

Chapter 49

Elizabeth still stood frozen beside Julian, staring in disbelief at how a personality like Claudia Duval was sitting comfortably with Ryan.

Her role model, the woman she had admired for years, the most beautiful and wealthy woman in the country, was now resting her head on the shoulder of the man she had once labeled a failure.

And Ryan? He acted as if he hadn't noticed them at all. His arm remained linked with Claudia's, and he casually sipped from his glass like nothing had changed.

But for Elizabeth, everything had changed.

In her head, her thoughts were spiraling out of control.

"How can this be happening? How can the man I dumped because he was poor, useless, and classless, capture the attention of someone like Claudia Duval?"

It was a punch to her pride. She couldn't even breath well at that point, her heart was pounding very fast.

"This.. This is insane..." she said coldly through her clenched teeth.

With her heels clicking furiously against the floor, she stomped forward and stood directly in front of Ryan and Claudia. Her eyes were filled with pure hatred.

"Do you even know who you're sitting with?" she snapped at Claudia, folding her arms to her chest dramatically.

Claudia lifted her head slowly from Ryan's shoulder. Both she and Ryan turned to look at Elizabeth with a calm, composed expressions, before turning to look at themselves, and then turned to face Elizabeth again.

Claudia arched a brow like she was just getting to understand what left Elizabeth's mouth. "Excuse me, what are you talking about?"

"This man right here," Elizabeth said, pointing accusingly, "He used to be my husband. His name is Ryan Walker, and guess what, he is a nobody. What the hell are you doing with him?"

Claudia's gaze narrowed as a bitter expression formed on her face. "You need to watch your mouth. Watch your words when you talk around me."

Elizabeth let out a dry laugh, her voice was showing obvious hate. "Watch my mouth? Did you just asked me to watch my mouth? No. You need to open your eyes. Look at yourself. You're beautiful, classy, influential. And look at him. He's a pauper. An ex-delivery guy. He doesn't even have a job anymore at the moment. What are you doing sitting so close to him?"

"I know there must be some kind of misunderstanding here, or maybe he threatened you," Elizabeth said coldly...

Claudia straightened a bit, folding her arms. "And how is that any of your business, Elizabeth McCarthy? Go be with your new husband-to-be, why does this topic seem to impress you so much?"

The mention of Julian made Elizabeth's jaw tighten instantly. She could feel her insides twisting.

This wasn't just about Ryan. This was about the fact that she had once sworn, sworn to herself that no woman would ever want Ryan again just to prove a point and watch Ryan suffer.

Not unless it was someone from the gutters like him. She had taken pride in believing she was his best option. That after her, he'd only ever fall. 1

But here he was with Claudia Duval, the same woman Elizabeth took beauty tips from, the same woman whose skincare products she used religiously.

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Elizabeth's voice cracked with the anger. "You're making a huge mistake. Look at him! He's a beggar. I divorced him for a reason. I had to distance myself from his pathetic life. Do you honestly think he belongs here? That suit he's wearing...it's even borrowed. He's just playing dress-up to impress you."

She laughed harshly, stepping even closer. "I mean, have you even seen where he lives? Probably some tiny rented apartment where rats run around more confidently than he does. And you, Claudia Duval—the Claudia Duval.. are here playing girlfriend to a stray?"



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