

### Chapter 73

"Let me out of here!" Ryan shouted, straining against the restraints. "You have no idea what you're doing!"

Lord Ryder stood across the room with her arms folded as an amused smile spread across her lips. "You're really adorable when you think you still have power."

Just as she turned around, one of her men entered the room. He was tall and dressed in black like the others, and he quickly moved towards Lord Ryder.

He bent down slightly and whispered something into her ear.

Ryan saw a small change in her expression as her grin widened and her brows lifted with interest. It made his stomach churn.

"What are you whispering to her?!" Ryan snapped, yanking his wrists against the leather bindings. "What the hell are you talking about?! Is it about my mother?!"

Lord Ryder turned to him with a smirk and said to him in a sweet voice. "Calm down, big boy. You'll burst a vein."

Ryan's eyes were blazing now. "I swear, if you touch a hair on her head—"

"Relax," she said, strolling over to the side of the room where the screen was mounted on the wall. She tapped a button on a remote, and the screen came to life. "Yes, we were discussing your precious mother. But honestly, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll kill you," Ryan growled. "I swear, I will rip every single one of you to pieces."



She chuckled softly. "You must've missed the part where you're the one tied to a chair in my villa. Welcome to the Lord's Villa, home of the Falcon Creed Private Cult. I make the rules here, not you."

Ryan's eyes narrowed from fury as he glared at her. "You think you're untouchable," he said in a sharp voice. "But you won't be forever."

Lord Ryder let out a mocking sigh before crouching down to meet his eye level as her smirk widened. "Oh, sweetheart," she said sweetly, "keep holding on to that hope if it makes you feel better. But I think it's time you heard what my dear soldier just told me."

She rose to her full height once more and turned away from him, walking back to the screen.

"A very powerful family has just arrived at the auction," she announced as her tone became calm and filled with satisfaction. "And guess what? They didn't just come to observe, they brought enough money to outbid everyone in the room."

Ryan's heart skipped a beat. He didn't respond, not right away. His thoughts spun as his eyes remained fixed on the back of her head.

Lord Ryder glanced over her shoulder at him as she watched his reaction closely. "They're not here to buy your mother for chores," she continued. "They didn't come to give her a quiet life. This family hates you, Ryan and this—" she gestured at the screen, "—is how they've chosen to begin their revenge."

Ryan's hands clenched into fists as his knuckles turned white. The veins in his arms stood out as he felt both anger and panic.

"No..." he muttered.



"Yes," Lord Ryder confirmed with a cruel smile as her eyes gleamed. "They want you to suffer and they plan to use your mother to do it. Piece by piece."

Ryan swallowed hard as his voice dropped. "Who are they?"

Without replying immediately, Lord Ryder raised the remote and pressed a button. The screen flickered, and the image shifted to a live feed from the auction hall above. The camera panned slowly across the room, revealing rows of wealthy guests seated on the chairs.

Ryan's eyes searched the crowd with growing tension, scanning every face as his chest tightened. He could feel that something terrible was coming, and Lord Ryder stood beside him, watching it all unfold like a perfectly written script.

The camera shifted, zooming in on a group that had just walked into the auction room.