

## Chapter 62

"Oh please," Smith said, stepping closer, "you make it sound so dramatic. I left you with exactly what you deserved."

"We were living on the streets," Ryan snapped, his eyes turning red slowly from the anger. "You sold everything...the little place we called home, Mom's furniture, everything!"

Smith shrugged and a smile crept onto his face. "It was my house, my name was on the papers. Your mother just got to live there because I let her and because she was my sister."

"You threw us out like garbage," Ryan growled.

Smith laughed again and his tone came down slightly, "Garbage? Don't be so sensitive. It's not personal, Ryan, It's just business."

"You're insane."

"No," Smith said, his voice dropping lower, "I'm smart... Smarter than all of you. You think you know pain? You think you've suffered?" He leaned down so their eyes were level. "You've barely scratched the surface."

Ryan gritted his teeth. "Why am I here?"

Smith leaned back, tapping the bat once against the floor. "Oh, come on. You're not that clueless. The thing is I... I was told you paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on your mother's surgery out of nowhere. You were a delivery guy, right? And now... boom! All of a sudden money appears like magic... I just want to know, where the hell did it come from?"

Ryan glared. "You kidnapped me... for money?"

Smith grinned. "Let's not use ugly words like kidnapped. Think of this as ... a family reunion with a little business inquiry on the side."

"I don't owe you anything," Ryan spat.

"You owe me everything!" Smith shouted, slamming the bat against the wall. The sound echoed like a gunshot. "Do you have any idea what I lost while you and your precious mother played the victims? While you cried to anyone who would listen?"

"She was your sister," Ryan whispered. "Your own blood."

Smith's eyes darkened. "And she betrayed me, she knew what she was doing when she filed that report. I lost my licenses, my businesses and everything. And you think I'm just going to sit back and let her live like a queen on hidden money?"

"There is no hidden money," Ryan said. "I worked for it."

"Liar," Smith snapped. "I know your type, You are broke and desperate. So tell me the truth, Ryan. Who gave you that money? Who are you working for? Because no way in hell did you earn that kind of cash on your own."

Ryan clenched his fists. "You'll never get what you want."

Smith smiled again, slowly. "We'll see about that."

Ryan clenched his fists. "Why am I here? Did you take my mother also?"

Smith chuckled darkly and leaned against the table beside him. "Your mother? Missing? That's news to me, kid. No, I had nothing to do with that."

He stood straight, tapping the bat against his palm. "I came for

something else. Heard you paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her surgery. I just wanna know where the hell you got all that money."

Ryan's brow furrowed. "Forget it!"

Smith's eyes narrowed. "Do you really think you can walk around flashing money like that and not expect family to come knocking? After everything I did for your mother, for you?"

"You will get nothing," Ryan snapped. "You threw us out. You stole what little we had and vanished."

"I don't owe you anything." Ryan's voice was strong.

The smile fell from Smith's face. "Then I'll beat it out of you." He raised the bat slightly. "You'll talk. You'll tell me where the money's coming from. Or you'll leave here in pieces."

Ryan's heart pounded, but his mind was already racing.

If Smith wasn't behind his mother's disappearance, then someone else was.

That meant there were two enemies.

And that made this situation more dangerous than he had thought.

He didn't reply. He just stared coldly at the man who once sold their lives for scraps.

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