



## Chapter 36

Mr. McCarthy looked sharply at Julian. "Julian, can you explain that? How did you lose your job so abruptly? weren't you employed at Nova this morning?"

Julian opened his mouth, his face growing pale, but no words came. His mind raced faster and faster.

His silence only worsened the awkwardness. Everyone's eyes were on him.

Mrs. McCarthy pressed a hand to her forehead a bit embarrassed. "Julian, how could this happen? You're our son-in-law now and you know very well that we don't fool around in our family. How did you lose your job even without knowing."

Elizabeth stepped toward Julian, her brows furrowing. "Julian, is this a prank? Did you lose your job for real? Oh my God."

Julian swallowed hard. "It's not a prank," he said in a trembling voice. "I - I... Nova said I'm...terminated. I have no idea how it happened."

Elizabeth's jaw dropped in shock. She glanced at Julian, mortified, and the color drained from her face in total embarrassment.

Julian reached out, as if he was trying to steady her, but his hands shook as well as he couldn't even process the shock. "It's.. It's," he stammered. "It's just nothing, I am not fired okay... I will uhh..." He cut himself off. He lacked words to say.

Elizabeth crossed her arms, bewildered. "But didn't you get the email from the CEO saying you're fired?"

Julian nodded, sliding his phone from his pocket. Elizabeth grabbed it out of his hand and stared at the message again. Then she slapped her



forehead, embarrassed.

Julian, scratching his neck, tried to sound confident but he kept fumbling. "It's...fine," he lied. "I'll reach out to the CEO. Maybe it's just some misunderstanding. He will definitely hire me back"

Elizabeth frowned at him, shaking her head. "You said the CEO changed and you haven't even met him before. Now tell me how the hell do you plan to beg the CEO, when you don't even have access to him?!"

Julian hesitated, caught off-guard. "But... I'll...I'll reach out soon."

Elizabeth returned the phone to Julian, her expression becoming so wary.

Detective Mark took the moment to press on with his demands.

"All right," he said, his voice sounding more confident now, "Julian and you, Elizabeth...you're no longer employed by or protected through Nova. So please accompany us to the station for questioning, preferably without lawyers at this point."

Julian gritted his teeth in anger. "You can't talk to us like that. I lost my job, yes, but I'm still wealthy. I'm still a billionaire. You'll have to watch your mouth."

Detective Mark nodded, not giving any care to what he said. "Sir, if you're so confident, I have only one request, prove it. Show me your bank statement or financial record. Just once so we know you're not hiding behind wealth."

Julian tensed. His heart pounded in his chest. Wait...what? He wants proof? They both do? He looked around. The McCarthys gave him expectant looks like they also think he should shut their mouth by proving how wealthy he was.

Elizabeth stepped forward, her voice full of anger. "He's rich! My fiancé is worth more than 8 billion, remember? Show them, Julian... prove you're a billionaire!"

Julian's ears burned. 8 billion? Where did she get that number? He cleared his throat, his eyes darting between Ryan and Detective Mark. His palms felt sweaty inside his coat pockets.

Detective Mark's tone grew insistent. "Sir, no games. If you have the wealth, show us. Transparency solves a lot of problems. If we realize that we are up against someone high enough to make us regret every stepping here, then we may turn our backs and leave."

Julian opened his mouth, but all he could do was gulp and stare. His eyes were roaming restlessly, he didn't know how embarrassed he would feel in front of Elizabeth and her parents if they discovered he was no longer a billionaire.

Elizabeth jumped in. "Be a man please. Just...show them and let us end this drama!"

Julian's cheeks flushed with pressure. He swallowed, sweat forming on his forehead. He couldn't show them, it would make the McCarthys feel less proud of him, even Ryan may laugh at him to see he was losing money and status.

Detective Kelvin quietly watched, hands folded politely.

Ryan, standing off to the side, crossed his arms confidently, watching Julian's discomfort.

Julian forced a stiff laugh. "I...I'm...really wealthy, okay? Over eight billion sitting in my account as we speak. Everyone knows it! There is no need to boast about it by showing you."



Detective Mark raised a brow. "Okay, eight billion, that's good enough. Can you show us something? Proof? Once you're transparent, we'll proceed from there. We would turn around and leave."

Julian's breath thickened in his chest. He had no 8 billion dollars account balance, he had far less. He hesitated, lips parted as if the words were on the tip of his tongue. But nothing came out.

Everyone was silent, all eyes on him.

Mark shook his head. "We're waiting, Mr. Knight."

Julian let out a tight laugh, it sounded nervous and dry. "It's... confidential," he stammered, then cleared his throat. "I can't do that right now. I can't show you what I have in my account, it is not safe, I may get robbed."

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