

Chapter 13

Guests began whispering behind their hands.

One man shook his head and murmured, "With all their wealth and connections, they couldn't even secure a venue properly? This is a shame to the McCarthys."

Another scoffed, "So much for being powerful. Looks like they're all bark and no bite."

One by one, the guests began walking out, shaking their heads in disappointment and curiosity. Some left without even saying goodbye. Others whispered on how Ryan predicted it would happen and it did.

Within minutes, the grand hall that had once been glowing with music and laughter became a shell of what it was—silent, broken down, and empty.

Elizabeth stood there in the center, surrounded by remnants of her ruined night. 

Julian's hands were buried in his pockets. His jaw was clenched so hard, the veins on his neck popped.

The lights dimmed slowly.

Only the manager, a few workers, Ryan, and the McCarthys remained.

Ryan finally stood from the chair slowly, seeing that the chair was the next thing the staff was going to remove. He sighed.

His phone was still in his hand. He swiped his screen and made a final transfer of 2,000,000 dollars discreetly and then slipped the device back into his pocket.

He nodded once toward the manager, his expression was unreadable, and walked away from the stage, toward the large glass doors again.

The manager bowed his head respectfully as Ryan passed, but said nothing. As agreed. Elizabeth frowned, having no idea why the manager acknowledged Ryan, a pauper.

Ryan pushed the door open and stepped into the warm night air. 

The street was calm. Traffic hummed softly in the distance. He took a deep breath and began walking slowly across the pavement, his pace was very calm like he was not in a rush.

But before he got too far, footsteps stormed up behind him angrily.

“You filthy pauper!” Elizabeth’s voice sliced through the air as she rushed towards him from behind.

He stopped.

“Don’t you dare walk away like this!” she snarled. “You think you’ve won? Because you predicted something and it happened?”

Julian stood behind her, arms crossed, glaring at Ryan, also confused on how they somehow didn’t succeed in embarrassing him tonight.

Elizabeth stepped forward, her voice growing louder. “We’re done, Ryan! Officially divorced! You’re not welcome in my home anymore, you are not welcome in the McCarthy mansion. I’ll be throwing your garbage out onto the lawn tomorrow morning! Your filthy rags—your second-hand shoes, your worn-out belt, your worthless watch—I’ll throw them into the rain like the trash they are!”

Ryan turned slowly. His eyes met hers without fear, without hatred, Just as calm as always.

"Fine," he said simply. "I'll come get my things."

Elizabeth snarled. "You better!"

"You may throw out the clothes," he added, with a very low voice, "But my laptop's in the wardrobe. It has some files I need." 1

"You are not even ashamed to say it! What files? Files of poverty?"

Elizabeth said coldly as she looked at him from head to toe.

Julian snorted. "Still clinging to your stupid laptop like it means something."

He brushed past Ryan intentionally, bumping his shoulder hard as he headed toward the black Ferrari parked by the curb.

Elizabeth followed in a rage.

They climbed into the expensive car and slammed the doors shut.

Her parents, already waiting in their own vehicle, said nothing. The driver started the engine, and both cars sped away, leaving only red taillights behind. 1

Ryan stood there a moment longer, watching them disappear, a smirk on his lips.

Then, slowly, he reached for his phone again as he heard a beep. Looking at the screen, he saw a message pop up from Ms. Claudia Duval. 1

MESSAGE: I am at the venue, boss. Where can I locate you?

In that instant, even before he could tell her exactly where he was standing, she seemed to have located him already.

Suddenly, a Maybach G650 Landaulet worth over \$1.5 million dollars, screeched the pavement until it arrived in front of Ryan.

As the glass slid down gently, Ryan saw Claudia sitting in the driver's seat.

"It is time, boss!" she said professionally. "I have to get you prepared for your executive meeting in 40 hours, that's approximately 1 day and 16 minutes."

Ryan stood there, staring at her. It all was beginning to feel like a dream to him.

"So, I really became a billionaire...overnight?"

"There is more to come, Mr. Walker. Allow me to take you to the \$500 million dollar luxurious mansion in central town prepared specially for you," Claudia said.

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