

Chapter 83

The cab pulled up to the front of the grand estate. Ryan sat in the back seat, and his eyes stayed on the gates of his mansion as they got closer.

The moment the vehicle stopped, he stepped out. The casual clothes he'd worn all day weren't his usual look, but right now, his appearances didn't matter to him. All that mattered to him right now is getting revenge.

He pulled out a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the cab driver.

"Keep the change," Ryan said.

The driver's eyes widened. "Thank you, sir. Have a good night!"

Ryan nodded and turned his gaze to the mansion before heading directly toward the staff quarters.

His mind was only focused on one thing and that is taking the McCarthys down for ever trying to cross him, especially since it was taken as far as involving his mother.

Once he reached the smaller building beside the mansion, he knocked once before pushing open the door.

Inside was a neat, compact office with shelves of files, two large computer monitors, and a long desk. Sitting behind it was Isaac.

Isaac looked up instantly and stood. "Boss! You're back!" he exclaimed as he felt relieved. "Where have you been all day? We were getting worried, especially since Miss Duval isn't around to watch your back."

Ryan gave him a firm nod and closed the door behind him. "I found her."

Isaac blinked. "Your mother? You.. you found her without help from the police? This is incredible..."

Ryan nodded again, feeling a bit proud of making that decision to go without detective Mark and Kelvin who were too scared to face Ryder. "Yes, without the police. It almost got ugly though, at a point, but I made it, and she's safe now."

"Thank God," Isaac breathed as he placed a hand over his chest. "That's amazing news, we were all so worried, boss."

Ryan walked further into the room and sat down across from him. "But now..." he said, "It's time to focus on something else, the McCarthys. They need to pay for everything they've done, they were at the Lord's Villa, they went to pay millions just to buy my mother just to teach me a lesson."

Ryan placed his hands on the table and leaned against it lightly as he spoke, his eyes set straight on the wall in front of him like he was thinking of the best plan.

Isaac leaned forward, looking concerned. "But boss... how exactly are we going to make them pay? We can't exactly fight them directly, you know how they would never want to fall publicly. They're protected."

Ryan's lips curved into a dangerous smile. "Who said anything about fighting them directly? I want you to do something for me, my fight to them won't be physical, Isaac. I will fight them without them even suspecting a thing until they fall."

"Anything you want, boss! I am at your service, please don't hesitate to tell me how you intend to make the McCarthys pay," Isaac said to Ryan.

"Yes, please... I would need your assistance. Can you track how many



shares are currently up for sale in the McCarthy Technologies company?"

The McCarthy Technologies Company was their only family business and it was their source of wealth.

Isaac blinked, caught off guard by the question, then nodded. "Yes, I can. It'll just take a few minutes, but it is not impossible at all, boss, I think it would be quiet easy. I just need to access their official website, is that all you need, boss?"

"Yes, let us see what th McCarthys have up for sale first and I can let you in on what next to do," he said coldly as he began imagining all the McCarthys had attempted to do to his mother just because they hated him.

"Yes, boss! I am on it," he said to Ryan and he nodded, standing by and watching Isaac work to retrieve the information.

He turned to his computer and began typing rapidly. A few moments passed as he navigated through secure databases and official sites.

"Here we go," Isaac murmured, squinting at the screen. "According to their corporate investor page, McCarthy Technologies has listed shares up for sale. Seven shares are available in total at the moment and their prices are quiet high. Each of the 7 shares represents ten percent of the company."

Ryan raised an eyebrow, and then a frown formed on his face as he tried to be calculative and see how he could turn things around to his favor. "Did you say ten percent each?"

Isaac nodded. "Yes. Seven individuals can each own ten percent, totaling seventy percent. The McCarthys are holding onto the remaining thirty percent themselves. That way, they can still have the biggest share.



Because though 7 other persons can buy a share, they could only buy 10 %, and the McCarthys who are the CEO have 30%."