

Chapter 69

The lady in the black dress crossed her arms, still delaying Ryan from moving towards the gate. Her perfectly shaped brows raised in amusement as she watched Ryan more closely, her lips curled into a knowing smirk as her eyes slowly traveled from the top of Ryan's head down to his shoes.

"Mr. William," she said, this time with a little sarcasm in her voice, "let me be blunt. If you don't have the pass card, you're wasting your time here, and I am telling you the absolute truth. This isn't the kind of party you crash, the people who are here were strictly invited by Lord Ryder."

Ryan stared at her calmly but on the inside he was a bit nervous and quiet irritated. "I don't need a pass card to know I'm supposed to be here. What other form of invitation do I need if Lord Ryder himself gave me an invitation?"

She laughed softly, and it sounded too soft to be friendly, there was something strange about how she picked interest in Ryan. "Oh, you poor thing. That's exactly what someone not on the list would say. It isn't too late to turn back yet, people haven't really noticed you around... but the moment the you lose access, everyone would shame you."

He took a small step forward away from her towards the gate and he muttered, "Thanks for your concern, but I can manage. How about you use your own golden card and walk in, then leave me alone out here?"

Ryan made an attempt to make her turn her attention from him, but she seemed too interested to back off.

She side-stepped, keeping herself in front of him. "No, seriously. I'm trying to help you really, try to understand what I am trying to explain to you. This isn't just any elite event, this is The Lords Banquet. People who

walk through those doors belong to the highest tiers of the underground world, especially filled with members of the Falcon Creed, Lord Ryder's private cult. If you don't belong, you would vanish if you are caught. I don't know if any of these makes sense to you, but I hope you understand. Do you understand?"

Ryan clenched his jaw. "I appreciate the warning, but I can handle myself around here, I don't need your guidance."

She gave a dry laugh after hearing him say he knew his way around there. "You're starting to sound a little daft, sir. I'm trying to save you from embarrassment or probably your ruin, but you seem to be chasing flying pigs. Is this really how you think?"

He rubbed his forehead. "And maybe you should stop assuming things. Ever thought of that? Not everything looks as it seems, if you see me here, then it means I have a way of getting in."

She shrugged, then pulled out a slim golden card from her clutch. "I don't have to assume, I'm a regular here. This," she flashed it like a badge, "is my golden pass. It means I'm cleared and verified, Lord Ryder himself signed the card but then, you.. you just wandered here at random, and I must warn that it isn't healthy for you."

Ryan didn't give a response at that point. He gave her a cold glance and walked toward the entrance without saying another word to her.

Murmurs rose behind him as other guests stepped out of luxury cars, Bentleys, Rolls Royces and expensive Bugatti. All eyes slowly drifted to Ryan, the man in a modest black suit who had arrived alone and on foot.

"Who is this man?" one of the men standing there said.

"Why does it seem like he doesn't belong in the place?"

The guards by the digital access panel straightened as he approached. Their faces gave away nothing, but their eyes watched him intently.

Ryan reached into his pocket and pulled out the black card Claudia had given him. It didn't look like the golden pass the others have.

Behind him, the lady in black crossed her arms again, smirking as she watched. I turned out that she had followed Ryan all the way to the place.

Ryan pretended he didn't feel her presence behind him, he slid the card into the machine.

The screen blinked instantly and flash a bold red.

ACCESS DENIED, INVALID CARD...

A small laugh burst from behind him. "Oh dear," the woman mocked. "Was that your debit card, did you think you came her to withdraw some money?"

Ryan ignored her. The guards looked at each other, subtly adjusting their stance. They didn't reach for weapons, but their expression changed, they were ready to discipline him if the need came.

"Maybe he thought this was a costume party," someone muttered.

The woman in black stepped forward just slightly, "I warned you. You should've saved yourself the shame." Ryan didn't even spare her a glance at all..

Ryan took a deep breath and pulled out the card again.

Something didn't sit right. He turned it over in his hand, studying it more carefully this time.

Chapter 69

That's when he saw it, it was almost invisible but there was a second microchip embedded into the surface. It was smaller than a fingernail, positioned so precisely that most people would miss it.

His pulse quickened the moment he realized that was why the card reading failed. He removed it easily with his fingers and then slot in his black card once again.

Then instantly, the screen flashed green and it beeped.

ACCESS GRANTED... TOP-LEVEL CLEARANCE. WELCOME TO LORD'S VILLA.

The space went still instantly.

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