yes. But not illegal and it is in fact a very secure way to buy in to businesses if you are someone who wants your identity hidden from most people.”

“Well,” Mr. McCarthy said finally, “if he really is a 10% shareholder, then we owe him the respect of hearing him out.”

He looked at Sasha. “Let him in, apologize to him and ask him to come into the boardroom for the meeting. Also inform him that his lawyer is here...”

Sasha looked unsure for a moment, but then nodded. “Yes, sir, I’ll do just that.”

“And Sasha,” Elizabeth added sharply, flipping her hair over one shoulder, “don’t ever judge someone by how they look. You don’t know who they are.” She said that just to look good in front of the lawyer, just in case the person is the real investor.

Sasha flinched slightly, knowing this was completely a show and nothing like the real Elizabeth who would even slap her for suggesting to let a low class in where she was. “Yes, ma’am. Apologies, I’ll let him in now.”

She turned and left the room again, closing the doors behind her with a soft click. For a moment, the room was utterly silent.

“I still can’t believe this,” Elizabeth muttered. “Some guy in jeans, I can’t wait to see him...”

“What if it’s a con?” Mrs. McCarthy whispered. “What if we’ve handed

over the company to a fraud?"

Mr. McCarthy shook his head. "The funds cleared, the account is real and a lawyer wouldn't be involved if it was scam. The transfer happened, and we received the money, so...his is no scam."

The silence hit them again.

Then, slowly, the door creaked open once more.

Sasha stepped aside, her expression now unreadable.

A shadow filled the corridor behind her belonging to the man that was walking in. The man stepped forward and grabbed the door handle, pushing it open.

With full confidence, he walked into the room.

Mr. McCarthy began to rise from his seat, his lips parting as he planned to apologize to the person entering for letting him stay outside for long. "Sir, I'm terribly sorry for the confusion, and—"

He froze mid-sentence, and the rest of his words died in his mouth instantly.

Elizabeth shot up so fast her chair screeched across the floor. She stared in utter shock, as though seeing a ghost.

Her mouth opened, but for a few moments, no sound came out.

Mrs. McCarthy gasped, one hand flying to her chest.

It was him, It was Ryan Walker...

Looking as composed as always, he was Dressed in deep blue jeans and a

simple black shirt.

He was not in suit, yet somehow, he looked more commanding than anyone else in the room.

His eyes swept across the table calculatively. There was no sign of arrogance at all in his expression.

"Ryan?" Elizabeth whispered. Her voice cracked from the confusion. "You?"

Mr. McCarthy stared, his lips trembling. "No... no, no. This... this can't be."

Ryan smiled lightly...

"Good morning, Ex-wife..."

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