



Chapter 105

The lawyer looked nervous.

He stood there rigidly, sweat forming on his forehead, despite the air-conditioned chill of the boardroom. His eyes darted nervously between Mr. McCarthy and the stack of documents sitting in the middle of the long table.

With shaking hands, Ryan's lawyer stepped forward and silently handed over the folder. The rustle of paper was the only sound in the room as Mr. McCarthy's personal attorney took it, swallowing hard. He opened the folder slowly, almost as if he was hoping the words inside would change before his eyes.

He skimmed through the documents once. Then again, slower this time. And then, for a third time, carefully, his lips tightening with each line he read. Silence fell over the boardroom again when he finally looked up from the papers.

Finally, he exhaled, looking defeated.

"Yes, sir," the lawyer said quietly, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'm afraid the documents are valid."

Mr. McCarthy's jaw twitched.

The lawyer continued, "Ryan Walker holds seventy percent of the shares now. That legally makes him the majority shareholder... and the new Chief Executive Officer of McCarthy Enterprises."

A cold silence descended on the room.

No one moved. No one dared speak. For a few seconds, time itself freeze.



Then all of a sudden, the lawyer heard a sound on his own face.

SMACK!

The crack of skin against skin rang out like a pistol shot.

Mr. McCarthy had slapped his lawyer so hard the man's head jerked violently to the side. The lawyer staggered backward, one hand going instinctively to his reddening cheek.

Everyone in the room recoiled and gasped. Even Elizabeth flinched in shock. Her mouth fell open as she stared at her father, who was now breathing like a bull.

"You incompetent fool!" Mr. McCarthy bellowed, his voice thunderous. "You let this happen? You didn't think to warn me?!"

The lawyer didn't say anything to annoy him further.

He stood, rubbing his cheek slowly.

And then all of a sudden...

SMACK!

The sound was even louder than the first one.

The lawyer had slapped him back.

Gasps erupted from every corner of the boardroom. Elizabeth took a step forward in disbelief. Mrs. McCarthy stood abruptly, pulling her daughter into her arms, her face twisted in horror.

Mr. McCarthy froze, unable to process what had just happened.

The two men stared at each other, gritting their teeth.



"I've served you for fifteen years," the lawyer said, his voice cracking. "I've cleaned up your messes. I've watched you scream at your staff, treat your colleagues like dirt, and humiliate everyone who dared stand up to you. And through it all, I remained loyal. But this? This is where I draw the line."

He straightened his back, meeting Mr. McCarthy's stunned eyes.

"You don't own this company anymore and you sure as hell don't own me."

Mr. McCarthy's hand twitched, he was about to raise it again, ready to strike the lawyer again, before Ryan's voice stopped him.

"That's enough..."

His voice was authoritative, and it caused everyone to turn around and face his direction.

Ryan extended a hand to shake Mr. McCarthy's lawyer.

"You've shown courage," he said to his lawyer. "And loyalty, I value that."

The lawyer became uncertain.

Ryan's voice was firmer now. "As of today, your services are under my employ. And your salary, consider it doubled."

The lawyer's eyes widened. "Doubled?"

"Starting immediately," Ryan said, nodding.

The lawyer stared at Ryan's outstretched hand for a heartbeat longer, and said "Thank you, sir."



Ryan offered a tight smile before returning to his seat. He didn't look at McCarthy as he sat.

Mr. McCarthy had slumped into his chair like a deflated balloon, his entire posture that of a man who'd just witnessed the collapse of his empire. He stared blankly ahead...

Then Ryan's lawyer, spoke again, "Mr. McCarthy," he began, "our recommendation is that you sign the transition documents quietly. If you refuse, we will proceed with legal action. It will be public, it will be ugly. And most importantly, it will be expensive."

The words sliced through what little pride Mr. McCarthy had left. He turned his head slowly toward Elizabeth, the daughter he had always believed would stand and rule his company after him.

Elizabeth sat motionless, her face remained pale. Tears nearly ran down her face. She shook her head with pleading eyes, forcing her composure on.

"Don't sign it, father..." she whispered. "Please..." Mrs. McCarthy leaned in close to her husband, her mouth near his ear. No one could hear what she said, but her voice trembled and her eyes were filled with desperation.

He was a man at war with himself. Pride wouldn't let him sign. Reality said he had no choice, his fingers twitched beside the pen.

The once-mighty king of McCarthy Enterprises sat there, breathing hard, suffocating under the weight of his downfall.

And everyone in that room could feel it...

The reign of McCarthy was over.



And Ryan Walker had just claimed the throne.

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