

Chapter 81

Ryan stepped out of the car and shut the door quietly behind him. The orphanage in front of him was modest, its white-painted walls slightly cracked and they looked very much like the poorest orphanage home in town, and that was why he had chosen to visit here.

He adjusted the collar of the worn t-shirt he'd taken from one of the wardrobes in Lord Ryder's villa. His jeans hung a little loosely, and his sneakers though decent were nothing close to the polished shoes he had worn to the party that night.

He didn't care. He wasn't here to impress anyone. He just wanted to give out the 100 million dollars he had gained from selling off Ryder's valuable items.

After crossing the gates, he had barely reached the front of the main entrance when a woman stepped out from the side entrance and moved directly into his path.

"Hey, Hey..." she called out with an accusatory voice as if Ryan was heading in to steal an item or something.

She was tall and striking, but her body language was aggressive. She had already placed her hands on her hip and had raised her head slightly upward as if she'd already dismissed him before he spoke.

"Hold on," she said, her eyes flicking over him with casual uninteresting glance. "Can I help you? People just don't go in there like that, you have to be led in by me, so what is your purpose here?"

"I'm here to see the person in charge," Ryan replied simply.

She gave a small laugh, folding her arms and shaking her head with



amusement. "That's not how this works. You need an appointment or at least a reason better than just... showing up in whatever that is."

She gestured at his clothes with an amused wave.

Ryan stared at her calmly. "I'm here to make a donation, and it doesn't matter the clothes I come in. I just appeared like this because I came from a long distance but didn't get the luxury to have a change of clothes, that doesn't mean that I have no money to donate."

That made her laugh again, this time louder. "A donation? You? Right. What kind? Clothes? Because if that's the case, I suggest you start with changing yours first before donating to anybody."

Ryan's jaw tensed slightly, but his tone remained even. "Are you always this judgmental with people who walk in here, or there is just something about me that just makes you want to keep talking?"

"No," she said sweetly. "Just the ones who look like they stumbled in from a construction site. Come on, be real. Do you even know where you are? People that come in here are well to do and they have to have something to donate, or did you come here to be admitted also for us to take care of you like we do for the children."

"I do know where this is and that is why I came here, I am not drunk. And I know exactly what I came here to do. Now please, move," 

She blinked, clearly not expecting him to push back. Just then, a tall man walked up the pathway, whistling softly to himself. He wore clean beige chinos and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

"Hey, babe," the man said as he reached the woman and kissed her on the cheek.



"Hey," she beamed, her eyes dancing with amusement as she gestured toward Ryan. "Look at this guy. He just came up here saying he wants to donate."

The man raised his brows at Ryan, then looked him over from head to toe. His lips curved into a mocking smile.

"No offense, man," he said, sliding an arm around her waist, "but you don't really look like the donation type. You look like someone who needs help, not someone offering it. I am sorry to say, I don't mean to be rude or anything."

Ryan folded his arms and looked at him for a while before evening opening his mouth. "You two always treat people this way, or is it just me?"

"Depends on the people," the man said with a shrug. "But seriously... did you wander in from a repair shop or something? Man, those jeans are quite not encouraging."

Ryan had taken off his suit to wear the Falcon Creed uniform when he was at the Lords Villa, and when he was done, he had taken one of the clothes lying around, belonging to one of the men that served Lord Ryder since he couldn't walk out with the uniform and finding his suit would be tasking considering the time he had left. [3](#)

