

#### Chapter 104

The silence that followed was so intense that even the lawyer could not move yet, Mr. McCarthy's eyes were intensely fixed on him.

For a long moment, Mr. McCarthy didn't speak. He stood at the far end of the boardroom table with his fists clenched so tight his knuckles had turned pale. His chest rose and fell, his face turned red from embarrassment and disbelief.

And then, he exploded with his next set of words.

"No one," he shouted, his voice was trembling, "No one is preparing any transition documents in my presence! Not while I'm still standing!"

"This is madness! This is complete madness, and I wonder why a lawyer is even backing it up, I must say that I am disappointed," he said in anger.

His booming voice startled everyone.

Mrs. McCarthy gasped, as she noticed Elizabeth who was still slumped in the chair from her earlier collapse, flinched. Even the secretary, who had quietly crept back into the room with a bottle of water, dropped it on the floor.

Ryan was the only person in the room who didn't move. He looked up slowly and leaned back in his seat as if he were merely observing a tantrum from a stubborn child.

But before Ryan could speak, the lawyer beside him adjusted his tie, folded the last of the documents, and looked directly at Mr. McCarthy.

"Sir," he said with a low and calm tone, "I strongly suggest you take your daughter to the hospital and let the doctors attend to her. She just fainted, and given the stress she's under, it could be serious. Also... if I



may advise, you'd do well to avoid getting sued for obstruction of a corporate takeover that is already complete on paper."

Mr. McCarthy looked like he was about to throw something. His fingers twitched and his chest heaved.

Ryan stood slowly, his hands folded in front of him.

"All right then," Ryan said, his voice sounded smooth. "Since you've made it clear that you won't let us proceed with the transfer of power, I suppose I should ask... What exactly do you plan to do about it?"

Mr. McCarthy didn't respond at first. He just breathed heavily, like a dragon trying not to spit fire.

And then he spoke.

"I'm calling my lawyer," he snapped. "Now." 

He reached into the inside pocket of his coat, pulled out his phone with shaking hands, and quickly dialed a number. Everyone sat in silence as he pressed the phone to his ear and barked, "Come to my office now. Right now, I don't care if you're in a meeting. This is more important!"

And then he hung up without another word.

Across the room, Elizabeth woke up slowly, regaining consciousness gradually.

Her eyelids fluttered, then opened fully, revealing watered eyes. Her lashes trembled as her gaze flicked across the boardroom, disoriented, until they landed squarely on one face - Ryan's.

And there he was, standing comfortably at the end of the table, smiling.



Her breath hitched...

Her mother clutched her arm gently. "Oh, my child... you're awake," Mrs. McCarthy whispered, helping Elizabeth slowly sit upright in her chair.

Elizabeth didn't speak, she had absolutely nothing to say. Waking up, she thought she would discover it was just a nightmare, but it didn't work that way, it was very real and Ryan didn't disappear. The look on her face said it all. The shock, disbelief, rage and embarrassment couldn't be hidden on her face.

Ryan met her eyes for a moment, but only briefly, and then simply turned his gaze back to her father, as if Elizabeth didn't matter anymore.

That, perhaps, was the deepest cut to Elizabeth's heart that moment.

Elizabeth wanted to scream, she wanted to cry. She wanted to throw every chair in the room. But she was too weak to even lift her arms. Her mother held her close, shielding her from further humiliation as Mr. McCarthy paced the floor like a madman.

Ten minutes later, the boardroom door swung open.

A man walked in, slightly out of breath, his tie loosened as though he had rushed upstairs. His face brightened upon seeing Mr. McCarthy.

"Sir," he said, walking forward. "You called for me?"

Mr. McCarthy didn't greet him, he didn't even say thank you. Instead, he exploded at him harshly.

"What took you so long?! Ten whole minutes?! You know my office is on the top floor, do you walk with one foot?!"



The lawyer blinked, confused. "I'm sorry, sir. I was on a call and had to —"

"Shut up!" Mr. McCarthy shouted. "You're always useless! Every time I need you fast, you crawl like a snail!"

"I, I'm sorry," the man muttered. "It won't happen again."

Ryan raised an eyebrow, glancing at his own lawyer who stood quietly beside him, unmoved.

After a few seconds of silence, Mr. McCarthy turned to the new lawyer. "Listen carefully, tell me. Is it true that this boy, this thing sitting at the head of my boardroom, is now legally the CEO of my company?"