

Chapter 68

They were no other partners or anyone that knows about the step he was going to take apart from the police who were even more scared than he was.

The day crawled by quickly, he tried to sleep, hoping to rest before nightfall, but his thoughts refused to be quiet. Every time he closed his eyes, he pictured his mother's face.

The next day passed quickly, and finally, it was time, the evening which the Lord's Banquet was to be held.

With Claudia away and no driver at his disposal, he decided to go by cab that dropped him off at a distance and he walked the rest on foot.

He dressed in a fitted black suit. His hair was neatly slicked back and it gave him a sharper and more composed look.

By 7:45 PM, Ryan arrived at the location he'd managed to dig up. The Lord's Private Villa was extremely huge, and it was built within hills. It was big and had different segments.

Some people who watched Ryan walking on foot towards the entrance instead of arriving with a car like the others were stunned and their eyes were glued to him.

Ryan didn't care if they were impressed by his entrance or not, he had more disturbing concerns than that. He walked forward steadily, ignoring the judgment pressing in on him from all sides.

At the entrance stood a striking woman in a black dress that fit her like a second skin. Her posture was elegant, and perfect, yet the sharpness in her eyes made Ryan cautious.



She caught sight of him immediately looking at her immediately.

"You look a bit... out of place," she remarked, her red lips curling into a sly smile.

Ryan returned a faint smile of his own, but deep down he was a bit nervous on how it all would turn out. "I'm here for the Lords Banquet."

Her brow lifted, clearly amused. "Are you? Because I don't recall seeing you at any previous banquets at this Villa."

He remained silent, letting the tension dissolve naturally.

"What's your name?" she asked, now turning on the tablet in her hand.

"Victor... Victor William," Ryan stuttered, giving a fake identity just to be security cautious.

Her fingers tapped quickly across the screen. She looked up moments later, the smirk on her face deepening. "You're not on the list, I am also an invited guest and I have been coming on every single Lord's Banquet, and I must say, this is the first time I am seeing you here. Are you sure you belong here?"

Ryan kept his expression calm and unreadable. "I was invited."

"Invitations to this event come with something very specific," she replied calmly and politely. From her small purse, she retrieved a gleaming gold card, embossed with a silver falcon. "This is an access pass. Without it, you don't step inside."

Ryan's gaze rested on the card. He didn't have one... and they both knew it.

The guards nearby, dressed in military-grade suits, began to shift. Their

stances adjusted just slightly, but it was enough to signal a heightened state of alert.

The woman turned her head towards Ryan fully, and then her eyes narrowed. "Where is your pass, Mr. William?"

For a second, Ryan said nothing. He was in shock at how the lady was so smart enough to detect he was not among and didn't belong at the place. One wrong word, one wrong move, and he could be dragged out, or worse, disappear before he ever got a step closer to Ryder.

With a surprising ease, he gave a small shrug. "It must've been a last-minute addition," he said smoothly. "Check with Lord Ryder, he sent for me."

The woman gave a short, elegant laugh, and then her expression turned slightly cold. "Everyone claims to know Lord Ryder."

Ryan's reply was quiet, but direct. "Except I'm not claiming to know him. I said he sent for me, he knows who I am. If I don't walk through those doors tonight... he'll wonder why."

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