

## Chapter 74

He leaned forward as much as the straps would allow as his body tensed.

There they were.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, dressed in polished black suits and walking with the same smug confidence he remembered all too well. Beside them was Elizabeth, her head held high as if nothing about this entire setup disgusted her.

Ryan's breath caught in his throat, and his face twisted with anger as pain and rage rose inside him. The only person missing from the group was Julian.

"The McCarthys," he muttered under his breath as his voice trembled from anger. "Those monsters..."

Lord Ryder, who stood a few feet away watching his reaction, smiled in amusement as she crossed her arms. Her eyes stayed locked on Ryan's face as she watched his every reaction.

"Now you understand," she said softly as her voice was laced with satisfaction.

Ryan jerked violently against the restraints, trying to stand even though he knew it was impossible. The leather straps dug deeper into his wrists and ankles, scraping his skin and drawing a hiss of pain from his lips but he didn't care.

"Let me go!" he shouted as his voice echoed through the room.

Lord Ryder only laughed in response.

"Or what?" she said with a smirk as she stepped closer. "You'll glare me



to death from that chair?"

Ryan ignored her entirely as his focus was glued to the screen. His eyes followed every movement of the McCarthys as they took their seats in the front row.

"They brought double the price tag on your dear mother," Lord Ryder said casually as she tapped her nail against the remote she held. "A full million dollars. And that's not even the exciting part."

Ryan turned his head slightly as his jaw tightened. "You're insane..."

Lord Ryder stepped closer and was now only inches away from his face. Her voice dropped into a low whisper.

"No, Ryan, I'm not insane, I'm in control. I'm selling your mother because I can. Because you walked into my trap without even realizing it."

His body froze as her words sank in.

"And once I've made a fortune from her," she continued, "you'll be next."

Ryan looked up at her feeling confused and furious. "What are you talking about?"

She leaned even closer and whispered into his ears. "You're going to sign Nova over to me, that was always the plan."

His eyes narrowed. "Never."

Lord Ryder raised an eyebrow and smiled. "If you don't cooperate, I'll make sure your mother's fate seems merciful in comparison to what I'll do to you."

Ryan stared straight ahead, his hands clenched into fists inside the restraints. His chest ached, not from the straps but from the fear creeping in.

On the screen, the McCarthys were now seated with a silver briefcase at their feet. Mr. McCarthy looked at his watch as Elizabeth whispered something to her mother.

Ryan felt sick.

They were about to buy his mother as if she were nothing more than a possession, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

He tried to think of a solution, but all he could do was sit and watch.

Lord Ryder studied his face with a wide smile on her face. "It's painful, isn't it?" she said with a mocking smile.

Ryan remained silent and his lips were pressed into a thin line as he kept his gaze locked on the screen. Inside, his heart was breaking. He couldn't believe that his mother was about to be auctioned off to the McCarthy's and he couldn't do anything about it.

"Tick-tock," Lord Ryder said as she chuckled, finding Ryan's helplessness amusing. "The auction starts in ten minutes. I suggest you enjoy the show while you still can, Mr. Walker."

Ryan didn't move or speak as he stared at the screen.

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