

Chapter 113

Elizabeth stood frozen for a moment, her breath caught somewhere between disbelief and outrage.

Her eyes darted between the black access card in Ryan's hand and the door that had just swung open without hesitation.

It wasn't just any door. It was the door to the CEO's office.

"What..." she gasped, her voice trembling more from shock than fear, "—what is that card? How did you even..."

Julian, standing beside her, was just as stunned. His mouth hung open as if words had abandoned him entirely.

And then Ryan walked right in like he belonged there.

Like the place was his.

Elizabeth's shock morphed instantly into suspicion. Her mind scrambled for a logical explanation, and instead of finding one, it settled on the most ridiculous, and the most satisfying conclusion.

She straightened her back, pointing toward the office door like she was pointing out a criminal in a police lineup. "SECURITY!" she screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice echoing down the corridor like a siren.

Her shriek drew the attention of everyone within hearing range, including Mr. Wentworth, who flinched so hard he nearly dropped his phone.

"Elizabeth, stop..." he began with a sharp tone.

But she wasn't having it.



"No!" she cut him off, waving her hand as though she was swatting away an annoying fly. "That man—" she jabbed her finger toward the open door, "he.. he.. he just stole the CEO's access card and used it to break into his office! Do you understand what that means? That is a criminal offense!"

Mr. Wentworth's jaw tightened. "Elizabeth, listen to me for a second—"

"Not now!" she snapped, her voice sharp enough to make Mr. Wentworth shake. "If you care about this company, you'll thank me later for catching a thief in the act!"

Before he could try again, the heavy thud of boots hit the corridor. A security guard rounded the corner, eyes alert, his hand resting on the holster of his sidearm.

"Someone reported a thief?" the guard asked, scanning the area.

"Yes!" Elizabeth stepped forward, straightening her posture.

"I'm the one who called. The thief is inside that office right now!" She jabbed her finger again toward the CEO's door.

The guard's brows furrowed. "Inside the CEO's office?"

"Yes!" she insisted. "He stole the CEO's access card. I saw it with my own eyes! You need to apprehend him right now before he escapes!"

Julian stepped in, his voice carrying the same confidence. "And if you don't, I'll make sure the CEO hears how you failed to protect his office. That will not look good on your record."

The guard's body stiffened at the accusation. Without another word, he slid his gun from the holster, holding it low but ready.



His boots were heavy against the floor as he approached the door. His heart thudded as he believed he was approaching a criminal.

Elizabeth crossed her arms, a satisfied smirk curling her lips. "Finally. Someone's doing their job."

The guard stepped inside the office... and froze.

There was no sign of panic inside. No thief scrambling to hide. Instead, Ryan sat casually behind the massive glass desk, one hand resting on the armrest of his chair, the other on the desk, tapping a pen lightly.

Claudia was seated comfortably to his right, one leg crossed over the other, looking as though she had been there all along.

The guard blinked. "Sir." His voice was suddenly respectful, even formal. "Forgive me, I was told there was a... situation."

Ryan smiled faintly, leaning back in his chair. "No situation here. Just a very... loud misunderstanding in the corridor."

The guard hesitated. "But... the woman outside said—"

Ryan raised his hand, cutting him off. "Don't waste your time on her words. Go back to your post."

The guard gave a short, respectful bow, holstered his weapon, and backed out of the office without another word.

The moment he stepped into the corridor, Elizabeth pounced.

"Well?" she demanded, hands on her hips. "Where is he? Did you drag him out in handcuffs? Or did you just—"

The guard didn't answer. He didn't even stop walking. He simply glanced



at her with the kind of look that said you're not worth the breath it would take to explain this and kept going down the hall until he disappeared from sight.

Elizabeth's jaw fell open. "Wait, what? Where are you going? The thief is still inside!"

Julian stepped forward, calling after him. "Hey! Do you want to lose your job? Because that's how you lose your job! We're telling the CEO—"

The guard didn't so much as turn his head.

Elizabeth turned back to Julian, her face filled with rage and confusion. "What just happened? Why would he ignore us like that?"

Julian's brows knitted. "I... I don't know. Maybe he's afraid of Ryan who is inside. Or maybe..."

"Afraid?" Elizabeth scoffed. "Please. He's a security guard, not some spineless intern."

Her eyes then darted to Mr. Wentworth, who had been standing silently through the entire performance, his lips pressed into a thin line, his gaze fixed on her with something between disappointment and disbelief.

"You," she snapped, pointing at him. "Why didn't you do anything? Why didn't you tell him to arrest Ryan?"

Mr. Wentworth exhaled slowly, his patience visibly thinning. "Elizabeth..." His voice was calm, but dangerously trembling.

"What?" she said, her tone was cold and defensive.

"When you're finished embarrassing yourself and making a fool of your family name," he said, "perhaps you should start asking the right



questions before you open your mouth to spew baseless accusations.” 3

Elizabeth's eyes narrowed. “What the hell is that supposed to mean?”