

Chapter 19

In that very moment, Julian's eyes shifted and caught sight of someone standing at the gate.

It was Ryan standing Frozen.

Julian slowly lowered his raised leg and stepped back from the laptop, his eyes narrowing into a glare full of hate.

"The Riffraff," he said, pointing toward the gate, "look who finally showed up to gather the rags he calls clothes."

Elizabeth turned, following Julian's gaze. When she saw Ryan walking through the gate, her face twisted into the usual icy appearance.

"There won't be any rags left to gather this time," she said coldly. "Not when he came late."

Ryan said nothing as he approached slowly, his eyes darting between them—Elizabeth with the lighter still in her hand, and Julian standing next to the laptop like he would step on it the next moment.

Inside her heart, Elizabeth was boiling. Her plan the night before had gone completely wrong. She had wanted to embarrass Ryan in front of everyone—at the engagement party, in front of her esteemed guests, and on social media.

Instead, everything had backfired. She had no idea how she even lost her own guests.

Not only had Mr. Henry unexpectedly refused to help them deal with Ryan and cut the call on them in front of everyone, Julian had also lost 20 % of his salary from the company. All that, and no one understood why

Mr. Henry suddenly feared hurting Ryan, like there was something about him they didn't know.

It made her angry, Humiliated and filled with burning rage towards Ryan.

And now, here he was in front of her with a calm appearance like he had no idea about what happened last night.

"No. Not this time," Elizabeth muttered.

Without another word, she flicked the lighter and threw it onto the pile of clothes.

Whoosh!

Flames burst into the air instantly. The spread immediately, feeding on the gasoline-soaked clothes.

Ryan stopped in his tracks, his eyes locked on the fire.

It wasn't the clothes that hurt him.

It was the small photo frames inside. It was an old, worn pictures of his parents. His childhood. Things he had saved not because they were expensive, but because they were priceless to him.

And now they were turning to ash.

He clenched his teeth as Julian coughed, clearing his throat to get his attention. Julian's face twisted in rage.

"This is all your fault," Julian snarled, his finger jabbing the air toward Ryan. "Because of you, I lost 20% of my salary. Do you know how much that is?"

Ryan didn't answer.

Julian's voice rose, full of anger. "Mr. Henry humiliated me! In front of everyone! And for what? For you? A poor street rat with nothing?! I swear —" he growled, "I'll make sure your miserable life becomes even worse. You'll lose everything. Everything that's dear to you."

Ryan finally spoke with a very low voice. "I didn't make you lose your salary. Perhaps, your stupidity got the better of you. And you have no right to touch my laptop."

Julian let out a loud, mocking laugh. "Are you serious right now?" He kicked at a stone towards Ryan. "This is my future in-laws' house. That junk of a laptop has been lying around for years now, so I was told. If something looks like trash, I have every right to treat it like trash."

He took another step toward the laptop, smirking.

"We gave you time to come get your garbage. You delayed. Now we're doing the cleaning for you."

Ryan said nothing at first. His eyes remained fixed on the laptop. It wasn't just a device anymore. It held everything. His journey of five years with Nova, His profile and His proof, proof that he was indeed the individual who was selected.

Suddenly, thinking about what he might lose if Julian took that decision to step on it, Ryan's eyes grew cold.

"If you dare step on that laptop..." he said to Julian in a very slow and clear voice, "you'll be the one whose life turns miserable."

Julian blinked, caught off guard for a second by that threat. He remained silent for a while trying to make sense of the threat over and over again.

But then he scoffed, shaking his head.

"Did I hear that right?" Julian asked with a voice filled with disbelief. "You? You think you can threaten me?"

He laughed louder now, pointing at Ryan again. "A pauper like you, threatening me? I could feed you for the next twenty years and not feel it!"

Elizabeth, who had been standing quietly with her arms folded, finally spoke, her voice cold and sharp as ever.

"Julian, don't waste your time arguing with someone who isn't even in your class," she said. Then she turned to Ryan. "In case you forgot, my fiancé is a billionaire. His bank account reads up to eight billion dollars, Ryan. You wouldn't even get within a mile of that in your entire wretched life."

Ryan clenched his fists, but didn't speak.

Julian's face twisted into a scowl.

Then, without warning, he raised his leg again...

His foot hovered over the laptop, ready to crush it once and for all.



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