

Chapter 11

He swung wildly at Ryan with a clenched fist, planning to hit Ryan with a punch to the face.

But Ryan ducked effortlessly and countered with a gentle push.

Julian lost his footing.

With a stumble and a loud gasp, he slammed into Elizabeth, sending her crashing off the stage.

A collective gasp filled the hall.

Her parents rushed to her side immediately. "Elizabeth!" her mother cried, helping her to her feet.

But Julian wasn't done. His pride didn't even let him go to help Elizabeth up, he was obsessed with proving himself as a strong man.

Still groaning from embarrassment, he charged again, his tie flapping behind him.

This time, Ryan sidestepped and grabbed Julian's arm, twisting it behind his back in one swift, effortless motion. Julian let out a high-pitched whimper like a child as Ryan shoved him to the ground, where he stayed —sprawled out like a child throwing a tantrum.

The crowd was stunned.

No one moved.

And Ryan?

He calmly turned his back on all of them and walked off the stage,

moving slowly toward the hall's grand entrance.

He reached the glass doors and stepped outside.

From the other side, he looked up at the glowing signage on the building: "Diamond Crest Event Hall – Now Available for Sale."

He pulled out his phone and dialed the number listed on the sign.

The phone rang twice before a voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi. My name is Ryan Walker. I'm calling about the 'For Sale' sign outside the event hall," Ryan said. His voice was low and calm.

"Yes!" the owner answered excitedly. "We're asking for one million dollars. It's prime location—"

"I'll take it," Ryan interrupted. "But I want one thing first: refund the woman who paid for tonight's event—Elizabeth McCarthy. She paid \$300,000. Refund her in full."

There was silence on the other end.

"Wait... you want to buy the event hall now? You're serious?"

"I'll double the asking price," Ryan replied. "Which means you get to receive 2 million dollars. But I want the place empty in five minutes."

The owner could barely contain his excitement. "Thank you! Yes! I'll issue the refund now and send my staff to clear the hall. Right away, sir."

"One more thing," Ryan added before hanging up. "Come with your staff. Let them know the venue now belongs to someone else. But don't

mention my name."

The call ended.

Inside the hall, Julian and Elizabeth were still recovering from their public embarrassment. They had no idea what Ryan had just done.

All of a sudden, Ryan walked back in through the entrance.

The atmosphere changed again. Guests moved aside, making a path. Ryan didn't look left or right. He headed straight for the VIP seat on stage —the one meant for the newly engaged couple—and sat down comfortably as if he owned the place.

Elizabeth's mouth opened in irritation and shock. How dare he?? She stormed forward. Her voice was a shriek as she growled at him through her teeth.

"How dare you?! A pauper like you sitting on the VIP seat? Have you lost your mind?!" she said coldly.

Ryan leaned back casually, staring at her with his eyes narrowing in what looked like amusement.

"Why do you need a chair?" he asked calmly. "There's not going to be an engagement party here tonight."

Elizabeth looked like she had been slapped.

"What did you just say?"

Her parents arrived beside her, their voices full of outrage as they spoke to Ryan.

"You think you can just walk in here and cause chaos?" her father barked.

"You need to get out of here this instant," her mother added. "We'll have the owner sue you for disruption!"

Ryan's gaze didn't waver. He was now the owner of the event hall, and there was no way he could sue himself.

"I wouldn't worry about that, Mrs. McCarthy," he said calmly, "why don't you tell your daughter that her engagement party has to be moved elsewhere?"

"Who do you even think you are? And how in the world would you have the power to decide where we host our engagement power?" Julian joined in.

And right then, the main doors opened.

The event hall owner entered with his staff, holding official documents in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said loudly. "May I have everyone's attention?"

All eyes turned.

"The venue is no longer available for your event," he continued. "The hall has just been purchased. And the new owner has requested that everyone evacuate immediately before his arrival."

