

Chapter 82

Annabelle chuckled. "He said he came to donate, babe. I told him maybe next time... when he can at least afford a clean shirt."

Ryan didn't make any move to what she just said, didn't even speak fast. He simply looked at them. "I said I came to see the manager, will you let me in or not?"

"And I said," she replied, her voice filled with sarcasm, "donations go through me first. And let's just say, I'm doing you a favor by saving you the embarrassment, how would you feel embarrassing yourself and having to show us that you are a low class without us asking?"

The boyfriend grinned. "Let me guess, you saw an opportunity to talk to a beautiful woman and figured playing donor was your in? Did you think maybe you can win her over by lying that you have money to donate to children?"

Ryan's brows furrowed. "If I wanted to take her out, I could. Money isn't the issue. If I repeat in simpler terms, if I had wanted to take your girlfriend out, it would be easy, I wouldn't lie that I came to donate money."

That stopped them. For a moment, there was silence. And then they burst into laughter.

"You?" Annabelle gasped, holding her stomach. "You think you could take me out? Do you even know how much I make here?"

"I don't care," Ryan replied with a calm voice that sounded too confident for what he was putting on.

"Let me educate you then," she said, lifting her chin to meet Ryan's eyes



with her gaze. "I earn 1000 dollars a week, so imagine how much I make a month. You probably haven't seen that kind of money in your account in ... what... years?"

"You also opened your mouth to tell me that you could take me out? How? Can you even afford a plate of food in Sellish Restaurant? Sellish is the poorest restaurant in town, and you don't even look like you can afford it."

Her boyfriend joined in. "He looks like someone who saves coins in a jar under the bed. Maybe that's the donation he brought, pocket change in a Ziploc."

More laughter erupted from them... Louder now.

Ryan took a slow step forward, towering over both of them, his voice dropping into something calm but dangerous.

"You know," he said slowly, "it's always interesting to me... the loudest people are usually the most irrelevant."

Annabelle's smile faltered just slightly.

"You judge people by clothes. But what will you do when you find out that the man you mocked today can buy this entire building... and have you both jobless by sunset?"

The boyfriend's eyes narrowed. "You threatening us?"

"No," Ryan said, taking another step. "I'm making a promise."

There was something about the way he said it, it was so confident, that for the first time, doubt crept into Annabelle's face.

Before she could respond, the front door creaked open, and a soft, older



voice called out from inside.

"Is there a problem here?"

A woman in her late fifties stepped out, dressed in a well-worn but neat gray dress. Her kind eyes scanned the scene. She looked at Ryan first, then Annabelle. 1

"No problem at all, ma'am," Ryan said gently, offering her a respectful nod. "I was just trying to make a donation. But it seems your staff had other ideas."

Annabelle opened her mouth, but the woman raised a hand. "This is Mr. Ryan Walker, CEO of Nova,"

He nodded. Ryan had already sent an email to the address of the orphanage to book him for a donation of 100 million dollars.

"Yes. Please come in. I've been expecting you."

Annabelle and her boyfriend froze.

"Wait... what? CEO of Nova Inc? The Nova Inc we all know?" Annabelle froze in disbelief, she couldn't even picture Ryan with that position.

"This man is so generous and aside being a very good business man, he had contacted me today promising to donate 100 million dollars," the woman said excitedly and both Annabelle and her boyfriend's mouth fell open.

The woman didn't even glance at her twice. "Come in, sir. Let's discuss your offer."