

Chapter 34

"Good," Ryan said. "Let's see how untouchable they really are."

Minutes later, the car pulled up to the gates of the McCarthy mansion. The guards at the gate hesitated at first but opened once they saw the police tags.

As the police car drove into the estate, a few people were already outside enjoying the sun. Julian was lounging on a sofa with a drink in his hand, and Elizabeth sat beside him, her legs crossed elegantly, scrolling on her phone.

They both looked up at the same time when they saw the police vehicle drive in.

Julian squinted. "What the hell?"

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy emerged from the house with curious expressions on their faces. Mr. McCarthy adjusted his tie as he approached the steps, while his wife looked annoyed by the sudden intrusion.

The moment Ryan stepped out of the backseat, Elizabeth burst into laughter.

"Well, look who's getting arrested," she said, standing from her chair and folding her arms mockingly. "You must've stolen something to eat, Ryan. I know how brutal the hunger in the streets can be, it probably let you to steal food and now you got arrested."

"Did you bring the police here so that we can help bail you since you have no money to pay? You must be a fool to think that," Elizabeth said coldly. "Officers, please take him away, he is of no use to us."

Julian chuckled beside her. "Don't be so harsh to the loser Liz, where do you expect him to get food if not stealing it?"

Ryan didn't even move or react to their insults. He just looked at them calmly, amazed at why two couples would be that foolish. It wasn't worth replying to their empty mockery. Not yet.

But then Detective Mark and Kelvin stepped out, and the atmosphere shifted immediately. What they thought was happening wasn't happening.

Mark walked forward, his badge in his hand. "We're not here to arrest Mr. Ryan."

Elizabeth's laughter cut off abruptly. "What?"

"We're here to ask some questions," Mark said, his tone sounding so professional and stern. "Serious questions. And depending on the answers, you may be the ones facing charges."

A tense silence fell over the compound. Elizabeth blinked rapidly as her smirk vanished.

"What... what are you talking about?" she asked, stepping forward in confusion. "You must be mistaken. What allegations?"

Mr. McCarthy's voice was sharper now. "Detective, this is our home. If there's something you need to discuss, I suggest you do it respectfully. Do you even know whose house you are standing? This is the McCarthy mansion, you are talking to one of the leading families in the country, watch your mouth."

Kelvin showed his badge. "We intend to, sir. But this is in connection with a serious case. A kidnapping. And yes, we know exactly who you are,

Sir."

Julian suddenly stood straighter, the drink in his hand shaking slightly. "Kidnapping? What does that have to do with us?"

Ryan stepped forward finally, his eyes locked on Julian. "My mother... was taken this morning. From her hospital room."

Mrs. McCarthy gasped faintly, placing a hand on her chest, "Isn't your sick mother dead already? She should be dead by now. Days back you were running around to save her, and you didn't have money as usual, always begging your wife."

"Elizabeth, don't tell me you gave him that money," Mrs. McCarthy said to her daughter, Elizabeth, who scoffed.

"I would rather feed a pig with that money than give to this good for nothing," Elizabeth responded.

Elizabeth narrowed her eyes. "So his mother went missing and? And you think... we had something to do with it?"

"I know the kind of people you are," Ryan replied coldly. "When you lose, you retaliate. And you've been losing a lot lately."

Julian scoffed. "This is ridiculous. You're blaming us because your mother's gone missing?"

"She didn't go missing," Ryan said. "She was taken."

Mr. McCarthy stepped forward now, trying to show his position. "You must be crazy, something must be wrong with your heads to dare come to my compound to lay such allegations."

"Which is why we're only here for questioning," Mark added. "If you're



innocent, then you have nothing to worry about." 1

Julian looked nervously at Elizabeth, who was starting to lose her composure.

Elizabeth turned to the detectives and shouted, "This is absurd! This guy ... this pauper has always been bitter! You really think someone like us needs to stoop to kidnapping?"

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