



Chapter 128

“Those men aren’t police... they’re Falcon Creed,” Bobby’s words tortured her as it kept replaying in her mind.

Her knees weakened beneath her, but she snapped back to herself with a gasp.

She couldn’t stand there wasting another second. She ran back inside the glass doors of the headquarters, the secretary calling after her in confusion, but Claudia ignored her completely.

She burst into Ryan’s office and her eyes moved wildly until they landed on the keys of the Maybach that Ryan had left on his desk.

With shaky hands she snatched the keys.

“I can’t let them take him. I can’t, I won’t let Lord Ryder fool us like this ...”

She ran back outside, not caring about the stares from the staffs who had witnessed the supposed arrest.

“Ma’am, why was Mr. Walker arrested?” The secretary asked and she didn’t respond.

Her hands trembled as she pressed the unlock button. She slipped behind the wheel, started the engine, and sped out of the compound.

Her chest rising and falling in fast breaths.

But only ten minutes later, she hit the dead end of her hope.

No sign of the police vehicle that had taken Ryan away. It was as if it had disappeared into thin air.



"No... no, no, no, no!" she shouted, slamming her palm against the steering wheel. 1

Her eyes were binging to soak in tears. She pulled over, yanked the door open, and stepped out, pacing beside the Maybach to see if she could see any sign of Ryan.

"How did they vanish this quickly? How did Lord Ryder play us this easily?!" she muttered to herself, her voice was quivering.

Her hands gripped her hair as she spun in circles, her mind was clouded with panic.

"They fooled us both... they made us believe it was an arrest. What if I never see him again?"

Her knees buckled, and she leaned against the hood of the car, fighting to steady her breathing.

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Meanwhile inside the supposed police vehicle.

Ryan sat stiffly between the two men dressed in uniforms, their grips were firm on his arms as if he were truly a criminal.

"What's happening?" Ryan muttered under his breath as he noticed the path the vehicle was taking.

At first, he had thought maybe it was paranoia, maybe they were simply taking a shorter route. But the longer the vehicle moved, the more certain he became that they weren't headed anywhere near the police station. 1

He shifted slightly in his seat. "Hey, this isn't the way to the station.



You've already passed the proper turn."

The officer on his right glanced at him with a forced smile.

"Sir, we can use different routes. Don't worry. We'll get there, the destination isn't too far from here."

Ryan narrowed his eyes. "I've lived in this city long enough to know every road that leads to the central station. None of them involve driving this far out."

The driver chuckled dryly. "With all due respect, Mr. Walker, we know our job. You should relax."

"Relax?" Ryan repeated, his voice came out rough. "You expect me to relax when I know exactly what road we're on and where it leads? Don't insult me with lies."

The silence that followed was so strong it made Ryan notice something was wrong.

Ryan exhaled through his nose, leaning back in his chair and deciding to give the police a chance to prove his suspicions wrong.

But all of a sudden, his eyes moves to the driver's arm as he reached forward to adjust the gear stick. The cuff of his sleeve shifted up just enough for Ryan see...

The man had a mark of the Falcon Creed on his arm.

Ryan's body went rigid, his eyes widened a he recognized it instantly.

"Lord Ryder," he muttered under his breath, the name leaving his lips slowly.



The officer beside him tensed, his grip tightening instinctively on Ryan's arm. That was all the confirmation Ryan needed.

"I was right all along! You were sent by Lord Ryder. You said you haven't heard of such names before," he said in rage.

Both men froze, shocked.

"Do you take me for a fool? Do you think I wouldn't recognize the tattoo of Falcon Creed when it's branded right on your skin?"

The driver's hands stiffened on the wheel.

"You..." Ryan spat the word, his chest rising and falling with controlled rage. "You are no officers of the law. You're Ryder's dogs."

The man on his left, who had kept silent till now, glanced at him with anger. "Careful with your words, Mr. Walker. You don't know what you're talking about."

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