

Chapter 139

Meanwhile, standing there, Elizabeth had gone pale, but her pride refused to let her bow her head.

She straightened her shoulders and, instead of apologizing, let out a mocking laugh, crossing her arms against her chest.

"Edna Franklin?" she scoffed loudly, as though the name meant nothing. "Do you think calling the police and saying your name is supposed to scare me? Do you even know who I am?" her voice rising.

"I am Elizabeth McCarthy! My parents are not small people in this country. You can't just walk in here, pretend to be somebody, and expect me to shake in fear."

Everyone watching gasped at how arrogant she was. Heads shook in disbelief at her arrogance. Even Julian shut his eyes tightly, as though praying he could vanish from the scene.

The operator on the phone asked, "Madam, can you please explain..."

But before she could finish, Elizabeth's anger and arrogance doubled. She marched forward, slapped the phone right out of Edna's hand, and screamed, "Stop your nonsense! Do you think the police can touch me?!"

The sound of the phone crashing against the floor startled Edna.

The entire restaurant froze in horror. Gasps turned into murmurs. Someone whispered, "She just slapped Edna Franklin's phone out of her hand. She's finished."

Julian nearly collapsed from panic. He grabbed Elizabeth's wrist and spoke under his breath, his voice trembling, "Elizabeth, are you insane?! Do you know what you've just done? Do you even understand who Edna



Franklin is? That woman can destroy your entire life with a single phone call. She's not someone you provoke. You don't touch her, you don't insult her, you don't even breathe wrong around her. And you... you slapped her phone?!"

Elizabeth yanked her wrist free and talked back, "Shut up, Julian! You're such a coward. Always afraid of everyone. She can't do anything to me. My name is McCarthy. My parents—"

Julian cut her off sharply, his voice nearly breaking. "Your parents? Your parents lost everything! Do you even remember that McCarthy Technologies doesn't belong to your family anymore? It belongs to Ryan now! You have nothing, Elizabeth, nothing!"

Her face flushed red from the humiliation. She lifted her chin defiantly and shouted toward Edna, "Sue me if you want! Do your worst! I am Elizabeth McCarthy, and I don't kneel before anyone."

Edna bent down slowly, picked up her phone, and dusted it off calmly. Her face remained composed, but her eyes glinted dangerously.

She looked directly at Elizabeth and said in a cold, steady tone, "I don't waste words, young lady. You've just assaulted me, and I will make sure the law deals with you. The police are already on their way."

Elizabeth laughed mockingly again, though her voice shook slightly this time. "The police? As if they can—"

But before she could finish, the doors of the restaurant swung open, and three uniformed police officers hurried in.

Everyone's attention moved to the door as the officers made their way toward Edna, saluting her immediately with deep respect. "Madam Franklin," the lead officer said, his voice sounded reverent, "we came as



soon as we heard. Please, point out the culprits.”

Edna lifted her perfectly elegant hand and pointed directly at Elizabeth and Julian. “Those two,” she said coldly.

All heads turned. Elizabeth’s eyes widened, Julian’s face drained of blood.

The officers moved toward them swiftly.

Elizabeth, for the first time, stumbled backward, panic showing on her face.

Julian clutched her arm, trembling as he whispered, “They’re going to drag us out, Elizabeth. Do something, please. Please!”

But Elizabeth had no more words. She only stared as the police advanced, her pride crumbling under the weight of reality.

The whispers in the restaurant grew louder.

And through it all, Ryan sat quietly at his table, his fingers tapping lightly against the glass of water in front of him.

Claudia leaned close again and whispered, “Ryan, it’s time. This is your moment.”

Ryan’s eyes glinted as he finally began to rise slowly from his chair.

The police reached out for Elizabeth, but just before they could lay their hands on her, Ryan’s calm voice came up.

“Wait.”

The single word he said held weight and commanded attention.

Everyone froze.



The police stopped in their tracks and turned to see who had dared to interrupt them.

And then their eyes widened the moment they recognized who had said that word.

It was Ryan Walker, the CEO of Nova, and also at the moment the richest man in the country.

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