

Chapter 63

Ryan sat on the cold concrete, his eyes were fixed on his uncle. His fists were clenched tight, and veins were showing through his skin. "Are you seriously telling me you didn't take my mother?" he asked again with a lower and dangerous voice.

Smith laughed cruelly. "I told you already... I've got no use for that old woman, I've got bigger concerns. Like figuring out how my dear nephew suddenly became rich enough to drop a quarter million dollars like pocket change or how a no-name delivery boy suddenly ends up on the golden seat at Stallion Night VIP party. That's the real mystery, isn't it?"

He walked slowly across the room, dragging the wooden bat along the wall with a screeching scrape. "We've got a lot to catch up on, you and I."

Ryan's jaw tightened. "You're insane, you won't get anything from me. You're wasting just your time."

Smith chuckled again and tapped the bat twice against the wall. At the sound, the door to the room creaked open and one of his masked men entered, dragging someone in by the arms. The person's head was covered with a black cloth bag.

"Still think I'm wasting my time?" Smith asked with confidence. "You think you're so smart, keeping your mouth shut? Well, I came prepared."

He nodded at the masked man. "Uncover him."

The man yanked off the bag, and Ryan's stomach dropped.

"Philip?!" he gasped.

Philip Crown's face was pale, bruised slightly around the temple. His eyes widened when he saw Ryan as well, now he knew who had



kidnapped Ryan from the entrance of the event hall.

Smith laughed wickedly. "Thought I'd bring some leverage. Just in case you were feeling stubborn."

Ryan stood abruptly. "Let him go, he has nothing to do with this!"

"Oh, but he does now," Smith said. "See, Ryan, when you start involving people who care about you in your secrets, you put them at risk. I want to know everything, and if I don't get it from you... maybe I'll get it from him because he presented you that golden award, he must know a lot."

That was the final straw.

Ryan lunged at him with speed and anger.

Smith swung the bat toward him, but Ryan ducked low, rolled forward, and kicked the bat out of his uncle's hand. The weapon clattered across the floor. Ryan followed through with a fierce uppercut to his uncle's jaw, sending him crashing into a wall.

But the fight wasn't over.

The masked man rushed forward to help Smith, swinging a baton. Ryan tore off his white shirt, moving with agility. He grabbed one of his metal cufflinks, flicked it between his fingers, then hurled it with precision.

It hit the attacker square in the forehead.

The man screamed and dropped, blood gushing as he writhed on the ground.

Philip gasped and took cover behind Ryan.

Smith was already getting up, groaning. "Impressive! Still a good fighter



after all these years.”

Ryan didn’t take his eyes off him. “You forgot one thing, I survived the streets. You may have grown soft, hiding in basements with your goons, but I learned to fight for every breath.”

Smith spat to the side and wiped blood from his lip. “Fine, let’s see how long you last.”

He gave a sharp whistle.

Ryan’s eyes darted toward the door, and he saw five men walked in. They were all masked, holding bats.

Ryan squared his shoulders, getting ready to take them on.

Philip whispered from behind him, panicked. “Mr. Walker... there’s too many of them.”

But Ryan didn’t flinch, he was standing there.

“Let them come,” he growled. “Your dogs are nothing to a lion, I’m king of the jungle... I was bred in it.”

Smith raised a brow. “And what if it’s not just these five?”

He gave another whistle.

At that instant, five more men entered making them ten now.

Ryan inhaled deeply, scanning them.

He cracked his neck to one side, then the other. “Ten is still not enough.”

Smith narrowed his eyes. “Then prove it.”



Ryan stepped forward slowly, his fists curled, every muscle in his body coiled like a spring. "You brought bats to a fistfight," he said with a low and sure voice. "That is a very big mistake."

The ten men closed in quickly, all aim to hit Ryan.

Ryan moved like lightning. He spun, dodged a swing, caught one man's wrist, and twisted until the bat dropped. He used the same arm to elbow the attacker in the face, sending him stumbling.

Another charged at him. Ryan ducked under a wild swing and drove his knee into the attacker's gut. The man tumbled over, wheezing, and Ryan flipped him over his back into two others.

Philip stood in shock, his eyes were darting everywhere. "This... this is insane," he muttered in shock.

Smith watched with a growing rage and awe. "He's one man!"

He fought like someone who had spent years surviving on the streets for years.

"Four down," Ryan counted, breathing calmly like he didn't even move a muscle just now. "Six to go."

Two attackers rushed together. Ryan slid under one's legs, grabbed the ankle mid-slide, yanked it hard, and sent the man toppling. As the second swung at him, Ryan grabbed a fallen bat and blocked the hit, then cracked the bat across his opponent's shoulder.

The room was filled with chaos, shouts, groans, and the sound of weapons hitting the ground.

Another set of five men lay sprawled across the floor groaning, unconscious, or simply too broken to get up again.



Only one attacker remained.

The last man clutched a pipe in his trembling hands, his eyes wide with panic. His boots shifted nervously across the floor as he tried to summon the courage his comrades had lost.

Ryan took a step forward, blood dripping from his busted knuckles. He tilted his head slightly, locking eyes with the man.

"Still want to try me?" he said, his voice sounded hoarse.

The man froze for a second, then dropped the pipe and turned, running toward the exit like a hunted animal.

"Coward!" Smith's voice echoed through the basement like a clap of thunder. Rage twisted his face as he watched the last of his hired thugs flee.

Ryan turned toward him with anger. "Do you still think you can force anything out of me?"

Smith didn't answer, he didn't need to because the answer was obvious now. He got up and lunged towards Ryan, a snarl of fury erupting from his throat.

But Ryan was waiting for him to arrive.

He met Smith halfway with a brutal punch straight to the chest. The force sent Smith sprawling backward, crashing to the ground with a hard thud.

Ryan stepped over him, his shadow falling across his uncle's crumpled form. "You'll never get what you want," he said coldly. "Crawl back to where you have been hiding."