

Chapter 116

Ryan leaned back in his chair, his hands loosely clasped on the desk.

His voice was calm, smooth, almost polite but it still held authority when he spoke.

"If you don't mind, Elizabeth," he said, looking directly at her, "I'd like to have a private meeting with Mr. Wentworth. I'd appreciate it if you and Julian could step outside for now, so the space is more appropriate for the discussion. It's a confidential matter."

The way he phrased it was gentle enough on the surface, but the message underneath was clear.

She didn't belong in a place like that.

Elizabeth froze. The words felt like an invisible hand pressing her backwards. It wasn't just the request that stunned her, it was the realization of what it meant.

She wasn't in control. She wasn't in a position to linger. This was his space, and she was being dismissed from it.

Her legs felt heavy, almost unwilling to respond. For a moment she simply stood there, her eyes moving between Ryan and the floor, as if hoping someone would tell her she'd misheard.

Julian, however, didn't waste a second. He grabbed her hand in a firm, impatient grip.

"Let's go," he muttered sharply, pulling her toward the door.

Her heels clicked on the floor as she stumbled after him, but just before they stepped out, she risked one last glance over her shoulder.



Ryan hadn't moved. He was already looking down at the documents on his desk, as if she had already ceased to exist.

The door shut behind them with a thud.

The instant they stepped into the corridor, Julian spun around towards her, his face twisted with anger. "What the hell was that in there, Elizabeth?!" he snapped, his voice was echoing.

"Why were you standing there like some lost puppy, looking all impressed by him?"

Elizabeth blinked, caught off guard by his harsh tone, he had never spoken to her in that manner. "What do you mean impressed? I wasn't —"

"Oh, don't start," he cut her off, jabbing a finger toward her face. "I saw it on your face. You were eating it up, all of this... all of him."

Her mouth opened, ready to argue, but then she stopped. Her voice, when it came out, was very low. "And I'm not supposed to be impressed?"

Julian's eyebrows shot up. "Excuse me? So you're impressed by the show that fool just pulled off in there?"

She took a step closer, her voice lowering even further. "Julian, are you forgetting something? If Ryan is the CEO of Nova... then he's the reason you're jobless right now."

His expression twisted in anger, but she didn't give him a chance to respond.

"He's the one who made you return that seven-billion-naira loan to Nova," she continued, her voice was filled with a strange new respect for Ryan. 1



"He's the one who had Mr. Henry cut your salary down by nearly half. He's the one who signed the order firing you... and you didn't even know who was pulling the strings."

Julian's mouth opened slightly, the realization settling in like a punch to the gut. His eyes narrowed. "Wait... are you saying..."

Elizabeth gave him a pointed look. "Yes... It was him, it was all Ryan. All this time, it was Ryan. He crushed you without even stepping out from behind the curtain."

For a long second, Julian didn't move. His mind raced, connecting the dots, replaying every unexplained decision, every loss, every humiliation he had endured in the past weeks ever since he got to know Ryan Walker. And suddenly, it all fit together.

"You're right," he muttered, almost to himself. Then his voice became more audible, "You're right! That bastard, he's been behind it the whole time."