

## Chapter 126

Ryan sat back in his chair, he was already weighed down by everything.

His head was bowed slightly, and he used one hand to rub his forehead slowly. 1

Across from him, the three police officers still stood waiting for him to admit to the crime he knew nothing about. 1

The leader of the group, walked closer to Ryan and spoke.

“Mr. Walker,” he said calmly, “we've explained everything. The facts, the evidence, the testimonies we've gathered and unfortunately, they all point toward you. This isn't just an assumption. These are direct digital trails linking your identity to the fraudulent transactions. We can't ignore them.” 2

Ryan's hand paused on his forehead. Slowly, he lifted his face, his eyes meeting the officer's eyes.

“And I've also told you, those trails are fake. They were manufactured. Someone went to great lengths to make them convincing. You're looking at a man who's being framed.” 1

Claudia, who was sitting, straightened in her seat. She had been holding back for as long as she could, but now the frustration became too much to contain.

“This is ridiculous! Ryan Walker is a billionaire. He owns Nova Inc., for heaven's sake. Do you really think he needs to scam people on the internet for money? He doesn't need their money—”

One of the other officers, the shortest among the other men with a no-nonsense face, cut her off. “We're well aware of Mr. Walker's status, Miss



... Claudia, is it?"

"Yes," she snapped, her hands balling into fists.

He gave a slow nod. "Status doesn't mean immunity. Money has a tricky way of... changing people. Even those who seem to have it all. Wealth can make some men complacent but it can make others greedy for more. We've seen it before."

"That's not him," Claudia shot back instantly. Her voice was so sharp it made the man startle. "You're making a mistake. You're letting whoever's behind this get away while you drag the wrong man into it."

Ryan spoke up again with a composed voice. "I didn't do it. You want me to say it in a hundred different ways, I will. But it won't make it any truer than it already is."

The leader of the group exchanged a glance with his colleagues before stepping forward slightly. "Mr. Walker, we appreciate your cooperation. But as things stand, we have no choice but to proceed with detaining you for questioning. You can explain your innocence formally at the station."

The words landed heavily in Ryan's ears.

Claudia turned sharply toward Ryan, her face tightening in alarm. "No. No, you can't take him. This is insane."

Ryan lifted a hand slightly in her direction, signaling for her to calm down. "Claudia—"

But she was already on her feet. "No, Ryan, this isn't fair. You didn't do this." Her voice rose. "You're not walking out of here in handcuffs for something you didn't do."

The officers didn't move yet, but their patience was clearly wearing thin.



And then, just as Claudia was about to physically stop them, her phone beeped. It took her time to get the phone out of her purse as her hand kept shaking from the anger about Ryan getting arrested.

Her thumb swiping over the screen, she unlocked it and saw the notification. The moment she clicked the notification, she froze.

Her eyes scanned the message that appears on the screen, and in an instant, her face became pale.

It was from Bobby.

MESSAGE: Enjoy watching your precious Ricco S-Class store burn? That was just the warm-up. I'm only pausing now to give you a chance to reconsider. Marry me again, Claudia, and I'll stop. Refuse, and I promise you haven't even begun to see how far I'll go.

There was a laughing emoji at the end, and for some reason, that small, ridiculous detail made her stomach twist even more violently than the words themselves.

Her grip on the phone faltered, and in a clumsy moment of panic, she hit the wrong spot on the screen, closing the message entirely.

"No—" she gasped softly, pressing the screen with trembling fingers, trying to bring it back. But it was gone from view. It was a sent, with a feature that would allow it be opened.

Ryan noticed her sudden shift in demeanor. "Claudia? What is it?"

But Claudia's mind was already spinning. She turned to the officers, her words tumbling out quickly. "It's not Ryan. This... this is about me. My ex-husband, Bobby and he's behind this. He's trying to destroy everything connected to me because I won't go back to him. He's already ruined one



of my businesses, and now he's trying to ruin Ryan too."

The officers stared at her, unimpressed. The leader raised his head slightly. "And how exactly is your ex-husband connected to Mr. Walker being involved in fraudulent investment schemes?"

Claudia's breath hitched. "I... I can't explain exactly how. But I know. I can feel it. He's been threatening me for weeks. He told me he'd ruin me, and this, this is part of it."

"That's not evidence, Miss Claudia," one of the officers replied flatly. "We can't just take your word for it."

She stepped forward, almost pleading now. "Then look into him. His name is Bobby Greene. Check his records, his connections..."

The short officer cut her off again. "That's not how this works. Right now, the evidence we have is linked to Mr. Walker. We can't go chasing unverified personal enemies."

Claudia's voice rose again, becoming extremely desperate. "You're not listening! I'm telling you, Lord Ryder is involved in this too. She's working with Bobby. They're targeting both of us."

That name drew absolutely no reaction from the officers. The leader frowned slightly. "Who?"

"Lord Ryder," Claudia repeated, almost shocked that they didn't know. "The leader of the Falcon Creed. She's dangerous, and she's—"

"We don't have any records on someone by that name," the leader interrupted. "And this is sounding more and more like a person beef. I'm sorry, Miss Claudia, but this isn't convincing."

Her shoulders sagged. "You don't understand..." she whispered.



Ryan finally spoke again, his voice was low, almost as if he was speaking to himself as much as to them. "It doesn't matter right now. The truth will come out. It always does."

But inside, he knew the danger, the more they dragged this on, the more the public perception could turn against him.

The leader straightened his posture. "Mr. Walker, will you come quietly, or will we have to—"

"I'll come," Ryan said, cutting him off politely. "But I'm walking out of here on my own terms."

The officers exchanged another look, and then gave a single nod.

Claudia's eyes filled with helpless tears as she whispered, "Ryan..."

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