

### Chapter 103

The lawyer gave a small nod of acknowledgment and reached into his briefcase, which had been resting at his side throughout the meeting. His movements were calm and not rushed, as though this moment had been expected.

"Certainly," the lawyer said. His tone remained professional and composed, even as the tension in the room grew thick. He withdrew a folder that was perfectly organized.

"These documents," he continued, "were submitted in advance to my office by Mr. Walker, per legal protocol. Everything has been verified and reviewed, and I can tell you, your company provided these documents to the shareholders."

He opened the folder and began laying out the contents on the surface of the long boardroom table. One by one, he placed each document carefully in front of the McCarthy family, as if he was serving court papers.

"These are the signed shareholder agreements," he said, pointing as he spoke. "All contracts are legally binding and have already been reviewed and counter-signed by your own legal department. As you can see, here, and here each page contains authenticated McCarthy signatures."

The tension in the room deepened as Mr. McCarthy leaned forward, his trembling hands moving across the table toward the documents. His eyes scanned the pages quickly and urgently, darting from one signature to the next. His jaw tightened immediately as he recognized the signatures vividly.

There it was, his own signature, unmistakably his, scribbled in that familiar slanted scrawl.



And beside it, written in bold lettering, was another name, Ryan Walker.

Both where on one document, then another.

And then another after that, they kept going...

Each one detailed the acquisition of a ten percent stake in the company. Each one had the same two signatures at the bottom.

Silence fell again, heavier this time and more suffocating.

Ryan leaned back slightly in his chair and raised his head, his voice almost casual. "Would you like to count them?"

The lawyer, now holding the final file, gently set it down in front of the group with authority. "There are seven in total," he stated. "Each corresponding to a ten percent acquisition of McCarthy Technologies stock. That equates to a seventy percent ownership share."

Mrs. McCarthy gasped audibly, her gloved hand flying to her mouth in shock.

Elizabeth stumbled backward, the color draining from her face. She caught herself awkwardly on the armrest of a chair behind her, as if her legs could no longer be trusted to hold her weight.

"You're lying," she whispered, her voice barely audible. Her eyes darted between the papers and Ryan, wide and wild. "That's not possible... That's impossible."

Ryan turned his head toward her, his expression still unreadable. "I thought you said I couldn't afford even one percent?" he asked softly.

Elizabeth's lips parted as she struggled to find words. "No.. no. This is wrong. It's all wrong," she stammered, her voice shaking. "You must've



forged it. You tricked someone. You... you stole the money. That's what this is, you had to."

Mr. McCarthy slammed his hand on the table, his face flushed with red. His voice rose with desperation. "Who helped you, huh?! Who gave you the money?! You couldn't have done this alone!"

Ryan didn't respond right away. He simply folded his hands together neatly on the table, maintaining that same composed posture. The calm in him was terrifying.

The lawyer answered instead.

"You'll find everything was done legally and properly verified," he said. "The purchases were executed through seven distinct identities, as allowed under shareholder confidentiality clauses. Each one is directly tied back to Mr. Walker by his signature. The funding trails are clean, confirmed, and fully documented."

Elizabeth let out a sound between a laugh and a sob, her voice breaking. "This can't be happening," she said, more to herself than to anyone else. "No... no. This can't... this can't be happening!"

She staggered backward again, two slow, disoriented steps, her entire body trembling. Her face had gone ghostly pale.

"Elizabeth—" Mrs. McCarthy cried out, lunging forward as she saw her daughter's knees start to give out.

But it was too late.

Elizabeth collapsed hard on the floor from the shock that hit her.

Her body hit the floor with a thud. Everyone gasped except for Ryan who didn't even care to look in her direction.



Mrs. McCarthy screamed, scrambling to the floor to cradle her daughter's head in her lap, her cries echoing off the boardroom walls.

Mr. McCarthy spun toward the intercom, slamming his fist against the button. "Sasha! Get in here! Call an ambulance now!"

The door burst open a moment later. Sasha, breathless, froze in place as her eyes landed on Elizabeth lying unconscious on the floor. She let out a small gasp and turned, fumbling for her phone as she dashed back out.

Through all of it, Ryan remained strangely composed and calm.

He rose slowly from his chair, his expression was still calm and more like he didn't just cause the commotion here, and he looked toward the chaos with indifference.

"You might want to bring her a glass of water," he said quietly. "She just realized she doesn't own the throne she's been sitting on her whole life."

Mr. McCarthy looked up, trembling, his face twisted into something unrecognizable, a part of it was rage, the other part was humiliation, and then terror.

"You..." he croaked. "You planned all of this... didn't you?"

Ryan took a step toward him, his gaze fixed on him.

"No," he said, his voice turning lower than before. "You planned it. When you tried to buy my mother like she was a possession. When you laughed at me for having nothing, when you judged me by the holes in my shoes, when you kicked me to the curb because I didn't have power."

He paused, leaning in just slightly.

"All I did... was respond."



In the distance, the sound of sirens began to rise, growing louder as they approached the building.

Elizabeth still hadn't stirred, the shock had knocked her out completely.

Mrs. McCarthy knelt sobbing on the floor, clutching her daughter's head against her shoulder. Sasha stood at the doorway, confused between rushing in and staying back, her phone trembling in her hand.

Ryan turned to the lawyer beside him with finality.

"Let's begin the transition paperwork."

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