

Chapter 102

The silence in the boardroom was deafening as everyone's eyes were on Ryan.

Not a single person moved. Ryan stood calmly just inside the doorway, his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans that felt out of place in the boardroom.

It was Elizabeth who found her voice first.

She drew in a breath, crossing her arms tightly across her chest and shook her head. Her narrowed eyes locked onto Ryan's face, searching for answers, explanations but she found none.

Her words came sharp and cold. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Ryan did not answer. He offered her no glance, no acknowledgment of her question. Instead, he walked toward the far end of the boardroom table. It was the seat reserved, without exception, for the most senior executive, the one who called the shots, probably for the CEO of the company.

He pulled the chair back and sat down. The motion was smooth, as if this had been his seat all along and he had simply returned to claim it.

Once seated, Ryan turned his gaze first to the lawyer, then to the McCarthys.

"Apologies for arriving late," he said, his voice was low but clear enough for everyone to hear. "I had some urgent business to take care of. I didn't want to leave anything unfinished before coming here."

Across the table, Mr. McCarthy remained frozen in place, his mouth partially open, as though a protest had started and been forgotten.

halfway through. His face was pale, and his eyes were fixed on Ryan with a look of disbelief.

Mrs. McCarthy, seated beside him, clutched the pearl necklace at her throat as though it might provide some support. Her eyes darted between Ryan and the lawyer like she couldn't decide which of them was more responsible for this impossible situation. For once, neither of them spoke. The usual sharpness in their tone had vanished, it was silenced by pure shock.

Elizabeth, however, was not one to stay silent for long.

She leaned forward suddenly, scoffing with a dismissive expression on her face. "Excuse me? You can't just walk in here like you own the place. What kind of stupid joke is this supposed to be?"

Ryan still didn't look at her. He remained seated with a straight face as if nothing was bothering him.

Elizabeth, frustrated by his refusal to even glance her way, turned her anger on the lawyer. "You said this man is your client? This man?" She jabbed a finger in Ryan's direction, the accusation ringing in her voice.

"This is Ryan Walker, my ex-husband. The same man who used to wear the same three shirts every week when he was living under my father's roof. He's not some investor, it isn't possible."

The lawyer sighed indifferently, taken aback by the intensity of her outburst. He didn't respond immediately, unsure whether the accusation required a legal answer or a personal one.

Elizabeth continued, now standing up from her chair. "This has to be a mistake. Maybe someone hacked your system. Maybe you video-called someone who looks like Ryan. Hell, maybe the resolution was bad, or he

used a filter. 'There's no way this is real. Ryan couldn't afford a used bicycle, let alone a million-dollar share.'

She turned to her father, looking for agreement, desperation showing in her voice. "Dad, tell him. Tell him this is all some sort of mistake."

Mr. McCarthy cleared his throat, forcing his voice to return. He straightened slightly, trying to reclaim authority over the room. "There must be some confusion here, sir," he said, addressing the lawyer directly. "My daughter is right. This man, Ryan Walker, he used to work under me. He's a Nobody, almost a dropout. He has no credentials, no money. He doesn't belong in a meeting like this, let alone as a shareholder."

Ryan remained seated throughout it all. He didn't interrupt them, not even once. He simply watched them, his expression becoming even more unreadable, as if he had anticipated every word and every reaction from them. There was no anger in his eyes, only something looking like amusement.

Finally, the lawyer raised a hand gently. "With all due respect," he said, "I understand this is... unexpected. But I assure you, there is no mistake here at all. Mr. Ryan Walker is the client I've been working with. He is the individual who authorized the purchase, signed the agreements, and transferred the funds. He now legally holds the shares in question."

Elizabeth threw her hands in the air, her voice rising again. "How is that even possible?"

"You must have been scammed," Mr. McCarthy said quickly, his confidence returning as he reached for the folder of documents in front of him. "Look... I have the official shareholder records right here. These are the seven people who bought stakes in our company. Each of them holds ten percent. I've seen the names myself. There is no Ryan Walker

listed, I can assure you of that." 

He flipped through the documents quickly and laid them out across the table. "See for yourself... These are the verified owners."

Ryan leaned forward slightly, speaking in the same calm tone as always. "That's because I didn't use my real name."

Mrs. McCarthy gave a short, disbelieving snort. "What? You used a fake name? Is that your big excuse?"

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. "Oh, come on, Ryan. That's the oldest lie in the book, no one would use a fake name to buy a share, not for something that important."

The lawyer raised a hand again, this time with a bit more weight behind his words. "It's not illegal," he explained. "In fact, your company's own shareholder policy explicitly allows for anonymity. Shareholders are permitted to use pseudonyms or corporate entity names when purchasing shares, provided all legal documents and verification procedures are properly followed. Everything was done within the rules. Your own agreement allows for it."

Mr. McCarthy blinked, caught off guard by how fluent the lawyer was with the regulations he himself had uploaded on his company's website. "Well, yes... yes, that clause exists. But even if someone did use a fake name... it still couldn't be him. He never had the money. That's the point!"

And again, Ryan said nothing. He just scoffed and slowly rubbed his forehead.

Elizabeth's eyes narrowed as she took a step toward Ryan, insults already forming on her lips.

"You think we don't know who you are?" she spat, her voice rising. "You think I don't remember every broken pair of shoes you wore when you lived in our guest house? You couldn't afford a one percent stake in a street kiosk, Ryan. Let alone a share of McCarthy Technologies."

Her words echoed off the glass walls of the boardroom...

But Ryan didn't reply instantly.

He met her eyes without the slightest sign of offense, his gaze was as calm as his words and that look on his face drove Elizabeth mad every single time.

"Let's not argue about what you believe," Ryan said calmly, his voice was smooth. "Belief doesn't matter right now. Why don't we just look at the facts?"

He turned his head slightly, his gaze shifting to the lawyer seated beside him. "Show them, please."