

Chapter 133

"Get dressed," he said coldly. "Now."

Elizabeth blinked, startled. "What?"

"Get dressed," Julian repeated. "I am taking you out of this room. Out of this house. You've been suffocating yourself with these thoughts for too long. Fresh air, noise, people... you need to see the world and remember who you are."

Elizabeth shook her head violently. "No. No, Julian, don't you see? What if I go out there and bump into Ryan somewhere? What if he sees me? What if he laughs at me? Do you know how humiliating that would be? He would look at me and see nothing but a woman who chose wrong, who lost everything, who is hiding behind you because she couldn't stand on her own."

Her voice rose and her chest heaved as she spoke.

Julian took two strides forward and gripped her shoulders firmly, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Elizabeth McCarthy, listen to me. You are marrying me in two days, me. Not Ryan Walker. And you will remember this. I am the best choice you could ever make. I am your future, not him. Ryan may be sitting in offices now, but he will fall. And when he falls, he will fall hard. Do you understand?"

Elizabeth trembled beneath his grip, but she nodded faintly. "Yes... I understand."

Julian released her slowly, his eyes softening just slightly. He brushed a strand of hair away from her face and whispered, "Good. Because maybe it's time, Liz. Maybe it's time to stop crying over what Ryan has and start taking everything away from him."



Elizabeth's brows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

Julian's lips curled into a thin, dangerous smile. "I mean it's time to bring him down."

Just then, the door burst open. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy strode in, their faces were filled with disapproval.

"Elizabeth," Mr. McCarthy's voice sounded so commanding. "We are disappointed in you. Deeply disappointed. While Ryan Walker sits in our company's office, mocking us, mocking you, mocking this family, what do you do? You hide here, you cry here, you sulk here. And you expect what? That the world will fix itself?"

Elizabeth's lips trembled. "Father, I—"

"No!" Mrs. McCarthy cut her off. "Enough excuses. You are our only child. The only heir to the McCarthy name. And you sit here letting that fool Ryan Walker win? Where is your pride, Elizabeth? Where is your strength?"

Elizabeth rose slowly from the bed, her body trembling, her heart pounding. She stared at her parents, guilt started forming at her insides.

Mr. McCarthy stepped closer, his eyes blazing. "He has taken over everything. He has humiliated us. But he has not won, not yet. Because you... you are still standing. You are the only one who can bring him down. And you will bring him down. Do you understand me?"

Elizabeth's breath was shallow. She looked from her father's burning eyes to her mother's stern face, then back at Julian, who stood there smirking with satisfaction.

Rage, jealousy and pride burned inside of her.



She straightened slowly, her shoulders squaring, her chin lifting. Her trembling ceased and her eyes hardened.

"You're right," she said finally, her voice was clear and sharp. "You're all right. I have been weak. I have been hiding. But no more."

She stepped forward, her fists clenched tightly at her sides. "Ryan Walker may think he has won. He may think he can walk me out of his office, humiliate me, and rise above me. But he's wrong. He's so wrong. Because I will personally bring him down. I will make him regret ever crossing me. He cannot win like this. He will not win."

Her parents exchanged a glance, pride showing in their eyes. Julian smirked wider, satisfaction spreading across his face.

"I swear, I'll bring him down to a point he would never rise again," she said in a whisper.

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