

Chapter 136

Every pair of eyes lingered on Elizabeth and Julian as though they were performers on a stage, trapped under a spotlight they could not escape.

The elegant woman stood firm, her stained million-dollar gown dripping with sauces and ruined delicacies. She crossed her arms, her chin lifted like that of a queen passing judgment on peasants.

"You will pay for the food you wasted," she said slowly, each word came out like she was counting her words, making sure that every word sank into them. "You will provide Fifty thousand dollars to the waitress now, and provide 1 million dollars to my designer to get a new dress of the same worth for me, also now."

Elizabeth's body tensed. She felt her pride suffocating her, her humiliation blended with anger until it became too much for her to contain. For minutes she had begged and pleaded, her voice cracking, her dignity crumbling, but now, something inside her remembered she was Elizabeth McCarthy and could be as cold and rude as the woman.

She drew in a shaky breath and shouted, her voice ringing across the restaurant.

"No! Enough of your drama! I will not pay for anything, you hear me?! Neither will my fiancé! Do you hear me? We will not pay! An accident is an accident for crying out loud, we had no business with the waitress passing at that particular moment. If we should pay, then how about the waitress pays half of the money too?"

Gasps exploded around the room

The woman froze, stunned at the sudden boldness. Her eyes narrowed dangerously, her hand instinctively reaching for her phone. Without a



word, she pulled it from her purse, her finger tapping the screen.

"How much does this waitress earn for her to pay half a million? She was passing at that point because she was doing her job, your man pushed her and caused this whole damage!" she yelled at Elizabeth's face. 1

"If that is your final decision," she said coldly, "then the police will resolve this."

The sound of the dial tone filled the room, heightening the tension.

Everyone looked around nervously without knowing what to say.

Julian panicked. His face flushed bright red with embarrassment, his palms became sweaty. He lunged forward a little, his voice breaking. "Wait, wait, please, just... just hold on one second!"

The elegant woman paused, raising one eyebrow. "You have exactly one minute."

Julian grabbed Elizabeth's wrist tightly and pulled her toward a quiet corner near the wall, away from prying ears, though the entire restaurant still stared, whispering.

Elizabeth hissed as his grip tightened. "What are you doing, Julian? You're embarrassing me more than we already are!"

Julian leaned close, his voice was low. "Elizabeth, listen to me! I still have one hundred and eighty million dollars in my account. Do you hear me? I am still a millionaire. Do you think I'm broke? No! I still have power, I still have money!" His words came out in desperate bursts, his eyes were wild. 1

Elizabeth blinked at him in shock, her breath catching. "You... you've been sitting on that kind of money this whole time?!"



Julian nodded fiercely. "Yes! And if we refuse to pay, if we let this escalate, she'll drag our names through the mud. And Ryan—" His eyes darted toward Ryan's table. Ryan sat calmly with Claudia, watching the scene quietly, his expression was unreadable. "Ryan is right there, sitting and watching. Do you know what it would mean if word got out that we couldn't even pay for food we ruined? He'll use it against us forever. This is shame we cannot afford!" 1

Elizabeth's face twisted with rage. She jabbed her finger hard into his chest, her eyes blazing. Her voice trembled in anger as she spat her words. 2

"You disgust me, Julian! You mean to tell me you're ready to pay one million dollars right now—just to save face? Just to keep Ryan from laughing at us? And yet, when I begged you earlier, when I pleaded with you to just pay the ten thousand dollars for the meal we ordered, you refused? You said it was too much, that it was wasteful! Look where your stinginess has brought us! If you had just swallowed your pride and paid for our food, this wouldn't have happened. None of it!" 3