

### Chapter 142

The McCarthy mansion was silent when Elizabeth and Julian returned that evening. The car had come to a slow halt in the driveway, but neither of them said a word.

Elizabeth stepped out first, her face was stiff, her lips pressed tightly together. The butler at the door opened his mouth to greet her, but the fire in her eyes silenced him instantly. Without so much as a glance at her parents, who were seated in the living room, Elizabeth walked past quickly.

"Elizabeth?" Mrs. McCarthy called after her in surprise, rising from her seat. "Darling, what is it? Why do you look like that?"

Elizabeth didn't answer. Her shoulders were stiff, her chest heaving in suppressed rage. Her father, Mr. McCarthy, exchanged a troubled look with his wife before standing as well. "Elizabeth!" he barked, his voice was strong but still showed his worry. "Where are you going? What happened?"

But Elizabeth didn't stop. She ascended the stairs, without even sparing them one glance and no word left her mouth. Julian trailed silently behind, his head bent low, his steps were a bit hesitant, as he didn't know how to approach her as well. She didn't want to go out but then he forced her.

It was only when Elizabeth reached her room that she turned sharply, throwing the door open so hard it hit the wall with a loud thud. She stepped inside, slamming it behind her, only for her parents and Julian to follow quickly.

Inside the room, Elizabeth paced furiously. She walked from one end to the other, her hands twisting together, her face red with anger. Her



mother moved closer, her voice was so soft, as she tried to calm her down.

“Elizabeth, talk to us. What happened?”

Elizabeth stopped abruptly, turning to face her mother with eyes filled with unshed tears. She opened her mouth but shut it again almost instantly, biting her lip hard. She shook her head and turned away, resuming her pacing.

Julian, still standing near the door, finally sighed heavily. He knew he could not let Elizabeth's silence drag on forever. Clearing his throat nervously, he began to explain.

“At the restaurant... there was a... situation,” Julian started, his voice low and hesitant. “We... we spilled food. It was expensive food. It fell on a woman's dress.”

Mrs. McCarthy frowned, folding her arms. “Spilled food? Julian, that cannot be the reason my daughter looks like this.”

“It wasn't just any woman,” Julian continued quickly, his words tumbling out as though trying to lighten his own guilt. “It was Edna Franklin.”

The moment the name left his lips, both Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy stiffened. Their eyes widened, and Mrs. McCarthy gasped.

“Edna Franklin?” she repeated in disbelief.

“Yes,” Julian replied, nodding miserably. “The food fell on her dress. She said it was worth fifty thousand dollars. Then her designer claimed the dress was worth even more, that there were diamonds sewn into it. Elizabeth argued with her, refused to pay... and Edna called the police.”

“What?” Mrs. McCarthy exclaimed, covering her mouth with her hand. “



"The police?"

Julian nodded again, his shoulders sagging. "Yes. And it didn't end there. Ryan Walker was there too."

The name alone, made the McCarthys frown. Elizabeth, who had been pacing like a caged lion, froze and spun around sharply, her face twisted with anger and shame.

Julian forced himself to continue. "The police came and... they were going to drag us out. But Ryan stood up, stopped them, and intervened. He—he saved us. And Edna... she respected him. She shook his hand, thanked him, and... she left with him. The entire restaurant was watching."

Elizabeth let out a sharp, bitter laugh, her voice breaking. "Saved us? Don't you dare use that word, Julian. He humiliated me. He made me look powerless in front of everyone. Everyone in that room saw him as some hero while I...while I stood there, helpless. Me, Elizabeth McCarthy, mocked like a child!" She pressed her hands to her temples and groaned in frustration. "Do you know what it felt like? To be pitied?"

Her mother stepped closer, gently holding her arm. "Darling, calm down. You must calm down."

"Calm down?" Elizabeth snapped, jerking her hand away. "How can I calm down when Ryan Walker is standing above me, laughing inside, enjoying every moment of my disgrace? He was nothing! He was nobody! And now..." Her voice cracked. She turned her face away, tears finally slipping down her cheeks.

Mr. McCarthy, who had been listening silently, clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles burned. His jaw was set in hard lines, his face turned red in anger.



"Enough," he said, his deep voice cutting through the tension in the room. Everyone froze and turned toward him. His eyes were blazing with anger. "I have listened long enough. This insult, this disgrace, it cannot continue. Ryan has gone too far."

"Father..." Elizabeth whispered.

"I kept quiet when he took McCarthy Technologies," Mr. McCarthy continued, his voice hard and steady. "I kept silent, thinking he would come to his senses and hand it back to its rightful owners. But instead, he flaunts his power. He steps on my daughter, mocks my family. That ends now."

With sharp, decisive movements, Mr. McCarthy pulled out his phone and dialed a number. His family watched him, silent and tense. When the call connected, his voice was harsh and commanding.

"I have an assignment for you," he barked into the phone.


A deep voice responded on the other end, loud enough for the others to hear faintly. "What is it?"

Mr. McCarthy's tone dropped lower. "My ex-son-in-law, Ryan Walker. He thinks he can grow wings. Ever since he came into money and power, he dares to rise against me. He bit the hand that fed him. He stole my company, he mocks my family. I want him dealt with."

The voice on the other end chuckled darkly. "Ryan Walker, you say? If he truly turned against you, then yes, he deserves to pay. What do you want me to do?"

Mr. McCarthy's lips curled into a grim smile. His eyes glowed dangerously. "First, I want him to lose McCarthy Technologies. That company should be ripped from his hands. Once that is done, then we



will discuss the rest." 

Elizabeth stopped pacing. She turned slowly, her face lighting up with something that looked almost like satisfaction. Her eyes filled with a burning hunger for revenge.

"Yes," she whispered fiercely, her voice trembling. "Yes, make him lose everything. Make him suffer."