

### Chapter 130

The yellow cab slowed to a halt at the front of Nova headquarters.

Ryan exhaled deeply as he reached into his pocket, pulling out a few bills and handing them to the driver. The man turned to him with kind eyes...

"Sir," he said softly, almost reverently, "the whole city's talking about you. About what you did today. You single handedly brought down three members of the Falcon Creed."

Ryan paused, staring at him for a moment. There was no pride in his eyes, only weariness. But he nodded once and stepped out.

The second he shut the door, his staff began to gather. Word had spread quickly, Ryan Walker had returned, and he was safe.

Applause broke out. Genuine applause. It echoed throughout the company building. Men and women from every department, from interns to senior managers, stood clapping, smiling with relief.

"Mr. Walker!" someone cried. "You're safe!"

"You're back!" another called out.

Ryan's lips curved faintly into a smile, though it didn't reach his eyes. He raised a hand slightly, acknowledging them, his voice was low as he spoke.

"Thank you," he murmured, "thank you, all of you."

The applause didn't stop. Some even bowed their heads as he passed, treating him almost like a hero returning from battle.

But Ryan... Ryan felt none of it. His mind was a storm, his heart weighed



down with the knowledge that this was not over. As he walked toward the elevator, he whispered under his breath, so quietly that only he could hear.

“One more problem... Bobby.”

The name was bitter on his tongue and made his blood boil.

The elevator ride was quiet. The applause faded as the doors slid shut, leaving him alone with his thoughts. He leaned against the cold wall, his reflection staring back at him. Lord Ryder was gone, or at least, her power shattered. But Bobby... Bobby was still out there, and Claudia was still vulnerable.

When the doors opened at the top floor, Ryan stepped out briskly. His office door stood slightly ajar. He pushed it open.

And there she was, Claudia...

She sat slumped over his desk, her head buried in her folded arms. Her hair fell loosely around her face, a curtain hiding her expression. Her body trembled faintly, as though she had cried herself to exhaustion.

The moment Ryan entered, she felt it. Slowly, she lifted her head, her face coming into view. For a second, confusion showed in her eyes.

Was she dreaming?

Then she saw him clearly.

“Ryan,” she breathed, her voice breaking. In an instant, she was on her feet. She rushed around the desk and straight into his arms.

She clung to him tightly, her fingers digging into his suit jacket as though she feared he might vanish again. “You... you’re here,” she



whispered. "You're really here."

Ryan held her firmly, one hand cupping the back of her head, the other wrapping around her trembling shoulders. "I'm here," he murmured. "I told you, Claudia. They can't take me down."

She pulled back just enough to look at his face, her eyes were wide, desperate for answers. "How? How did you get out? How did you escape them?"

Ryan inhaled slowly, then exhaled. His gaze darkened. "They weren't police, Claudia. They were Falcons in disguise. I noticed the tattoos on their arms. I confronted them... and I fought my way out. They never intended to take me to a station. They wanted to kill me quietly."

Claudia's eyes widened, horror spreading across her face. "Oh God..." she whispered. "So it's true. Bobby told me after they took you. He said they weren't real police, he said they were Falcon Creed. Ryan, I didn't know what to do. I tried to follow but—"

Ryan placed a hand gently on her cheek, silencing her. "It doesn't matter now. I handled it."

Her lips trembled. "Handled it? How?"

"I turned them in," Ryan said simply. His tone was calm. "I dragged them out, alive, and gave them to Detective Mark. The head of police himself stripped them of their badges in front of the cameras. Now the whole city knows they weren't real officers. They were Ryder's dogs."