

Chapter 122

A tall, broad-shouldered man strode toward the towering gates of the Lord's Villa, Lord Ryder's extremely large mansion.

Few had seen the inside. Even fewer had walked out after entering.

The man's heavy boots crunched against the gravel as he approached the iron gates.

His black leather jacket clung to his frame, the zipper was pulled all the way up.

One of the estate's guards stepped forward from the security post. He was tall and had his suspicions the moment he set his eyes on the man.

His eyes ran up and down the newcomer like he was weighing him against a list in his head.

"Who are you?" the guard demanded, his voice sounded curious.

The man's voice was deep, and bold as he spoke. "My name is Bobby Greene."

The guard didn't react immediately. He glanced at a clipboard, then back up at Bobby. "And what's your purpose at Lord's Villa?"

"I was invited," Bobby said, his voice was still composed. "I was invited by Lord Ryder." 📄

The guard's expression didn't change, but there was the slightest lift of his brows. "Invited? I don't recognize you." His gaze narrowed slightly. "Never seen your face around here before."

Bobby's jaw tightened. "What's the problem?"



"The problem," the guard said slowly, "is that the last time we let a stranger in here without knowing exactly who they were... it cost us badly."

He stepped closer, his voice and his let out the information.. "The name of the person was Ryan Walker."

Bobby froze...

The name hit him like a sharp. He had been hearing in his head ever since that phone call.

That calm, infuriating voice. The man who had spoken to him with absolute certainty, telling him his threats meant nothing.

He had been restless since that day, chasing the voice, chasing the name. And now the dots connected.

Ryan Walker.

CEO of Nova Inc.

The place Claudia worked.

Bobby's lips curled slowly forming a smirk. "Ryan Walker..." he repeated slowly.

The guard turned his head. "You know him?"

Bobby let out a short, humorless laugh. "Are you really asking me this? He's my biggest enemy now. And since I came back into town, I've been looking for him everywhere."

The guard gave him a long, assessing look, then a faint smile.



"If you hate Ryan Walker... then you'll definitely want to see Lord Ryder."

Without another word, the guard keyed a code into the side panel, and the gates swung open.

The moment Bobby stepped past the gates, it was as though he had already been accepted into dangerous company.

He walked inside and tried to locate the sitting room area of the estate.

In the center of a living area, Lord Ryder sat on a couch.

Bobby stopped in his tracks.

Because the person before him was not at all what he had pictured.

Her hair was dark and straight, falling over her shoulders like. She wore a robe, loosely tied at the waist, and in one hand, she held a half-filled wine glass.

Her posture was relaxed, and she had this look of indifference on her face.

Bobby's brows knitted together slightly, his confusion was obvious. "I'm looking for Robert Ryder," he said. "You may know him also as Lord Ryder."

She set her glass down slowly...

"You've found Lord Ryder," she said to Bobby.

Her voice was low when she spoke again, "The head of the Falcon Creed."

Bobby's mouth dropped open. He had heard of the Falcon Creed. He knew it as a shadowy association with influence that reached into both legitimate and... less legitimate... circles. He had never imagined the



leader would be a woman.

"You're... Lord Ryder?" he said, still processing.

Instead of answering with words, she rose from her seat. Turning her back to him, she let her robe slip just low enough to reveal the expanse of her bare back.

There it was, the tattoo.

It was a stylized falcon in flight, the unmistakable mark of the Falcon Creed leader.

Bobby let out a low breath, almost a chuckle. "I must say... I'm stunned. And impressed. To think that a woman commands such a powerful name."

Lord Ryder glanced over her shoulder with a faint smirk. "Power," she said, retightening her robe, "power doesn't belong to men. It belongs to those who know how to wield it."

Bobby inclined his head slightly. "Fair enough."

She moved back toward the sofa, but instead of sitting, she remained standing, her eyes were fixed on him. "Now... go straight to the point. Why are you here?" [1](#)

Bobby cleared his throat. "Because we have a common enemy."

Lord Ryder's brows lifted, but her interest was clearly piqued. She took a step closer. "And who might that be?"

Bobby's teeth clenched a little as he replied, "Ryan Walker."

The change in Lord Ryder's expression was instantly.



She froze mid-step. Her eyes, which had been cool moments before, darkened when she heard Ryan's name.

Then, slowly, she straightened to her full height.

"Ryan Walker..." she repeated.

Bobby noted the shift in her breathing, the way her fingers curled slightly at her sides.


"From the way you reacted," he said, "I take it you're not his biggest fan either."

Lord Ryder's laugh was low and humorless. "Fan? No. Ryan Walker is... a problem. One I've been meaning to deal with for a very long time."

Bobby stepped forward, closing the distance between them just a fraction. "Then maybe it's time we dealt with him together."

Her eyes flicked over him, calculating. "And why," she said slowly, "why would I join forces with a man I've never met?"

"Because," Bobby said, his voice dropping, "I want him gone as much as you do. And unlike most people, I'm not afraid to get my hands dirty to make it happen."

Lord Ryder studied him for a moment longer. 

Then, slowly, a smile curved her lips but it wasn't a friendly smile.

"Tell me," she said, stepping past him toward the bar in the corner of the room, "what exactly did Ryan Walker do to you?"

Bobby's expression hardened. "He took something that was mine. And he's keeping something else I intend to take back, Claudia."



Lord Ryder paused to understand what he had just said.

"Claudia Duval... and what is she to you?"

"She is my ex-wife," Bobby said flatly. "And she doesn't seem to understand that she's still mine. Ryan Walker is the reason for that."

Lord Ryder set the bottle down slowly. "Interesting." She turned, with the drink in her hand. "Very interesting..."