

## Chapter 106

The boardroom had fallen eerily silent, no one dared to speak, not even Elizabeth who always had things to say. No one moved, all eyes were on the man seated at the other end of the table, Mr. McCarthy.

His once proud shoulders were now slumped in defeat, he found it hard to even look his daughter in the eye. She had asked him not to sign, but he would sign out of fear of being dragged to court and losing publicly and probably.

His hand trembled as he tried to hold himself together, the pen shaking in his hand terribly.

"Father," Elizabeth muttered in disbelief, she still couldn't believe what was happening.

He couldn't look at her...

He couldn't even bring himself to lift his head.

The moment the pen left the paper, the lawyer quietly collected the document from him without saying a word, as if the finality of the act had stolen the breath from everyone in the room.

Ryan was calm, he didn't even smile this time around.

He stood from his seat slowly, not with arrogance or mockery, but with a composure that only made the victory hurt them deeper. The lawyer handed him the final set of papers. Ryan read through it briefly, nodded to himself, and then with a stroke of his pen, signed the pages.

The final signature was now on paper.

The shift of power was now complete.



The lawyer looked up at Ryan, a small, satisfied smile playing at the corner of his mouth.

“Congratulations, Mr. Walker,” he said with respect, “you are now the majority shareholder and the rightful CEO of McCarthy Technologies.”

Ryan nodded slowly. “Thank you.”

Across the room, Elizabeth’s body stiffened.

Her lips parted slightly, her eyes wide in disbelief, horror written all over her face. She had sat frozen as the transaction happened, too shocked to move or scream.

Now, her tears welled up again, but her icy expression was doing the best to hold her from crying.

And without warning, she stood.

Her heels clicked sharply on the floor as she stormed toward Ryan. There was no hesitation in her steps. Ryan saw it coming, but he didn’t stop her.

He didn’t move an inch.

And then...

SLAP!

The sound rang through the room like a whip. Ryan’s face turned slightly from the force, but his eyes didn’t close.

He stood perfectly still, his hands at his sides, unmoved by the sting on his cheek.

Elizabeth stood before him, her entire body shaking. Her chest rose and



fell rapidly, and her hands were clenched so tight, her knuckles had gone white. Her voice cracked when she spoke.

"How dare you?" she whispered, her eyes wild. "How dare you humiliate us like this? You ruined everything. You took everything from me, my father's company, my family's name, my pride! What did we ever do to deserve this from you?"

Ryan turned his gaze to her, and his expressions remained calm.

"I knew you were going to slap me," he said quietly. "But I let you do it... because I knew it might stop you from crying. And because whether you believe it or not, this is not the end, so therefore, I don't want you to cry your eye balls out."

Elizabeth's lips trembled as she searched for words to say, but then, for the first time in a very long while, she had nothing to say. Her eyes burned with unshed tears, but she refused to let them fall.

"I hate you," she whispered.

Ryan didn't respond.

She glared at him for a moment longer, then turned sharply on her heel and stormed out of the boardroom, slamming the glass door behind her.

Her mother stood frozen in place, one hand hovering near her chest, her face was pale. Mr. McCarthy, still slumped in his chair, stared at Ryan with eyes that burned holes.

"I will never forget this," Mr. McCarthy said, his voice low, raspy. "Not in this life. Not in the next, I will make you pay, Ryan."

Ryan turned to face him.



"As the new CEO of this company," Ryan said firmly, "I will not tolerate insubordination or misbehavior from any board member, including you, or your daughter. I have 70% of the shares, and that gives me the right to lead."

He paused, his eyes turning cold. "The era of bullying and elitism in this company is over. I suggest you and your family get used to it."

Mrs. McCarthy reached out to help her husband stand, but he pushed her hand away. He rose to his feet with visible effort, holding her hand only when he was ready to move.

"You'll hear from me," Mr. McCarthy growled, glaring at Ryan with a look that promised war. "This isn't over."

Ryan didn't seem bothered by the threat.

His expression remained still, composed, and unreadable.

"I'm sure I will," he said calmly.

And just like that, Mr. McCarthy turned away.

His posture was rigid, but his shoulders sagged slightly, like a statue that had begun to crack. Beside him, his wife clutched his arm, her lips parted as if she had something to say, but the words never came. Together, they walked slowly toward the double doors of the boardroom.

It was less an exit and more a retreat.