

Chapter 80

Ryan quickly looked around to get a bag within the room where he could put all the valuables that he saw there.

When he gathered enough items almost leaving the shelves empty, he put on the mask that Anton had given him. The mask carried the emblem of the Falcon Creed so it would convince anyone he was among.

"Now, let's get you sold out..." Ryan muttered to himself as he looked at the bag that he had put the items in.

He left the quarters and headed straight for the auction hall, confident that Lord Ryder was busy chasing ghosts. He saw when she left the main block with the guard in search of him and his mother, but unknown to Ryder, his mother was far gone and he was still in the Villa looking just like one of her men.

As he walked onto the stage, disguised as one of the guards the other guards that were standing there didn't see any cause for alarm. They believed everything was still going fine, having no idea that it was Ryan Walker.

One of the guards stepped on to the stage with him and tapped his shoulder.

"Why are you here with all these items, Lord Ryder had already told them the item today was human. I am not sure the guest would be interested in this," he said to Ryan. Ryan chuckled confidently as he responded to the guard.

"I am here on Lord Ryder's order, she asked me to sell these off while she looks for the original item, Ryan Walker's mother. Lord Ryder plans to distract the guest with these items and keep them busy not to notice



her presence," Ryan said to him and then the guard nodded.

"Oh, that is really smart of her. She is very right, the guests she invited are already growing impatient and look, some have already left," he said to Ryan, pointing at some empty seats that were there.

"Yes, please help me display the items, let them have a proper view," Ryan said as he brought the items out of the bag and handed them over to the other guard who willingly helped him display the items on the glass stand that was on the stage.

Ryan cleared his throat, and addressed the seated guests.

"Apologies for the delay," he said calmly and in a very confident way that no one would even think he was not among them. "I come bearing good things. Lord Ryder sent me to bring these lovely masterpieces to you all and take note of your interests, anyone interested could have it with just a little payment."

The people seated there were surprised by how beautiful the jewelries looked and why Lord Ryder would think of selling her best. But then, they believed she sent him, and they wanted to take the opportunity to buy such items.

"Here are one-of-a-kind heirlooms from Lord Ryder's personal collection," Ryan continued. "They are all hand-selected for tonight's exclusive buyers who would want to upgrade their collections with these beautiful pieces. Let's start the bidding for this one my right at five million."

Ryan pointed at the one his right first, intending to start selling them one after the other.

Hands shot up instantly across the room as the bidding resumed, almost



everyone was interested in one item or the other. They kept raising their hands, buying, and Ryan kept moving his hands to the other items and taking the best buyers. Within fifteen minutes, Ryan had auctioned off everything on the glass stand.

By the time the final item was claimed, he had amassed over a hundred million dollars. Calmly, he collected the entire money and called the other guard.

"I have generated 100 million dollars so far, and I would be taking it to Lord Ryder now," he said to the guard who then nodded, suspecting nothing.

But then, Ryan finally took his time to check for the McCarthys. His jaw clenched by what he had noticed.

There wasn't a single McCarthy in sight, he wondered where they were, he had seen them through the screen where he was locked up in the underground room, but it seems there were no longer there.

His brows pulled together in suspicion, he had hoped to make them pay even before they left the auction hall, but he missed them. Stepping off the stage, he walked purposefully toward the far end of the hall where a familiar server stood, holding a tray and glancing around nervously.

"Hey," Ryan said confidently to the guard, "the McCarthys, did they leave already? Did you see any family of three leaving the auction hall?"

The server gave a quick nod. "Yes sir, I think I saw the family you are talking about. They left not long after Lord Ryder made the crowd know that the original item that was to be brought on stage for the auction was missing. I overheard them saying the main item had vanished, and if they can't have Ryan's mother, then they was no need of being in the auction. They weren't happy with the change."



"They seemed really prepared to buy the woman," the server said. "But they were disappointed."

Ryan clenched his jaw, the realization hitting him hard. "Of course," he muttered, almost to himself. "They were here for my mother."

Turning on his heel, he strode toward the exit, whispering beneath his breath, "Cowards. You thought you could buy her, claim her like property. I'll ruin every last one of you."

In the heart of that storm, Lord Ryder came bursting back onto the stage, her face twisted with disbelief. Her eyes darted to the now-empty display table, stripped of every treasure she had spent years collecting. All around her, the elite guests marveled at their newly acquired prizes, smiling and showing them off completely unaware Lord Ryder never authorized the sale.

Ryder's face drained of color as horror sank in. "NO!" she shrieked, the sound was raw and piercing. "Stop the bidding! Those are mine!"

One of her guards leaned in and whispered something urgently into her ear. Her expression shifted instantly, her eyes went wide in horror.

"But you asked him to sell it ... he sold them all..." the guard explained to her.

"I never asked anyone to sell anything!" she breathed, her voice faltering, as though the words themselves were too impossible to accept.

"Where is the money? These are worth millions!" she said with a trembling voice, and then the guards face wrinkled.

Then her face contorted with rage. "Ryan Walker, he stole them from me!" The truth formed in her head.



Her scream was nothing short of bloodcurdling. She lunged at the nearest guest, violently tearing a diamond necklace from their neck as others staggered back in alarm.

"He will pay for this!" she roared, her voice echoing across the grand chamber like a war cry. "I swear on the Falcon Creed—I will hunt Ryan Walker down, even if I have to burn the entire world to find him!"

"You think this is over, Ryan?" she hissed through clenched teeth. "It's only just begun."

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