

Chapter 90

Then all of a sudden, laughter exploded.

It was uncontrollable, vicious, and from a place of disbelief. People doubled over in laughter, it became so loud that Lena had to cover her ears. Someone coughed from laughing too hard. Another pointed at Ryan and Lena as if they were a circus act.

"You've got to be kidding me," Julian said, stepping forward finally, his lips twisted into a smirk. "You two should be ashamed of yourselves. What kind of twisted game are you playing? One hundred thousand dollars? Do you even have ten?"

Lena turned to Ryan in a panic, whispering harshly, "Please, stop this. Why are you doing this to me? Everyone's laughing at us! They'll call security again!"

Ryan looked at her with steady eyes. "Lena, do you trust me?"

"L... I don't even know what to believe anymore," she stammered.

He stepped closer, lowering his voice so only she could hear. "Then believe this. I want you to enjoy your birthday. You don't have to do anything, just... give me your account number."

Lena blinked, startled. "Why?"

"Please. Just trust me."

Still trembling, she opened her phone and showed him her account details. Ryan quickly transferred 10 million dollars into her account, all without anyone knowing, and whispered, "Don't say a word, just smile."

She gasped as the notification popped up, her mouth hanging open. "Oh

my God..."

Ryan nodded subtly. "Now... pick someone. Any guest, we are going to make an example and show them what we can do."

She looked around, confused, then randomly pointed to a man standing by their left hand side sipping champagne.

"Sir," Ryan said politely, "Would you be so kind as to provide Lena with your account details?"

The man raised an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. "Why?"

Lena stepped forward, still shaking, but she pulled herself together. "So I can send you your gift... the one hundred thousand, for being present here at my party."

There were chuckles again, but the man played along. "Sure. I could use a good joke today."

He rattled off his account number and Lena, still wide-eyed, made the transfer.

A moment passed.

Then his phone buzzed.

He stared at the screen, and his brows furrowed. Then his mouth slowly opened.

He looked up, stunned. "It... it just came through. One hundred thousand dollars, it's real!"

Silence fell over the room.

Someone near the back gasped. "Wait... what?"

"Did she really just transfer a hundred thousand to him?"

"No way... check your phone again!"

"Holy... she actually did!"

The laughter died in an instant. Murmurs turned into disbelief, then into chaos as guests rushed forward.

"Me next!"

"I believed in her from the start!"

"I apologize for laughing, miss! I didn't mean it!"

One after another, guests started approaching, some even bowing their heads slightly as they gave Lena their details. Seventeen of them, in total, received their welcome gift of \$100,000 each.

The room was stunned.

The only ones who didn't join the line were Elizabeth, her parents, and Julian who stood frozen in disbelief.

Lena stood there, still in shock, unable to comprehend what was happening even as she was the one sending out the money. She wasn't the girl crying outside anymore, now she was the host. The one they all wanted to please.

Elizabeth's face twisted with rage. "How did you do this?" she hissed, storming toward Lena with her hand raised and aiming for her cheek. "You little wretched..."

But before the slap could land, Ryan caught her wrist.

The room gasped.

Elizabeth struggled, but Ryan's grip was firm on her wrist. "Don't you dare, enough of your madness," he said coldly.

"You!" she spat. "This is your doing! You tricked them! You're playing a game!"

Ryan leaned in and whispered so only she could hear. "You played your games for years. Consider this... my turn."

Julian growled. "You think this changes anything?"

Ryan turned back to the guests. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for honoring Lena. Unfortunately, this space was not meant for another party. It was reserved for Lena's celebration tonight. We gave the McCarthys time to relocate to the upstairs hall, but they refused."

There was a ripple of shocked murmurs again.

Elizabeth's father stepped forward. "What are you talking about? You don't own this place!"

Ryan raised a brow. "Don't I? You are right, I don't own the place but maybe Lena is in control here, having more power than the entire McCarthy family."

He said nothing more but he still was not taking credit. His aim was still letting everyone believe Lena was the one pulling strings, to make the believe it was all her money.

"How... how is someone like her pulling this off?" Julian Knight muttered in anger.

"That's what I want to know," Elizabeth said, shaking with rage.

Ryan turned to Lena. "Would you like to begin your birthday now?"

Lena blinked slowly, as if everything was very difficult for her to believe. Then slowly, she nodded.

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