

### Chapter 14

The ride to Central Town was smooth and fast.

Ryan sat in the backseat, eyes fixed on the road ahead, trying to process how his life had become. From being humiliated in front of dozens of guests, divorced by the woman he once called his wife, to now—heeded toward a home he had never even dreamed of living in.

But nothing could have prepared him for what appeared in front of him.

His eyes widened.

His lips parted slightly, unable to hide the shock as the mansion's gates slowly came into view. Even from within the car, Ryan could tell this was no ordinary residence.

The Nova emblem, designed in the shape of a crypto coin with a bold N, was carved into the center of the gate like a royal crest.

"Is this... real?" Ryan murmured under his breath.

In front of him in the driver seat, Ms. Claudia smiled gently, as if she had been waiting for that question.

"This estate was built by Nova Inc. to be completely off-limits to the public," she said smoothly. "Only the CEO and his selected personnel have access. You, Mr. Walker, are now the sole master of this property."

Ryan blinked. "This... this place is three times bigger than the McCarthy mansion. Maybe four."

Claudia chuckled. "That's because this isn't a mansion, sir. This is an empire residence. It's been engineered to host private guests, high-security meetings, and confidential tech summits. There's an

underground data center, helicopter pads on the rooftop, and over fifty segmented living spaces.”

He turned to her slowly, trying to piece it all together. “And I have access to all that?”

“You do,” she replied. “With the card.”

She pointed at the Ryan’s pocket where he had put the card she had given him earlier- the black Top-Level Access Card.

“That card doesn’t just grant you access to the house. It identifies you as someone above all the levels at Nova. And, in your case... well, you’re at the very top.”

The car approached the gate. Before they could stop, a uniformed guard stepped forward from the security house, bowed deeply, and immediately pressed the gate control. The enormous doors opened slowly with a low mechanical sound.

The guard didn’t say a word.

Ryan gave a polite nod, still unsure how to react.

The Maybach glided past the gate and into the private garage which had three super expensive sport cars in it; a Bugatti La Voiture Noire worth \$18.7 Million, a Pagani Zonda HP Barchetta worth \$17.5 Million, and finally, a Rolls-Royce Droptail “La Rose Noire” which is estimated \$30 Million.

“All these cars...” Ryan said, his eyes blurring out in shock. What he wanted to say got stuck in his throat in shock as Claudia answered his question before he landed.

“All of them belong to you, Mr. Walker. Do you know how to drive?” she

said, flashing a smile at his frozen form.

"No, I don't..." he finally spoke in a low tone, still in shock.

"I will get a professional to put you through that," Ms. Claudia said sweetly.

The headlights revealed a second large building, opposite the main mansion. Even that structure looked massive—almost identical in size to the McCarthy mansion itself.

Ryan's brows furrowed. "Is that—?"

"The servant quarters," Claudia said with a nod. "It houses all the chefs, caretakers, tech engineers, and internal security assigned to this house."

The car stopped inside the glass-covered garage bay. The doors opened, and as Ryan stepped out, Claudia clapped her hands twice in the air.

Tap. Tap.

Two graceful women in black and silver uniforms hurried toward them from the quarters, their heads bowed low.

"Good evening, sir," they said in unison, their voices sounded soft.

Ryan was taken aback.

"Uh... good evening," he replied awkwardly, shifting on his feet.

Claudia stepped forward. "Ladies, this is Mr. Ryan Walker—the master of the estate. You are to cater to all of his needs from now on. You report to no one else unless instructed by him personally."

The shorter of the two maids straightened slightly and asked, "Sir, what

would you like? Is there anything we should prepare?"

Ryan hesitated. "Uh... food, I guess. I'm hungry."

She nodded. "Understood. We'll prepare a full dinner immediately. Anything else, sir?"

He shook his head. "No. Just that."

The maids bowed once more and turned briskly to disappear through the left hallway toward the inner kitchen.

Ryan stood silently...

Claudia motioned for him to follow. "This way, sir."

They ascended the stairs slowly.

When they reached the massive main door, Claudia paused.

"This door," she said, "can only be opened by the Top-Level Access Card. Not even I can go in without your permission."

Ryan nodded. He pulled the black card from his inner pocket and placed it gently on the scanner mounted on the wall.

A robotic voice spoke softly from an internal speaker.

"Welcome, Mr. Walker."

With another small sound, the bulletproof titanium-reinforced doors slid open.

Ryan stepped inside and nearly lost his breath.

He had expected wealth. He had imagined some expensive fixtures. But

this?

The ceiling spread above him like the dome of a cathedral. The floors shone like liquid silver. Polished artwork lined the walls, including a few familiar pieces he'd once seen on TV in billionaire collections.

Each hallway stretched endlessly, curving into new wings. Glass staircases wound up toward what must've been dozens of upper floors. 

It wasn't just a mansion.

It was a kingdom.

"This is..." Ryan whispered.

Claudia turned with a soft, amused smile. "Overwhelming? Yes, at first. But you'll get used to it. Come, let me show you your room."

They began walking up the main spiral staircase. As they climbed, Claudia pointed out different wings.

"That hallway leads to the private cinema. That direction goes to the spa and relaxation rooms. Underground, we have the control center, private vault, and Nova's encrypted communication servers."

Ryan blinked. "Wait, here?"

"Yes," she said. "This estate is more than a home. It's a private command base. Every Nova CEO has had it upgraded to meet the world's most advanced standards."

She paused at a double-door entry halfway up the grand staircase. "This, however... is where you'll be sleeping."

She opened the doors to the Master Bedroom.

Ryan stepped in—and froze.

The room was huge. The bed was bigger than anything he'd seen in his life, layered with soft grey and white sheets that looked like clouds.

He walked slowly to the bed and sat down.

Then he lay back.

And exhaled.

"I think I'm dreaming," he said quietly.

Claudia smiled. "You're not."

He looked up at the ceiling, still taking it in.

"All this... belongs to me?"

"Yes," she said. "Everything you've seen, and more. You have a long road ahead, Mr. Walker. But for tonight—rest. Settle in. Tomorrow, we begin preparations for your appearance at the executive board meeting which would be held the following morning after tomorrow."

Ryan sat up and nodded slowly.

"Thank you, Claudia."

She gave a small bow. "You're welcome, MR. Walker. I'll be downstairs."

As she left, the doors closed silently behind her.

Ryan remained seated on the edge of the bed, alone now.

Once again, he looked around the room, then toward the window. 



And then he smiled—just a little.

He had been broken, discarded, and shamed and humiliated.

But now?

“I’m filthy rich!”